Adventures of MOVIE WEEKLY'S Spirit Cameraman

MOVIE WEEKLY

August 19, 1922

10¢

Mae Murray's Victory

See page 8

Mae Murray
photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Your Biggest Opportunity of a Lifetime

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Are Movie Fans Such Hopeless Low-Brows?

THERE are two prize-winning Foolish Questions that inspire within our long-suffering soul a deep and fervent desire to hurl a very large and very hard brick at their blithe perpetrators. One of these super-bromides is "Well, is it hot enough for you today?" The other masterpiece of triteness is "What is the matter with the movies?"

There was a time when everything that went wrong in this vale of tears, from a Crime Wave in Goshen, Indiana, to a tidal wave in Singapore, was dismissed with the airy comment, "Blame it on the movies." Now, during the past few months, the well-knowon reptile has apapparently decided tc make the equally well-known rotation. To phrase the situation in the language of our best sub--title writers, "Time, the master player of Eternity. has placed Reversed English on the shimmering ivory of passing events." That really isn't equal to the inspired efforts of our best sub-title writers because there isn't a single reference in it to either the "Looms of Destiny" or to "Fate the Jester"; but, anyway, translated into United States, it means that the movies are now blaming everything in sight for their suddenly discovered derelictions.

We learn that the deplorable condition of the moving picture industry is due to censorship, that it is due to over-production, that it is due to underproduction, that it is due to lack of real super-features, that it is due to an embarrassing surplus of super features, and so on, **ad infinitum, ad nauseum.** The result upon the bewildered mind of the reader is in many ways reminiscent of a near-sighted individual tryng to read and digest Einstein's "Theory of Relativity" while astride the pole-horse on a rapidly whirling merry-go-round.

Now the buck-passing has reached the place that it always does sooner or later, and the blame is placed upon the champion "goat" of all time,—the Public. Photoplay critics and other gentry who earn their daily bread by posing as superior to the clientele whom they profess to serve have made the startling discovery that what is wrong with the movies today is that ninety percent of the productions are of such a calibre that to call them medocre would be to pay them a compliment. So far, so good. But in the next step of their inspired reasoning, these Jovian gentlemen slip up just a bit. They announce triumphantly that Mr. G. Public is solely responsible for this mediocrity of photoplay production because Mr. G. Public is so essentially a low-brow that he **wants** that kind of movies.

Tommyrot! If low-brow means a very frank taste for the normal, everyday things of life, and a hatred for Dada-ism and other alleged artistic manifestations of incipient insanity, Mr. G. Public is very probably low-brow, and mighty glad of it. But to say that he tolerates the present crop of picture productions because he **likes** them is as absurd as to claim that a vegetarian marooned on a desert island devours raw oysters because of a passionate love for that article of diet.

Mr. G. Public, in his evening occupation of movie fan, is as thoroughly sick of the monotonous level of machine-made plays as any professional critc in the country, but he goes to the neighborhood theatre night after night, nevertheless, because with all their shortcomings the movies happen to be the best available entertainment, and also because he is forever inspired by the thus far vain hope that some day the producers may wake up and give him the real pictures that he craves. When now and then a real production does break through the ruck, he literally "eats it up," and begs for more.

What's the matter with the movies? Really, the only thing the matter with the moving picture industry right now, it seems to us, is that the producers, in their efforts to give the public what they **think** it wants, have failed rather **dismally** in giving it what it really **does** want. And the qualties that the public longs for are so very few and so very simple, after all—artistry instead of vulgarity, originality instead of triteness, and intelligence instead of stupidity.

Why not quit trying to "write down" to the supposedly feeble intellect of the American movie fan, Mr. Producer, and try giving him your level best for a change? You'll find that he apprecates it. And what is of rather more importance to you, you will also find that your box-office receipts will again near convalescence.

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A CALL TO ARMS—

Vampire Editor Answers Vital Questions Asked by Readers

EXPLAINING "THE ART OF LURING"

Dear Vampire Editor:

I read your article in the Movie Weekly and I do not quite understand it. Is "The Art Of Luring—Why I Know How" about personal life or stage and movies

You will kindly give me a few points about it so I can understand it clearly. I am much interested in it.

Yours truly,
ANNA VELLECA
Providence, Rhode Island.

* * *

Dear Miss Velleca:

You say you do not quite understand about the 100-word statement that is part of our Blonde-Brunette Vampire Contest.

The answer to "The Art of Luring—Why I Know How" is what constitutes your 100-word statement. It can either be your personal life or stage and movies.

On the other hand, you can take just what is published in Movie Weekly. Each week we run a column by Miss Blythe giving advice to brunettes, and by Miss Mooers, to blondes. In this column, they explain about the "Art of Luring" and also "Why They Know How'.' In an issue of Movie Weekly which will be on the stands shortly, Miss Mooers, in her advice to blondes, says:

"I know a girl, a blonde by the way, who has traveled extensively, keenly observed peoples and the rich, artistic offerings of the Continent. She has subtle charm.

"This girl in a room with a number of other girls, is languid, indolent, indifferent to what is said or to what is going on around her. A man enters.

"With a jerk, she sits erect, only to fall gracefully into a position that shows to advantage the lovely curves of her body. During the course of the conversation, she casually raises an arm and rests it softly behind her head. The flowing sleeve of her frock falls back and the lovely roundness of her curved white arm is seen. Seeming careless, but very effective. Perhaps she wishes to direct the conversation more to the personal. Her handkerchief flutters to the floor. The man stoops to retrieve it and approving the fain tfragrance of its perfume, brushes the handkerchief lightly across his nostrils. The girl, in answer to his unasked question, tells him the kind of perfume it is and, to emphasize the personal element, how she first came to like it.

"When he talks to her, her lips are parted, the white teeth gleaming in brilliant contrast to the carmine lips. Have you ever noticed the way a baby looks at you or the way a baby kisses That is precisely the way this girl parts her lips and ensnares the man.

"Indeed, girls, I could write a book about this thing known as sex lure. But you, perhaps, know something yourself. Every woman does."

In this example of a girl who vamps a man who comes into a room, Miss Mooers gives a very good example that answers the question, WHAT IS THE ART OF LURING—WHY I KNOW HOW.

Perhaps you know of many other examples like this. In other issues of the magazine, Miss Mooers and Miss Blythe show in different ways just why they know how to vamp.

By the way, your statement need not be 100 words in length. Just be sure you don't have it any longer than 100 words.

Another thing—if you have no typewriter at home, just write your statement in longhand. That will be perfectly all right.

If there is anything about the Contest you do not understand, write in and ask me. I shall be glad to answer at once. This Contest is so big—it offers such wonderful opportunities for the winners who win contracts for motion pictures and for the stage, every girl in the country should enter. *Tell your girl friends. Bring them in. Two big jobs await the winners.*

To Be Eligible To Movie Weekly's BLONDE-BRUNETTE VAMPIRE CONTEST

(1) You must be a natural blonde.
(2) You must be a natural brunette.
(3) The auburn, or red head, girls are included with the blondes.
(4) Photograph requirements:
  (a) Send in a full figure of yourself clothed in an attractive frock that does you justice.
  (b) Send in full figure which gives good idea of your figure—your form.
  (c) Send in closeup of your full face.
  (d) Send in closeup of your profile.
  (*These pictures must be no larger than* 8 *inches by* 10 *inches; no smaller than* 5 *inches by 7 inches.*)
(5) Attached to these four photographs must be your article—*not more than* 100 *words in length*—entitled "The Art of Luring—Why I Know How." If possible, it should be typewritten on one side of a sheet no larger than letterhead size. If you have no typewriter, write it in longhand on one side of the sheet.
(6) Professional actresses are barred from the contest.
(7) Amateur players are welcome.
(8) Photographs and hundred-word statement can only be submitted once. No changes will be allowed after material has once been received.
(9) Address photographs and hundred-word statement to VAMPIRE EDITOR, "Movie Weekly," 119 West 40th Street, New York City, and send it first-class mail.
(10) Girls under age are eligible, provided they have consent of parents or guardians.
(11) Married women are eligible.
(12) Girls who have bobbed hair are eligible.

MORE DETAILS

Vampire Editor:

I am interested in the Blonde-Brunette Vampire Contest.

I do not clearly understand about the 100-word statement and about photograph: "Send in close-up of your profile."

And it says suggestions for your articles can be found in the advice columns by Miss Blythe. Does that mean she will advise you what to wear to have photographs taken

Yours truly,
LOUISE DINKEMAN,
Columbus, Ohio.

* * *

Dear Miss Dinkeman:

I am glad you wrote in about the things you did not understand in our Blonde-Brunette Vampire Contest.

About the one hundred word statement: You don't have to write 100 words. You can write less than 100 words but not over 100 words. You don't have to be a writer to do it. You have written many letters. You just sat down and said what you thought.

Now, if you are a brunette, and you read what Miss Blythe has to say in her weekly advice to girls, you will get a good idea of how to vamp. If you read what Flo Ziegfeld has to say and Ed Wynne, and the articles entitled Lovers' Delight which will appear in forthcoming issues of the magazine, you will get some splendid ideas about how to vamp. Once you have these ideas, apply them to yourself and write a statement entitled The Art of Luring, Why I Know How.

Just to give you an idea. If I were writing this, I *might* begin something like this:

"What is a vampire A vampire is a woman of great charm and great personality."

Following this beginning, you could incorporate some of the things that Miss Blythe and Miss Mooers have to say. Do you get the idea If it isn't clear, just write me again and we will fix things up.

Now about the photographs. Just have a photograph taken in your best dress. Then have a photograph taken in a one-piece bathing suit, preferably that will show your figure off to great advantage. Then have a head taken showing your full face and another head showing your profile. The word "close up" is a motion picture expression. It means a big head of a player showing his or her expression.

If you have not a typewriter at your home, write your article in longhand. That will be all right.

* * *

GIRLS UNDER AGE ARE ELIGIBLE

Dear Vampire Editor:

Must oe be of age to enter the Blonde-Brunette Contest I am 15 years of age. Is that too young

Respectfully yours,
MISS HELEN CUSHION
Tyrone, Pennsylvania.

* * *

Dear Miss Cushion:

In response to your letter in which you ask: "Must one be of age to enter the Blonde-Brunette Contest I am 15 years of age. Is that too young "

I am glad to tell you that you are not too young. But a girl of 15 must have the written consent of her parents or guardian to go into pictures. Come into the Contest, but be sure you have this necessary consent.

(*Continued on page* 25)

Movie Weekly's OPPORTUNITY

Betty Blythe

Betty Blythe Advises the Brunettes

WHAT is the motive of a vampire? Or perhaps my question should be: What are the motives? For there are usually several. No woman ever makes herself beautiful for selfish reasons alone. The vampire is something of a prepared type. Many a girl who would pass for a sweet, demure little miss becomes a vampire, in appearance, at least, when she puts on the drop ear-rings and does over her hair. She has a motive in all this. She may know that the man she would like to attract admires the sensational, vampish type of woman more than her conservative sister. Or she may THINK that he does. In this case, her motive is purely legitimate. She puts on all her wiles in order to capture a man for what he is.

It is when the vampire becomes purely commercial, when she sets out to vamp a man for what he *has*, that she becomes destructive, unscrupulous. On this principle, homes have been sacked, kingdoms sent toppling.

On the screen, of course, we nearly always see the latter type of vampire—the one with the selfish motives. She is usually shown as a foil to the heroine who, for the purposes of the story, usually possesses all the virtues, and these virtues stand out in bold relief against the vampire's vices, I would say that the *real* vampire, the kind we see portrayed on the screen so often, has bad motives; her wiles are put on to acquire something—money, social position. Her dominant trait is insincerity, and surely that is the greatest sin of all.

De Sacia Mooers Advises the Blondes

WHY does a girl wish to interest a man?

Because she wants him. To do so, you stimulate him by a charming appearance. Clothes that show your figure off to the best advantage. An understanding of movement that also shows you off to advantage.

De Sacia Mooers.

You have all heard of Georgette Le Blanc, formerly the wife of Maurice Maeterlinck. Madame Le Blanc is one woman who is superb in her ability to translate her motive (interesting a man in herself) into actuality.

Madame's dark blue eyes are given a dreamy, lovely expression by the Alice-blue coloring she puts on her lids. The eyebrows are penciled. Madame has ash-gold hair "carefully" tousled to produce a charming effect. She wears a golden colored gown, wound tightly around and around her figure and trailing in the back. Ah, how exquisitely it sets off her slender form.

When Madame receives she has only one light lit in the room, a lamp directly in back of the chair wherein she greets you. Indeed, she is effective in winning the admiration of men.

Of course, there are many types of vamps, each type having different motives for being a vamp. But underlying every motive is that fundamental one: THE REASON A VAMP IS A VAMP IS BECAUSE SHE WISHES TO INTEREST MEN AND TO HAVE THEM AT HER BECK AND CALL. Is it not?

STUPENDOUS PERSONALITY CONTEST

APEDA

At Left:
Director Ray Smallwood of the Pyramid Co.

At Right:
Director Ray Smallwood directing Violet Hemming and Robert Frazer in Pyramids' "When the Desert Calls."

Have You Temperament?

BY RAY C. SMALLWOOD

IN CONSIDERING the future screen star, nothing is more important than the matter of temperament. Temperament is the asset of the true artist; it is the essential that distinguishes the great from the less great. Look over the list of popular screen favorites today and you will find that the great percentage of them combine, with their acting ability and their personal appearance, an amount of temperament that lifts them far above the rank and file of the lesser lights of the screen.

Personally, I would much rather work with a group of artists with a reasonable amount of temperamental display than with a group of phlegmatic players whose answer is "yes" every time they are spoken to. The artist who is keyed up to his work, who possesses a sensitive appreciation of it, is, in the long run, easier and more agreeable to work with than the player who merely does what the director tells him to do.

Of course, the matter of temperament may be abused. Some players fly off the handle and raise a rumpus merely because they think this is the right manner by which to display their ability.

In a recent picture which I directed, there was one young woman in the cast whose work impressed the entire producing organization as highly favorable. A future of real promise seemed to extend before her. But she seemed to think it imposed on her to show an abundance of foolish temperament whenever slightly aggravated. The long delays between her scenes irked her unduly. Instead of swallowing these delays as part and parcel of her task, she took it out on the cashier of the company one afternoon, by throwing a well-filled ink-well in the general direction of the cashier's head.

Wasting ink and placing the countenance of a very efficient cashier in danger of permanent alteration is no way to display temperament. This is mere acting of the rankest sort. The real artist, sensitive to every transition in his or her part, ever keyed up to an appreciation of the values of every dramatic situation through which the part moves, may often have just cause to show a certain amount of nervous temperament—may often go so far as to actually break under the strain of work. And such signs point to this player as a personality of real value to the screen. Give me one of these players to fifty of the easy-going type.

The "Parisian Dive" is raided. Another scene from Smallwood's "Queen of the Moulin Rouge."

"Ou la, la, oui, oui!" Martha Mansfield cuts up in gay Paree to the apparent interest of all concerned! Only it's part of her role in "Moulin Rouge."

Sir Conan Doyle Predicts

A cameraman breaks up a seance—being the singular adventure of "Movie Weekly's" photographer when he tried to film the white ghosts from the spirit cabinet.

By

SAMRI FRIKELL

Tony Pasquale gets into action to photograph spirits for motion pictures!

TAKING motion pictures of spirits is not going to be so simple a matter as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and some of his brother scientists seem to imagine.

They may know spirits, but they don't know motion pictures.

If you have any doubts on the subject, you just ask Tony Pasquale. Tony is one of the crack Selznick cameramen and he lives in Chicago. At the solicitation of "Movie Weekly," Tony, who is a religious man and doesn't go in for spiritualism socially, consented to accompany me on a night adventure without knowing whither we were bound or what we were going to see.

If "Movie Weekly," in spite of all that happened on that historic occasion, still insists on trying to take moving pictures of spooks, some other hand than Tony's will turn the crank. With his right hand raised solemnly above his curly head, Tony announced that he is through.

In last week's issue of the magazine there was published an interview with Sir Arthur Conan Doyle in which he voiced the conviction that spirit motion pictures were a definite possibility. Furthermore, an eminent Austrian scientist had actually succeeded in filming a medium at full tilt and we reproduced sections of that reel showing ectoplasm flowing from her mouth.

It then occurred to us that we might get some movies of spirits ourselves.

Instantly, investigation was begun to find the most wonderful spirit medium in America. We were looking for one who could and would raise the sheeted dead from their graves, parade them before our startled eyes and make them register on our camera.

After an extensive search, reports began to drift in to us of the miracles being accomplished by two wonderful psychics in Chicago. If the stories that were told to us were to be believed, all the prophets in history, all the magicians from Cagliostro down to Houdini and Thurston were outclassed utterly by these twentieth century seers who dwelt on the saltless beaches of Lake Michigan.

With their own eyes a cloud of witnesses declared they had seen whole armies of ghosts; with their own lips they had been kissed by these grizzly specters of the tombs, and as for taking motion pictures—why all one had to do was to set up his camera and begin to crank.

"And if you ask me, that's enough!" Tony Pasquale would remark at this particular junction.

So extraordinary were the stories related to us that we felt our search for the proper medium was ended. Without further delay I approached Mr. and Mrs. William Black—the medium in question—and made overtures for having our own seances. After considerable correspondence, everything was agreed upon, and one fine day I departed for Chicago, carrying with me as one of the most important of my traveling credentials a letter of introduction to that same Tony Pasquale.

In the last twenty years I have spent a great deal of my time investigating spiritualism and other phases of psychic phenomena. But this was my first attempt at trying to make spirit motion pictures. I believe it was an historic experiment—that is to say, I don't believe any other attempt of its kind was ever made before in the United States. Whether my own or the subsequent endeavors of others will be more successful, no man can tell.

When I arrived in Chicago, I found myself hampered by a great many unexpected difficulties. To detail the adventures through which I passed in the merely getting in to see these phenomena would take more space than is placed at my disposal. The fact is that I did succeed in securing a private view under test conditions of these singular phantoms and, being satisfied that I could astonish the world if I could transfer such apparitions to motion pictures, I secured the consent of Dr. Black to bring a photographer to the public meeting scheduled for Sunday evening in one of the lodge rooms of Chicago's Masonic Temple.

It was at this time that Tony Pasquale was called into conference. When I met him, Tony had no idea whatever of the scenes he was expected to shoot. When I told him that I wanted him to take moving pictures of the dead, he looked very puzzled.

"How can I take moving pictures of the dead?" he demanded. "The dead don't move."

"These dead do," I assured him. "These are ghosts—spirits—phantoms—spooks."

"Whew!" exclaimed Tony.

Very carefully I explained to Tony then the nature of my undertaking. He was to come to

Spirit Moving Pictures

A time exposure that caught the ghostly figure which emerged from the cabinet.

the lodge room with me, set up lights, prepare his camera and then sit quietly watching until Dr. Black gave permission for him to begin. Then he was to crank away with all his might. He looked very dubious, but Tony is the kind of a man who, once he has given his word, will go through Hell to keep it. If you ask him, he will probably tell you that he did just that.

I then explained a new detail to the bewildered Tony, which completely upset him. In order to convince everyone that there was no trickery employed, Mrs. Black the medium who sat in the cabinet from which the spirits emerged, not only insisted that the cabinet and its curtains be thoroughly examined, but that she herself be subjected to the closest scrutiny.

To make this effective, a committee of women was appointed from the audience, who retired to a dressing room with Mrs. Black. There the singular woman of mystery disrobed, stripped nude as the day she came into the world, permitting herself to be scrutinized by the committee. She then put on a kimono and slippers, both of which were minutely examined, and in this condition goes into the cabinet. By this means all opportunity for her to carry any mechanical ghosts upon her person is apparently removed.

I explained to Tony that in my capacity as an investigator, I wanted to have a representative on the committee, inasmuch as it was highly unlikely that I would be permitted to serve on it myself.

"I've got a wife," he confessed, "but she's never done anything like that before and I don't know that she ever will."

To make a long story short, I met Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Pasquale, a pretty and bright-eyed little woman, on La Salle Street corner at seven o'clock on Sunday evening, July 9th. His camera and lights and various other appurtenances were bundled into a taxi-cab. Together we motored to the Masonic Temple, where we repaired to Corinthian Hall and found Dr. Black, himself, the guardian of the door.

Dr. Black is a mild-voiced, gray-haired, smooth shaven, spectacled little man who looks like a subdued edition of Woodrow Wilson. His greeting was affable. He saw that we were seated on the front row where the camera would have an uninterrupted shot at the cabinet. He also agreed that Mrs. Pasquale should serve on the committee which would examine Mrs. Black.

The lodge room was well filled before the meeting began.

Darkness being an essential of the mysteries and this being an evening in early July, it was necessary to wait until the shadows of evening had closed over the city.

Through an open window of the lodge room I could watch the slender white tower of the new Wrigley Building with its revolving circlet of jewelled lights and the giant black arms of its clock.

To while away the tedium, some very indifferent musicians played and sang. After a while the performance began in earnest. A Protestant Episcopal minister preached an eloquent sermon, not one word of which I can remember. Then the Rev. Dr. Black rose and gave some psychic readings, picking out unfortunates here and there in the audience whose secret hopes and desires he proceeded to translate and to whom he offered advice that at times seemed altogether gratuitous.

But finally we proceeded with the materialization. Dr. Black called for two committees, one composed of six ladies, the other of six men. Mrs. Pasquale took her place with the former. They retired to disrobe and examine the high priestess of mysticism through whose ectoplasmic agency the living and the dead were to come face to face.

While they retired, the six members of the male committee, of which I was one, proceeded to examine the wooden cabinet with its curtains of green velvet trimmed with gold stars.

This cabinet was fashioned very much after the fashion of the cabinets used by magicians in their conjuring performances on the stage and, as a former professional magician, I examined it carefully. Fortified by years of practical experience in magic, I am ready to testify that the cabinet itself was free from preparation, secret doors, traps or other mechanism. It was simply a three-sided wooden affair with front curtains forming a fourth wall with a removable top. We practically took it to pieces. Our report to the audience was that the cabinet was unprepared.

A few moments later, Mrs. Black, accompanied by the six members of the committe, reappeared, and the ladies testified that they had stripped her and found her innocent of any preparations for fraud. Having rendered these reports, the committees were discharged to return to their seats. I took my place beside my friend Tony, who was very curious and kept looking over at his wife, his eyes big with questions.

A moment later the lights were lowered. The medium retired to the cabinet and sat down on a chair, the curtains being drawn so that she was entirely hidden from our view.

Now, I must ask the reader to remember, as Dr. Black asked the audience to remember, that Mrs. Black had gone into the cabinet wearing only a kimono and bathroom slippers and that the cabinet had also been thoroughly examined. To all outward appearance, it was therefore impossible for her to have anything concealed about her person or to obtain any assistance from within the cabinet itself. In addition to this, Dr. Black took a seat in the audience, being nowhere near the curtains of the cabinet.

Suddenly a terrific shout came from within the cabinet—a heavy masculine voice, the swaggering, stentorwian voice of a man—or a spirit.

It was the voice of the Major, the "cabinet control," as they call it. The best friend that the medium has on the other side of the graveyard, who is always present at these seances.

Slowly the curtains were parted and in the gloom behind them something white and filmy, something that floated and wavered like fog in the wind, appeared. As we watched it breathlessly, it assumed more tangible form and substance. It was about the height of an adult human figure and bore some resemblance to the human shape. More clearly we discerned it every moment as if it were solidifying into an actuality. In another moment we saw that it was the form of a woman—shining white, white as the snows of the Himalayas with flowing tapestries of mist about her.

Undoubtedly it had moved. Through the aperture of the curtain it passed as easily as if it were but a part of a night wind that blew from off the lake through the open windows. Out onto the platform it came gracefully, majestically and gliding silently. Its arms reached out with a spread of white suggesting the wings of an angel. Its face, which could only be dimly discerned, was looking directly at Tony Pasquale.

"I don't know her. What's she looking at me for?" demanded Tony in an offended whisper.

"Hush!" I rebuked him. "That's probably the spirit of your mother-in-law."

"Oh, my Gawd," groaned Tony.

(*Continued on page 29*)

Mae Murray's

Showing that Miss Murray's DANCE OF THE BULL in "FASCINATION" conforms with Spanish customs.

EDITORIAL FOREWORD: *Following the publication of Mr. Gonzalez's letter addressed to Mae Murray in the July 1st issue of "Movie Weekly," criticizing her "Dance of the Bull" in "Fascination," the controversy has raged fast and furious. Many upon many letters have been received from our readers, both pro and con.*

The other day, Miss Murray came in to see Ye Editor. She spent practically two days assembling research data and supervising the assembling of pictures. The result of her energetic determination to answer Mr. Gonzalez once and for all is published in the following letter from her and her advisor, Mr. Cugat.

Inasmuch as Mr. Gonzalez was given first place in having his initial leter published, and given the opportunity to reply to Miss Murray's reply to this letter, the Editor hereby announces that this controversy is automatically ended with the publication of the following:

My dear Mr. Gonzalez:

In the August 5th issue of "Movie Weekly," the Editor publishes a letter answering mine. This letter is a series of retractions and erroneous statements.

Your last letter proves many things. You admit you are not a Spaniard, but a Cuban. Your mother owns a hotel in Havana and is of an old Cuban family, and you, by your criticism, are not a Spaniard. Don't you, yourself, know that Cuba is not Spain and Cubans are not Spaniards? America at one time was ruled by England, and most of the settlers were English. That doesn't make Americans English, nor would they, the Americans, attempt to criticize anything English.

You act in the same manner as a Society calling themselves "Andalusians," because Frances Cugat, a Spaniard, did not consult them on arriving in Cuba. The article you sent in regarding scenes taken in Cuba was a copy of an article published by them in a Cuban paper while we were in Cuba, but you did not print the article which appeared the next day, apologizing.

The man in whose paper the article appeared is a gentleman of honor and intelligence and knew how absurd such a statement was and caused it to be retracted. You failed to print this, or, possibly, it did not suit your purpose.

As our story was about Spain, we could not take the ideas of Cubans. This was resented by a handful of people. The Andalusian Society and you have all waited for a chance to air your grievance and bring yourself to notice through my name. It is always a bad thing to hold hatred and to try to hurt anyone, as it only acts as a boomerang. In this case, it makes you ridiculous. You make statements and then contradict them; when you see you are made foolish you try another, as you now try to criticize the matador's attire.

Every custom, every detail, even the collars, ties, shirts, shoes, were absolute and true copies of illustrations found in present-day periodicals from Spain and not Cuba. These periodicals are sent

KENDALL EVANS

Mae Murray in the costume of "The Dance of the Bull" that started the commotion.

to the Carnegie Library, where we accumulated our data. They were consulted not only by our advisor, but by myself. Anyone who would choose to go to this same library would see that every matador does not wear the same collar nor the same shirt, that in viewing half a dozen pictures of matadors there is a difference not only in the way they wear their hair, but in collars, ties, etcetera. From a month to six weeks was given to just such a simple detail.

As I have been to Cuba and Spain, and the difference in the two countries being so apparent, I would suggest that before attempting again to speak of Spain, you pay it a visit, and you will then observe that although you speak the same language, your lives and costumes are totally different.

Your statements regarding a Spanish Consul are untrue as are your other statements regarding information received from the Metro Office. Both of these will be taken care of by those mentioned.

About the Cuban people I met, I can only say the most charming things. They are a lovable and enthusiastic, as well as an appreciative race; but about this handful of Andalusians, who think they know all there is to know of Spain and who are trying to hurt a man who is a scholar and who really does know about Spain—I have only pity. They acted like children.

You speak about the majority of people being ignorant. Are you so qualified to judge?

I wonder if by your own work, you will arrive at a place where the world will know your name. This is only done by hard work—not attempting to tear down another's work and purpose. To do these things takes all of one's time, so don't try to bring yourself into the vision of others by trying to criticize others—*do something*—only by our work are we measured.

Very sincerely yours,
(Signed) MAE MURRAY.

A LETTER FROM MISS MURRAY'S ADVISOR

EDITORIAL FOREWORD: *Just before we went to press with Miss Murray's letter, a communication came from Francesco Cugat, her advisor during the making of "Fascination." It follows:*
Dear "Movie Weekly" Editor:

A letter which was printed in the "Movie Weekly" was brought to my attention, which prompts me to answer without delay.

I have often witnessed with much anoyance pictures depicting Spanish life falsely. Therefore, it was with great interest that I was to help make a beautiful picture of Spain.

I think I can very clearly answer points which Mr. Gonzalez brings out as erring trifling details.

In regard to the costume of the matador, it can be proved that the costume he wore is an authentic original, worn by a bullfighter in Spain, from hat to shoes.

I absolutely confirm what Miss Murray explained so clearly—that the wide-brimmed hat and caps which the count wears are typical of Southern Spain, which is called "sombrero cordobes." This is a fact, not a matter of opinion.

It may interest you to know that I have not written any such letter as has been quoted by Mr. Gonzalez, and I can't possibly imagine anyone making such a statement.

As for the dance, that is decidedly Miss Murray's. I don't think any mere trifling words can take away the original and beautiful impression that she, as an artist, created. How could anyone connect such a simple, unique and innocent dance with the Spanish version of "horns." When she brought in her conception of the costume she wished to use, I, knowing this legend, would certainly have told her and designed it otherwise if it had impressed me as imitating a "satyr." But this conception impressed me as being only a fantastic dance of the bull.

It is well to bear in mind *it is not a Spanish dance,* but a dance of an American girl.

All this controversy is not surprising to me, as I had a similar experience in Cuba, with a few who in order to get publicity, make false statements regarding customs of Spain; and my meeting Miss Murray was arranged through the Spanish Consulate.

Very truly yours,
F. CUGAT.

VICTORY

Left– Robert Frazer as a matador in "Fascination" This costume cost $800, and was once used by a famous bull-fighter

Right– One of Spain's famous matadors. This closeup compared with that used in "Fascination" shows its authenticity.

Above– A closeup of the little star.

Photo by Kendoll Evans

Left– In a scene with the matador Robert Frazer in "Fascination"

Right– A photograph showing the types of matador dress in Spain. One of the many sources Miss Murray and Mr. Cugat culled before beginning work on the picture

"I have been —

OR IN SEARCH OF

by Jeanie MacPherson

I HAVE been in hell!

I have plumbed the utmost depths of human degradation.

I have seen women's souls stripped stark naked.

I have been face to face with humanity at its worst.

And I have met the most perfect kindness and sympathy it has ever been my lot to experience.

I have been in jail.

I did not visit the jail as a privileged guest. I went as a criminal, serving a sentence. I was arrested, charged with simple larceny, tried, convicted and sentenced to ten days in prison. I served three days and three nights of that sentence—three depressing days and three horrible nights. I wore the prison garb and ate—or tried to eat—the prison fare. And I know, from personal experience, just what "prison hysteria" is.

I am a scenario writer. Complete knowledge of my subject is a requisite of my work. It was in search of this knowledge that I went to prison. I found it.

In the photoplay that I am writing for Cecil B. De Mille's production, in the near future, the chief feminine character is sentenced to prison for manslaughter. "Manslaughter" is the title of the story. The girl goes to prison a selfish egotist. She emerges completely changed. In order that I might understand the influences at work on this character during her prison stay, I, too, went to jail.

When I decided to make this experiment, I selected the Detroit House of Correction as the institution that would best serve my purpose. The name is a misnomer. It is not a reform school. Instead, it is a penitentiary—a penitentiary that has the unique distinction of housing Michigan's Federal feminine offenders of every type of crime—State prisoners, County prisoners and the City of Detroit's municipal prisoners and doing all this in a fashion that compares favorably with the Middle Ages.

There were several reasons for this choice. One was the sinister reputation of the institution. The second was that this is the only jail in the country where petty criminals are confined with those serving sentence for manslaughter. Another was that my family numbers among its friends—a man formerly prominent in the administration of the Detroit prison. This individual was the only person whom I took into my confidence. I wished to have his aid in securing my release, should the experience become unbearable.

With the exception of this man, no one connected with the experiment knew that I was not in fact "Angel Brown." It was under this name that I "operated" when I stole a fur neck piece of nominal value from a woman of my family's acquaintance who was living at the Hotel Statler. She reported her loss to the house detective and I was arrested before I had left the building.

Hailed into court, I gave my name as "Angel Brown" from San Francisco, and was charged with simple larceny. I pleaded guilty to the charge and was sentenced to a fine of ten dollars or the alternative of ten days in the Detroit House of Correction. On my statement that I did not have the money to pay the fine, I was turned over to a police officer with instructions to commit me to jail.

Just at this point, all my plans were threatened by a big fatherly Irish policeman who was detailed to conduct me to the prison. On our way

Jeanie MacPherson wearing prison costume.

down to the alley where the patrolwagon was to meet us, he said:

"This is your first time up, isn't it, little girl?"

I assured him that it was.

"Isn't there anyone you know who will put up the money and keep you out of jail?"

There was no one, I declared.

"I hate to see you go to that place. You wait right here"—and he pushed me through a door into a bare waiting room on the level with the jail alley—"I think I know a man who will lend us the money.'

My heart sank. After all my trouble to get into jail, my plans were about to be frustrated by the kind heart of a well-meaning policeman!

My good-natured policeman soon returned with failure written all over his kindly features. His friend was unable to help. There was nothing else to do but load me into the "Black Maria" and send me on my way. He had no suspicion that I was thanking Providence for his failure.

I arrived at the jail late in the afternoon. My guardian turned me over to the chief matron, who knew me only as a thief, and the iron bars figuratively and literally closed behind me.

There followed the formality of booking me. My name and sentence were the outstanding facts noted by the matron's secretary, a trusty serving a long term. After this I was stripped to the skin and searched for narcotics. They even took down my hair and made a painstaking examination of it.

When it came to selecting my prison garb, I was allowed to choose between long and short-sleeved underwear. I chose the long, for it was December and cold. With it went the faded gingham coverall, prison-made and drab. Despite the coldness of the weather, this garment had short sleeves. I selected my footwear from a great pile of shoes that occupied one corner of the matron's office. My choice fell upon a pair of dirty misshapen things that fitted approximately and had been splashed with paint and whitewash at one time in the recent past.

From the office, I was conducted by the trusty to the cell assigned to me. It was on the second tier of the cell-block which consisted of four tiers of twenty cells each—accommodations for eigthy prisoners. And at the time of my incarceration, the jail contained one hundred and forty women prisoners Beds in the corridors supplied sleeping accommodations for those not assigned to cells. White and black, petty criminals and murderesses sleep, eat and work, side by side.

The cell into which I was ushered was without a window and measured approximately six feet in length, six feet in height, and not over five feet in width with a barred door one and a half feet in width. Most of this room was occupied by my bunk bearing a straw mattress, blankeets and prison-made linen, but no pillow. This and a broken-down chair, tin wash basin and pitcher and pail were the sole furnishings.

I made my prison debut in the midst of the so-called recreation hour. This is the period in late afternoon when the girls, having finished a day's work in the shops, are permitted to wander about the corridor-like space that surrounds the cell-block itself. This space is called the recreation room, although there is no semblance of recreation facilities, and was very cold. Two hard benches and a few straight kitchen chairs and one small table constituted the furnishings, and I saw no evidence of any books or literature.

On the particular day that I arrived, the girls were in the chapel of prison viewing a motion picture. The picture was a cheap industrial film, showing the making of a newspaper and Panama Canal, badly made and badly photographed. I think a strapping negro girl voiced the opinion of the majority when, at the conclusion of the picture, she said: "My Gawd, why don't they give us a love story once-in-a-while!"

I had heard that clever crooks never talked or made intimates and that the common criminals respected the mental superiority of those who could resist the temptation to gossip about anything and everything. I was relying on this fact to carry me sarely through the shoals of cross-examination on the part of my cell mates.

It was fortunate that I adopted this attitude. I had hardly returned to my cell before a delegation of curious visitors dropped in to find out all about me and to get the latest news from the outside. Everyone wanted to know, first of all, where I came from. Every single one of them tremendously anxious to hear the news from their own home town. Since I claimed San Francisco as my home, I disappointed them all. And it did disappoint them. One girl, speaking for herself, spoke for them all when she demanded: "Hell, I thought you was from Flint."

My refusal to talk won me immediate respect. And when it was nosed around that I had been caught "working" the Hotel Statler, single-handed, I became a near-heroine. The Statler detective system is known and feared by all criminals, I learned. My supposed consumate nerve won their respect.

But if I kept silent, no one else did. Apparently everybody talked all the time, calling loudly back and forth from cell to cell. It is part of the hysteria of the place. Speech relieves the tension

(*Continued on page 27*)

in Hell!"—

PRISON KNOWLEDGE

COMPLAINT RECORD—DETROIT POLICE DEPARTMENT

PRECINCT D. B. FILE NO. 60903

Kind of Offense

Name and No. of Officer on Beat

Beat No. Day Night Relief Open

Happened in Precinct NO. 1

Reported by Whom

By Whom Received

Name of Complainant

Address

Place of Occurrence

Details of Occurrence

Time Date

Assigned to

Time

Total Value $

Important—Officers shall give accurate descriptions and full details

IN THE RECORDER'S COURT OF THE CITY OF DETROIT

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF MICHIGAN VS

COMMITMENT FOR

File No.

DEPARTMENT OF POLICE, DETROIT, Mich., BUREAU OF IDENTIFICATION

Alias

Color

Date of Arrest

Prec. No.

BERTILLON MEASUREMENTS

9202

IMMEDIATELY after

Measured at Police Headquarters Date

Prisoner's Signature

Remarks

Red Mag

No.

Classification

Color

RIGHT HAND

LEFT HAND

Male

Impressions taken by

Classified by

Typed by

at Police Headquarters

Date Dec 12 1921

ABOVE (AT LEFT):

Copy of complaint filed in Jeanie MacPherson's trip to jail.

ABOVE:

Jeanie MacPherson's commitment papers.

ABOVE:

A member of the rogue's gallery—Jeanie MacPherson's trip to jail.

AT RIGHT:

Finger prints of "Angie Brown," alias Jeanie MacPherson.

Bernarr Macfadden's

ALONG with women's increased interest in athletics in recent years has come great progress in the style of costume worn. Especially noticeable is the common sense bathing suit of today as contrasted with that of years ago.

In the first photograph, Miss Hope Hampton is very demure and modest, according to 1875 standards, in a bathing suit of that period. One could scarcely call it a swimming suit! It is rather a mystery as to what benefit or enjoyment a woman so attired could have gotten from her "swim."

The bathing suit of 1905 is still too "modest" and "proper" to be of any value for swimming purposes. No wonder it was the exception in those days for a woman to swim. The weight of her costume would probably carry her to the bottom as soon as she got into the water. But what did that matter, so long as she was modestly dressed!

Beauty Pages

Miss Hampton looks much more comfortable in the third photograph, in a 1920 costume, but she would find her shoes and skirt quite a handicap if she attempted to swim in them. So she would probably have little incentive to go into the water and would spend most of her time parading the beach.

The 1922 bathing suit is a great step in the right direction. A swimmer could never win a race in such a costume, but at least it wouldn't be the cause of her drowning. This suit would be barred from many beaches where there are abominable regulations against a woman's appearing without stockings—which it is almost impossible for her to keep on in the water.

Miss Hampton, in her 1923 bathing suit, wears the sort of suit which a woman can really swim in, as Nature intended, and some day she will be allowed to do so. Some day she will be allowed to swim in this costume everywhere as they do in California and European resorts.

Where the Jazz God Plays

OR

The Feverish Every Day Life of a Movie Star

By OLIVE PAIGE

CHAPTER 4

Pilgrim's Progress Through Hollywood

THE battle is on!"

Now and again, Arabelle sneaked into my room with this enlightening news, and then ran back to her work. She did not need to inform me, for the sounds reached my ears as though the walls of the house were of muslin.

"Here's another of my shirts with no buttons on it! Do you think I can wear my shirts without buttons? You never mend my clothes nor put on a button. You don't lift a finger for me!"

The young director's voice rose to a high, nasal pitch. His grievances had been borne with patience until something inside his head was ready to snap.

"I tell you I don't know how to sew, and besides, you never buy me any more candy or flowers," retorted the wife.

"No more candy nor flowers till you attend to your home."

"I could spend my days doing nothing but your old mending, and you wouldn't give me a thing—you know you wouldn't. I eat my heart out as it is, seeing all the nice things Floria's friends give her, and all I get from you is neglect!"

"Stop talking, I tell you! Leave the room, you fool, and shut up!"

When John Crookes shouted "Shut up!" which he did quite frequently, Rhoda knew it was time to obey.

"The war is ended," whispered Arabelle scornfully, and then: "They're both to blame," she asserted. "Before they were married, he told her she was a little piece of fine china, and all other women were nothing but plain crockery. He said he never wanted to see her do a stroke of work, and now he's mad because she carries out his suggestion."

"He merely intended it as a passing compliment, and of course never dreamed she would be so selfish as to take it seriously," I added, wondering why it was that people who had so many luxuries were forever hunting up trifles with which to make themselves miserable.

While the quarrels were in progress, I had a strange feeling that the air in the house was growing thick and black as if a thunder cloud had come down from the sky and was forcing its way into the rooms.

These quarrels were sometimes of long duration. Weeping, hysterics and swearing often accompanied the confusion; so, whenever it was convenient, I hurried Jack into his carriage, anxious to leave behind me this "Slough of Despond."

Like Christian, I had my burden, but fortunately it was not on my back. Nevertheless, I was bound to push it in front of me through the highways of Hollywood, and my burden grew fat and rosy in the sunshine. My great difficulty was that I must continue walking no matter how tired I became. After I had wandered for miles through the beautiful streets, I had failed to find one little park with benches where a weary nurse with a baby carriage might rest.

Up and down Hollywood Boulevard I walked to look at the gay things in the little shops. A tiny "Oriental" store attracted my eye, but the lady who owned it was certainly not Chinese. The bright, tawdry things in the window had probably never seen China, but it had a cheery effect as I went past and I often stood looking at the imitation curios that I, at least, would never care to buy.

Candy and jewelry, dresses and drugs, books and pictures, flowers and toys were among the miscellany found in the little shops along Hollywood's main thoroughfare.

I loved the wide avenues lined with pepper trees and palms. Never before had I beheld such an attractive suburb—the semi-tropical flora, the salubrious climate, and a veritable wonderland of bungalows! An especial delight were the bungalow courts—groups of six or eight cosy homes of one design, built around an open court in the form of an Italian or Spanish garden with lawns and vines, shrubs and trees, green at all seasons of the year.

After I had made several inquiries for a seat where I could rest, someone finally told me there were plenty of benches at the Hollywood Bowl. But I found it such a long journey with the baby carriage, that I did not attempt walking there a second time with Jack.

The Hollywood Bowl was a small canyon—a natural amphitheatre at the foot of the mountains. Eventually it would be made into a park, but aside from several hundred benches, a platform and scattered accessories for entertainments, no improvements had yet been introduced.

Up Highland Avenue, beyond the entrance to "The Bowl," I found the most picturesque bungalows I have yet seen. Quaint little cottages they were, with high, gahled roofs made gay with varicolored shingles. Little railings and balconies, towers and tiny windows—huge sycamore trees, walks formed of wide-stepping stones, and gardens of bright orange calendula, presented such a sharp contrast to ordinary, everyday existence, that I felt the whole scene must have materialized from a Maxfield Parish picture, or a fairy tale book of Ye Olden time.

On one of these jaunts, I met Cora, Miss Olsen's baby nurse. She was wheeling little Floria in a high,odd-shaped English carriage. The blue-eyed star-baby sat under her dark, cloth canopy and grasped at its long fringe, quite unconscious that her carriage was any better than that of other Hollywood babies. She wrinkled up her nose, made a wry baby face and gave a grunt, not unlike the pig-baby in "Alice."

Cora had placed several large playthings in the carriage, but there were always so many toys, they gave Floria ennui. She was tired, too, of trying to pull the long canopy fringe down her mouth.

On her feet she wore pink-satin booties trimmed with white fur. She found new amusement in tugging at them until they came off, and then throwing them onto the sidwalk for Cora to pick up.

"No, no, no!" cried Cora in reproof as she replaced the booties and retucked the pink satin robe under the little feet. The baby only gurgled with glee, pulled up the magnificent cover, and sent the shoes down again and again until Cora snapped them into her handbag to be rid of the nuisance.

Little Floria had on a bonnet and coat of fine pink silk

"How sweet she looks dressed in pink in her dark carriage!" I commented.

"Yes," said Cora, "Miss Olsen selected those things herself. They are hand-embroidered, and the coat, alone, cost over a hundred dollars."

The baby began sucking a corner of her pink-silk wrap as though it were candy.

"No, no—no, no!" cried Cora in desperation, as she gave Floria a big doll to distract her attention from the pink silk. The baby at once became happy and persistent in trying to get the doll's flat, painted nose into her mouth.

"Isn't she an imp!" said Cora despairingly, as we turned toward home. "I must get her to the house and give her the bottle, or she'll eat up her carriage, she's so hungry."

We passed by a French hat shop on a side street. A man stood inside conversing with the voluptuous beauty who kept the store. Cora uttered an exclamation of disgust.

"That heartless man! The villain! How I hate him! He is the husband of my best friend. She is a beautiful girl of twenty-two. They moved to Hollywood and he went into the movies. He began to ill-treat his wife and run around with questionable women. He imagines he's in love with that girl in the hat shop. He boasts of his conquests to his wife and tells her he must have variety since he's gone into pictures! He's breaking her heart and she'll have to divorce him—the fiend!"

We wheeled our carriages homeward. I looked up at the wonderful bungalows, the apartment houses and mansions as we walked along. The palms nodded, the pepper trees swayed in the breeze, and the perfume of flowers arose from the gardens even in the late fall.

Only the well-to-do could purchase a residence in the Eden of Hollywood. I looked at the movieland homes and sighed. Cora's words, with what I had, myself, observed, seemed to make a dark spot in my soul. Could it be possible that these costly dwellings were but beautiful coverings for the misery within?

When people lived in a veritable paradise, why did they desert their household gods to run after unworthy deities?

As we entered the back gate, loud voices darted from the windows.

"Where are my handkerchiefs, I should like to know?" shouted the angry voice of John Crookes, as he fumbled in vain through his bureau drawers.

"How should I know? I suppose Lily Mulberry ironed them long ago," answered Rhoda in a hard tone.

"You never see to anything in this house!"

"I don't have time when I'm working for Floria. I'm only trying to earn my living so you won't have to buy things for me."

"I'd a thousand times rather buy everything you get and have you stay at home and keep order. Nothing in this house has been right since you worked for Floria Olsen. I'll iron my handkerchiefs myself!"

John Crookes ran into the laundry, pulled down the ironing board and got out the electric iron.

"Arabelle, where are my handkerchiefs?" he cried sharply.

"Lily Mulberry didn't get them done, and I haven't had time yet. They're in the clothesbasket. I'll iron them now," said Arabelle meekly.

The director ran back to the bedroom to dress for dinner.

More harsh words reached my ears.

Jack was sound asleep in his carriage. I tiptoed into the kitchen and heated his six o'clock bottle, then turned the carriage around and headed for the street. Mr. and Mrs. Crookes were going out for dinner. In a short time I could return to peace. I walked quickly away from the house and on and on up the boulevard.

Suddenly the first rain of the season poured down. After six months of dry weather, no

(*Continued on page 26*)

WHERE THE JAZZ GOD PLAYS

CHAPTER 1. The Director's Wife Tells a Lie.
CHAPTER 2. Something to Eat.
CHAPTER 3. "Scrapheaps of Modesty."
CHAPTER 4. Pilgrim's Progress through Hollywood.
CHAPTER 5. Cocktails and other Tales.
CHAPTER 6. Through the Back Gates.
CHAPTER 7. The Star-Baby's Party and Jewels.
CHAPTER 8. The Director Keeps House.
CHAPTER 9. Errors of Mind and Aches of Matter.
CHAPTER 10. A Daring Dinner and the Light Grown Dim.

Laughing Through Sleepy Hollow with Will Rogers

Rambling through the STUDIOS in the East with Dorothea B. Herzog

WILL ROGERS FINISHING PICTURE

WILL ROGERS is finishing his latest production, "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," the famous classic from the pen of Washington Irving.

We went up to see Rogers taking exteriors in the very country Irving describes in his story. Sleepy Hollow is about thirty miles from New York, a dreamy, slumbrous little place, rich with bushes, grass, and old, stately trees. Director Venturini was shooting the scene where Ichabod Crane, the schoolmaster-hero of this story, is galloping back to his home in the woods. The natives are out to get him, and, as his horse comes to the bridge under which chirrups a gaily singing stream, he shies, scenting danger ahead.

* * * * *

A NOBLE STEED

'Tis a noble steed Rogers' rides. A lean, white-gray horse, from whose bony frame protrudes ungraceful bones and "anatomical knots."

"He was much leaner when we got him," young Carl Stearns Clancy, producer of the production, told us. "He's eaten so much grass, he's beginning to fill out!"

We wondered how it would look to see the horse in part of the picture a walking skeleton and in other parts a compact four-legged representative of horse-plumpness!

Rogers is a hard man to please, and the scene showing him galloping down the grassy road to the bridge was shot more than ten times.

* * * * *

CAMOUFLAGING A HORSE SCARE

The director camouflaged a horse scare. The old four-legger didn't seem to have nerves. Assistant director Warren Frome perched under the rustic bridge and fired several blank cartridges and yelled in Indian fashion to make the horse shy when he reached the bridge, for this is the effect it is necessary to produce.

Old bag-o'-bones paid scant attention to so much racket. Whereupon Rogers suggested taking boards from the bridge.

"Horses and children," Rogers said, in that whimsically humorous way of his, "never do things the way picture folks want 'em to. They do them right," he showed, "but that's not the way they're supposed to do 'em."

Rogers—a closeup in his role of Ichabod Crane.

The boards having been taken up, Rogers again dashed toward the bridge. Ham, a propman, was in the water, waving a bush at old bag-o'-bones as he reached the bridge. Frome fired his pistol and whooped. The right effect was finally made. We all left location for the Sleepy Hollow Country Club and needed food.

* * * * *

ROGERS' HUMOR

There were about ten in the crowd, six of them motion picture writers from various New York newspapers.

Will Rogers—and his humorous, whimsical smile.

"I come on up to New York," Rogers remarked during the luncheon, "to help a friend of mine sell some horses here. That's how I come to go on the stage.

"Well, sir, when I was makin' a picture out on the Coast, some scenario writer, sittin' in his room, typed out a scene in one of my pictures that had me tryin' to show up well in my sweetheart's eyes ridin' a hoss from the corral but gittin' bucked off in the creek.

"Ha," he chuckled, his face wreathed in his winning smile. "I ain't no horse-bucker. No roper is. That's why I took to ropin'. I told the director that, but he jest said what was in the script. So I climbed on the hoss. Gosh," laughing boyishly, "I didn't wait to be bucked off 'till I come to the creek. I got bucked 'fore we left the corral!

"So I says to the director: 'You either got to move that creek closer to the corral, or git a corral next to a creek somewheres. But what did that scenario writer, sittin' in his room talking about action care about a little thing like that."

* * * * *

ROGERS ON GOLF

Somehow or other, the conversation turned to golf. Mr. Paige, a New York lawyer and host to the Rogers' party at the Sleepy Hollow Golf House, was sitting with us.

Rogers contended golf was no sport at all.

"I contend it ain't," he said. "Jest look here. Yuh play in the mawnin' and yuh opponent plays in the afternoon and yuh take the judges' word for it that he played. Yuh don't know nuthin' about it. Yuh ain't there. The only game like it is solitaire."

Roars of laughter from everyone.

"You're thinking of a tournament," protested Mr. Paige.

"Well, suppose yuh play with somebody," Rogers took him up. "Yuh don't care what yuh partner does. Yuh take your stick and hit the ball. No attention to him 'atall.

What do you think of him as Ichabod Crane?

* * * * *

BUT THAT'S ALL RIGHT . . .

"I ain't sayin' nuthin' 'gainst folks who play golf," Rogers was quick to say. "In their sane moments they're all right.

"And I ain't sayin' I never played," he grinned. "I was out with a show in Indianapolis and went with Frank Tinney and Bill Fields one mawnin' to play golf. It was cold and I had on a heavy overcoat. 'Ain't you goin' to take that thing off?' they asked me. 'No, I ain't,' I said. 'It's cold. I wouldn't walk around in the country today without a coat and I ain't goin' to play golf without one.'

"That was wrong," Rogers said. "I wasn't made up right. But no such thing as a overcoat could interfere with the way I was playin'. Lawd," he grinned, "I dug up holes big enough to bury a dog in."

"But golf is a science," Mr. Paige contended.

"Yeah," said Will, "but you can't find nuthin' that ain't. Spittin's a science, too. Hittin' a crack is science. A young feller can't stack up with the ole timers. You sit in a country store and miss the sawdust box and you're disgraced."

(Continued on page 25)

The Romance of a Girl Detective

By Fulton Oursler

"A VERY beautiful young girl is asking to see you, Captain!"

Captain of Detectives Fitzgerald turned his scarred and grizzled face impatiently toward his assistant.

"Well, tell her I won't see her!" he barked. "No explanations. Tell her I won't see her!"

His assistant turned silently, when Captain Fitzgerald suddenly yelled:

"And look here, Jerry! If any more good-looking young girls come around here looking for me, you tell them all that I won't see them. Get that? If they are on police business, let them see the lieutenant. But they ain't! They ain't!"

Holding his assistant transfixed by his glowering gaze, Captain Fitzgerald thrust the bit of his pipe between his strong teeth, and fished about his desk for a match.

"They're all looking for money!" he bellowed. "I am tired of it! First one and then another—each with her pretty hand stuck out at you for a donation to this, or that, or the other. Takes all my tobacco money! This is no charity home. This is a detective bureau. Get that?"

"Yes, sir, but——" faltered Jerry.

"But what?" roared the Captain. "How many times have I told you to cut out your 'buts?' But what?"

"Look behind you and see for yourself, sir!" gasped the frightened Jerry and faded swiftly through the door.

Captain Fitzgerald stared after him in dumb astonishment. Red with annoyance he swerved suddenly in his chair and did what Jerry had advised him to do. He looked behind him.

Smiling at him was a girl. She was certainly a beautiful girl, and Captain Fitzgerald knew, without further thinking upon the problem, that this must be the beautiful girl whom he had refused to see.

"How did you get in here?" he demanded.

"Well—I——"

"What are you collecting for?" the Captain broke in, his irritation subsiding the longer he looked at her. His annoyance at the calls of charity workers was really a defensive emotion, for he was generally unable to resist such appeals. Now he was melting beneath the startled smile of his lovely visitor.

She was beautiful, but not in the way that most girls are beautiful. That is to say, hers was not the face of a doll. Indeed, her nose had more of impudence about it than regularity. Her hair was dark brown, with ruddy tints of auburn gleaming in its masses and coils. Her eyes were darkly hlue, and Captain Fitzgerald, who laughed at poetry, was amazed to find himself reminded of the dark blue skies of February. Her lips were redly arched in a pert and challenging smile. She was well-built, and radiantly youthful, and not in the least afraid of him.

"I came in through the door," she told him, answering his first question and ignoring his second.

"What's your name?"

"I am not collectng for charity, either," she assured him, replying to his second question and ignoring his third. "I am here on police business—and it's too important to tell any old lieutenant. What I've got to say has got to be told to the chief himself. Are you Captain Fitzgerald?"

The chief himself dropped his burnt-out match, leaving his pipe unlighted.

"What kind of police business?" he demanded, noting now that her clothes were most modishly cut, and that she bore every evidence of refinement.

"If you would only ask me the right question, I'd tell you everything else you want to know," she pouted.

"What is the right question?" he barked.

She looked around and smiled wistfully at a chair beside his desk. He grinned, and reddened.

"Well, won't you sit down?" he finally grunted. "You beat the mischief, you do. You walk in here when I don't want you, and then make me invite you to stay!"

The girl settled comfortably in the chair, crossing her legs with a kind of boyish freedom and toying idly with the gold chain of her purse.

"Now, Captain Fitzgerald," she resumed, "I am going to be brief and business-like. I came down here to see you and one one else. I heard you shouting like a pirate when your man announced me. And while you were bullying him around I just crept in and hid behind your chair. That's all there is to that!"

Resignedly, Captain Fitzgerald laid his pipe on his desk blotter. He lay back in his chair, enjoying to the full the richness and buoyancy of her youth which was about her like an aura. He told himself she was certainly restful to his tired old eyes.

"Well," he drawled, "now that you are here, suppose you tell me who you are, and what you want."

"My name," she replied readily, "is Miriam Grant!"

Captain Fitzgerald puckered his scraggly brows. The name was remotely familiar to him. He looked at her keenly. It seemed to him there was something familiar in her face.

"I suppose I ought to know who you are," he reflected aloud. "Miriam Grant. Now, let me see——"

"My father was Warren Grant," she added.

"The steamship man!"

"Yes, Captain!"

The old detective fell back in his chair and stared at her with renewed interest. He had known her father well—one of the wealthiest of the pioneers in American shipping. Old Warren Grant had been a power in American finance, and a character in the national life as well. But he had been dead for more than fifteen years.

"I am delighted to meet you," said Captain Fitzgerald sincerely. "I have worked on more than one case in which your father was interested—especially a case of munitions smuggling into Mexico. I shall be glad to do anything I can for Warren Grant's daughter!"

"Thanks, awfully!" exclaimed Miriam, smiling happily. "Now, can I tell you my story?"

"Go ahead!"

"But not until you light that pipe. You'll never really like me, if you sit there wanting to smoke it, and denying yourself because of me!"

Captain Fitzgerald reddened from the consciousness that she had read his guiltiest inward thoughts. He replaced the pipe between his lips, and having lighted it, inhaled a cloud of smoke with evident enjoyment.

"Now! Take your time!" he said.

Miriam's face, which had been bright and cheerful, was just a little sobered as she cast down her eyes and tried to collect her thoughts. It was some moments before she began.

"It's going to be very difficult for me to tell you everything," she said. "But I am going to try to be frank—and if I am not, you might try to guess some of it . . . You see, when mother died, I was only four years old. My father was already dead, and so I was an orphan. My Uncle Henry came to live at our house, and he and Aunt Margaret were father and mother to me.

"They were very good and very kind, and my childhood was just the same as if my own parents had been with me. We lived in the winter in the great big house on East Sixty-third Street, and in the summer we were always abroad. Then came my school days, first at private schools here in New York, and then in a girl's finishing academy up state. In all that time, my life had been just as quiet and untroubled as a little pool in the woods.

"But things began to change last spring. Aunt Margaret died, and it left Uncle Henry a very lonely and brooding man. At first I thought he would find comfort and companionship in me. But somehow he began to avoid me. Once or twice when I came upon him suddenly, I noticed the strangest light in his eyes . . . Will you forgive me for taking up your time with little details like these? In the light of what has happened since, I consider them important!"

"Tell me everything you want to tell me," said Captain Fitzgerald kindly. He had a record for hounding criminals relentlessly, but he had a daughter who was just nineteen.

"Well," resumed Miriam, "my graduation came last May, but Uncle Henry did not attend it. But he sent me several nice gifts, and he invited me to go to Europe with him early in June. I was delighted at the prospect and we sailed just a few days after I came home. It was while in Europe that all this really began!"

"All this? All what?" prompted Captain Fitzgerald.

"You'll see. We were staying in Paris for a few weeks, before going into Switzerland. One night we were introduced to a certain Madame Langel and her son, Maurice. At the first time I met them I thought them rather nice. You know? They weren't what I would call first-raters, but Madame was a vivacious, and not a bad-looking woman for her age. I guess she was more than forty, all right. And Maurice was—well, he was dark, with flashing black eyes and kind of oily hair. You know? And he did look at one romantically. He was all right for a flirtation in Paris—but that was enough!"

"You prefer a real 'he-American,' I suppose?" laughed Captain Fitzgerald, choking and coughing as he swallowed some of his smoke.

"That's it! A real, he-American!" cried Miriam blushing. Then, as if detected in something she meant to conceal, she hurried on:

"Well, Uncle Henry became surprisingly intimate with these Langels. It got so they were with us all the time. He had the longest and most secret talks with Madame, and Maurice tried to have the longest and most secret talks with me. But I sent him packing about his business. He got on my nerves with his talk about nightingales and things a girl doesn't like to hear about except——"

"From the man she really loves?" asked the old detective gently.

"Yes!" said Miriam quickly, and hurried on:

"All the fun was taken out of the trip for me when Uncle Henry let me know that Madame Langel and Maurice would be our traveling companions during our stay at Lake Lucerne. Though I had begun by tolerating them, I had gradually come to dislike them both exceedingly. I knew there was some kind of secret understanding between Madame and my uncle, and this irritated me. Then—"

"Pardon me," interrupted Captain Fitzgerald. "Don't think I am not interested, but look here—ought I to let you go on like this, telling me all the personal incidents of your uncle's private affairs?"

Miriam's blue eyes widened, then flashed.

"You'll think so, when you hear what I am coming to," she promised. "This was only the beginning. We went to Switzerland and those pests were right with us all the time. I was perfectly miserable except for one afternoon, when Maurice proposed. I did have a good time telling him "no" many, many times and making it more emphatic each time. I was sorry when he stopped. Now, don't mind me—I'll come to the point. Your pipe's out; better light another one; you'll need it.

"About the first of September Uncle Henry decided to give up a plan we had in mind to run down to Egypt, and we returned to England, where we took ship for this land of the free once more. And was I glad? The Langels traveled with us to London, but thank heaven they didn't sail. I was jubilant when we

(*Continued on page 28*)

MOVIE WEEKLY ART SERIES

COLLEEN MOORE

Goldwyn Pictures

ROMANCING and VAMPING Or, The Boudoir,

By Marie France

EDITORIAL NOTE: *This is the third of a series of intriguing articles vivifying the sensational vamps who made history and broke Kings' hearts!*

AH me, the vamp who is the mixture of Irish and English in blood; a mixture of passion and talent in temperament—fascinating Dora Jordan, who flirted her way to the royal palace by a knowledge of fascination almost uncanny.

Motion picture vamps should be interested in Dora Jordan, a delicate artiste in her "vamping enterprises." The secret of her charm on the stage, she explained to a friend, was that when she had mastered the words of a part she said to Dame Nature: "My hands, my head, my feet, every member about me—are at your command!"

In life, as well as on the stage, Dora Jordan knew how to put herself across. Many succeed in playing the romantic game of life, gaining its rewards by sheer beauty, but such success lasts no longer than their beauty. Search deeply, however, into the lives of successful vamps and you will find—well thought out plans—a subtle understanding of men—and the flattery they crave . . . a keen analysis of their own charm and how to use it.

Dora Jordan was born near Waterford, Ireland, in 1762. Her mother, Grace Phillips, was a Dublin actress. Her father, whose name was Bland, was, according to some, an Army Captain, to others, a stage hand. Dora made her first appearance in Dublin as Phoebe in "As You Like It." It was about the time that she started calling herself Mrs. Jordan. Her private life was one of the scandals of the period. She had a daughter by her first manager in Ireland and four children by Sir Robert Ford. She had a mansion in London, carriages and servants, but so unostentatious and truly domestic were her habits, that she was frequently seen arriving in her yellow chariot at her milliners with an infant in her arms, and during her stay frequently changed the linen of the little one in the shop, while talking with the persons in attendasce. She had light brown hair, a small, supple figure and an alluringly pretty face, an irresistible playfulness of manner, the most winning gestures and eyes that only stopped flirting when she slept . . . even then her long, dark lashes had a seductive curl to them . . .

She was adored in the theatre. She had that quality of inspiring in others the desire to help her. A feminine appeal that made slaves of the little world that surrounded her.

Cornelius Swan, the critic, said he would teach her to act. And when she was ill, he was admitted to the little bed-chamber, and with an old red coat around his neck, he would sit and instruct his pupil . . . He said: "I have given the Jordan but three lessons, and she is so adroit at receiving my instruction, I declare she repeats the character as well as Mrs. Siddons ever did, and knows as much as I do." In his fondness, he wanted to adopt her. She had an intimate way of reading her lines that made them seem personal. One of the great painters of the age said that in male attire she had the most perfect figure he had ever seen. Like most women, she was easy to

Dora Jordan, who flirted her way to the royal palace by a knowledge of her fascination almost uncanny . . .

get on with when she had her own way, but let anyone try to interfere with her . . . Mrs. Ward, an actress of that time, tried to become a rival of Dora Jordan's in the public's favor. Her method was to go to the stage door, where Dora was playing, bring a number of friends with her and hoot at her just before she went on the stage . . . Dora had a report circulated—press agents by other names must have existed even in those days—that she was being tortured by Mrs. Ward. After the report had been well spread about, Dora put false tears on her face—vaseline tears, appeared before her audience rather shy and trembling and immediately the whole house broke into applause and cheers—she emotionalized them so that each one of them wanted to save her, and hate her rival.

On one occasion, when she was playing with a new actor, he proceeded to kiss her, and she turned her head so as to present little more than her ear.

"Och, by Jasus, then," he cried, "I'll be d——d if I kiss you at all; if you won't let me play my part as a man should, you may do it yourself." Upon which he walked off the stage accompanied by shrieks of laughter.

When Wroughton, her stage manager, noticed her discontent at rehearsals over a part she did not like, he said sharply. "Why, you are grand, madame, quite the duchess again this morning." "Very likely," replied Mrs. Jordan undisturbed, "and you are not the first person this very day who has condescended to honor me ironically with the title." Then she told him how, having discharged her Irish cook for impertinence, the cook showed her a shilling, and, banging it down upon the table, exclaimed:

"Arrah, now, honey, with this won't I sit in the gallery? And won't your Royal Grace give me a courtesy? And won't I give your Royal Highness a howl and a hiss into the bargain?" So peace was made and they laughed at her simple good nature.

After her first season in London she was presented to His Royal Highness, the Duke of Clarence (afterwards William IV). Soon after she gave up acting. She had her own apartment in the Duke's palace, a suite of large rooms royal in their magnificence. She bore him ten children, who were ennobled under the name of Fitz-Clarence, the eldest being created the Earl of Munster. Dora's

Mary Pedita Robinson, intellectual, a dreamer and a poet, she was almost an unconscious vamp, but . . .

INTO ROYALTY

Battleground of the Vamp

LE LUXE AU XVIII^e SIECLE.
Femme de qualité reposant sur un lit d'ange.
(D'après une estampe de Saint-Jean.

boudoir was the most beautiful room in her apartment. The high-domed ceiling was almost entirely covered by paintings of children disporting themselves among wreaths of flowers. Eight long panels on the walls were decorated with paintings symbolic of the four seasons, Autumn was a figure of Bacchus crowned with the vine, Winter by two somber old women, Spring by dancing figures, and Summer by two nude figures lying under a tree. The fireplace was of grey and white marble, the over mantle was a rectangular mirror in a gilt frame. Glowing lamps, with apricot-colored shades, yellow roses and firelight, created a glamour of romance that was difficult to resist . . .

Once his Royal Highness tried to resist, after a quarrel with the King, in which he was commanded to give up Dora Jordan. He wrote her a note telling her he could never see her again and Dora's answer was a scribbled message on an old playbill: "No money refunded once the curtain has gone up."

Turning from Dora Jordan, she who flirted her way to the royal palace by a knowledge of fascination almost uncanny, you see distinctly the opposite type in Mary Perdita Robinson. In every way different. Intellectual, a dreamer, and a poet, she was almost an unconscious vamp. She was a sensitive and precocious child, and early in life showed a marked appreciation for poetry. That Mary Pedita was an unusual child and enticing, can be realized from the fact that she had had a proposal of marriage at thirteen, a love affair at fourteen, and married at sixteen!

She recited charmingly, with just enough shyness to make her appealing and just enough wisdom to know how to induce a friend of David Garrick's to introduce her to the great actor. Garrick was so impressed with the fervor and passion of her recitation that he offered her a free pass to the theatre so that she could get accustomed to the ways of the stage. She plunged into fashionable life and as neither she nor her husband were rich, living well on nothing-at all led to debt, and when the inevitable crash came, she was sent with her husband to King's Bench Prison for ten months. During this period, in an effort to get away from the monotony and the dread of prison life, she wrote poetry and through the kindness of the Duchess of Devonshire they were published. At the end of their term she sought out David Garrick, recited Romeo and Juliet to him and so moved him by her turbulence that she made her debut in the role in 1776 and was very successful in it.

Her career as an actress, however, was brief. In those days of licentiousness an actress was regarded as fair game for the men about town, and Mary Pedita became a target for them all. There was even an attempt at abduction. Her husband made no attempt to protect her, in fact, he lived on her earnings and would not have objected to her increasing them at any cost. Indeed, not only did he throw her into the company of roues, but while she was in prison, he insisted that she receive the visits of a woman of the town, whose object was to point out to her that she was wasteing her youth in obscurity when she might be living in splendor did she but learn how to use her attractiveness. Constantly her husband told her that she had the reputation of being a very beautiful woman with "a very good breeches figure," and yet she was doing nothing to make herself famous . . .

The first time she played Perdita for the royal family, she felt a strange degree of alarm, a sense of presentment. "I hurried," she said afterwards, "through the scene, not without embarrassment owing to the fixed attention with which the Prince of Wales honored me. Indeed, some flattering remarks made by his Royal Highness met my ears as I stood near his box. The Prince's particular attention was observed by everyone. On the last curtesy the royal family condescendingly returned a bow to the performers, but my eyes met those of the Prince and with a look that I shall never forget he gently inclined his head a second time. I felt complimented and blurted out my thanks. Within two or three days, Lord Marden made me a morning visit. I received him wondering what he had come for. After a few minutes of embarrassment, he drew a small letter from his pocket. It was addressed to 'Perdita' and was signed Florizel. When I asked him who Florizel might be, he admitted that it was from the Prince of Wales. I was astonished. agitated, and returned a formal and doubtful answer."

For several months the Prince and Mary corresponded, but without meeting. Finally he persisted in his desire to meet her and one moonlight night on the banks of the river opposite the Kew Palace, they spoke for the first time. It seems the lady was coy, the lad passionate, but fearful of being found out by his parents. Finally, declaring she would never forget the magic with which she was wooed, she yielded to his advances. Thenceforth she visited her lover in his apartments in the palace. The intimacy remained clandestine until the Prince was provided with "a bit of an establishment," the "bit of an establishment" being the magnificent Carlton House.

Perdita was given her own suite of rooms which she and the Prince, for all the world like a young married couple, arranged to suit themselves. Mary Perdita's boudoir was rather formal, yet not without charm. It overlooked the gardens of Carlton House. Priceless tapestries lined the walls, the high ceiling was the color of powdered blue, from which gold, swinging lamps hung.

Magnificent yellow brocaded satin curtains were at the windows and there were books almost everywhere. Perdita had a fascinating way of expressing her moods in clothes. One day she would be a peasant with her straw hat tied at the back of her head, another time and she would be dressed as the belle of Hyde Park, trimmed, powdered, patched, painted to the utmost power of rouge and white lead, but be what she might, the hats of the fashionable promenaders swept to the ground as she passed, driving with the Prince of Wales.

They were the most devoted of lovers. She said: "The grace of his person, the irresistible sweetness of his smile, the tenderness of his melodious, yet manly voice, will be remembered by me till every vision of this changing scene shall be forgotten."

How did they weave their magic spells these vamps of other days? How did they hold their royal lovers?

Not by their beauty alone, often, strictly speaking, they were not beautiful, but they knew above all things the rules of the game they were playing. Napoleon, when asked what he considered his greatest asset, said: "My ability to get the imagination of others." And that is what these women realized the power of backgrounds. the alluring thoughts that it created . . . the sense of mystery . . . and they played their parts in life as good actresses play their parts on the stage or the screen, well made up and with a knowledge of what is required of them.

A EFW OF NEXT WEEK'S FEATURES:

"Love Raptures—The Primrose Path"

Here's a story of an extra girl's experiences in motion pictures. Absolutely true—these revelations of a motion picture extra. Don't miss it!

"Sensational Vampires"

Marie France, in next week's "Lover's Delight" series, tells about that notoriously clever vampire, Madame La Marquise de Pompadour, mistress of King Louis XV of France, and Diana of Poitiers, the huntress, the all-powerful mistress of Henri II of France. Don't fail to read about these sensational vamps.

Common Sense Separation and Divorce

by Billie Blenton

MARY ANDERSON permitted Pliny Goodfriend, cameraman and her former husband, to file a divorce suit against her for desertion. Technically, Goodfriend is in the right. Mary did desert him. Romantically, Mary is right. She no longer loved Pliny. He no longer loved her. Why encumber one another with a dead love?

So Mary left him in October, 1920. Strange enough, no sooner did she come to a decision regarding her marital affairs, than her motion picture career commenced to revolve faster and faster, and, as in the old days, when "Smiling Mary" Anderson was one of the Vitagraph favorite stars, so she is rapidly climbing to the place she forsook to play the featured role in the marital romance.

"I was named for Mary Anderson, the actress, whom my mother knew," Mary began. "She had always wanted a daughter who would be an actress. I guess it was born in me to be ambitious," whimsically "But my last name is really Anderson. I didn't take another person's name because she was a famous actress.

"My first picture work began at the old Vitagraph Studio when Norma Talmadge, Anita Stewart, and other favorites were just beginning. I left the East to work at Vitagraph's West Coast Studio.

"I was all alone on the Coast. It was the first time my mother or father had not been with me. I worked all day, and at night read or attended to my wardrobe. I was lonely.

"Christmas time came," there was a note of pathos in Mary's voice. "We were on location, way up in snow-covered mountains. It was awfully remote.

"Then our cameraman, Pliny Goodfriend, gave me a present Christmas and endeavored to brighten up the day for me. It was a kindly act and in my loneliness I appreciated it doubly.

"Pliny is a nice boy," mused Mary, "but he is too sturdy a dreamer. He painted beautifully rosy pictures of our success together. I was only a youngster of eighteen. I believed him and loved the glowing future he drew.

"And so we were married. It was not long after our marriage that I realized the mistake I had made. That was in January, 1916. Pliny and I had many reverses. Things went from bad to worse. After four years of this, I decided the wise thing to do was to leave Pliny.

"I left him in October, 1920. Pliny came to see me every night, pleading with me to return, but I refused. In December, 1920, I filed a suit of divorce. Pliny pleaded so with me to withdraw the suit and try again, that I did.

"Again we endeavored to make a go of it together, just as though we were pals. But it was no go.

"Business had nothing to do with my leaving Pliny the first of 1921 for good. Of course, I did not want to give up my career for marriage. But this never entered into the scheme of things. Conditions on the Coast were difficult and I found little work. I am speaking frankly because I want to emphasize the sudden change in my work when I finally decided the first of 1921 to leave Pliny.

"I was signed up by Oliver Morosco to play one of the featured roles in 'The Halfbreed.' Immediately upon the heels of this came my engagement with Charlie Ray in 'Two Minutes To Go,' followed by my starring in two James and Alice Livingston Productions.

"After the completion of these specials, I received a wire from Milwaukee asking me to make personal appearances for one week with 'Too Much Married,' one of the Livingston productions. This personal appearance met with success and was followed by offers that had me touring Wisconsin and Minnesota for the next four months. Upon my return to New York, I signed up with Ivan Abramson to play the featured role in 'Wild Youth.'

"Pliny, in the meantime, I hope is getting along very successfully in his work. I would give nothing

(Cont. on page 31)

ABOVE: *Mary Anderson, as she appears in "The Halfbreed."*
BELOW: *Mary and her former husband, Pliny Goodfriend. "Whenever they got home before dark," runs the inscription on the back of this snapshot, "they took a swim before dinner."*

AT RIGHT:
Mary and Pliny are great lovers of dogs.
AT LEFT:
All set for a plunge in the briny deep.

IS WALLY REID GOING INTO VAUDEVILLE?

"The other night, Bryant Washburn was publicly tagged as a happy married man, so now there's absolutely no chance of his reneging."
"Mildred Harris is hardly likely to marry any callow youths. If Mildred marries anybody, it will be somebody with a name who can help her along."
"It is said that there is to be an interesting event in the Hart household about September, and William S. is so delighted that he just chokes up and can't talk about it."
"Mary Alden does hate these mother roles so, and I don't blame her. And did you know that there is a certain juvenile actor who thinks that Mary is all the 'Lillian Russell?'"
"But did you hear that Wallie Reid and his charming little wife are to go out on the road together in a vaudeville sketch,

UNDER the ORANGE PEKOE TREE by IRMA— the Ingenue

OH, cherie, who do you think I just saw? . . . Oh, please don't bother me about my who's and whom's! I just love to rest my grammar out of working hours anyhow! . . . Well, I'll tell you whom I saw, if you really think you'd rather hear the news than give me a lecture. Lecturing one's friends is such a deep pleasure, I hardly blame you, though. Well, then, Mildred Harris! And Mildred isn't going to marry anybody. She's all for elevating art on the stage. But I do think she's going back into pictures a little later on. She has had some offers. She looks prettier than ever. Personally I don't think she is ever going to cause Sarah Bernhardt to send her a box of candy containing poisoned fish-hooks, due to jealousy, but she may become a pretty good actress.

"I know Mildred well enough to know she isn't going to marry any callow youths. If she marries anybody, it will be somebody with a name who can help her along. Mildred isn't going to cast her pearls before swine, nor her near-diamonds before ostriches. They do say, though, that she is letting a certain young New York financier pay her a lot of attention. Perhaps he intends to put her out in her own company, either on the stage or in pictures. Anyway, whatever Mildred does, she will look out for herself nicely."

Irma the Ingenue turned her little trench mirror so as to get a peep at somebody behind her.

"Oh, there's Mary Alden! If she hasn't gone and had some missionary work done on her hair again! Well, Mary does hate these mother roles so, and I don't blame her. She accidentally dropped into one, and now they're keeping her in them until she says that even with the help of her straight front, she just can't straighten up. And I know a certain juvenile who thinks she is all the 'Lillian Russell.'

"Oh, but did you hear how that girl star who lately took a certain married woman's husband away from her, and then married him, got a little hit in the eye, said hit being administered by said ex-wife? Well, it was this way: the two women met at a bridge party one day, and the girl star grew awfully confused when she was introduced to her husband's former wife.

"'How do you do?' said the ex- sweetly. 'How is Mr. Blank?' naming the husband.

"'Oh!' exclaimed the star. Then she dropped her eyes, and asked embarrassedly, 'Can't you wish me luck?'

"'My dear,' the other returned, 'I could have, but it's too late!' Wasn't that neat?"

Speaking of domestic happiness, why Hollywood is just gooey with it, these days, or anyhow everybody is pretending that his wife is his sweetheart and that every morn he sends her violets. Of course, the proof of the pudding is in the fletcherizing, as everybody knows, and some of these so-called happy couples really are. Take Bryant Washburn and his wife, for instance. They've been married for nine or ten years, and Mrs. Washburn isn't the sort of woman to lose her husband by not taking care of herself. She's as pretty as a peach, and doesn't Bryant know it! They have two children, and their hearts are just settled on them. The other night, Bryant was publicly tagged as a happy married man, so now there's absolutely no chance of his reneging. He made a little speech as guest, with some other actors, of the Osteopathic Physicians Association, and after he sat down, one of the doctors paid him a pretty compliment. He proposed a toast, and wished on him the degree of D.D.H., which means, he said, Doctor of Domestic Happiness!"

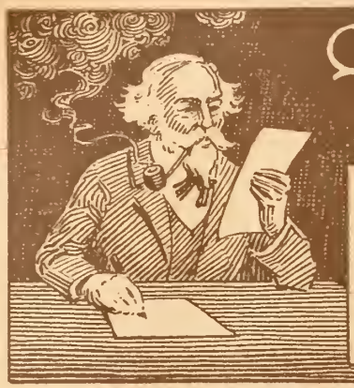
Irma cast her birdlike glance about the tea room while she nibbled a rice cake—which she doesn't like, but does it because her sense of the eternal fitness of things is so strong that she must needs keep in the Japanese tea garden setting all the while or die.

"Oh, these picture babies! Of course the picture people are bound to grow domestic whether they want or not, with their homes and their youngsters. Take Mrs. William S. Hart, who used to be Winifred Westover. She expects to become a mother in September, I believe. She is, of course, very happy, and Bill Hart is delighted beyond words. He just chokes up and can't talk about it.

"But did you hear about Wally Reid and Dorothy Davenport Reid? Going out together in a vaudeville sketch, she tells me, if Wally can possibly find the time after he finishes 'Clarence.' In spite of the fact that the Reids do have their little family jars, which, on account of Mrs. Reid having red hair—it's naturally red, though not so red as painted—are maybe a bit more peppery than some people's, I do believe they think a olt of each other. Dorothy's mother adores Wallie—says she always gets on with him when Dorothy isn't around, whatever that means. Mrs. Reid is now playing a short engagement at Pantages Theatre in Los Angeles, and she and Wallie expect to find a playlet and go out on a short tour this fall. There was a wild tale going around, even reported to the police, that Wallie accidentally discharged a pistol he was handling one day at home, and that it nicked Mrs. Reid's arm. But I investigated, and found a dozen conflicting reports. Somebody else said Wallie had tried to shoot himself. I don't believe there is anything in it at all. Dorothy's arm certainly is not nicked, and if she was wounded anywhere, it doesn't show, even when she is in her dressing room making up for the show—and you know how much a person reveals of herself then. I asked her about the affair, and she said: 'My heavens, I consider these tales a slam at Wallie's marksmanship! When Wallie lets a gun go off, he knows what he's doing; and if he ever goes to shoot himself or anybody else, he isn't going to make a mess of it!"

Irma touched her lips to a drop of perfume in a little gold bottle—did you know that's all the rage now?—and started to draw on her gloves.

"So Priscilla Bonner has decided to be divorced from her husband, Allen Wyness Alexander, after all! She tells me she nursed him when he was sick, but there's one thing, all that experience will make her a better actress. Anyhow they say it does, though personally I've always thought that brains and ability really entered into it, and if I've got to be a great emotional actress by having my husband knock me about, why I'll stay a plain little ingenue, that's all! So long, dearie, I've got to go over and sing for the wounded soldiers. They, poor dears, can't get away!"



Questions Answered by The Colonel

My job on "Movie Weekly" is answering questions. Wouldn't you like to know whether your favorite star is married? What color *her* eyes are, or what may be *his* hobbies? Write me, then, and I will tell you. I cannot answer questions concerning studio employment. For a personal reply, enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. All inquiries should be signed with the writer's full name and address, which will not appear in the magazine. Address me, THE COLONEL, "Movie Weekly," 119 West 40th St., New York City.

Most fans think that movie stars are "stuck up" because they don't answer all the letters that are written to them.

Just suppose that suddenly you began to receive several hundred letters a week from total strangers. Just at first, you'd be very thrilled and flattered. But week after week, when the letters kept pouring in by the hundreds asking for money, clothes, pictures, a college education, everything imaginable—just as if a movie star had money enough to support everybody in the word—after awhile it wouldn't be much fun trying to answer all those. In fact, it would be impossible; it would take someone's entire eight hour day, just to mail out the pictures requested.

Movie stars have to be at work, as a rule, at eight o'clock in the morning, and often, they work until late at night. So have a heart and don't begrudge them the rest that they get when they're not working. They certainly earn it.

BUD BANKS—It's nice of you to say I'm clever, and now you want to know why. Well, when I was little, I read the motto, "Be good, sweet child (or is it "dear child?") and let who will be clever." I was always a contrary sort of person, so I decided to turn the motto around and see what happened. Now you see the terrible result. Write to Richard Barthelmess at the Inspiration Pictures Corp., 565 Fifth Ave., New York. Lon Chaney lives at 1575 Edgemont, Hollywood. Write Eric Von Stroheim at the Universal Studio, Universal City.

MARY—Which do I think makes the better vampire, a blonde or a brunette? Well, I'm rather impartial, as I've been successfully vamped by both. Which are you?

ROBIN HOOD—If I answer your questions, you say, you'll give me a baseball mask. That's a fine idea; I can use it to protect my whiskers when I'm eating soup. Yes, Mary Pickford is three years older than Brother Jack. Charlie Chaplin is thirty-three; his latest picture hasn't been christened yet. Lois Wilson doesn't give her age.

KALLI FLOWER—In other words, you're first cousin to a cabbage. May McAvoy is 4 feet 11 and is twenty-one years old. Write her at the Lasky Studio, Hollywood. If you should mark your letter to her, "Personal" it wouldn't fool her secretary in the least. Probably every letter a star gets is marked "personal." A secretary opens all the letters and looks at once at the signature. If it is signed by one of the star's personal friends, the letter is given to her. Or if the fan letter is unusual it will probably be shown to the star.

ROSEMARY T.—Probably if Rodolph should "happen by" Denver where you and your girl friends are so wild about him, he would cause a riot. Poor Mary Pickford had a breakdown from all the attention she was mobbed with abroad. (Oh yes, that was some time ago; she's all right now.) The toreador, Carrita, in "Fascination" was played by Robert Frazer. Kenneth Harlan is twenty seven. Rodolph s latest picture is "Blood and Sand."

QUICKSILVER—Of course screen stars walk on the streets of Los Angeles. Where did you think they'd walk, on the telephone wires? Yes, lots of the stars go to movies, mostly to see other stars' pictures. They see their own, you see, in the "projection room" at the studio, before the film is released. I suppose Rodolph prefers Winfred to Jean Acker or he wouldn't have changed wives.

BLACK EYES—"Hopping to get an answer" you wrote, but you did not tell me how far you hopped. Viola Dana moves so often I can't keep track of her home address; write her at the Metro Studio, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood. Elaine Hammerstein, 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles. Yes, Tom Meighan is married—to Francis Ring.

IMA DUMBBELL—Then you must live in a gymnasium. So you don't think I'm as old and bewhiskered as the drawing at the top of this page makes me? Well, I'll just have to tell our Art Dept. that they should make that picture look more like me. I might drop the whiskers for the summer, only if I drop them they might blow away. Viola Dana is 24 and Shirley Mason is 21. I suppose they adopted different last names so that they could become famous independently of each other.. Natalie Talmadge's last picture was "The Passion Flower." Dorothy Calendar in "The Black Bag" was played by Virginia Valli, who is now appearing in "The Storm. Herbert Rawlinson has blue eyes; he is divorced from Roberta Arnold. Write to Rudolph for his picture at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. His picture was in the center of "Movie Weekly" for March 4, 1922 and on the cover for May 13, 1922. You can get these issues for ten cents apiece from "Movie Weekly."

MISS CATHLEEN BELLBUL—So you think I am only twenty-two even if I have big long whiskers. Well, I can truthfully say I am older than that. It would take almost twenty-two years to grow such whiskers, I should think, wouldn't you? Pat O'Malley is thirty; he is said to have been born in Ireland, though I was told recently that that is a mistake; he was really born in Fennsylvania. I'm not smart enough to tell you who is the prettiest girl in movies; it all depends on whether you like them tall or short, dark or fair, or whether you don't like 'em anyway.

DOG-EAR—I suppose then when you get the ear ache, you go to the dog hospital. Norma Talmadge is twenty-five and Natalie twenty-three. William Duncan doesn't give his age; he was born in Scotland. Nazimova's real name is Alla Orlenoff. The leading man in "The Crimson Challenge" was John Bowers.

AMBITION—I'm sure you'll get ahead since your name is Ambition. Bebe Daniel's address is Lasky Studio, Hollywood. Her latest picture is "Nice People"; she is now working on "Pink Gods." No, there is no danger of Mary Miles Minter's retiring from the screen.

LA CARMENCITA—Yes, Winifred Hudnut is the step-daughter of Richard Hudnut. Her real name is Winifred De Wolf; before her second marriage, her mother was Elsie De Wolf. Yes, Miss Hudnut used to dance in Theodore Kosloff's ballet under the name of Natacha Rambova.

LORD FAUNTELROY—"Goodbye." you say, "till my eye-brows meet again." Same to you, till two butcher shops meat. Franklyn Farnum is not the brother of William and Dustin. Yes, Marguerite Clark lives in New York so it is quite possible that you saw her at the theatre. No, you're wrong; I am positively the only answer man to answer questions in "Movie Weekly." The office couldn't stand more than one of the things around.

BUNNIE—I suppose the bunny hug was named after you. If you don't know what that is, it's one of those funny dances that were popular a few years ago. No, Ralph Graves is not a star, but a leading man. He is married to Marjorie Seamon; he doesn't give his age. He has brown hair and blue eyes; his address is the Los Angeles Athletic Club; he is fond of all sorts of athletics.

1922 FLAPPER—I'm sorry you don't like the drawing of me at the top of this page; the Art Department worked so hard on it too. Anita Stewart is twenty-six; she has brown eyes. Heh picture appeared in the center of "Movie Weekly" for May 7, 1921, and also in the Christmas number. You can get any back copies of the magazine by writing to "Movie Weekly" for them, enclosing ten cents for each copy that you wish. The other stars you asked about have not had large pictures in the magazine.

MILLY—Not a single fire cracker woke you up on the Fourth of July; well, that's too bad. It was foolish of you to depend on a fire cracker. Eric Von Stroheim is thirty-seven. His hobby is writing. See Bud Banks' answer. Yes, Vivian Martin will undoubtedly appear in more pictures. She doesn't give her age. Mrs. Beresford in "Hail the Woman" was played by Gertrude Claire.

M. D. S.—If you didn't see Betty Blythe's picture in the Art Series, it's because you didn't look. It appeared in the May 6, 1922 issue. Your sketch of her looks quite like her.

MAE-BETTY—Mae Murray lives at the Hotel De's Artistes, I West 67th St., New York. But you could probably get a picture of her free by addressing her in care of the Metro office, 1540 Broadway, New York. A one page picture of her appeared in "Movie Weekly" for August 27, 1921.

LOUISE ZANDER—You have probably received the pictures of Buck Jones and Rodolph by now; it always takes about a month to hear. If you haven't yet heard, write them again and tell them about the quarter you sent. Harold Lloyd looks much nicer without his glasses of course, and so does Snub Pollard without his mustache, but they think they should look funny for comedies; they're not trying to look handsome.

CLAIRE—I hate to have you perplexed, so I'll relieve your mind. Jean Acker has dark brown hair; if it looked blond in one of her pictures it's because of the way the light was shining on it when the photograph was taken. Blanche Payson is the tallest girl on the screen; she is six feet three or four. Nazimova is Mrs. Charles Bryant; yes, her husband used to be her leading man in all her pictures; he is now her director.

HELLER'S TWIN SISTER—"Beautiful Colonel"—well, I've been called all kinds of things, but I plead not guilty to being beautiful. Hoot Gibson is 5 feet 10; he weighs 160 and has blond hair and blue eyes. His leading lady in "Action" was Clara Horton. Wesley Barry is 4 feet 7 and weighs about ninety something. (At his age, he grows so fast, it's impossible to keep a record of his weight and height. He has red hair and blue eyes. I defy anyone to count his freckles.

Film-Flam

HE INHALES ACTIVELY

Of course a town with a name like Squantum is certain to have a lot of jokes told about it; its founder shouldn't have wished a name like that on a town.

James Devine, playing in "The Good Provider," was the provider of this joke. He knows all about Squantum; he has a summer home there.

"I was in the barber shop there, getting shaved," said the actor, "and all the village cut-ups were discussing the picture show at the opera house. My son, Jerry, was playing in the picture.

" 'Well,' said one of the villagers, 'they tell me that your Jerry is a real clever actor.'

" 'Huh,' said the barber, 'he ought be; he *inhales* it from his father.' "

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THE RIDDLE OF THE RANGE

Perhaps because she is making a picture "The Riddle of The Range" Ruth Roland thought she could get away with this one.. We agree with Ruth that it is a good riddle and don't blame her for telling it.

"If a man marries a widow by the name of Elizabeth," asks Ruth Roland—regular minstrel stuff!—"and the widow has four children, what does the man get?"

Of course you can't guess the answer, so if you've had time out for your deep thinking, here it is.

"Why," Ruth explained, "he gets a Lizzie and four little runabouts."

SAFETY FIRST

Walter Hiers always knew that all sorts of accomplishments are necessary for the actor, but he had to acquire still another for his valet role in Wallace Reid's "The Ghost Breaker." He had to learn to wield a razor—socially, not facially.

So Walter was sent out to learn all about the art of "razoring," and he certainly learned it. Of course, in his boyhood in Georgia, he had seen many a razor battle, and he didn't have so much to learn as a Northerner would have had. Especially since when Walter was very young, a negro "bad man" had given him lessons.

These were very useful to him now, when he had a real use for the knowledge of razoring. He re-appeared at the studio in almost no time, armed with the most enormous razor ever seen in Hollywood. 'Armed" is just the word, too, for he had it concealed up his sleeve, which, fortunately because of Walter's size, was enormous enough to hide most any razor.

"You have to be quick on hhe draw," explained Walter, "like this!" And the razor suddenly appeared out of nowhere—in other words Walter's sleeve. "You can hold it this way," said Walter, demonstrating, "or this way—" but by that time his audience had wandered away from the scene of his demon demonstrations.

"Well, all I've got to say is," Walter shouted after them, "I'm certainly a cut-up with this razor; I can handle any razor in existence, even a razor-backed hog."

* * * * *

A BED-TIME STORY

When Harold Lloyd made "Grandma's Boy," he knew he was making a good picture, and he was surer of it than ever when he read the criticism of the well known critic, Bob Sherwood.

"Harold Lloyd," writes Mr. Sherwood, "for his work in "Grandma's Boy' deserves a room and bath in the Hall of Fame."

* * * * *

IN WHICH THE VILLAIN WAS FOILED

Jack and Sam Warner, who are known to screen followers as the Warner Bros., producers, have a good joke on someone. The someone in question is the thief who stole the spare tire from their flivver. You don't usually feel, when someone steals something from you, that the joke is on him, but it's true in this case.

Jack and Sam jumped into one of the studio flivvers and made a hurried trip to the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles. A half hour later they returned to the car and found their spare tire had disappeared.

"Come on, let's go," chuckled Sam. "before that burglar gets back."

Jack gave him a funny look. He couldn't see the joke in having a perfectly good tire stolen.

"Let's call the police," he suggested.

"No," laughed Sam, "when the man who stole that tire finds out what it is, he's likely to come back. It's the papier mache trick tire we used in 'From Rags to Riches.' "

"Oh, the trick tire," answered Jack, "I'll say it's a trick tire. It certainly played a trick on that burglar."

IF HE'S NOT KILLED FIRST

These actors are idle fellows, especially Will Rogers. Will keeps the nightly and two "matineely" audiences a week laughing at his comments in the Ziegfeld Follies, which ought to keep most anybody busy. But not Will. Besides that, he is playing he's Ichabod Crane in "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," and Charles Stearns Clancy, the producer, had Will out at Sleepy Hollow for exterior scenes every morning for two weeks at five o'clock. Then there are the scenes at the studio, in between times.

The chances are that if you ask Will Rogers what his hobby is, he will tell you gleefully: "Trying to kill time."

* * * *

A POOR PLACE TO STAND

Larry Semon knows a good joke. It's a war joke, and of course the war is over, but Larry doesn't see why that should keep him from telling his little story.

"During the war," says Larry, "a Quaker soldier found himself in close quarters with a soldier of the enemy. The Quaker, quite unperturbed, spoke to him gently:

" 'Frind,' said he, 'it is most unfortunate, but thee stand just where I am going to shoot."

"And he shot!"

ALL BALLED UP!

Ruth Roland and her company on location for "The Timber Queen" at Truckee, California, were all through with the day's work and wanted entertainment for the evening.

"Any amusement around her?" they asked the proprietor of their hotel.

"Oh, yes," he said in a grand manner, "we have a billiard table." Obviously a billiard table was quite an accomplishment.

He led the way to the billiard room. The lights looked about ready to give it up as a bad job; the small table seemed to be the first billiard table ever made. And the balls that the proprietor produced must have been played with by Washington; they were so old and dirty they had probably forgotten what color they were when they began their careers.

"But how do you tell the gray from the white?" Ruth asked.

"Oh," said the proprietor reassuringly, "you soon get to know them by their shape."

* * * * *

T. ROY'S NAME IS HAIRY

T. Roy Barnes has a most amazing hobby. Of course it is only a temporary one, but while he has it, it's a good one and he's proud of it. It's his beard. It is such a competent beard that anyone would be proud to be able to grow it, so T. Roy is quite justified if he brags of it a little, even if his unprofessional friends are slightly cool.

"Three of the leading barbers in Hollywood and Los Angeles," says T. Roy proudly, "have submitted estimates for the removal of my shrubbery after I finish with my role of 'Happy Jack' in 'The Old Homestead.' I am not necessarily going to select the lowest bidder, though. What I want is the one with the most satisfactory record, who possesses the finest equipment and a sense of sympathy. I need sympathy.

"I may add," he added, "that I have also had letters from a couple of wrecking concerns."

* * * * *

NO PASTIME FOR WINTER

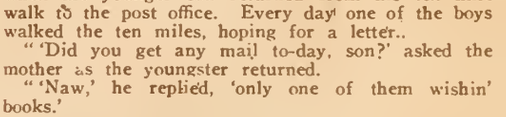
Even being a star has its drawbacks. How would you like to be rehearsing with a perfectly good dress on and—but this is the story.

Vera Gordon was rehearsing scenes for "The Good Provider" when it happened. Director Frank Borzage told her to look at the new shower bath which was supposed to impress "Becky," played by Miss Gordon.

"Now," said Mr. Borzage, "you come on the shower unexpectedly, turn on the valve, expecting to be drenched from all sides. We'll rehearse it several times without water."

But—the "without water" part was just the director's little joke. For, when she moved the valve, Miss Gordon was drenched; the surprise she showed was just what Frank wanted.

"Well, anyway, it's a hot day," laughed Miss Gordon.



WISTFUL WISHING

"We were taking scenes way out on a lonely ranch," said Ruth Roland. "where a widow lived with her two sons. We had just stopped to rest for awh when the younger son returned from his ten mile walk to the post office. Every day one of the boys walked the ten miles, hoping for a letter..

" 'Did you get any mail to-day, son?' asked the mother as the youngster returned.

" 'Naw,' he replied, 'only one of them wishin' books.'

" 'Wishing books?' asked his mother, mystified.

" 'Yes, one of them books where you sit down in front of the fire on a evening and wish you had this and wish you had that.'

"And that," Ruth explained, "was the first time I ever realized how pathetic a mail order catalogue can be."

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A FISHY STORY

Wallie Reid tells a good fish story, which he insists is true, but you know what fish stories are. Wallie was at Bear Lake on location for "The Ghost Breaker" to get some trout fishing scenes. The camera men, Director Alfred Green and all the cast were assembled on the banks of the stream for the scenes, but where were the trout? The property man confessed that he hadn't been able to catch any.

Wallie, standin with his pole at a spot just above a falls, saw a couple of beauties—real fish the size that fishermen always tell you they catch when it's too late to prove it. Wallie put a couple of salmon eggs on two different hooks on the line and cast it.

Those salmon eggs looked good to one of the trout and he grabbed one. But the fish was bigger than the hook could hold so it snapped. Just as the fish jerked away, however, he was snagged in the tail by the other hook.

Now Wallie claims a new sport record. Every time he gets in a party of fishermen, he has the best fish story of all to tell. "Well, listen to this," Wallie can say, and then he can tell them a real story, all about how he caught a big trout by snagging him in the end of the tail—the end of a tail of a fish.

A.M.T.

Hints to Scenario Writers by Frederick Palmer

SCENARIO NOTE: *Our readers are invited to write and ask us questions they may have in mind on screen writing. Please enclose stamped and addressed envelope.*

THE CHOICE OF SUBJECT

THE first question which presents itself to the mind of the amateur photodramatist is: "What material shall I choose for my photoplay?"

The selection of material is the first, and perhaps the most vital consideration in this field of work. A studio expert recently divided into three classes the stories which are always desirable and for which there is an extensive and constant market: First, five-reel comedy-drama, brilliant, clever situations that are also intense, humorous and convincing, following one another in rapid succession until the action reaches an interesting climax, full of surprise and "laughs."

Second, heart interest stories, dealing with those emotions which are simple, fundamental and universal; having human, appealing characters; a blending of humor and pathos; and interesting action which points up a big, compelling theme, without being didactic.

Third, vivid, intense melodrama, with incidents that are exciting and thrilling, but not exaggerated or implausible; new and surpising "twists" in the action; a plot which swings up to climax, with breath-taking rapidity.

No producer, as the trained screen writer knows, is interested in a comedy so slight that there is only one situation and the action could easily be condensed into one reel. The one and two reel comedies are built in the studios by the directors, actors, and staff writers in collaboration, and there is practically no demand for such stories on the market. For this reason the inexperienced screen writer should direct his efforts along more profitable lines and construct the full five and six reel stories.

It is difficult often for the amateur photoplaywright to gauge accurately the amount of material required for the screen play. A good way to judge one's work in this respect is to determine the number of crises your story contains. A "crisis" is a dramatic "situation," higher in interest and intensity than the several preceding situations that have led up to it. The five reel, or standard, picture requires three major crises, and, leading up to each of these, several minor crises, graded in importance, and adding gradually, but continually, to the suspense.

A NOVEL TREATMENT

The more novel the treatment of the situations in a photoplay, the more valuable the script will be. Producers and exhibitors like to point to a picture and say, "There is something new in that." As there is nothing really new—as what they mean is that fundamental dramatic situations are presented in a new guise, combined in a new way or embellished in an unusual manner, the writer can readily see that there is nothing more important than this very subject of novelty of treatment, provided his fundamental theme is really worth while.

It is in a fine appreciation of the value of novelty that the trained screen dramatist is set apart from the amateur. Take a typical situation, one that has been used in one form or another as a basic situation for fiction and drama since the earliest days of story telling, that of the hard, grasping money-making father of the beautiful young daughter who is in love with the poor but worthy young hero. This situation, old as it is, is of great dramatic value if it is handled in a new and effective manner, that is, if there is a strong dramatic "triad." An audience is not likely to take such keen interest in a play where the entire conflict is the fight for property rights as when the object of strife and the consequent struggle appeals to the emotions. That is the reason that very few plays have been successful that did not have plenty of "heart interest."

Questions and Answers

(Q.) I am making an earnest study of photoplay writing. Do you think it would be a good idea for me to visit the studios and witness the production of a picture?—W. M.

(A.) I believe you would derive but little benefit from visiting studios. For practical reasons it is impossible to allow visitors to witness more than one or two scenes while the picture is being "shot." Consequently the impression received is fragmentary and frequently confusing. Efficiency experts have figured that each visitor at a studio costs the company approximately fifty dollars, because of the time lost by the actors an dactresses through the commotion caused, and the annoyance to those who are working on the set. For this reason, it is also very hard to gain admittance to any studio.

(Q.) Is there a good demand for reincarnation stories at the present time?—C. B.

(A.) I must advise you that there is little market at this time for a story based on the theme of reincarnation. Such material is really not good screen material, because it is so psychological and subtle. Moreover, a good many stories of this type have been produced recently, and there is no longer any big demand for them.

(Q.) I have a story in mind which is based on the theme of father love. Do you think this would be attractive —L. S.

(A.) The theme of father love should have a greater demand at present than the theme of mother love inasmuch as the latter has been used so much recently. Producers are always interested in something different. If you can build a strong, dramatic story based on the theme of father love, I see no reason why you should not turn out a very appealing photoplay.

(Q.) Will you please tell me what a character actor is I thought that all actors were character actors.

(A.) The term "character actor" is generally applied to those actors who do not play leads or heavies. The hero, heroine and heavy are usually called straight parts; that is, nothing out of the ordinary in the way of make-up is required of them.

(Q.) Do you think there is any advantage in using an agent to dispose of your stories? Do not scripts submitted in the regular way receive the same attention as those submitted by an agent?

(A.) Conditions constantly change in the big studios. A story that has been turned down one week by an editor will be the very thing he wants the next week. A live wire agent keps in constant touch with the needs of these editors and usually presents a story at the psychological moment.

(Q). How many characters need be included in the cast of characters?

(A.) It is hardly optional with the author. Sometimes only the leads and the heavy are given credit on the screen. It is safe to say that any character that would appear in a majority of the scenes should be included in the description of the cast.

(Q.) I have been told that my story has too much "scattered interest"; will you tell me what this means and how I can avoid it?

(A.) You have probably separated the characters in the story without any necessity for their separation and have then been compelled to develop dramatic happenings which have no real part in the development of the plot. Very often the cause is that you have not a clear dramatic objective in the story and if this is the case there is little to knit the story together.

(Q.) sent a story called, "The Mystery Of The Bar Y Ranch" to three different studios. Two of them returned it without any comment except that it was unsuitable. The third told me that it was lacking in originality. My story was a typical western one and cattle rustling and it seemed to me as original as some I see on the screen. How can I go about getting originality in a western picture as everything seems to have been used heaps of times before?

(A.) It is not at all an easy matter to put "originality" or as we prefer to call it, novelty of treatment, into a western picture of the type you mention. Entirely new twists can sometimes be given to old situations by an ingenious person. Another way is to develop the story with some very out-of-the-ordinary character, one whom you would not expect to find in those surroundings. Such a character must have tremendous personality and must be able to hold the interest of the audience. In this case the characterization is the making of the picture in great measure. Yet another way is to write a story, the action of which might take place anywhere and then give it the picturesque western setting.

(Q.) How many dramatic situations must I have for a five-reel picture?

(A.) Never less than three major ones and only if these are of sufficient strength will this number suffice. A good five-reel picture often contains as many as six or more and many minor one's leading up to them.

(A.) A critic has told me that my descriptions of scenes are "telegraphic" and too cold. How am I to get away from this when I understand the detailed synopsis should be kept as brief as possible?

(A.) A detailed synopsis should be kept " as brief as possible" but this does not mean that the story is to be sacrificed for the sake of brevity. Your aim should be to get the greatest power out of the scenes you are describing and if this takes a few pages more—then use the few pages. A big scene cannot be developed in a few cold blooded sntences. The emotions must be described to some extent as well as the action for if this is not done then the characterization is lost at the moment it is needed most. Put all the feeling and power into a "big scene" that you can and if a little dalogue is necessary, use it.

(Q.) I want to write about some vital problems of the day but when I have it down on paper, I find that the subject is consorable, yet I cannot resign myself to writing milk-and-water stuff.

(A.) There is a way of going around this censorship matter. If the subject is treated delicately, if there is a moral lesson in the story, a theme based on a vital question has a chance to pass the censors, but it is a chance. Better wait until the public has shaken off the yoke of censorship before attempting such stories.

(Q.) I have in mind some ideas for writing educational pictures. Is there a market for that kind or material?

(A.) There is none. Producers of educational pictures have their own staff writers who write up any subject desired. Better stick to writing fiction, the field is unlimited there.

(Q.) In a story I wrote recently, I had the girl imagine herself wearing beautiful gowns. Should I write "dissolve Mary wearing evening dress, etc.?

(A.) No, write straight narrative. If your story is accepted, the continuity writer will write in the "dissolve" whenever necessary. Do not clog up your story with technical terms, forget that they exist..

(Q.) Should I write the continuity of my story instead of straight synopsis? I find that I simply cannot write a comprehensive synopsis but can write a good continuity.

(A.) Better practice on straight synopsis. It is very hard to read continuity and "get" the story unless the work has been done very well and a novice at th game would hardly be able to turn out a good continuity. This work requires considerable practice and experience.

(Q.) Is there any market for war stories?—T. K. O.

(A.) There is no market for war stories at the present time. Immediately following the war the happy thought of every author was to write a war story. As a consequence a story with a war setting has lost its value. Anothtr argument against this type of story is the cost of production. It costs a great deal of money to outfit and maintain two "armies."

(Q.) Is there any call for negro comedies?—R. S. P.

(A.) There is little or no market for comedies composed entirely of negroes. However, the Monumental Film Co.; with offices in the Loew Building, New York City, is building a studio at Washington, D. C. for the production of two-reel colored comedies.

Your Car and Mine

By Wallace Reid
Star in Paramount Pictures

When Changing Tires on the Road

VI.

WHEN I first owned a Ford I was unfortunate enough to have a puncture one day and having only a spare tube I was forced to change tires on the spot. On removing the shoe I was surprised to note that there was no flap to protect the tube. I had been taught to believe that a flap was essential to the preservation of the tube and in driving other cars had always been careful to see that any tires that I mounted had flaps in them. Consequently the absence of the flap worried me somewhat until I got hold of a friendly tire man and asked him about it. He stated that Ford tires did not require flaps and explained why and I am sure that few motorists know why, yet the fact is worth telling for the simple reason that owners of Fords and other cars

using soft bead clincher tires sooner or later drive larger machines with hard-bead straight side tires.. Wherefore, unless the necessity for a flap is understood, tire trouble is likely to result. Fords in common wth all machines with 30 x 3 or 30 x 3½ inch rims, use clincher tires with soft beads—the bead, by the way, being the base or the foundation of the tire, the part that rests on the rim. These soft beads come down to a sharp edge on the inside and the pressure of the tube forces these thin edges so tightly against the wheel rim that there is no opportunity for the tube to work between bead and rim and pinch itself. But the bead of a straight side tire is hard and inflexible and its wall makes practically a right angle with the rim surface, and the tremendous pressure in the tube tends to force the tube into the small space between the bead and the rim and the main function of the flap is to prevent this very thing. It not only covers the surface of the rim but extends far enough up the inside of the tire to fully cover the crack between the tire bead and the rim, thus tube pinching is avoided.

Rambling Through Studios

(Continued from page 15)

NO KIDDIN' ABOUT IT

"But you dassn't kid about golf. Sho," grinned Will. "I talked about this here guy Hagen winnin' the open championship in England in my 'Follies' act. But I was takin' chances and knew it. If one of those golfers out front had had a gun I wouldn't be here now. I said 'now that we have the open golf championship, all this country would need to be settin' nice would be the checker championship.'

"And a bell-hop dassn't carry a golfer's club through a lobby or any place 'atall where folks are. Did you ever see a golfer give up his clubs to one 'fore he got through the lobby? 'Course you ain't."

* * * * *

THE UGLIEST MAN IN THE WORLD LINE

Rogers started talking about several interviews about him that appeared in the fan magazines when he went into pictures that credited him with being the "ugliest man in pictures."

"I got two sisters out West old 'en me," Rogers grinned, "and when they saw that they got real mad. 'Willie ain't ugly,' they said. Sho' that was funny," he laughed.

"And somebody wrote me once: 'I understand you ain't never had a double to do your stunts in your pictures. Now that I have seen you, I want to know why you don't." He laughed again.

* * * * *

ABOUT ROGERS

In closing, we want to give you a closeup of Rogers. He's a great humorist. He's modest, never talks about his work, except in a kidding way. His is the keenly analytical mind expressing itself humorously. We contend he's moody. He's kind and a great lover of children. He's generous. He's a hard worker. Making pictures during the day and playing every night and two matinees a week in the 'Ziegfeld Follies' as star, leaves him, as he humorously expresses it, seven hours to himself: "From twelve at night to eight o'clock in the mawnin'." He's an unusual man, because of his bigness, his intelligence, his sincerity, his kindness, and his modesty.

Vampire Editors Answers

(Continued from page 3)

BOBBED HAIR GIRLS ELIGIBLE, TOO

Dear Vampire Editor:
I am a brunette, but I have bobbed hair. Can a bobbed-hair girl enter your vampire contest
Hoping to hear from you, I remain,
Yours truly,
MISS BETTY REED,
Casper, Wyoming.

* * *

Dear Miss Reed:
A bobbed-haired girl certainly can enter Movie Weekly's Blonde-Brunette Vampire Contest.

* * *

Dear Vampire Editor:
Enclosed please find self-addressed envelope for reply to the question. Are Married Women Eligible to Enter the Contest?
Yours truly,
MRS. C. M. LEWIS,
Glendale, Maryland.

* * *

Dear Miss Lewis:
In response to the question contained in your letter, I am glad to tell you that married women are eligible to enter the Blonde-Brunette Vampire Contest now running in Movie Weekly.

MUCH EXCITEMENT IN Sheepshead Bay Movie Weekly's Popular Girl Contest goes over big at the Sommer Theatre

Miss Theresa McBride

Miss Theresa McBride who lives at 2577 East 16th Street was the winner of "Movie Weekly's" Popular Girl Contest conducted at the Sommer Theatre in Sheepshead Bay, Brooklyn, N. Y. Miss McBride is a charming young lady, well known in her neighborhood and thru the earnest efforts of her numerous friends received nearly 135,000 votes which gave her first place with a plurality of 20,550 votes. She was awarded a very fine bathing suit, donated by the Reliable Dry Goods Store and a season pass to the Sommer Theatre.

Mrs. Ella Fletcher

Mrs. Ella Fletcher, 1666 Shore Rd., is the most popular young married woman in Sheepshead Bay. Mrs. Fletcher, an accomplished pianist received so many votes (running second to Miss McBride) that the management of the Sommer Theatre, the Fisher Bros., generously acknowledged her as such and presented her with a beautiful sweater and also a season pass to the theatre.

The Misses Dorothy Sheridan, Ruth Healy and Katherine Gavin, all living in Sheepshead Bay, were contestants in the Popular Girl Contest and each one of these girls was presented with a three months' pass to the theatre by the Messrs. Fisher.

So the contest at the Sommer Theatre was a huge success and everyone was delighted.

Where the Jazz God Plays

(Continued from page 14)

one is ever prepared for the first rain. Neither was I.

I hurried Jack into a shoemaker's shop for protection.

"What can I do for you?" asked the twinkly-eyed cobbler with a good-natured grin.

"Perhaps you can lend me something to cover my plush collar!" I suggested.

He went to an adjoining room and returned with a soiled white coat.

"I'm sorry, but this is all I have," he said.

I snuggled the smutty garment around my neck, promised to return it next day, and started for home.

Arabelle met me at the door.

"You look like a ragpicker!" she complimented. "The coast is clear, hurry and come in."

"Jack didn't get a drop of rain on him," I said as I lifted up the carriage hood.

Arabelle sighed dismally.

"It's been one quarrel after another all the afternoon. I believe Mr. Crookes stayed home from the studio on purpose to have it out with her. I could die listening to their fights. But tonight we'll have a good time. We'll talk and you'll play the piano for me, won't you?"

Rhoda and John Crookes were gone. Poor, tired, little Arabelle smiled and clapped her hands for joy.

CHAPTER 5

Cocktails and Other Tales

AS time went on, I saw many bottles in the Crookes' flat, beside those containing Pierre Le Blanc's gin. At first, Mr. Crookes had been very careful not to leave them around for me to see. Whether he feared that I might confer with the police, or appropriate the contents for my own use, I was never able to find out.

"Mr. Crookes always votes for prohibition. He believes in it for everyone but himself and his friends," announced Arabelle one evening when the family were gone. "Some people drink until they're cranky and some until they're plain crazy."

Arabelle was seventeen—a pretty, blue-eyed girl with shoulders slightly stooped from overwork. Her father had become a drunkard after her mother's death, so her views on the whiskey question could hardly be called theoretical.

"Yes, Arabelle, it seems too bad, when people are given such wonderful brains and bodies, that they deliberately injure them in one way or another. Just fancy drinking something you know will make you temporarily insane!—or, if taken daily in small quantities, as these movie folk drink it, gradually turns them into high-strung, irritable wrecks of their former selves. Because they do not become actually drunk, they believe it is not injuring them, but their minds become unbalanced, and they produce nervous, unbalanced children.

"June, for example," suggested Arabelle, "and she will drink like her parents when she grows up. It is all I can do to keep her out of the stuff they leave around, now."

"Does Mr. Crookes ever get really intoxicated?" I asked.

"He came home once so drunk Mrs. Crookes and I had to put him to bed. She told him if he ever got drunk again, she would leave him, and he hasn't been since. She encourages him to drink as long as he doesn't get drunk. She likes cocktails, herself. Come into their bedroom and I will show you what she smuggled from New York."

Arabelle pulled a handsome, black suitcase from under Mrs. Crookes' bed.

She lifted the cover and disclosed an assortment of bottles that would have made even an old toper sit up and take notice.

"She was six weeks in New York with Miss Olsen, the last time Miss Olsen went there to make a picture. They went to shows every night or danced until morning and had a grand time. Mr. Crookes did not altogether approve, so she smuggled him a peace offering and it worked."

"This room smells about as I imagine it might in a saloon," I observed.

"No wonder," said Arabelle. "Yesterday, Mrs. Crookes put the suitcase on her bed to look over the bottles, and let a couple drop. One broke, and the rum soaked clear through to her mattress. See this?" Arabelle pointed to a big stain on the blue-figured counterpane.

"This flat is full of bad odors," she continued, as she removed the stopper from an odd, flower-shaped bottle on Mrs. Crookes' dresser.

A horrible scent arose like the noxious effluvium from some poisonous weed!

"Put it back! I can't bear it!" I cried. "I know by that smell whenever she is getting ready to go out. It creeps under my door and goes through the whole house. These people live in a world of smells—alcohol, smoke, vile perfumes——"

"And enjoy them!" interrupted Arabelle. "I'm afraid I haven't yet acquired their love of bad air. I open the windows as soon as they are gone. Sometime ago, Mrs. Crookes invited me to go to moving pictures with her, and I went. She had some of that perfume on her handkerchief. The people around us kept saying, 'Whew!' and, 'Oh!' and, 'Isn't it awful!' until I was so mortified I wanted to get down and crawl under the seats. I haven't been to pictures with her since."

A few days later, Arabelle again led me into the Crookes' bedroom. She took a key from the top drawer of Mr. Crookes' dresser and unlocked the door of his closet.

"There," she said, 'See for yourself what he has just brought home!' "

A gunny sack, half full of gin bottles packed in straw, and a large, old-fashioned traveling bag loaded with different-sized bottles, lay on the floor.

"Arabelle, dear, lock it up!" I urged quickly. "If they should come home and find us here, they would be furious!"

"Well," protested Arabelle, "I can't help seeing things, can I, when I come in here every day to sweep?"

John Crookes was a tippler and what his associates would call a "good fellow." His closet door was kept ajar to friendly directors and his close acquaintances. Empty whiskey glasses reposed on his dresser. Little trays of dainty cocktail glasses rested on the living room table, and red crescents often showed where Rhoda's or Floria's "ruhied" lips had pressed the brims.

At intervals, a variety of bottles stood stiffly on the kitchen shelf or on the buffets in the dining room—Gordon's English Dry Gin and Johnnie Walker's Red Label Old Highland Whiskey; Vermouth and Absinthe; Rossford's Bourboun Whiskey, Straight non-heverage and Finest Old Jamaica Rum—ruthless imps of the bottle, they stood, slowly assisting the wreck of nerves and dispositions of what might have been a happy household.

Gambling began to accompany the cocktails.

"We play a swell game with dominoes."

Mrs. Crookes spoke in an exceedingly loud voice when she telephoned, and I could not help overhearing her remarks.

"I lost a lot of money at our games last night," she twittered as carelessly as if money were a thing to throw away like cigarette stubs.

But the next morning she informed me I was to make all Jack's nightgowns and batiste dresses. "You can make them so much cheaper than I can buy them, and I must begin to save money on something!" she assured me.

Mr. Crookes' Christmas present for Floria Olsen had been purchased weeks in advance. Thirty dollars' worth of poker chips, each distinguished by the initials, "F. O.," reclined in a round, covered basket near the collection of bottles in Mr. Crookes' closet.

Perhaps John Crookes was merely a good sport, or possibly he saw an easy road into Floria Olsen's savings account.

We must remember, her salary was only three thousand a week.

Pierre Le Blanc was a daily visitor at the Crookes' apartment. A rather good-looking young Frenchman—he had starred in one of the most widely discussed photodramas of the day. With the exception of a slight cigarette droop to the corners of his mouth, his dissipations had not yet been graven into his countenance.

Pierre Le Blanc was the invited guest of Rhoda Crookes; Floria Olsen was her invited guest also, and the two met evening after evening for several weeks. Sometimes he ran up the back stairs to Madame Bernstien's flat when he felt safe from observation, but they were more secure from prying eyes when in the flat below.

"She brings her Turkish cushion and sits at his feet," confided Arabelle. "I saw her when I went through the living room. And she gazes up at him as if he were the moon in the sky, but she'll never marry him. He's the second one she's had since her divorce began. She gets tired of her husbands, tired of her lovers—she discards them like last year's dresses. She claims she is divorcing Mr. Bernstien because he ran up hills for her to pay. Very likely he did, but I think she is tired of him, too, as she is of all the rest."

I began to wonder whether Madam Bernstien had any conception of the term morality.

"Pierre Le Blanc pays her attentions and sends her the most wonderful roses," continued Arabelle. "But in a short time, she will pick a little quarrel with him and he will not be invited here any more."

A few days later, as Arabelle had predicted, Pierre Le Blanc disappeared from view.

Dana Allen, another movie actor, dropped into Miss Olsen's favor as easily as Pierre had dropped out. The same tactics were resumed. Mr. Allen was invited to dinners and entertainments. Madam Bernstien sang silly songs in a thrillingly sweet voice that vibrated with his heartstrings, and he was heard to say to her:

"Floria, you know that I love you madly. For your sake I am living the life of a sneak. I cannot come to you openly because you have not yet secured your decree. Floria, I love you!"

In the course of events, Madam Bernstien handed him an unpremeditated (upon his part) dismissal.

Dana Allen and Pierre Le Blanc were pushed out to sea in the same boat.

"Mickey" Marshall, recently divorced, and a really "big" picture director, whose name appeared on picture advertisements in the newspapers, was the next clandestine suitor to fall in adoration at Miss Olsen's feet.

There was the repetition of dinners, automobile rides and gay parties; the commingling of cigarette smoke and perfumes and the everlasting shaking of cocktails—lemon juice, white of egg and Dry Gin, and the cautious distribution of the precious, prohibited "Whiskey-Straight."

Four-year-old June's cherubic face saddened—her brown eyes filled with tears.

"Daddy," she called pathetically, "all the rest have had some—daddy, why don't you give me a drink out of your little bottle?"

CHAPTER 6

Through the Back Gates

THE Crookes' apartment, in the rear, formed a three-sided court, inclosing a little cement yard. On the fourth side was a latticed fence with two arched gates, always open. Through these high gates, and up and down the back stairs, a motley concourse of people came and went.

Mrs. Crookes had the right-hand lower flat; Mrs. Tanner the upper one; Etta Rosenthal occupied the left-hand lower flat and Floria Olsen was above.

Into the court hurried icemen, eggmen and fruit venders; the grocery boys carried huge boxes; the laundrymen their bundles; an agile cleaner ran up the stairs to get Madam Bernstien's wonderful "creations"; the milkmen clattered their bottles, and spring-water boys brought in great jugs; the little Japanese lifted impossible ash cans on their shoulders or scared everyone out of the court with the spattering sanitation of the hose.

Pompous in black uniform, with white apron and cap, Big Tillie, Floria's cook, marched through the court from her room over the garage. Sometimes Miss Olsen, herself, arrayed in gorgeous red or green negligees, passed down the stairs and through the courtyard to visit Rhoda; or more often, Rhoda, in her soft gray, or old rose dressing gown, ran up to the Bernstein apartment on errands of business and shopping.

Here, Miss Olsen's nurse, Cora, daily brought Baby Floria, strapped into her handsome English carriage, and left her to get the air. Little Floria squealed and smiled or puckered up her nose at the passersby, while one by one, those who entered the back gates, paused to speak to the wonderful baby of the famous star.

Blue-eyed Floria, like any big, healthy child, did not relish confinement in a fashionable, stationary baby carriage. She clutched at her sheer, embroidered dresses and tore great rents in them with her chubby fists. She sucked the ears of her fuzzy cat and chewed the pink cheeks of the rag doll as large as herself. It mattered not that the doll could say "Mamma," as plainly as she could, or that it had cost thirty dollars in New York. The taste of that rag-doll's cheeks and the dazzle of Etta Rosenthal's green silk pajamas on hot days, were her only consolations for the hateful strap that held her, an immaculate prisoner, safe from contaminating dirt and bumps.

Miss Olsen's French maid, Clarisse, attracted much attention with her stylish attire whenever she passed through the court. She attended Miss Olsen at the studio, and supervised her wardrobe, her jewels, her make-up and coiffures. She had charge of Miss Olsen's fur coat, valued at $5,000, and this coat was the cause of a most selfish little episode at the studio.

During a day of hurry and excitement, Clarisse had been rushed from morning until evening, with no chance to secure even a bite to eat. In the haste of the day, such a small matter as a French maid's meals was quite naturally ignored.

When, after dark, Clarisse saw Miss Olsen chatting and laughing with stars and directors, she felt at liberty to go home.

At a late hour, Miss Olsen called for her chauffeur.

"Where is Clarisse?" she demanded.

"She left the studio early in the evening," replied Hayes.

"Go home at once and bring her back; she should be here to carry my coat out to the limousine."

Hayes might very well have carried the coat, but Miss Olsen felt indignant that Clarisse had gone without her consent.

Clarisse was asleep when Hayes arrived. She received Miss Olsen's message, arose, dressed, and returned to the studio. As the car sped over the road, all the sparks of resentment concealed in her French nature, burst into flames. She did not wait for Miss Olsen's reprimand. It was Clarisse, herself, who greeted Madam Bernstien with undisguised hostility.

"Do you zink I am one horses I work all day wizout ze food? Where ees your arms? Have you lost ze arms zat you cannot carry one coat? Tomorrow I leave—you get ze new maid."

Clarisse picked up the coat, and Miss Olsen, speechless with dismay, hurried into the limousine. She could not spare Clarisse on such short notice, and in any event, she was too valuable to lose. They drove home in silence, but an apology from Miss Olsen followed, and Clarisse remained. She was treated with increased consideration and henceforth there were no more omitted meals. Clarisse had won.

It was through the back gates and up the back stairs that the men carried Miss Olsen's four-thousand-dollar electric player-piano. She bought it partly because of its handsome case. Beautiful records by the old masters had been sent with it, but after its installation, no one seemed to know how to regulate it properly and the records were played so fast they sounded like jazz.

At intervals, June and Willie Rosenthal fought and romped in their only playground, the courtyard. Here, they threw and broke the cups of June's violet tea set, took the nuts and wheels off the red automobile, rode the velocipede and escaped from their prison to race down the street whenever they thought no one was watching.

Everybody who entered the court had to walk around Willie's toys and boxes; but occasionally their existence was overlooked and dire consequences resulted.

With an income of $3000 a week, and that irresponsibility that characterizes at least some of the movie folk, Miss Olsen had, as yet, failed to purchase enough dinner napkins and cut glass for her larger parties. For these entertainments, Rhoda contributed what was lacking.

One afternoon, Mrs. Crookes got out the big silver platter and heaped it high with a conglomeration of glassware. Arabelle watched in growing alarm.

"No," said Rhoda, in her usual headstrong fashion, "I will carry half at a time and go twice, which will be safer."

"No," said Rhoda, in her usual headstrong fashion, "I will go and carry them all up myself."

She started, but in her hurry, she forgot to look out for the scattered toys. The large platter she held obscured the Kiddie-Kar from her view. She tripped over it squarely with both feet. The cut glass slid from the platter and crashed down onto the hard cement, while Rhoda lay in a heap and screamed for Arabelle as she always did when overtaken by calamity. She had good reason to be frightened, but she escaped without a cut. The great platter and the Kiddie-Kar had kept her from falling onto the sharp fragments.

Arabelle extricated the lady from her dilemma and put her to bed to recover her equilibrium.

"When she starts out to do a thing, she has such a strong will that nothing can stop her. If she wanted to marry a man and he didn't want her, she'd marry him anyhow—and that's the truth!" said Arabelle.

(Continued on page 30)

THE REAL CHARLIE CHAPLIN

Being the Face Analysis of Our Greatest Screen Artist

By MARY TOWERS

EDITORIAL NOTE: *The face analysis series running in "Movie Weekly," will, we hope, introduce our readers to the stars in a genial, intimate way. Mary Towers is an expert reader of character through facial analysis. Why don't you write us and tell us how you like these articles.*

HEAD—the crown high and full shows veneration, conscientiousness and spirituality. The broadness just below the crown and forward where the temples are located, indicates a love of the ideal and constructive ability of a high order. The fullness about the ears shows a desire to fight and argue about individual rights. The entire forehead is well balanced, shows power and ability to handle big enterprises.

Eyerows—dark and heavy, indicating perceptive power. The outer corners show ambition, love of argument and tendency to fight.

Eyes—full, well-rounded, this is the eye of intensity, observation, analysis; and the slight lift at the outer edge shows judgment amounting to shrewdness.

Nose—high bridge shows executive power, intensity and energy; its narrowness indicates sensitiveness, its straightness from brow to tip an inclination towards literature. The nostrils indicate sensuousnes.

Mouth—full lips indicate natural tendencies towards sensuousness, but rather compressed and drawn together, they show will power and control.

STRAUSS PEYTON

Charlie Chaplin

The fullness of the lower lip means both physical and mental quickness in action and also a great love of children. A dip in the center of the upper lip, dovetailing almost into the lower, is a mark of concentration and of power of thought with physial action to consummate what the mind suggests.

Chin—the upper two-thirds of the face contain mental indications of very high order; the lower one-third—lips, mouth and chin—reveals physical and animal indications. The narrowness of the chin shows carefulness in expenditure of money.

It is a very interesting face, Charlie Chaplin's. The emotional and the mental seem almost halanced. A subtle, clever look across the knowing eyes is that of a man humorous and cynical, lovable and sensitive, as well as argumentative. It is a French face far more than an English one. It looks at the world, weighing its values with clear wisdom. The greatest pantomimist of our times, there must be moments when he feels like "Deburu":

"All I want you know,
Is to be met with a smile, a kind word,
And to feel I give the public pleasure.
That's how I measure
My success. And the rest I'm content to lose.
I don't hunger to be admired.
I could never be a hero
I'm just a poor Pierrot,
Rather sad, and sometimes so tired,
I must make up my mind to be jolly at night,
As I make up my face, black and white."

"I Have Been In Hell!"

(*Continued from page* 10)

that they are all under, consciously or unconsciously.

Supper interrupted the cross-examination. We filed into the long dining room and I faced my first prison meal.

Long wooden tables and benches were the chief articles of furniture in this room. Some one with a sense of humor had posted a large sign at one end of the room commanding silence, but the babble of voices and the clatter or granite-ware dishes continued at fever heat throughout every meal.

Supper consisted of a greasy soup that had soured; two pieces of white bread without butter; a mug of some mysterious black liquid erroneously named coffee.

I believe that I can eat any kind of food that is fit for human consumption, but there are limits; and this meal and its successors went beyond that limit.

Supper over, we arose on signal from the presiding matron and filed back to our cells. As I entered mine, the door banged shut behind me and locked. Thus I began my first night in jail.

For a time the hysterical racket that had gone on steadily since my advent continued.. When it subsided a little, I threw myself on the bunk and amused myself by analyzing my emotions of the day. Eventually I dropped into a fitful sleep.

How long I slept I have no means of knowing, but it could not have been more than a few hours. I was awakened by a peculiar crawling sensation that meant but one thing—vermin!

There was no more sleep for me that night. Wide-eyed, I sat on the edge of my bunk and prayed for daylight.

I have heard and read much of the terrible feeling of being shut in, buried alive and suffocated that prisoners undergo during their first night in prison, but until the time of my own experience, I believe it to be largely imaginative. It is not. It is the most real thing in the world. I felt that the walls of my tiny, windowless cell were slowly closing in on me—I could not breathe. The close air, heavy with a sickening disinfectant, seemed to strangle me. There are no words to picture the suffocating horror that envelopes one at this time. Hysteria succeeds reason—I wanted to scream and beat my head against the stone walls of the cell—anything to push them away. Only one tiny portion of my brain remained rational. It was this tiny control center that kept me from going stark, staring mad for the time, at least.

In spite of this semi-control, by four o'clock in the morning I was on the verge of panic. Partly in an effort to relieve the tension and partly in search of information regarding prison routine, I feigned sickness and shouted for assistance.

I succeeded in attracting the attention of a trusty who was detailed to nurse service. She made a sympathetic effort to diagnose my trouble, but she was unable to render any real assistance. At my insistance, she summoned the night matron and I told my troubles to her. She explained that the jail hospital was closed for the night; that the chief matron was the only one who could open my cell door, even for sickness; and that this lady could never be disturbed until she reached her office at nine o'clock in the morning . That meant that if I was in danger of death I could go ahead and die without medical aid before nine A. M.! The night matron even refused me a piece of paper to fan myself with.

Throughout my feigned illness, the neighboring prisoners kept up a perfect bombardment of encouragement and sympathy. The nurse-trusty was infinitely sympathetic, but she was powerless to aid.

This excitement served to combat the evil atmosphere of the night, but daylight seemed to be ages away. And it was not until we were released about eight for breakfast that I succeeded in ridding myself of the hysterical feeling.

Some time between eight and eight-thirty—at the discretion of the matron—we were freed from our cells. En route to breakfast we made our toilettes—such as they were. Inasmuch as toothbrushes, toothpaste, combs and soap were absolutely forbidden, this was an exceedingly sketchy affair. There were women in that prison who had not had a comb in their hair for months. They kept it in place with string, bits of hairpin, or anything else that could be adopted to the purpose A trough into which all the prison filth is emptied by the prisoners—also en route to breakfast—does not add to one's grooming.

From this service, we marched to the meal itself. Like its predecessor, it was inedible as far as I was concerned, at least. The same two pieces of bread, the same nameless black liquid, or the alternative of bluish white milk, and a watery fluid in which a few grains of some cereal we floating made up the menu. I counted the cereal grains—I think they were rice—and found six in my dish.

Breakfast over, we marched to the shops. We were set to work making cane and reed chair seats. In other departments of this same shop, brushes are made and the prison tailoring shop turns out the prison clothes and linen. This work is done by the long-termers during work hours, although most of them eat and live together with the short-termers.

At noon we were marched back across the court yard between the prison proper and the shop building for luncheon. White bread to the number of two slices, two slim "wenies," sloppy cabbage and the unbelievably bad coffee made upthis repast. The "wenies" were a luxury. Usually mealy looking baked beans formed the main course of lunch. Meat was allowed once about every two days, I learned.

The shops claimed our attention throughout the afternoon, although the total amount of work done was negligible. Any petty criminal who works earnestly in the shop is promptly reprimanded by her sisters. It sets a bad example and makes the prison authorities expect more of the other prisoners..

Late in the afternon we were herded from the shop back to the cell block and the so-called recreation hour. And once again I was subjected to a severe grilling by my cell mates.

Except that it had lost some of its terror, the second night was a repetition of the first. Sleep was impossible. Through the night I heard the multitudinous sounds of many women confined in a tiny space, quarreling back and forth or forming discordant screening quartettes in an effort to ward off as long as possible the spectre of the long dreary night. I was told on good authority that the old-timers long ago had learned to pick the

(*Continued on page* 29)

The Romance of a Girl Detective

(*Continued from page* 16)

pulled out of Liverpool. I felt sure I would never see them again.

"But in that, Captain Fitzgerald, I was never more mistaken in my brief young life. I did see them again; both of them; that garrulous Madame Langel and her moou-cyed son, Maurice, forever looking at me as if he would drop dead in his tracks if I didn't smile at him. Uncle Henry had had the Sixty-third Street house done over, and all the servants were there when we got home, and I was hoping that we might have a nice season in town. Of course, Uncle Henry was as despondent as ever. All during the summer abroad he had been moodier than a healthy man ought to be, and while Aunt Margaret was a fine woman, still he ought to cheer up a little. But not Uncle Henry. He looks like a living dead man; his hair has grown white as snow, and he has the most haggard air all the time, it makes me sad just to see him. What puzzles me most is that he avoids me so. He doesn't seem to like to have me around, and often when I speak he does not even reply.

"Well, we were only just beginning to realize that Thanksgiving Day was coming around, and I had some of my girl friends at the house visiting me, when Uncle Henry called me into his study one day and broke the sweet tidings he had in store for me. The Langels were coming, hurrah, hurrah!

"I broke out crying. I told him just what I thought about the Langels. And for the first time in his life, he lost his temper at me. He told me that I ought to be ashamed; that they were lovely people and that I should learn to love them, as they both already loved me. I said I would die first. We had really a violent scene.

"But it didn't do any good. The Langels came, with two or three foreign lackeys carrying their bags and baskets and boxes, and they were installed in our best rooms, and proceeded to make themselves completely at home. Not a word was said about how long they would be here. They seem to have come indefinitely. And then——"

Miriam pausecl, consciously seeking a dramatic effect, and leaned forward, her face expressing the greatest apprehension.

"Things began to happen!" she whispered solemnly. "Uncle Henry grew more and more despondent. His haggard face began to look positively ill. More than ever before he avoided me. He even looked reproachfully at me, when he passed me on the stairs, and then went on without speaking. Night after night he would retire to his study, after dinner, and with him would be Madame Langel and her darling Maurice, and they would shut the door and lock it, and that would he all that little Miriam would know. Hours would pass without a sound coming from that study. I even hid in the dark hallway one night, and tried to listen—and all at once I felt someone grip my arm!

"It was one of those tight-mouthed foreign servants they had brought along with them. I don't know where HE had been hiding, or why. But he jerked me through a door, into another room. When he saw it was I, he got down on his knees and wept and begged my forgiveness. He said he thought he had found one of the servants spying on their betters. He was terribly repentant and wanted to kill himself. I suppose he was telling the truth, poor fellow, and I forgave him. But of course he HAD found me spying. He had more on me, as a matter of fact, than I had on him.

"Nevertheless, Captain Fitzgerald, I was terribly curious. Something told me those wretched Langels had some kind of hold on my poor uncle; that he was in their power and that he didn't know how to get out. Of course, you can smile, but that's the way it looked to me. What were they doing behind those closed doors in the study? Why did they have to be so secret about it? That's what I asked myself.

"Then an idea occurred to me. I would hide in the study closet, before they got a chance to get in there. Then, when they locked themselves inside, I would be inside with them, and they wouldn't know that I was there. At first I didn't have the courage to go through with it. It was several days before I could screw up the courage. I kept asking myself, 'What would I do if they found me?' I was a long time getting over that. But finally I convinced myself that I was doing it all for the uncle who had been so kind to me. You can put it down just to girlish curiosity, if you care to, Captain Fitzgerald, but that's the truth. I never would have had the nerve to do it, if it had not been for the love I have for Uncle Henry!"

"I believe that," Captain Fitzgerald assured her. "But did you do it? And if you did, what happened?"

"I did it," replied Miriam solemnly. "Last night, just after dinner, I pretended to go to my room, complaining of a headache. But I slipped down a rear stairs, and got into the study unobserved. I was very careful to see if any of the Langel servants were hanging about, but I saw none. I got into the study closet, where more than once I have hidden at play when I was a little girl, and shut the door.

"There wasn't a thing in there to hide behind. It is just a small closet where uncle stores unpacked crates of books which he orders from abroad, and magazines he wants to keep for reference. If they opened the door to get one of those magazines, I knew I was lost. But I was ready for that. If they found me, I meant just to brazen it out on the ground of curiosity, and take whatever happened in consequence.

"Well, Captain Fitzgerald, I don't know how to convey to you the horror of what happened while I lay hidden in that closet. How can any one describe the horror that comes when nothing whatever happens? That is a horror in itself. You know? I mean this: That perhaps fifteen minutes after I had shut myself in, I heard the study door open. My uncle and his friends came in. They were talking in subdued tones, as if they were at a funeral, and I could not hear what they were talking about.

"By putting my eye close to the hinges of the closet door, however, I could see a little way into the room. I saw the three of them sit down quietly in three chairs in different parts of the room. I saw them fold their hands quietly and sit there. Not a word was spoken. Not one of them moved.

"Captain Fitzgerald, they sat like that, without a motion or a word, for the next five hours!"

"What?" exclaimed the old detective. "What do you mean?"

"I mean just what I told you. It was the most horrible thing I ever saw. They just sat there, not doing a thing, not saying a word. I don't mean that they went to sleep, or off in a trance, or anything like that. They just sat there, doing nothing. Hour after hour. It was agonizing. I kept waiting and waiting and waiting, until finally it go so on my nerves I wanted to shriek. But I didn't dare. I finally wondered if they were all mad! Surely they must be, I said to myself, or they wouldn't resort to such impossible praetices. Why should any three sane, sensible people want to sit down for hours on end, in utter silence, passively, and do nothing, say nothing?

"I could see them. I watched them closely. I noticed that they looked perfectly normal. Somewhere I had read that the Hindoos do something like that—going off into the silence, I think they call it. But when people do things like that, they generally get glazed eyes and grow rigid—hypnotized by themselves, or something like that. But this was different—altogether different. The eyes of Madame Langel and Maurice and my uncle were perfectly normal. They moved them about reflectively, as a person may do while sitting waiting for something to happen, someone to call—you know? Just as you are sitting there, now, listening to me. You are quiet, hut you are not asleep, or mesmerized, or anything. You are just normal. That's the way with them. They were all normal. And they just sat there, being normal, from eight o'clock until after one!"

"And then what?" barked Captain Fitzgerald.

"That's all. When it was a little after one o'clock—I didn't know the time then, but I learned it later—they all stood up, and conversed in low tones, and left the room. My uncle was the last to leave, and he turned off the lights. Ugh! I was scared when the lights went off. I just sat there, aching and cramped from being hunched up there all that time, and tired, and frightened! But I knew I had to wait a long time, or they might catch me. I didn't venture out for half an hour!"

Captain Fitzgerald stared at Miriam Grant with undisguised admiration.

"You don't have to be ashamed of being scared," he told her. "By gracious, you're a game kid. That is funny, too, what you told me. By gracious, it's funny. But is that what you come down here to tell me about? If so, I don't know what to say. You see, it isn't exactly a crime for three people to sit down in a room and not talk to each other. Is it?"

"No. But listen——"

"Anyhow, why do you come to the police about it? I would be willing to bet something pretty if your Uncle Henry knew you were down here and what you were down here for, he'd blow the roof off. Why don't you go ask him what he and the rest of them are behaving like that for?"

Miriam smiled wisely.

"He wonldn't listen to me," she said. "Besides, it goes deeper than that. I haven't told you all yet!"

"Well, what is the rest of it. Go on, tell me all the story," urged the captain, as he refilled the pipe.

"It's only a little bit more, but it's the very worst, the most terrible of all. You see, Captain, I think I have some detective ability myself. Oh, you needn't smile. I guess everyone you meet does say the same thing to you. But I still think I have, just the same. After I got back in my bed last night, I couldn't get to sleep. I kept thinking of that terrible five hours of silence which I had seen. I kept wondering what it meant. Over and over I kept asking myself why three people should do such a strange thing as that.

"And the more mysterious it became to me, the more I was determined to find out. That's the way I have always heen, ever since I was a little girl. If I was playing hide and seek and I was 'it' I would never give up until I found the child I was hnnting. That's one reason why I think I could be a detective.

"I was just sure that there was something wrong in the whole business. I had a conviction inside me that my uncle was being made a victim of those Langels. And after going to all the trouble and danger of hiding in the room which they were so careful to lock up when they were in there, and then finding out no more than if I had stayed outside—well, it just got on my nerves so that as I say, I couldn't go to sleep.

"As I lay there tossing I tried to think of something else I could do. There was something, I felt sure. They weren't the wisest people in the world. If they could do something mysterious, I could be smart enough to find out what it was. I kept telling myself that, but I wasn't any nearer to finding out how.

"Then I suppose I must have fallen asleep. Anyway, it was morning when I found myself trying to think out a way to solve the puzzle again. But this time I did get an idea.

"Every morning after breakfast Uncle Henry and the Langels go riding in Central Park. They are all very fond of horses. Why couldn't I slip up to their apartments and pry around a bit? You may well look shocked at that idea, Captain. I was shocked myself. It isn't the thing to do, I know. Prying in the rooms of a guest would have been as shameful in my eyes a week ago as marrying a Chinaman.

"But what I had witnessed in the study changed all that. It was no longer a question of hospitality. I wasn't a hostess. I was a detective. This was my first and it might be my last case, but while I was on it, I was a detective, appointed by myself, to find out what was really going on, and why my uncle was dying by inches, day after day, right before my eyes. Can you understand that, Captain?"

The old detective nodded reassuringly. There was a sparkle in his eyes that should have encouraged her.

"Well, I did jnst that," Miriam continued. "It needed some maneuvering, too. All their servants were about, and I had to chase them, one after another, on errands they didn't want to do. But, as I didn't let any of them know that the others were being sent away also, they did what I asked them, and finally I had them all out of the house. Then I rushed up to their rooms—I went to Madame Langel's boudoir.

"Of course, I had to be careful. I didn't want to leave any traces. I just had a wild idea that I might find something lying around that would give me what dctectives call a clue. And Captain Fitzgerald, what do you think I found?"

"What?"

"A clue! A real clue! I found this!"

She opened her purse with fluttering fingers and drew out a crumpled sheet of yellow paper. This she spread out, smoothing the creases upon her knee, and then handed it to the detective. He held it close to his nose, and read it.

It was a memorandum, written in red ink, in elegantly formed writing, plainly unhurried, and it read as follows:

"January 3, 1922: Total hours of silence now almost covers the proper number of cubic inches. The closing of the circle is thus only a matter of hours—of not more than four hours of silence. I say January12th, midnight, as latest moment. Departure plans complete. Don't be afraid to kill! Courage!"

There was no signature.

Over and over again Captain Fitzgerald read this memorandum. His face, which until then had expressed only interest and puzzlement, now was overshadowed with frank concern. Deeper puffs of smoke whirled in blue plumes toward the ceiling as he read, and re-read, the enigmatic red-ink message. Finally he laid it carefully beside him on his desk blotter.

"Where did you find this, Miss Grant?" he asked.

She smiled, her wise, sweet smile.

"I was poking around among Madame's things when I heard someone mounting the stairs. I was frightened. I hid behind a portiere, but peeped. It was Gabrielle, the same servant who had found me that night in the hallway. I saw him open a closet door, and go inside. Then he came out and hurried downstairs. After a little while, I came out and looked in the closet. And I am proud of the fact that I went directly to the hiding place!"

"And where on earth was that" Captain Fitzgerald was plainly hoping to learn something, even at his advanced age and experience.

"In the lining of one of her hats. That is an old trick, known to every school girl who didn't want the teachers finding things. I went straight to the hat boxes and I found that note!"

In the long quiet that followed, one might have imagined Captain Fitzgerald was seeking to imitate the strange performance of Henry Grant and his friends, the Langels. Plainly the old detective was puzzling over what Miriam Grant had told him.

"What I can't understand," he said, a shade of annoyance in his tone, "is why, if there is anything criminal in all this, anyone should commit such suspicious data as these to paper. What do you suppose this note means, anyway?"

Miriam sprang forward impulsively.

"I think it means that, for some dark reason that I can't even think of, they are trying to kill Uncle Henry. How or why I can't guess, bnt something tells me that is just what it means. Doesn't it sound that way?"

"I don't know. It sounds quer. But it might mean anything. And maybe it don't mean anything. I never heard of anything like it before, that's sure!"

"Yes, but what can be done about it, Captain? That's what I came here for. Oh, and I haven't told you it all yet. They caught me!"

"Caught you? What do you man?"

"Gabrielle. Gabrielle is one of the servants the Langels brought with them from France. He was one that I sent out on an errand, and he came back with that note. I suppose, when he went below, he asked for me, and when he couldn't find me, maybe he got suspicious. Anyway, I had found the note before he found me. I had tucked it in my stocking, and was just hurrying from the room, when he rushed to the door.

"Oh, he looked at me terribly. He seemed frightfully annoyed. For a moment he didn't seem able to speak. Then he managed to stammer out that he had performed my errand. I gave him a look that put him in his place and went on downstairs."

"You didn't explain what you wanted?"

"I don't make explanations to servants, especially in my own house. But I shall make some casual kind of explanation to Madame Langel tonight, for I suppose he will tell her!"

Captain Fitzgerald picked up the note again and studied it.

"I don't like the sound of it," he admitted, after another pause. "And yet, after all, you must see, my dear, that there is nothing which would warrant me in doing anything. No crime is committed. None apparently is contemplated—except what someone with imagination might take out of this note. Therefore, I can't see anything that I can do!"

"Did you notice the date that is mentioned there?" asked Miriam.

"January 12th?"

"Yes, January 12th. I believe they are going to try to kill Uncle Henry on that date—and that's **tonight!**"

"But why should you think it's your Uncle Henry that is slated to die?"

"You read what it said about hours of silence? To whom could that refer, if not to the three of them sitting like mute idiots in that study for five hours without saying a word? That means one of those three is going to die, I feel sure. And you may be sure it's not going to be that old woman or her abominahle son. It's my uncle—that's who it is!"

Captain Fitzgerald nodded approvingly.

"That's well reasoned," he confessed, "hut you might go deeper than that, you know. Didn't you turn down this Maurice?"

"Forty times. But you don't think they want to kill me, do you?"

"No. But isn't there someone—some he-American, let us assume—that they would——"

"OH!"

Miriam's face was a garden of crimson flushes.

(*Continued on page* 30)

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"I Have Been In Hell!"

(*Continued from page 27*)

locks of their individual cells and many of them surreptitiously visited friends in other cells for purposes better guessed at than said.

Two tiny windows on the wall opposite the cell-block furnished the ventilation for this entire structure. Imagine one hundred and forty women living in a space ventilated by these two windows and overheated by badly placed steam pipes and you will be able to conjure up a picture that resembles the steam room of a Turkish bath, peopled with all the stenches of human existence made nauseating by the persistent odor of disinfectant.

During a lull in the noises, I heard one woman, a cell or two away, instructing a neighbor in the art of crocheting. They could not see each other, but one had evidently secured crochet needles and material, and the other was explaining how many stitches it would take per day to finish the collar for her baby back home, by Christmas!

By dawn I was more than satiated with my jail experience. It seemed to me that another twenty-four hours of this would be impossible. Confident of my ability to reach my friend, the prison official, I survived the night. After breakfast I sought a means of reaching this influential gentleman. I learned that he had quarreled with his superiors the previous day, and forgetting about me, resigned! Furthermore, I would have been unable to reach him even if he had remained in his position!

To serve the full ten days without sleep or food was beyond my powers of endurance. I began to plan frantically to achieve my release. I bethought myself of my mother, Mrs. O'Neill, who was living with my uncle. I took council with the nurse who had been so sympathetic during my supposed illness without, however, telling her that my crime had been faked. She advised me to go to the matron and explain that I knew of a woman who might pay my fine. Perhaps the matron would notify her.

I took an additional twenty-four hours to bring this about. The matron was skeptical, but I insisted that this "kind lady" had frequently befriended me in the past and might be prevailed upon to do so again! Needless to say, my mother had been disturbed by my continued absence. She knew that I was in jail, but she had expected me to return at the end of the first day. By the third day she was nearly frantic. When the matron phoned to say that there was a girl in the House of Correction who said she knew Mrs. O'Neill and wanted her to pay the fine, my mother never even waited to find out the name of the criminal. She assured the matron that she would take care of the matter and hastened to the judge. We have often wondered what the matron thought of the pair of us.

My release came at the close of the thirdday—almost seventy-two hours after my entrance. In that time I lost twelve pounds and I was sick with hunger and loss of sleep. As I left, a group of fellow prisoners gathered at the door to wish me good luck. I shall never forget the picture they made. I call them my "gray ghosts." Unkempt and drab, they waved me good-bye with a sincere wish that I might "stay out" and prosper.

No one who has not had a similar experience can appreciate the outlook of the criminal serving sentence. To them the world is reversed. Out of prison we eulogize people in direct ratio to their lack of criminal ability; the criminal idealizes the master crook. The bigger the crime, the higher the social position of the criminal! That is the code of the underworld and nowhere is the effect of this code more strikingly emphasized than in prison. One loses his perspective on crime. Even with my slender experience, I found myself adopting their viewpoint. If the atmosphere can do that to me in three days, think what it can do in months or years to the confirmed criminal.

Of one thing I am convinced: Most of the women serving in the Detroit House of Correction were cases of psychopathic care or, at least, expert medical attention. Many of them, I am convinced, could be returned to normal life by proper care and psychological treatment—not physical punishment. But they can never return under the existing conditions.

The effect of such an experience on a woman, born and bred to a very different place in life, is certain to be revolutionary. The girl in "Manslaughter" leads a life of ease and self-gratification up to the time that she goes to prison. Most of the penitentiaries, and especially the women's prisons in New York State, are vastly better than the jail in which I suffered. But this girl must go through that horrible first night in some intermediate City or County Jail. That is one moment that is certain to exert a powerful influence upon her. And by comparison with this experience, the actual penitentiary will seem a paradise.

I went in search of experience and I found it. I wouldn't go through the same experience again for any amount of money. But I wouldn't sell it for an even greater sum.

Sir Conan Doyle

(*Continued from page 7*)

The figure was turning, swirling about and melting away before our very eyes. Intangibly it seemed to dissolve into the darkness. We caught a glimpse of the white head drifting through the parted curtains and the apparition was gone.

"I'll be damned! I'll be double damned!" grunted Tony. "I never saw anything like that before."

He would have said more, but our attention was suddenly riveted by a second specter, taller, more slender, more graceful than its predecessor. It was but a precursor of a whole troop of phantoms which came gliding silently through those parted curtains.

As they came out, Dr. Black interviewed them. They whispered into his ear who in the audience they desired to meet and these fortunate or unfortunate spectators were conducted to the platform, where they were permitted the luxury of speaking face to face and voice to voice with the dead.

After about a dozen of these appearances, I began to grow restless. Dr. Black had promised me that when the psychic power was at its height,

(*Continued on page 30*)

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Romance of a Girl Detective

(*Continued from page 28*)

"You think they might——"

"Well," Captain Fitzgerald reminded her, "you said there were parts of your story I might have to guess. Well, I guess that you're in love with a he-American. And they might want to get him out of the way—if they want to get anybody out of the way!"

"That makes it worse!" gasped Miriam. She sat down, her blushes gone, her face paling with a deeper and more poignant anxiety.

"There is a young man," she admitted finally. "His name is Harry—Harry Kaye. He is in the advertising business, and Uncle Henry doesn't like him because he wasn't born to millions. But he's earning more than Uncle Henry ever earned in his life. Uncle Henry won't let him call!"

"And so you see him elsewhere?" asked the Captain.

"Yes, I do. I don't see why I shouldn't. And if I thought that those people—but after all, Captain, why should they?"

"I don't think they do," interposed the captain, who was sorry he had put the suspicion into her head, when he saw how it disturbed her. "I am frank to tell you, young lady, that while I admit the whole business has a queer sound, I think it's all nonsense. There's some sensible reason behind it all. I advise you to go home and forget about it—or else tell it all to your Uncle!"

"Captain, what is your business?" asked Miriam.

"Detecting crime."

"Is that all?"

"Well—yes, I think it is!"

"Well, maybe it is, but it shouldn't be. Your business ought to be to **prevent** crime, before it happens. If I were a detective, that's the kind of a detective I'd be, too!"

"Well, but what do you want me to do? I can't arrest anybody, because nobody has done anything," protested Captain Fitzgerald. "Suppose, for the sake of argument, that this matter is just as serious as you mistakenly suppose it is. What can I do about it?"

"That's what I came here for," exclaimed Miriam. "I don't want you to do anything, except to tell me what to do. I have made myself a detective in this matter. And I want some professional advice. Suppose, just as you said, that the matter IS serious. What would you do?"

Captain Fitzgerald scratched his head.

"Well," he ruminated, "have you ever seen any of Madame Langel's handwriting?"

"No!" Miriam shook her head emphatically. She had never seen any of Madame Langel's handwriting.

"Then I would make it my business to see it," advised the captain. "I would get a sample, without appearing to make a point of it. Then compare it with this sample. If it matches, you know who made this memorandum. If it doesn't match, keep up the search—Maurice, this Gabrielle, the servants, the maids—everybody. Some day that little point may be important. But there! Your story had me hypnotized for a while. Of course the whole thing is preposterous!"

"Is there anything else I can do?" persisted Miriam, replacing the mysterious note in her bag. She felt disappointed.

"Let me see—I don't want you to go snooping around on my advice, you know. I don't know what to say. Of course, you might watch those foreign servants a bit closely. You might try to see if they are watching anyone else. If you can prove that they are playing spies all the time, you can tell your Uncle something definite. And one thing more—just as a matter of precaution I don't know that it would be a bad idea for you to hide in that closet again tonight. If you don't think it will unnerve and excite you. Oh, bang it—I don't know what to tell you. I think you ought to go home and forget the whole shooting match!"

"You're a dear, good old Captain to be so nice," she told him, squeezing his gnarled old hand. "You did give me some good hints, and more than that, you set my mind working along practical lines. And that's what my mind needs, all right. I'm going home and play detective, and I'm going to get to the bottom of this business—just as I used to do when I played 'I Spy!' You see? Good-bye!"

"Good luck!" called the captain. "Better tell your Uncle and then forget it!"

At the door she turned and looked back at him, her lips parted as if uncertain whether to say what she had in mind.

"Captain!" she called softly.

"Yes!"

"As I came down the front steps of our house just now, something happened!"

"What do you mean?"

"A big piece of concrete fell from the roof. It was a part of the decorations around the cornice. I think it almost struck me—landed just about a foot away, and broke into little bits. If it had hit me—good-bye little Miriam! I am sure it was an accident—but wasn't it strange?"

She smiled at him—her wise young smile—and then darted through the door, and was gone.

(*Continued next week*)

Where the Jazz God Plays

(*Continued from page 26*)

CHAPTER 7

The Star-Baby's Party and Jewels

MADAM BERNSTIEN idolized her baby.

The baby's first birthday was in the latter part of October. Great preparations were being made for this important event. For days beforehand, packages were arriving at Miss Olsen's apartment upstairs, and Mrs. Crookes was hurrying hither and thither making arrangements for the double celebration of this birthday-Hallowe'en party.

The guests began to arrive about three in the afternoon. Mrs. Crookes declared she was almost dead from over-exertion. She had been running and shopping and helping with decorations since early morning.

"You would not believe that a simple party for eight children would cost forty dollars, but it did," she confessed. "The favors and everything are so high-priced nowadays. Please put on Jack's blue-silk coat and the blue crepe-de-chine bonnet Miss Olsen gave him, and bring up the Kiddie-Kar that is my gift for Baby Floria."

The mothers and chidren were comfortably seated around the living room when I entered. The ladies exclaimed over Jack.

"Oh, doesn't he look sweet!" they cried in one breath.

For the afternoon, Miss Olsen had put aside all pretenses and was as unaffected as a child. Dressed in a gown of gorgeous orange, she sat on a cushion in the center of the living room floor. With the open-hearted pleasure of a little girl, she undid the heaps of packages received in honor of her baby's first birthday.

Powell Mill, the great man who directed Miss Olsen, sent little Floria a tiny platinum ring set with a beautiful diamond. The baby also received a second diamond ring, besides a signet ring contributed by the generous chauffeur.

The children played a modified game of pinning on the donkey's tail, and Miss Olsen, herself, blindfolded, whirled, and started each eager child toward the goal. June Crookes won the prize, a bristling, black cat as large as a real one. It cost seven dollars, but she never looked at it after she took it home.

A cake, more than a foot in diameter, stood on the buffet behind little Floria's chair. It had been baked by a caterer, frosted, and adorned with pink sugar roses and the words: "To Baby Floria On Her First Birthday."

It was from the baby's father, Mr. Bernstien, who, having taken up his abode at the Ambassador Hotel, naturally did not intrude, in person, upon this festive occasion.

"Well," said Cora, the nurse, next day, "little Floria has several hundred dollars' worth of jewelry now. At this rate, in a few years, we shall be obliged to keep it in a safe. Come into the nursery and see her pearls."

A string of beautiful pearls with a platinum and diamond clasp, lay in its satin-lined case. Like the little ring, it was an expensive gift from Miss Olsen's director, Powell Mill. Another pearl necklace with pearl baby-pins to match, had been a gift from another friend of Miss Olsen's, who was also one of the "big" directors.

A few days later, I was sent up to Miss Olsen's nursery on an errand. On the rug sat a man with outstretched arms. A baby reached toward him and toddled.

The father had come to the house in Madam Bernstien's absence. In this hour of coveted companionship, Mr. Bernstien was teaching his darling to walk.

The Jewish gentleman looked up at me and smiled, his face radiant with happiness.

"She's the dearest baby in the whole world!" he said.

I thought of Pierre Le Blanc, Dana Allen, "Mikey" Marsball, and several other men of Madam Bernstien's acquaintance. I returned Mr. Bernstine's greeting with a smile of compassion—compassion for a lonely man sitting on the floor holding tight that sweetest morsel of humanity, his own little child, soon, perhaps, to be his no more.

(*Continued next week*)

Sir Conan Doyle

(*Continued from page 29*)

I would be permitted to turn on Tony's lights, Tony would be permitted to turn the crank of his camera and take the picture. But since the seance started, Dr. Black had said nothing to me about the pictures whatever. I began to feel alarmed. At any moment the seance might be over and I might not get any pictures, and besides, the time for action, I felt sure, was at hand.

But an interruption occurred.

Dr. Black called me to the cabinet curtains to meet one of my spirit friends.

This was a unique experience. In the past I have frequently met spirits, or what masqueraded as spirits, face to face. But in all such materializations I have been destitute of thrills. The fraud was too apparent. They were too palpably muslin ghosts, or sometimes mosquito-netting ghosts, with a fat medium inside the "ectoplasm." This was different, for the three figures which I beheld when I strode up to the cabinet, with Doctor Black holding my arms, were the most convincing spirits I have ever beheld.

Seen so closely—there was not more than six inches of space between the first phantom and myself—the effect was actually startling. The figure was gauzy, impalpable as air, with the darkness showing through its airy drapings. The face was that of a girl, not more than twenty years old, with brown hair and brown eyes—a face very different from that of the medium, Mrs. Black. As I approached, she gave a gasping kind of cry, and then smiled at me weirdly.

"Who is it?" I asked.

The figure whispered something indistinctly.

"Is it Isabelle?"

I do not know any Isabelle. I was trying to trick the spirit. But the figure shook its head drearily. It was not Isabelle.

"Is it Leanora?"

It happens that I lost Leanora—a beautiful girl cousin, who died some years ago.

As I pronounced her name, the phantom uttered a deep and yearning cry—as mournful a sound as these mortal ears of mine have ever heard, and then she crumpled before my eyes—literally melting into invisibility as I watched her.

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"Her strength was gone," explained Doctor Black. "But here is someone else who wants to see you."

I turned to behold another ghost. This was a strange and beautiful girl, utterly unknown to me. Her name I could not catch, though she spoke it twice. Never have I seen a more radiantly beautiful creature in the flesh or out of it. She smiled at me tenderly, bewilderingly—as if indeed she loved me. Then she leaned forward and murmured something in a tone of such sweet sadness that I trembled.

"She wishes to embrace you," my faithful Doctor Black explained.

Who was I, that I should deny the yearning impulse of a beautiful girl spirit to take me into her cloud-like arms?

Thus it happened that in the hush and silence of that lodge room, in the quiet and the gloom, I moved forward and the arms of that gracious and kindly phantom encircled me, and cold, but ardent lips were pressed against my cheek. Even as that kiss touched me, the figure collapsed and was gone.

It suddenly occurred to me that the seance must be nearing its close; that I was to catch the midnight train out of Chicago, and that if I did not get those pictures instantly, I was not likely to get them at all. Doctor Black was maintaining a strange and dignified silence on the subject of motion pictures.

I walked up to him and said:

"Doctor Black, we can't wait any longer. The next time a spirit comes out of that cabinet, we are going to turn up our lights and start taking them."

He smiled at me pleasantly.

"That is quite all right," he agreed.

I went back to Tony and gave him his instructions. He was to wait until the ghost was fully out of the curtains, then switch on the portable lights and begin.

He gave me a worried look.

"This is a hell of a job," he complained. "It's all new to me . . . I'll be glad when it's all over."

He turned away from me as if I were the author of his predicament, and began attending to his camera. I went back to Doctor Black. I could see Tony casting harried glances toward the cabinet, as if daring the spirit to come on out.

Then, suddenly, something happened that was not on the program

A frightful groan came from within the cabinet, there was the sound as of someone struggling, and then the medium pitched forward through the curtains and fell prostrate on her face across the floor.

At the same moment, a yell came from Tony, and he sprung the switch on his lights and began cranking wildly—but too late, and to no avail.

For some mysterious reason, the medium had fainted just when we were going to take the pictures!

I saw Tony outside and announced that I wanted to settle our little bill.

He glared at me.

"There ain't nothing to settle," he informed me, "except one thing—and that is that I don't shoot no more spirits. Good night!"

The reader may be curious to know my opinion as to the nature of these ghostlike manifestations.

In conclusion I can say only this: that I am convinced there are no spirits of the dead present at such performances; that they are the results of very clever physical means, and that the medium at this particular seance fainted just at the psychological moment—for the camera might have recorded details which the eye missed and exposed the mystery.

The next time we will begin cranking without warning.

Common Sense Separation

(*Continued from page* 20)

for the shadows I passed through during the last few years," Mary stated, "but I am glad the sun is shining again."

Miss Anderson's future plans embrace an ambitious scheme of production. Her popularity, now riding the crest of the wave, she may soon be seen in an entirely different capacity. But of this, more anon. We are authorized to say, however, that Mary is not thinking of taking another plunge in matrimonial depths.

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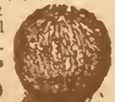

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FROM the time I was a child I have always had a yearning and longing to play the piano.

Often I have felt that I would gladly give up half of my life if some kind fairy would only turn my wish into a fact. You see I had begun to think I was too old to learn, that only some sort of fairy story magic would give me the ability to play. I was 35 years old—and the mother of a small family—before I knew one note from another.

Until I learned to play, hearing music—especially the piano—always gave me almost as much pain as pleasure. My enjoyment of it was always somewhat soured by envy and regret—envy of those who could entertain and charm with their playing, and regret because I myself had to be a mere listener. And I suppose it is that way with every one who has to be satisfied with hearing music instead of playing it.

Again and again, parties and other social gatherings have been all but spoiled for me. I could enjoy myself until some one suggested music or singing; then I felt "left out"—a lonesome wall flower—a mere looker-on instead of part of the party. I was missing half the fun.

It was often almost as bad when callers came. It is so much easier to entertain people—particularly if you don't know them well—if one can turn to the piano to fill the gaps when conversation lags. But until recently our our piano was only a piece of furniture. We bought it three years ago, simply to have it in the house while waiting for our two little girls to reach the age for beginning lessons—for I was determined that they should never be denied the full enjoyment of music the way I had been. But as it turned out, I learned to play before my girls did—in fact, I myself am now their teacher.

Thousands Write Like This:

"I am delighted to tell you how I am getting on with my lessons. Everything is so plain. I had been going to a teacher for about two months and could not seem to learn a thing. But how quick I understand your lessons."—Eliza Logan, Philadelphia, Pa.

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"Our little girl has been elected organist of the Junior Epwrth League of M. E. Church, South, after taking your lessons—and at the age of 12 years. That is speaking well for your school."—J. G. Castle, Fulton, Mo.

"Have learned more about music and playing in the four lessons received from you than I expected to learn in six months."—U. S. Whitman, Washington, D. C.

"I am getting along better than I ever did with a teacher right with me."—Edna Brown, Springfield, Mass.

The way I have suddenly blossomed out in music (almost over night, you might say) has been a big surprise to all who know he, and to myself as well. My friends seem to think it must be that I had a previously undiscovered genius for the piano. But if there on my part, but in the lessons I took—a new and simplified method was any genius about it, it wasn't that makes it remarkably easy for any one to add music or singing to their daily lives. Anyone anywhere can now learn to play any instrument or learn to sing just as easily as I did. All the hard part, all the big expense, all the old difficulties, have been swept away by this simple new mehod.

I learned entirely by home study—in my spare time — from fascinating Print-and-Picture lessons that make everything so simple and easy that one simply can't go wrong on them. I call it a short-cut way to learn—it is so much simpler and so entirely different from the old and hard-to-understand methods. I know that I made better and faster progress than I ever could by bothering with a private teacher or joining a class. In fact, while I don't like to brag, within six months after I took my first lesson, my playing was better than that of many of my friends who had studied two or three years under private teachers—not because I was any more apt than they, but simply because the wonderful Print-and-Picture lessons sent me by the U. S. School of Music were so easy to understand.

Then they were so interesting that study and practice were more like a pastime than a study or duty. And so convenient; you can study and practice just as it happens handy, instead of tying yourself down to set hours. And no strangers around to embarrass you or make you nervous.

Within a year after I took my first lesson I began teaching my two little girls to play—using exactly the same lessons I myself had studied. And I notice that both of them seem to be getting along better than any of their playmates who have private teachers. In addition, I am saving the money it would cost to have a private teacher—I figure it would cost at least $3 to $5 a lesson to have a teacher whose instruction could compare with that contained in the printed lesson from the U. S. School. Yet, from the the first lesson to the last, the total cost of learning the way I did averaged only a few cents a lesson.

My only regret is that I didn't know of this really wonderful method years before. The ability to play is such a great comfort. No matter how much I am alone, I never get lonesome—I can always turn to my piano for amusement. I am never at a loss for a way to entertain callers. I no longer feel that I am "out of it" at social gatherings. Do you wonder that I so gladly recommend the method that has brought me so much pleasure and satisfaction?

* * * * *

This woman's experience is by no means unusual. Over 300,000 others—from school children to men and women of 50 and 60—have learned to play their favorite instrument or learned to sing in the same way this woman did. Read the enthusiastic letters which you will find printed here—samples of the kind of letters we are receiving in practically every mail. Largely through the recommendation of satisfied pupils, we have built up the largest school of music in the world.

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MOVIE WEEKLY

August 12, 1922

10¢

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle Predicts Spirit Motion-Pictures!
see p. 10

Richard Barthelmess

Vol. II. MOVIE WEEKLY No. 27
PRINTED IN U.S.A.

"Gilding the Lily"

MOVING pictures in natural colors have been the dream of photoplay producers almost ever since the cinema first became a commercial success, back in the old days when Kalem and Lubin were names to conjure with, and a single reel of film often contained two complete comedies and a travelog thrown in for good measure. Various attempts have been made to add the lacking element of color to the moving picture film, and these attempts have met with varying degrees of success. None of them, however, have come anywhere near filling the bill.

Pathe originated a system of hand-coloring, the result being more in the nature of tints than any effort to actually reproduce real color values. This method, however, besides being almost prohibitively laborious, entailing as it did the individual tinting of each picture among the thousands on a single reel of film, did practically nothing toward solving the problem of natural-color moving picture reproduction. The light and neutral tints that resulted, while admittedly pleasing to the eye, gave little or no illusion of reality to the spectator, but rather detracted from such an illusion as attained by the orthodox black and white films.

Then came various processes, based largely upon the so-called "Three-Color Process," that has long been in use in still photography. Of these various attempts, the process known as PRIZMA proved by far the most successful, and is today used almost universally in films requiring natural color effects. But, in spite of its undoubted virtues in many ways, PRIZMA is also very far as yet from actually solving the problem of satisfactory life-color movies.

Though PRIZMA gives excellent results in scenes of still life and allied subjects, such as flower studies, landscapes, etc., any degree of motion upon the part of the subject photographed results in a weird clashing and blending of colors that is as irritating to the eye as it is bewildering to the brain. Red, in particular, seems to be the unruly color, and the swifter the motion on the part of the subject being photographed, the more violent the Bolshevistic flashes and streamers of red blazing throughout the scene.

Unquestionably the time will come, and perhaps soon, when we will have colored moving pictures that are not only true to life, but also as easy on the eye of the spectator as are the present conventional black and white. Such development must inevitably come for, until it does, the moving picture will lack that element which at present alone bars it from presenting a pure illusion of reality.

But we cannot see where it will come through further efforts to develop the "Three-Color Process" mentioned before, and attempts to adapt this method to the infinitely exacting field of the cinema. Despite the years that this process has been in use in the field of photography, it yet remains so involved and complicated in form as to be barred from the use of any but the most expert of craftsmen, and even then results are often far from satisfactory in many types of subjects.

It seems to us that when color photography does actually come, it must be brought about through an innovation and invention as startlingly new and epoch-making as was the original discovery of photography itself, instead of attempting to adapt old processes to a field to which, through their very nature, they are not fitted. For the entire science of photography is based upon the fact that certain salts of silver turn BLACK upon exposure to light. This premise, carried out through the medium of the "negative" and the "positive" print, naturally results in black and white pictures.

Bearing this in mind, it would seem only logical that in order to achieve color reproduction instead of black and white that a color process will have to be evolved that will be little short of absolutely revolutionary—that a chemical formula will have to be discovered that will permit of colors being registered as colors at the actual time of taking the negative. How this will be done we have no idea. But, we have no doubt whatever that it will be done.

The Youth on the Cover

Richard Barthelmess is the ideal type of Clean-Cut American Youth, both in his portrayals on the screen, and in his private life outside the studio.

"Dick" is one of the comparatively few college men on the screen, having received his education at Trinity College, Hartford. He did not graduate, however, but abandoned his studies in order to support his mother.

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WHC

Movie Weekly Wants to Reach True Blondes and True Brunettes

So Does the Pyramid Picture Corporation, Who Has a One-Hundred-Dollar-a-Week Job Waiting for Some Girl

So Does Ed Wynn, "The Perfect Fool," Who Has a Job in His Show for Some Girl

All you have to be is a true blonde or a true brunette.

You are required to write a hundred-word statement on "The Art of Luring---Why I Know How." But don't let this requirement frighten you. You don't have to be a writer to explain in so many words why you know how to vamp.

Furthermore, if you do not write quite a hundred words on "Why I Know How to Lure" don't let this worry you. One thing, however, don't write more than one hundred words.

If you have never written before, don't shy away from telling the vampire editor of Movie Weekly why you know how to lure.

A number of contestants who have sent in their photographs and one-hundred-word statement on "The Art of Luring---Why I Know How" did not have these statements one hundred words in length. It was much shorter. But so long as it wasn't longer these girls are in the running for the big prizes offered the winner of the blonde-brunette vampire contest.

Every week De Sacia Mooers gives splendid advice to her blonde recruits.

Every week Betty Blythe gives splendid advice to her brunette recruits.

These tried movie vamps will help you write your statement on "The Art of Luring---Why I Know How." Read their advice each week and you will know why they know how to lure.

The winners of this contest will be given every opportunity to have a screen or a stage career.

Read the "To Be Eligible." This information may be of much service to you.

If there is anything special you want to know about the contest, write in to the Vampire Editor, Movie Weekly, 119 West 40th Street, New York City, and he will answer you at once.

Movie Weekly's OPPORTUNITY

ZIEGFELD "GLORIFIES THE AMERICAN GIRL"

IN last week's issue of "Movie Weekly," Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr. dwelt at length upon BLONDES AND BRUNETTES, explaining what fundamental qualities a girl must necessarily possess before she can consider a stage career.

Madaline Starhill, of the "Ziegfeld Follies" for 1922, whose picture appears on this page, recently won the Beauty Contest conducted by a Philadelphia newspaper. Though already in the "Follies," Miss Starhill is now acclaimed the most beautiful girl in the United States and possessing the most beautiful limbs. Ziegfeld, however, knew all this before the judges of the contest.

Martha Lorber, also of the "Follies," is the premier dancer of the Fokine Ballet. In fact, interestingly enough, Mr. Ziegfeld has insured her legs for $250,000. Such is the value of the dance.

At the bottom of the page is a glimpse of a "Follies" dressing room scene. Two brunettes and one blonde in the picture. We repeat, Mr. Ziegfeld is not prejudiced toward either the blonde or the brunette.

WE WANT TO CALL YOUR ATTENTION TO THE PHYSIQUE OF THESE ZIEGFELD GIRLS — SLENDER, SHAPELY, GRACEFUL.

OBSERVE CLOSELY THE WAY THE GIRLS POSED.

These things should be helpful to you in posing for your photographs.

IRA D. SCHWARTZ

ABOVE:
Madaline Starhill, of the "Follies," who recently won a Beauty Contest proclaiming her the most beautiful girl in the U. S. and possessing the most beautiful limbs.

WHITE

BELOW:
A dressing room scene after the "Follies" performance is over.

ABOVE:
Martha Lorber, premier dancer of the "Follies," whose legs Ziegfeld has insured for $250,000.

STUPENDOUS PERSONALITY CONTEST

De Sacia Mooers critically surveys her vampire "makeup" before going on the set.

DE SACIA MOOERS ADVISES THE BLONDES

TO discuss the real motive of vamping is to ask the question: "Why is a vampire?" And the answer to this question is a very simple one.

Ninety-nine out of every hundred girls crave the attention of men—for diverse reasons.

I do not hesitate to confess that I am at my best when a man is hovering near.

Won't you be just as candid and admit that you are not at your best with girls? But that your wit is more sparkling and spontaneous with men; doesn't a man stimulate you to your best advantage?

What greater motive for vamping than this?

This motive is evidenced in three kinds of vamps:

The girl who is a good mixer with both girls and men and who is only faintly stimulated when in the presence of men.

The girl who is only sparkling of wit when a man is in the room.

The girl who cannot do without men, for reasons that are notorious in history and in the daily newspapers.

Why does a girl react so sparklingly when with a man?

To emphasize my meaning, I refer back to the article I wrote week before last. In it, I asked:

"What is sex lure?"

And answered: "Sex lure is the appeal of the sexes."

Read this article again, I suggest.

It explains the reaction of a girl in a room with a number of her girl friends, languid, indifferent. The entrance of a man electrifies her to scintillating brilliancy.

Why? He acts like a tonic. He arouses her interest. Her heart beats faster. Her blood races hotly. Her brain action quickens. Mentally and physically she is stimulated.

(*Continued next week*)

BETTY BLYTHE ADVISES THE BRUNETTES

WHAT is the motive of a vampire? Or perhaps my question should be: What are the motives? For there are usually several. No woman ever makes herself beautiful for selfish reasons alone. The vampire is something of a prepared type. Many a girl who would pass for a sweet, demure little miss becomes a vampire, in appearance, at least, when she puts on the drop-earings and does over her hair. She has a motive in all this. She may know that the man she would like to attract admires the sensational, vampish type of woman more than her conservative sister. Or she may *think* that he does. In this case, her motive is purely legitimate. She puts on all her wiles in order to capture a man for what he *is*.

It is when the vampire becomes purely commercial, when she sets out to vamp a man for what he *has*, that she becomes destructive, unscrupulous. On this principle, homes, kingdoms have been sent toppling.

On the screen, of course, we nearly always see the vampire with the selfish motives. She is usually shown as a foil to the heroine who, for the purposes of the story, usually possesses all the virtues, and these virtues stand out in bold relief against the vampire's vices. I would say that the *real* vampire, the kind we see portrayed on the screen so often, has bad motives; her wiles are put on to acquire something—money, social position. Her dominant trait is insincerity, the greatest sin of all.

(*Continued next week*)

Betty Blythe in a characteristic scene from "The Queen of Sheba," wherein she did splendid vamp portrayal.

Sir Arthur Conan Spirit Moving

An amazing revelation of what spiritualism may do for motion pictures.

At Left:
Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who says, "If ordinary photography can compass it (the spirits) why not the cinemateograph (motion pictures)?"

by Samri Frikell

THE spirits of the dead are going into the movies?

Before long, scientists are now predicting, it will be possible to film and screen the shades of the departed, as a final and positive evidence of the survival of identity beyond the grave, and the return of ghosts to the earth.

These predictions are based on the results already obtained with still cameras, together with one reel of movie film. During his recent lecture tour of the United States, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, author of the "Sherlock Holmes" detective stories, and now the foremost spiritualist of the world, exhibited a series of startling spirit photographs.

In spite of the charges hurled against him that these pictures were clever fakes, Sir Arthur stoutly maintained that they were genuine, and brought forward evidence to show they had been secured under the strictest of test conditions, eliminating all possibility of trickery.

It is the contention of Sir Arthur that the science, the philosophy and the religion of spiritualism is still in its infancy. Undreamed of wonders, he declares, are still in store for the world, and therefore, motion pictures of ghosts are in no wise to be called impossible.

These pictures must not be confused with the motion pictures which Sir Arthur brought with him to the banquet of the Society of American Magicians, and which created such a tempest in a tea-pot, following their screening in the dining hall of the Hotel McAlpin. Those were admittedly faked pictures, taken to illustrate one of Sir Arthur's novels, and were offered in a humorous spirit, to have a little joke on the wise-acres among the mystery men.

But the photographs of phantoms, ghosts and spooks which Sir Arthur exhibited in his public appearances are of an entirely different character. He insists they are absolutely genuine.

And, Sir Arthur demands, if it is possible now to secure still photographs of the shades of the departed, why will it not be possible, by continuous experiment, to attract the dead to the studios?

Attracting the spirits to Hollywood, Fort Lee or Long Island, and capturing them with the camera, will be only a matter of patience, care and the use of competent mediums!

During an interview which I had with Sir Arthur, while he was stopping at the Hotel Ambassador in New York, I brought up this and a number of kindred subjects of interest to the movie world. Before going to see him, I had fortified myself with all the information I could get on the subject, especially with regard to experiments which had been made with motion pictures at seances.

I speedily learned that this was almost a virgin field. Very little attention, apparently, had been given to it, perhaps because of the expense attached to such experiments, and the extreme difficulty under which the experiments were conducted. However, I did learn that Baron Von Schrenk Notzing, the eminent Munich savant, had made a series of attempts with his celebrated medium, "Eva C."

The entire scientific world has been startled by the experiments of the Baron. He has published an enormous volume, describing his seances with "Eva C.," in which there are almost three hundred flash-light photographs which he took of the miracles performed by this strange woman. Under the strictest control, and with every precaution taken to prevent dupery, he secured whole scores of photographs, on which strange faces and figures appear.

It then occurred to the Baron that he could film these figures in the process of materialization—show how the white mist, called ectoplasm, streamed out of the medium, formed itself into ghosts, and then melted gradually away into the air.

When the first attempt was made, there were eight still cameras and one motion picture camera trained on the cabinet. On the eight still negatives, ghost impressions were secured. But there was nothing on the motion picture film.

But later, they did succeed with the motion picture camera!

This success came by the use of another medium, a Polish woman whose name is given in the Baron's book as "Stanislava P." While at the time of this spectacular sitting she was considered a novice by the distinguished scientists who investigated her, and ranked far below the "Eva C." already mentioned, nevertheless she did succeed in transferring to the celluloid the strange wonders which she wrought while in trance.

In the Baron's account of the sittings, he goes into great detail as to those present, the location of the cameras and cabinet, the illumination of the room, and other evidential details. Finally the medium was hypnotized and the seance began.

At these and other subsequent seances, a wisp of white gas was seen to emerge from the mouth of Stanislava, and coil down upon her breast. The book contains photographs of this, plainly developed, together with pictures showing this wisp of mist forming itself into the semblance of a human hand.

Doyle Predicts Pictures!

During all these extraordinary performances, the motion picture camera was clicking away.

Whole sections of the film are reproduced in the Baron's book, showing how this substance emerged from the medium's mouth, formed itself into spirit hands and features, and then was drawn back into the medium.

Here was a distinct achievement. True, it did not include the transference to the film of the weird faces and forms obtained on the still negatives, but it did reproduce the strange appearance and disappearance of the ectoplasm, under conditions which amply prevented the possibility of trickery.

Beyond these experiments, I was unable to find any other records of successful experiments with motion pictures at seances, and when I arranged the interview with Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, I was anxious to learn his views on the subject. Why was it that the motion picture camera failed, while the still machines caught the spectres? And would it be possible to eliminate the difficulties now present, and obtain motion picture records of the seances of the future?

These were the questions in my mind when I walked up Fifth Avenue one brisk and windy morning, distinctly curious, withal, as to the type of man I was on my way to meet.

Allow me to say at once that the first impression of this gifted novelist, and courageous spiritualist, is his complete sincerity. I have heard a great deal of discussion about Doyle and his theories, and very frequently I run up against the man who says:

"Why, do you think Doyle believes all this guff himself? Not on your life! He's in it for the cash! He's got hold of a new sensation, and he's making it pay. That's all there is to that!"

No one who has ever talked with Sir Arthur would say that, or believe that. He is in the last degree removed from the theatrical type of mystic. Instead I shook hands with a lusty, manful Britisher, with the face of a lion. In his greeting he was jovial, good-natured and dignified. But what I noticed most was the serene and honest glow of his eyes, and his granite poise and power. He suggested nothing so much as a physician—which was the role in which he first entered the stage of public life. One rather looks to him to be standing by the bedside and asking for a glass of water and a spoon.

After a very few preliminaries in politeness, Sir Arthur threw himself down on a divan, clasped his hands behind his head, and instructed me to "Fire away!"

"Our interest in spiritualism," I explained, having told him that I represented "Movie Weekly," "is entirely practical. Our field is the cinematograph, as you call it in England. What we want to know is, can these spirits be captured by the motion picture camera?"

Fig. 179. Selected cinematograph pictures of 25 June, 1913, showing absorption of the substance into the mouth.

At Left:

A selected cinemateograph showing the substance known as ectoplasm being absorbed again into th medium's mouth. From this substance, faces of departed ones were formed... This is the first motion picture taken of this phase of spiritualism.

("Phenomena of Materialization," by Baron Von Schrenk Notzing. Pub. by Dutton.)

Sir Arthur's reply was characteristic, and shows how restrained and careful are his judgments.

"Questions like that," he answered, "cannot be answered authoritatively off hand. They need mature consideration, investigation and experiment. That is already being practiced, on the Continent, I believe. It must not be forgotten that this science is still in its infancy. We are distinctly not in a position to dogmatize. Moreover, I must confess that this phase of the subject is new to me. It would certainly merit the fullest investigation. But I do not think there is any doubt that such pictures can be taken, when we understand the conditions better. If ordinary photography can compass it, why not the cinematograph?"

I asked Sir Arthur how he accounted for failure in movie cameras and success in others. He replied that it was generally because harmony was lacking in the sittings, and harmony was sometimes exceedingly difficult to secure.

"I object to any man," he declared, "who comes to a sitting, throwing out thoughts of suspicion and ill will. 'Of one accord,' says the Bible, and that is my experience. If a critic had been in the upper room, they would never have got the tongues of fire. Harmony is everything!"

"What about the charges that your still photographs are fakes?" I inquired.

"As to faking photos, that is easy enough," he chuckled. "These expert photographers who are always rushing into print explaining how I am deceived in my pictures seem to think I don't know anything of these methds. *It is when you get photos of the dead which are like them, but differ from any taken in life that you are beyond the reach of rogues.* All this talk of fake is absolute nonsense. These self-advertisers are parasites on the movemnnt!"

As he developed this thought, Sir Arthur became more and more enthused with the boundless possibilities of mediumship in the future.

"We must not forget," he declared earnestly, "that we are on the threshold of an entirely new world. What seemed impossible, even fantastic before, may now become entirely normal when we understand spiritualism better. Certainly our experiments with still cameras should give us good cause to expect some startling motion pictures before we have exhausted all the possibilities.

After a moment's pause, the great novelist developed a new twist to the discussion which took me entirely by surprise.

"Not only may one expect motion pictures of spirits," he remarked, "but what is to prevent the spirits from aiding us in the writing, directing, acting and general production of pantomime drama?"

"That!" I cried, "is certainly a new and astounding idea!"

"I confess that it is new to me," continued Sir Arthur. "But we may well ask ourselves, whence come our inspirations? What the motion pictures nced is inspiration. The chief criticism made against them is the machine-like quality of their stories. You have wonderful photography, splendid settings—but the inspiration is lacking from the plots. Now I have always been inclined to believe that what we call inspiration comes from within ourselves. What seems to well up in our minds, independent of our normal brain, really comes from the sub-conscious mind. That is the generally accepted theory—but I am now beginning to believe that it is not always a true theory.

"Every person who does creative, artistic work

(*Continued on page 26*)

LE LEVER AU XVIII^e SIECLE.
Femme de qualité reposant sur un lit d'ange.
(D'après une estampe de Saint-Jean.)

Oh~C Delight

New Victors Ruling the Battleground of the Vamp

Nell Gwynn, the toast of all England, who becomes Charles II's beloved.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In last week's issue of "Movie Weekly," we ran the first of a fascinating series narrating intimate secrets of sensational vamps of history. The famous Du Barry and Montespan (one blonde; the other a brunette) were chatted about, their little personal secrets and the story of how they became "left hand Queens of France." Their battleground, i. e., their boudoirs, were described. If you missed this first instalment of love, intrigue and suspense, write to the editor, enclosing ten cents in stamps, and we will send you a copy of the issue containing the first instalment of "Lovers' Delight."*

LAST week, I began with the story of Du Barry, a blonde.

This time, I shall give preference to the brunette.

Of course, you realize I play no favorite. I like blondes and brunettes—if they are real.

Lola Montez was real. Real in coloring, real in her restless, fascinating temperament.

Just dream over her name. Lola. Lovely? Particularly vivid, suggesting vivaciousness, passion, the nomadic.

All of which typifies Lola.

Fascinating Lola Montez danced herself all over Europe, creating boudoirs here, there, and everywhere. But her wandering, twinkling, alluring feet never allowed her to stay in one place long . . . Indeed, you could blindly put your finger on a map and then find it was in that place Lola had triumphed, achieved position, honors, and riches; then, her impetuous, fiery temperament raring against the sameness of her gay life, it seemed as though suddenly poised herself on the tips of her dainty toes and blythely flew away . . . Her boudoir remained. It awaited her return, should such an act meet with her capricious favor.

Lola's real name was Dolorez Eliza Rozanna Gilbert. She was the daughter of a British army officer and was born in Limerick, Ireland in 1818. Long before she celebrated her twentieth birthday, Lola ran away and married a Captain James of the Indian Army and went to India with him.

You have heard a man characterized as "not being a one-woman man?" Lola was not a "one-man woman." She wearied of the monotonous life of the fort; the sameness of the Indian climate; the routine that constituted her husband's army life; the few pleasures indulged in. She wanted life, seething with the excitement that swirls around one who comes into contact with active men and women.

Having decided to leave her husband, Lola returned to London and Captain James obtained a divorce from her.

Picture Lola as she really was. An exquisite creature; beauty seemed to radiate from her large, luminous brown eyes, shadowed with dark, impenetrable lashes.

No wonder, soon after her arrival in London, she captured the attention of a wealthy man. One might almost say Lola's personal success corresponded to a career, inasmuch as she went out after the big things! Her enamoured lover spent an enormous fortune in having her taught dancing.

Those who think that to acquire the finesse of the vamp who makes history is easy, take heed. Lola worked with her dancing. She worked hard. With the result that she soon became famous in London for her beautiful feet, and the grace and passion in which she used them. More than one woman has achieved fame because of her ability to make the most of her exquisite feet. Lola studied hers and after considerable experimenting, learned exactly how to use them to the best advantage. (Vamps, take notice of this point.)

When Lola danced, it is said of her, she even had her slippers sewed on so that her ankles would appear to the best advantage. Think of the publicity she would get today, were she alive!

Again her wandering feet led her away from London, only to pause at Munich, where she danced her way into the King's palace. The old King of Bavaria, Ludwig I, offered his country and himself to her, and Lola evidently accepted both, for, before long, she became naturalized and was created Countess of Landsfeld.

Once the King's "left hand Queen," Lola wasted no time in becoming the real ruler of Bavaria. Indeed, the King's cabinet became known as "Lola-ministerium." Ah, me, what powers are the women behind the thrones. How they enable mere Kings to make history!

Lola by this time having studied and learned the technique of vamping—for she had no trouble in gaining power over the King, despite the fact that the entire Court was against her—settled down to enjoy her sojourn in Bavaria to the utmost.

King Ludwig I showered Lola with all of the crown jewels. They were not his to give, but he gave them generously, and Lola, nothing adverse, accepted. In fact, later, in London, she had the

LOVERS'

By

MARIE FRANCE

LOLA MONTEZ — *Wilhelm v. Kaulbach †*

Fascinating Lola Montez danced all over Europe creating boudoirs everywhere . . .

audacity to array herself in them at a great ball given there.

I want to direct your eyes to Lola's boudoir in the palace. A large room, starkly formal like so many German rooms. But Lola did her best to make it gay with colors and life, decorating it with Spanish shawls, lamp shades and flowers . . . So powerful did Lola become that her political opponents had her banished. One wonders if she didn't allow herself to be banished. The King was an old man, and Lola, loving youth . . .

Back to London again. I call attention to another vamp point. Lola used London as her headquarters. She knew her position in the metroplis and how she could capture hearts. Concentration. And then little flyers to the Continent. Intrigue. Romance. Love. Amours. And back to London . . .

This time, she found the youth she longed for. George Heald, a young officer of the guards. Lola seems to have a penchant for the Army. She married young Heald. And then came his period of suffering. (Valentino was not the only one to languish from a too sudden marriage.) No sooner did Lola marry the young officer than his guardian instituted a suit for bigamy against her on the grounds that her divorce from her first husband, Captain Smith, had not been made absolute.

Note you. Did Lola fight? Pshaw, not she. Her simple solution was to flee to Spain with Lieutenant Heald. Here she lived and danced for a time under the sunny skies and languorous nights of old Madrid.

Her versatility is a thing to marvel at. One moment she ruled a kingdom and was clothed with almost royal honors. Ministers feared her, feared the tempestuous whims of her passionate nature. The next minute, she became the wife of a dashing young English officer, and returned to her love—the stage, winning honors anew in Spain as a dancer extraordinary. She passed through these transitions and scenes with an adaptability that was graceful as well as interesting.

Lola's versatility found other channels than her individual vamping methods. She was an unerring shot with a pistol, a superb horsewoman, a remarkable linguist, speaking fluently eight or nine languages. Again we signal out Lola's vamping high lights: a stable education, a sense of humor, whimsies, ability to discuss many subjects interestingly . . . a knowledge of how to guide her temperament.

Lola visited America a number of times. She spent the last days of her life here, in fact. But in one of her visits, she surprised and delighted the pupils of Latin by addressing them in that language with a fluency and an ease that was amazing. The ability to speak the language of a country like a native, aided her splendidly in her "vamping enterprises."

One can imagine that Lola used her linguistic ability with good results in her continual flights, but it was the universal language of the vampire she spoke best . . .

Having danced across Europe, America evidently entered her mind. A thought was enough to start Lola. Creditors were trying to make her pay her bills. Beastly wretches! Lola, with fine sangfroid, packed her credited chattels and embarked for the United States, leaving her creditors to gnash their teeth in impotent fury.

On her arrival in America, she was informed that the officials demanded an interview regarding her debts. To this she was equal. Calmly she left them. Calmly she went to her cabinet. Calmly she undressed, and in a state of absolute nudity, sat smoking in utter unconcern. It was impossible for the officials to arrest her. She escaped . . .

Having bested men at every encounter, it was destined that for once Lola meet her conqueror. She did. In a teamster! She encountered him while riding. He was very slow in removing his wagon from her path. With customary passionate impetuousity, Lola jumped from her carriage and struck the teamster a furious blow. To her intense astonishment the man, a powerful brute, turned upon her, seized her and gave her the thrashing of her young life.

Arising dusty and wounded from the encounter, she shook hands with her assailant and smiled appreciatively.

"You are the first man in all my life who has vanquished me," she said. Who knows. Lola may have been looking for the caveman and never found him . . .

Lola Montez knew life, knew many phases of life. It must have filled her with pity rather than bitterness, for, after her health broke down, she devoted the rest of her life to visiting the outcasts of her sex in New York City. She did splendid work, until when stricken with paralysis she died on the 17th of January, 1861.

"PRETTY, WITTY NELL"

"Pretty, witty Nell Gynn," the toast of all England, the delight of Charles II. Indeed, yes, this little bit of blonde feminity captivated the King and became England's "left handed Queen."

Nell was the daughter of a broken-down soldier and of a mother who is little known, excepting that she was drowned when intoxicated in a pond at Chelsea. One grey day in February, in 1650, in the alley of the Drury Lane Theatre, little Nell Gwynn first saw the light of day.

Like Du Barry, Nell's early training was in the streets. A true child of the London streets. With her daring and gay disposition, she earned her living by selling oranges around and about the theatre. Being an excellent salesman—before a salesman can sell his product, you know, he must sell himself—Nell, before she reachd her fifteenth birthday, had learned the art of making others believe in her. Her sweet voice calling: "Buy my oranges," attracted the attention of one of the actors, whose name, Charles Hart, will live because through his influence he secured Nell her first theatrical engagement.

And what a success she became!

Here was an airy, irresponsible personality. She could say with the most innocent expression, the most risque speeches that other actresses would have feared to have whispered. The immortal diarist, Pepys, wrote of her: "Pretty, witty Nell, so great a performance of a comical part was never, I believe, in the world before."

The theatre led to the King, for "Sweet Nell of Old Drury," and as the mistress of Charles II, she was installed in her own suite of rooms in Buckingham Palace.

To describe Nell, one can only go back to the accounts of a great artist who painted her portrait: "She had rosy cheeks, a gently swelling bosom, long, caressing eyes that looked with unhesitating directness at you, her light brown hair was smooth over the crown and waved over her forehead with a tantalizing mass of curls which fell over her shoulders."

Nell, irresponsible though she was, was not without a knowledge of how to gain their ends. In her most interesting of boudoirs one day, when she was there with the King, she called to their child: "Come hither, you little bastard, and speak to your father!"

"Nay, Nelly," the King said. "Do not give the child such a name."

(*Continued on page* 26)

EDITORIAL NOTE: *In the July 1st issue of "Movie Weekly," we published a letter by Marco Antonio Gonzalez, in which he took exception to certain details in Mae Murray's latest special, "Fascination."*

In conclusion, Mr. Gonzalez asked the question: "How can such monstrous mistakes be remedied, I ask you, "Movie Weekly" Editor?

A notable reply to this question, and one of the first, has to do with that splendid special, Marion Davies in "When Knighthood Was in Flower." For the edification of those interested in motion pictures, Director Robert Vignola, in charge of the directorial end of "Knighthood," answers the inquiry from Mr. Gonzalez. His letter is interesting and enlightening. But we let him speak for himself.

CAMPBELL STUDIO

Marion Davies, star of "When Knighthood Was in Flower."

Marion Davies' Director Champions "Knighthood"

Director Vignola, who directed Marion Davies in her new special, writes in response to the publication of Mr. Gonzalez' letter in regard to making mistakes in pictures.

Dear "Movie Weekly" Editor:

I read with much interest in your issue of July 1st the letter from Marco Antonio Gonzalez in regard to mistakes made in the making of motion pictures.

It is true that Mr. Gonzalez's letter calls attention to an all too frequent fault in filmdom—namely, too much surface gloss and not enough evidence of deep, sincere effort. A tendency to jump at conclusions, to take somebody's word for the customs and costumes of a country have made many other worth while films ridiculous.

And because, with other members of our company, I have been working for months to make of a coming production something really authentic down to the last detail, I am writing this letter that you and Mr. Gonzalez may know that there are two sides to the question of accuracy in motion picture making.

I am sure you will agree with me that it is only due the motion picture producers in general that attention is also called to the many sincere men and women in the profession who are giving of their utmost in time, patience and effort to have their screen offerings faithfully reflect the real countries and places which they try to present. I know of one production which is to be a revelation in this respect.

I refer to the big forthcoming Cosmopolitan Production, "When Knighthood Was in Flower." Perhaps you would be interested in knowing some of the steps which were taken to make this picture a really valuable historical contribution to the present age.

For months before actual work was begun on the picturesque romance, Marion Davies, star of the production, who plays the role of the beautiful Princess Mary Tudor, was busily studying old prints in the public library and in the Metropolitan Museum of Art so that the costumes would be absolutely correct. She took with her several skilled designers who also studied the prints, made sketches, and later designed exact duplicates of the gorgeous costumes worn by the real Princess Mary. In addition, Miss Davies spent weeks reading every available bit of information she could lay hands on about the lovable and impulsive princess whom she is to portray.

Joseph Urban, conceded to be the best scenic artist in the world, designed all the settings. He did not guess at what they should be. He drew on his own knowledge of European courts, in portraying the courts of King Henry VIII of England and Louis XII of France, and augmented this knowledge by research work in the museums and libraries. Every piece of armor, even the smallest carved stool, had to stand the rigid inspection of a staff of critics who had delved for weeks in histories and in art museums to get accurate knowledge of just what was correct and what was not.

Frank Tinsley, considered the foremost authority in the Unitd States on the use of ancient armor, was engaged by Cosmopolitan Productions to assist in the filming. Mr. Tinsley was for five years curator of the armor department of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City. Not only is he familiar with the wearing of armor—he has ridden in revivals of jousts in an ancient knight's steel suit. Thus, under his careful criticism, the tilting tournament in "When Knighthood Was in Flower," became one of the most thrilling bits of realism ever seen on the screen. Two of the suits of tilting armor were once a part of the great collection of the former German Kaiser. They were purchased in Berlin by an American art collector and shipped to New York, where a price of 500,000 marks for each suit was paid by Cosmopolitan Productions. Film fans who witness the tilting tournament scene will see real armor such as was worn by real knights instead of some cheap make-believe concocted in the work shop of a studio.

The wonderful carving is an interesting part of the big production, carrying out in exact detail the wonderful carved panels, pillars and furniture of the time of King Henry VIII. This was all done by George Henry, a French wood carver. It took this one man, whose skill is known throughout the motion picture studios all over the country, three months to make the intricate scrolls, delicate, flute-like columns and artistic patterns of all sorts which help to make of "When Knighthood Was in Flower" one of the most beautiful pictures ever made.

Even for outside scenes we did not depend upon American locations. We *built* even the outdoor sets indoors! The wedding procession scene, where Princess Mary becomes the bride of King Louis of France, was made in the Famous Players' studio on Long Island, a village street, an exact duplicate of such a street in France, being built for the event. Seven hundred people and thirty-three horses were used in this one scene alone.

Fifteen hundred dollars' worth of green silk leaves were made especially for the royal garden scene and sunlight was supplied by a dozen big arc lights each carrying 200,000 candle-power. But it was worth the effort, for this scene, with the golden light flickering through the swaying trees makes not only a picture of beauty, but it carries the beholder straight into the royal court of old King Louis himself!

The exact tilt of a crown was a matter of the utmost importance. Nothing was left to chance. Everything was carefully studied out before a single foot of the production was shot.

Three studios were used in the making and both sides of the Atlantic were ransacked for players who would be fit into the prominent roles assigned them. Lyn Harding, who plays the part of King Henry, was brought over from England especially for this production. Harding has played the role of the much-married monarch over two hundred times on the legitimate stage and was therefore the logical man for the part.

I could go on for many more pages relating instances of the infinite care and pains taken to faithfully reproduce the splendors of the French and English courts. I think it is due to motion pictures in general, however, to present this bright side along with the black.

Sincerely yours,

ROBERT G. VIGNOLA,

Director of "When Knighthood Was in Flower."

* * * * *

NOTE: *On the opposite pages are the first published stills of "When Knighthood Was in Flower." They are representative scenes, picturing the actual detail Mr. Vignola mentions in the foregoing letter. You will appreciate them twofold, we believe, having read the "inside story" of how "Knighthood" was produced.*

ABOVE:

After her wedding with King Louis of France, we see the former bright and mischievous Princess Mary, the lonesomest girl in the world, surrounded though she is by luxury.

AT RIGHT:

Charles Brandon (Forrest Stanley) pleads his cause with Princess Mary (Marion Davies), who finds it difficult and sad to gainsay him.

ABOVE:
Caught in the tavern by King Henry, Princess Mary (Marion Davies) disguised as a boy, is prevented from eloping with Charles Brandon (Forrest Stanley).

BELOW:
"We built," writes Director Vignola of "When Knighthood Was in Flower," "even the outdoor sets indoors! The wedding procession, where Princess Mary becomes the bride of King Louis of France, was made in the Famous Players' Long Island Studio."

ABOVE:

Attention is called to the gorgeous reception of the French ambassador by Henry VIII to the Court of England in Marion Davies' picture, "When Knighthood Was in Flower." Also to the authenticity of the scene.

BERNARR MACFADDEN'S

AMONG the favorite outdoor exercises of screen celebrities, even the humble occupation of gardening has its devotees. Lionel Barrymore has a beautiful garden which is perhaps his greatest pride. Richard Barthelmess, with his dog at his heels, is often to be seen busily hoeing his vegetables. Priscilla Dean divides her time largely between her kitchen and her garden, and Milton Sills is also an amateur gardener of no small ability.

Gardening is indeed an extremely healthful occupation. Its value is particularly great because of the variety of exercises of value to the arm and shoulder muscles. The backward and forward motion which they require is the best sort of developer for shoulders that need to be strengthened and arms that are flabby from lack of use. You can't swing the hoe

BEAUTY PAGES

every day without acquiring a little muscle in your arms.

A successful garden must, of course, be kept free of weeds, and weeding exercises an entirely different set of muscles. It is, of course, a tiring occupation, and probably not a popular one, but it has its good points. The constant leaning over of the body which pulling weeds requires uses back and leg muscles that are often very little used.

The practice, brought on by the war, of girls hiring out as farmerettes during their vacations, is an admirable one and is typical of the enlightened interest women are now taking in all forms of outdoor sports. After such a vacation, girls cannot help being hardier when they return to their offices. Their looks show their increased vigor; they have a healthy glow of energy and good spirits that is irresistible. Gardening is a great beautifier.

Spanish Dancer Sides With Mae Murray *and* "Fascination"

Hilda Moreno, Spanish dancer in "Ziegfeld Follies" writes in to say Mae Murray's Dance of the Bull, in "Fascination" exceedingly clever, disagreeing with Mr. Gonzalez' letter. Also the first of the letters from MOVIE WEEKLY readers.

BEFORE sending this page of copy to the printer, the Editor met Francisco Ariza, managing editor of the Spanish motion picture trade paper published here in New York, *Cine Mondial*. Mr. Ariza is a Spaniard and a man of splendid education.

He spoke of Mr. Gonzalez' criticism of Mae Murray's picture, "Fascination," that appeared in the July To the Editor, "Movie Weekly."

"What did you think of her 'Dance of the Bull?'" we asked.

Mr. Ariza shook his head. "In a matter in which *horns* and *Spanish people* are thrown together, I positively refuse to be quoted."

But "Movie Weekly," in all fairness, is publishing, beginning with this issue, the letters from our readers who express their opinion of this matter. Herewith follows a communication from Hilda Moreno, now dancing in the "Ziegfeld Follies," and formerly a member of Pavlowa's company:

To the Editor, "Movie Weekly.

Dear Editor:

I am writing to you to take issue with some of the statements contained in the signed letter of Marco Antonio Gonzalez, published in the July 1st issue of your magazine, concerning the "Dance of the Bull" by Mae Murray, in her picture called "Fascination."

Mr. Gonzalez speaks of the lewd meaning symbolized in "horns." In every country, the language, the symbolism and the oaths can be interpreted in one or many ways. It is true that in Spain the symbolic meaning of horns can be interpreted as Mr. Gonzalez has done, but for anyone to so accept the spirit of the dance of Mae Murray in this picture is indicative of a low mentality.

I, as well as numerous Spanish friends, have seen this picture, and do not for a moment feel that Miss Murray is either insulting the toreador in the picture or the Spanish people.

Personally, I thought her interpretation an unusually clever one. The toreador loves his profession; the great toreadors, strange as it may seem to Americans, have a great love for their bulls. They watch over them just as mothers care for their children. Ignacio Sanchez Mejias, a famous Mexican toreador, once rose from a sickbed where he lay stricken with influenza, to personally bathe and feed a shipment of bulls which had just come in.

This is easily understood, because the torcador wants his bulls strong and fine; the fiercer their appearance, the greater his victory when he gives the final death thrust.

In my opinion, Mae Murray plays upon the toreador's great love for his profession by performing for him the "Dance of the Bull." When a woman is in love with a man, as in the case of the girl Miss Murray portrayed in "Fascination"—a young girl who, for the sport of the thing, starts out calculating to catch the toreador—it is natural that she not only pursue the path offering the least resistance, but attempt ingeniously to fascinate. The path of least resistance of the young girl in "Fascination" was to attract the toreador by imitating a bull. This is exactly what Miss Murray did. The toreador reacted immediately, and her girlish vanity was stimulated in having the biggest man in the town pay passionate court to her.

WHITE STUDIO

ABOVE: *"Personally," says Miss Moreno, "I thought Miss Murray's 'Dance of the Bull' extremely clever, for . . .*

S. RAFAEL, HAVANA

BELOW: *Another picture of Miss Moreno.*

For years I have interpreted thoughts, meanings, desires and feelings in the spirit of the dance. In Spain I danced for a number of years. I danced with Pavlowa for three years in various countries. I am now appearing in the Ziegfeld Follies, where I am doing interpretative dancing. I can, therefore, appreciate why Miss Murray danced and interpreted her thoughts the way she did in "Fascination." She was appealing to the toreador's greatest love—the bull. She comes before him defiant and fierce. As a bull she seems to say: "You are great, but I shall kill you. I defy you, you, the idol of the whole country, to withstand my fascinating charms."

This is her entrance and it is a good one. It raises in the heart of the toreador opposition, an uncontrollable desire to give battle. If a bull had come dashing down the steps, he would have immediately given it battle and tried to kill it in just the same way he would do in the arena. This is the entrance motif of the dance.

There is no insult in this motif.

If, however, Mae Murray, had defiantly hurled her horns at the toreador, then the dance would have been an insult.

Personally, I repeat, I think Miss Murray's "Dance of the Bull" an extremely clever and well-worked out bit of subtlety.

Mr. Gonzalez is correct, however, in ridiculing the attire worn in the arena. It was rather amusing to one who has sat in the Madrid arena time after time, shouting ten times louder than you Americans do at a baseball game, to see frock coats worn by the men. Even on gala days, when the King and his court attend the bull fights, dress of this kind is never worn.

I thought I would write these few lines to you, "Movie Weekly" Editor, inasmuch as I am a Spaniard and very much interested in what is associated with my country, and this controversy over the "Dance of the Bull" interested me.

(Signed) HILDA MORENO.

COMMENDS ATTITUDE

New York City.

Editor of "Movie Weekly."

Dear Sir:

Just a few lines of congratulation. At last a moving picture magazine has had the courage to allow constructive criticism irrespective of personalities.

I am interested in motion pictures because I have great faith in their artistic future. I owe a debt of gratitude to them for many pleasant hours and although I have no financial interest in them, I want to see them succeed. They can't succeed for long if they continue to make such careless and hopeless mistakes as that dance of Mae Murray's in "Fascination." One doesn't have to be Spanish to know that "The Dance of the Bull" would be unheard of in Spain, or, for that matter, in Italy. Is it so difficult to look up the customs of the different countries?

For a number of years, one thought that most of the producers were "Men who knew the price of everything and the value of nothing," but surely times are changing.

I think it splendid of you to give publicity to such startling faults.

(Signed) MRS. JANE TOLSON.

(Other letters from our readers to be published next week.)

Dorothy Dalton Purchases New Ford

DOROTHY DALTON AND HER FORD

DOROTHY DALTON is in town," a friend remarked to Ye Rambler the other day.

"Really?" our eyebrows skooting skywards.

"Yeah," casually retorted the friend. lighting a cigarette with maddening precision. "She's rented a place at Larchmont."

"What about it?"

"Well, simply she's here for about a two months' vacation and is going to stay at Larchmont far from the terrific heat of New York City. She's bought a Ford, too."

"A FORD!" (Note the exclamation point and repeat it!)

"Uh huh. A Ford. A brand new one. To take her friends to and from the station."

"Interesting," we mused, rapidly figuring how far a Ford could travel on a gallon of gas and how much it would cost if . . . but here we became confused.

"Yes, Dorothy Dalton is having a razadazzle vacation," our friend ended, playfully flipping his cigarette ashes over a lily.

* * * * *

CONSTANCE BINNEY RETURNS

Constance Binney has returned to her native hearth following an absence of several months in London and on the Continent. Constance has quite an output of Parisian frocks, we hear tell, having spent considerable time in the French capitol.

While in London, she was featured in the motion picture special, "A Bill of Divorcement," a play that ran on Broadway, starring Allan Pollock, for a successful period.

It's the first picture Constance ever made on the Other Side. In fact, we were told, it is far superior to any produced thus far in London. Denison Clift, who at one time was scenario editor and then a director for the Fox Film Company out in Hollywood, directed Connie in "A Bill of Divorcement." Also in the cast is Ray Compton, playing the leading role in Selznick's latest special, "A Woman of No Importance," and Malcolm Keen, who originated the role of the husband on the London stage.

In the picture we run on our page, Connie is having a good time with the wistful little pedigreed puppy presented to her by the author of the play, Clemence Dane. The little feller (referring to the puppy, if you please), accompanied Constance across the Atlantic, and according to reports, wasn't annoyed by the ship rocking 'atall.

APEDA

Dorothy Dalton

* * * * *

MEETING MARY ALDEN

One of the charming featured players of the screen Ye Rambler wanted to meet was Mary Alden. Several months ago, Mary left the Coast and came to New York.

"I would never know there has been a picture slump," she remarked. "I've been working in one picture after another since I came here."

Rambling through the STUDIOS in the East with Dorothea B. Herzog

Constance Binney and her pedigreed puppy

She is now busy portraying a leading role in William Nigh's new special. Perhaps you remember Bill Nigh as the director of Wesley Barry in "Schooldays," among others.

* * * * *

MARY ON THE STAGE FIRST

Upon reaching the hotel where Miss Alden is living, we went upstairs to her suite. It was awfully hot—humid, which is worse. Mary looked cool and comfy in blue lingerie. The blue band around her hair emphasized its blackness and direct brown eyes that sparkled when her conversation edged on the humorous and dreamed when it dwelt on realities.

One thing especially we like about Mary Alden. She makes you feel "home folks." Perhaps it is the southern in her, for she hails from New Orleans. Mostly, however, it is the genuineness of her. We have the idea Mary would not waste her time with the "ritzy" sort.

"Oh, yes," in response to our query, "I was on the stage before I went into pictures. Will I return to it? Not now. The future will work out its own course.

EVANS STUDIO

Mary Alden

ON A NEW YORK NEWSPAPER, TOO

"I was on the *Herald* for a while," Mary startled us by saying. "I covered news at first and then did society. I left the paper. Why?" she shrugged expressively. "Tired of the work."

Giving another angle on Mary. She doesn't drag anything out. When her interest slackens, she throws her mentality and energy into new channels. Explaining, mayhap, her picture success.

It will interest you to know that her early pictures were made with D. W. Griffith for the old Biograph company. Also that she played in many Griffith specials when he formed his own company. In "The Birth of a Nation," she portrayed the role of the mulatto, one of the notable characterizations in that well-remembered classic.

* * * * *

TWO KINDS OF KNOWLEDGE

Mary has two channels of knowledge to draw upon in her work. One, her splendid education. The other, her travels. She has traveled extensively on the Continent and more than one of her cinematic characterizations have been dressed according to a particular figure that stood out in her memory.

"Did you enjoy making 'The Old Nest?'" we asked.

"Everything except the dream part of it," dryly.

It seems that Mary was "featured" in a series of experiments, before hte final dream idea for this mother picture was decided upon. Interestingly enough, it was due directly to her that this picture was made. She had always considered it a good screen vehicle, and, at her suggestion, Goldwyn decided to produce it. Her judgment was certainly enthusiastically backed by the public, in whose mind Mary's excellent portrayal of the mother still lives.

Where the Jazz God Plays

OR

The Feverish Every Day Life of a Movie Star

By OLIVE PAIGE

CHAPTER 1

The Director's Wife Tells a Lie

THE first thing I noticed when I entered the living room of the film director's home, was the well-known photograph of the famous star, Floria Olsen. It looked down at me from the wall over a little mahogany desk. Used as an advertisement of a certain photoplay, it had given the public their coveted thrills and had brought a mint of money to the producers.

Lying prone upon the earth, with an enormous feather head-dress extending above her brow, "Miss" Olsen had allowed a real, live lion to place its huge paw upon her nude back. It was not until later that I learned the secret of her daring. The lion had been previously rendered quite harmless by the Zoo dentist, or someone equally proficient in turning a King of the Desert into a toothless and clawless old quadruped!

On one side of a magnificent grand piano, rested dozens and dozens of popular songs, so trivial in composition and sentiment, that a musician of less than average intelligence would promptly have consigned them to the incinerator.

On the other side of the piano reposed a large, conspicuous volume of Mary Baker Eddy's, "Science and Health," elegantly bound in black limp leather, embellished with gold. I was subsequently informed that it had been a gift to the family from the Christian Science Practitioner.

About the room, at convenient angles, were strewn a variety of ash-trays—at least seven of them in assorted sizes and designs, from an elaborate marble container, ornamented with appropriate scavenger beetles, to a showy, silver contrivance, bearing a weird, alcohol flame at the top for a cigarette lighter.

Before I could make further observations, the director's wife darted through the open door. My attention was called from the inanimate objects about me, to an alert, little person with big, baby-blue eyes, long, curling lashes, and a somewhat metallic ring to her rather changeable voice.

In accordance with the latest fashion of the day, she had successfully aped the dress and form of a child.

Her legs were as modest as two broomsticks. The limousine had kept them from acquiring curved muscles, and the diet book from fat. She wore a short, straight dress that came just below her knees. Her figure was fashionably boyish. Her bobbed hair was fluffy by virtue of a permanent wave. But the texture of her skin with her make-up off, and certain hard expressions, not becoming to a Cupid's bow mouth, told that Rhoda Crookes was undoubtedly over thirty.

"You understand babies?" she asked.

"I can care for your baby almost as well as a trained nurse," I replied.

"That is what I want; a woman who will do all the necessary things for Jack without giving him medicine. I would not have a trained nurse's thoughts over my baby. I'm a Scientist."

"I am not a Christian Scientist," I admitted frankly, "but I believe in keeping a baby well without medicine, if possible, and I realize the effect upon a little child of right thinking."

"You will be just the nurse for Jack," said Mrs. Crookes, whereupon a satisfactory arrangement was made and I was engaged for the position.

"I am away a great deal and I am very busy," said Mrs. Crookes. "Miss Floria Olsen, the picture star, lives upstairs and I attend to all her affairs. I think as much of her as I would if she were my own sister. *She pays me no salary, I work for her only as a friend.*"

Mrs. Crookes led the way down a long hall to the nursery and paused near the door. An elderly woman was rocking a baby.

"Mother is very childish; she has everything mussed up with her boxes. Next week she is going East and then we can begin some system," whispered Mrs. Crookes.

"Mother, this is Miss Paige, the new nurse," she announced in a loud voice. "Please tell her where Jack's clothes are kept and all about everything." With these instructions, she whisked out of the room and disappeared.

Tall and erect at seventy-three years, Mrs. McDougal had a sweet, sympathetic expression and dark eyes that shone. Her manners were simple and kindly and I felt immediately at home in her presence.

"My daughter is going to have me sleep on the davenport in the living room so I won't be in your way."

Mrs. McDougal gazed longingly at her boxes and baskets, her knitting and the baby.

"You do not mean she is putting you there to get you out of *my* way?—why, I want you here. Please remain in your own bed and I will sleep on the couch near the bassinette."

A look of pleasant relief passed over her countenance.

"I was dreading to lie on that davenport," she confessed. "I'd never know who was coming in nor what time I'd get to sleep. If I went to bed, they would very likely come home at two in the morning, and there I'd be exposed to the view of anyone who came in with them. Then again, if I sat up for them, I might wait until daylight before they appeared."

The first night I spent in the Crookes' apartment was comparatively sleepless.

Miss Floria Olsen and her inseparable companion, Rhoda Crookes, had recently returned from a trip to New York. Miss Olsen was downstairs talking and singing with Mrs. Crookes. Had the walls of the flat been of cardboard, I could not have word every word more distinctly. The telephone bell rang incessantly, and about twelve o'clock, Miss Olsen squandered dollars' and dollars' worth of precious moments speaking little nothings to a distant admirer in New York City.

At last Miss Olsen departed for the night and I fell into a peaceful slumber.

John Crookes, film director, and owner of the apartment house, had spent the entire day at the studio. My introduction to him was of a most unceremonious nature.

I could not have slept over half an hour after Miss Olsen left, before I was awakened by the dark form of a young man who rushed blindly into the nursery in the dim moonlight.

"Mother, where's the clock?" he shouted at his mother-in-law, who, accustomed to having him or her daughter run into the room at all hours of the day and night, continued to sleep soundly in spite of his impulsive inquiry.

By this time, I was sitting bolt upright in bed, too dazed to comprehend what had actually occurred.

The director had evidently not been informed of my presence. I muttered some unintelligible thing about a clock I had seen on the dresser and that I hoped he could find it in the dark.

Astonished as he must have been to discover a srtange woman in the nursery, he yet offered no apology. Perhaps he mistook me for a malevolent ghost about to make after him in hot pursuit. I never found out what he thought, but looking neither to the right nor to the left, he snatched up the desired clock and fled.

During the week that followed, Mrs. McDougal and I shared the baby work and became joyous in the association. I shall nver forget how that dear woman smoothed away the thorns and made easy my path into that incongruous household.

As a girl in Nova Scotia, she had learned the old-fashioned accomplishments. Her hands were never idle. She made apple pies and puddings, and repaired and altered Mrs. Crookes' dresses. She mended her daughter's silk stockings and knitted golf socks for her son-in-law. Rhoda piled garments into her Mother's lap and declared in protest that she, herself, really could not sew and positively had not the slightest idea how to manage a needle and thread!

A large hat-box, half full of Ivory soap, was kept in the nursery because Mrs. Crookes claimed the soap disappeared too fast in the kitchen. Into this box Rhoda regularly emptied Miss Olsen's stack of daily mail. Mrs. McDougal looked over the deluge of letters with good grace. As long as Mother was present, Rhoda did not intend to do anything she was not obliged to, that was certain.

Floria Olsen received letters from all parts of the world There were often a hundred a day. Conceited school boys, who imagined Miss Olsen might feel flattered to elope with them, could they

(*Continued on page* 28)

WHERE THE JAZZ GOD PLAYS

CHAPTER 1. The Directors' Wife Tells a Lie.
CHAPTER 2. Something to Eat.
CHAPTER 3. "Scrapheaps of Modesty."
CHAPTER 4. Pilgrim's Progress through Hollywood.
CHAPTER 5. Cocktails and other Tales.
CHAPTER 6. Through the Back Gates.
CHAPTER 7. The Star-Baby's Party and Jewels.
CHAPTER 8. The Director Keeps House.
CHAPTER 9. Errors of Mind and Aches of Matter.
CHAPTER 10. A Daring Dinner and the Light Grown Dim.

FOREWORD

IT has been reported that the folks in the Hollywood Movie Colony have access to an unlimited supply of forbidden stimulants, even in these prohibition days—that the women smoke and gamble, and kneel, unholy devotees, at the shrine of pleasure.

Friendly writers have arisen to denounce such rumors as lies; and in the midst of much controversy, inquiring minds the country over, are asking what manner of people are producing their photoplays.

Are the accusations so widely circulated true or false? Do the high-salaried "movie" directors and stars provide proper environments for their children? How do they conduct their households? Have they found happiness?

The chapters under the title of "Where the Jazz God Plays" do not pretend to answer questions concerning every family in filmdom. They do, however, give three month's observations of a New England girl who enterd a film director's home as a nurse.

"Where the Jazz God Plays" contains no fictitious characters.

Floria Olsen Bernstien is a star of international reputation. You have seen her a dozen times on the screen.

Her best friend, her automobiles, her servants, her admirers and her baby are described in detail in this story.

For obvious reasons, all names have been changed; but with few exceptions, incidents recorded in "Where the Jazz God Plays" are given exactly as they transpired.

MOVIE WEEKLY ART SERIES

VIOLA DANA

Photo by Seely

Bucking into the Movies

Hollywood, 1922

Mr. H. O. Potts,
Hog Run, Ky.

Dear Maw and Folks:

Yours of the 31st insult received and I don't blame you for being a little peeved at the rather abrupt termination of my last letter to you. I agree with you that to leave your esteemed daughter parked in a rock-cave striving to retain a strangle-hold on the tail of a large and indignant lion is rather an uncouth place to end a letter, but honest, folks, I couldn't help it. When I got that far, I not only run out of paper but my ink supply became suddenly exhausted as well, because my room-mate very intelligently had used most of the liquid contents of the bottle that morning under the impression that it was shoe-polish.

You remember I told you that I was exhibiting my dramatic genius for Mr. Century at the time when a series of embarrassing developments inside the big jungle-imitation cage in which me and a large lion was supposed to be co-starring resulted in my being parked in the little cave with a firm grip on the brute's tail, he being so situated in the narrow mouth of the cave that he could neither turn around, up, out or any other way as long as my grip held.

And there for what seemed like an aeon or two we remained. The lion made various remarks in an indignant deep bass voice that sounded like the musical accompaniment to a first-class thunder storm. I didn't say anything, having my hands too full, both literally and figuratively, to indulge in any idle conversation. I was scared to death to hang on to the blooming beast's terminal appendage but, remembering what I had always read about the dietary habits of the lion family, I was a darned sight more scared to let go, however!

The director and the camera-man and other individuals who were safely outside the bars looking in began making various suggestions to me as to what I should do next, sugestions that ranged in general intelligence from sprinkling salt on the brute's tail to reciting a "Bed-Time Story" to him in an an effort to induce him to take a nap so I could make a getaway. But the most idiotic remark of the whole bunch came from the animal's trainer who seemed to think that I was deliberately trying to ruin his pet lion, or something.

"Hey, you!" he yelled all mad like. "Quit tormentin' that poor lion, won't you? Leggo his tail! Can't you see he don't like it?"

I could see, and hear as well, that he didn't like it, but I decided that what would happen about five seconds after I let go the tail would probably be a happening which I wouldn't like any bettter, so I didn't answer but just hung on, trying to impersonate the adhesive qualities of a bottle of glue insofar as I was able. Then Lady Luck stepped in and handed me one of her usual upper-cuts. Of all possible inconvenient times in the known world, I had to *sneeze*, and I did so with a suddenness and a violence that caused my saving grip on that blooming tail to be relaxed just for the fraction of a second necessary to lose it entirely.

There was more real action crowded into the next three seconds than transpires during the average Irish Peace Conference. That lion changed ends quicker than a locoed rattlesnake, and started for the interior of the cave with a speed which was exceeded only by his bad intentions. However, when he got there, I wasn't. My experience with lions has admittedly been limited, but I do know that the confines of a very small cave is no place for a young woman to play hostess to one of the brutes. I have been told since that I stepped squarely in the lion's face on my way out of the rock den, but all I have a recollection of is an awful desire to get somewhere else, and get there quick!

And, believe me, I did. There is just two creatures of flesh and blood on this old globe that could have covered the next hundred yards within ten seconds of the time I made,—one of them being Charlie Paddock and the other one being Morvich. If the average commuter was gifted with the speedy footwork I found myself endowed with all of a sudden, he'd have no trouble whatever catching any train in the world that had left less than twenty minutes before he got to the station,—all the station-maser would have to do would just be to show him the track it left on.

But all my pedal speed didn't lose my little playmate. He stuck to me closer than fly-paper on a hot day. If I'd needed any inducement whatever, which I didn't, to travel faster, the tone of voice in which he was voicing his indignation and wounded dignity to the world in general at every other jump would have supplied it. One look at the dental display in that yawning mouth and one listen to the sounds that were coming out of it would have inspired a paralyzed snail to a point where he could have spotted a jack-rabbit ten yards start and then passed him within the next ten.

We circled the cage twice just to get warmed up, then we began to put a little variety into the performance. The first number was a game of tag with variations, and then we indulged in a little bit of practically every game in the known world, with the possible exception of "Post-office" and "Drop-the-Handkerchief."

Once, during the mazes of a "Puss-In-The-Corner" effect which we were staging among the imitation rocks and shrubbery, the lion acting as "Puss" and me impersonating the party touring the "Corners," I remembered the small edition of a revolver with which the Director had equipped me at my request before I entered the cage in the first place, and I promptly tried to get it into action. I might as well have been armed with a repeating model pea-shooter. Because that director either had a darned poor idea of a joke or else he had a lot of regard for the physical welfare of the lion, because the weapon happened to be loaded entirely with *blanks*.

Then, on our seventh trip around the lot, just when we were both getting winded, someone on the outside had a burst of inspiration and opened a small door for a second as I went by. I made a flying dive without even slowing down, and hit the opening at the first effort. It didn't really matter, however, because I had enough momentum that I'd probably have made a hole if I hadn't happened to find one. They slammed the door again, the lion breezed by, and it was all over but the happy fade-out.

"Why the heck didn't some of you big stiffs with the Army rifles take a shot at that blooming lion?" I yelped indignantly, as soon as I had recovered enough breath for the purpose.

"Because I told them not to, sister," warbled the Director. "You see, that lion happens to be one of the most valuable animals in Hollywood, and we have to pay a hundred dollars a day to use him. While you, unless you've got a sudden raise lately, which I doubt, happen to be worth something like seven dollars and a half a day. So you can dope it out for yourself."

Which I guess will be all for this time,

Your loving daughter, resp'y yours,

SOPHIE POTTS.
via Hal Wells.

Your Car and Mine

By Wallace Reid
Star in Paramount Pictures

How to Keep Clean While Driving

V.

I'VE discovered that the most necessary things around an automobile, next to gasoline, oil and water, are a few clean rags, and equally important is a can of waterless soap. The combination is quite essential to any driver who believes in making his own adjustments. It is impossible to adjust a rocker arm or oil a squeaking clevis pin without soiling the hands, and then it is a problem to get them clean again—that is, unless you have a handy rag and some of the soap that I use. It took me quite a while to find the best place to carry these toilet articles. The tool box and seat compartments were too hard to get at. I insisted on having these things handy. The door pockets were convenient but the rags got in the way of other things and the can

was too bulky. Finally I hit upon the plan of buying a large, wire sponge holder and mounting it just back of the instrument board and over the steering column. The holder is large enough to accommodate both the rags and the can, is out of sight and yet very easy to reach. Furthermore, when my hands are black with grime I do not have to soil any part of the car in reaching for my lavatory outfit, as would be the case if it were located anywhere else. Few motorists have yet learned what a boon waterless soap is. There are several excellent brands on the market, and any well stocked accessory store or garage should have a supply. It is about the consistency of butter but not greasy. A little of it is rubbed on the hands and then they are wiped clean. It is so effective that I use it even when there is plenty of water and common soap available. It is powerful enough to remove the grime completely, yet it does not injure the skin.

RICHARD DIX FALLS IN LOVE AGAIN

"The latest way of getting into pictures is to be married into them. At least, that is what Marilynn Miller is doing when she marries Jack Pickford!"
"Dorothy Reid, Wallie's wife, is going back on the stage. She's been playing in Los Angeles vaudeville, and may even go out on a short tour."
"Richard Dix is always in love—and this time it's a young daughter of nobility he met in England. He even sat through a game of cricket for her sweet sake, and that's the ultimate test."
"Zasu Pitts says it seems nice to be back at work again. For one thing, she has a scientific nurse who won't even let her rock her own baby, if she does stay at home."
"And Ann Luther is coming back into pictures again, after not having been seen in the Colony for ages!"
"June Caprice married Harry Millarde, the director, over a year ago, you know, and they tried to keep the marriage a secret for a long time. But now . . ."

THERE certainly are dozens of ways of getting into pictures, including being born into them. But the latest way seems to be marrying into them. That's the way Marilyn Miller is doing it, when she marries Jack Pickford!

"Why dearie, of course, she is going to be starred in them, probably in her own company. That's all nonsense Maw Pickford talks about her never working any more. Not that she doesn't adore Jack. Everybody knows she does. And he adores her. But all the same, you just wait and see, I'm the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter, born with a veil, and cut my eye-teeth young!"

Irma the Ingenue flirted her new ankle length skirt about so that you didn't miss her ankle anyhow, and took her seat under the made-to-order cherry tree in the tea-garden.

"And I think Marilyn will be a great hit, too. She has a line of 'cuteh' all her own that ought to register on the screen. Though of course you never can tell, dearie.

"At any rate Mommer Pickford approves of her, and that will be a fine thing for Jack, because he adores his mother. Can't you imagine poor little Jack sitting miserably in a corner, eating his Christmas pie, putting in his thumb and pulling cut a plum and wondering which in heaven's name to give it to, if his mother and sweetheart didn't get on?

"It is really Mommer Pickford who is press-agenting Marilyn. She told me the other day:

" 'Marilyn is pretty, very pretty. She's an ideal blonde, with glinting golden hair and wonderful blue eyes. She's fetching and irresistible on the stage, and off stage she is so kind and warm-hearted that everybody loves her. Jack's a lucky boy to get so nice a girl as Marilyn, but Jack is a good boy too. So she also is lucky. All the nice things you can say about Marilyn won't be too much, as regards both her characters and her ways.'

"All of which led me to suspect that Mother Pickford likes Marilyn. But dear me, how everybody will count back on her, if there should be a family row!"

Irma cocked her eye knowingly, nibbled a bit of chocolate cake, and continued:

"Guess who's going back into pictures in a big way! Arline Pretty! Oh, yes, you know 'Pretty' really is her name. She says she couldn't help it at all. But it suits her, so it's all right. Lanning Masters is promoting a company for her.

"But speaking of marrying into pictures, sometimes you marry out of them, too. Take Dorothy Reid, Wallace Reid's wife. She retired from the screen soon after her marriage, and now she is going on the stage. Oh, yes, she used to be on the stage, though lots of people don't know about it. She is in vaudeville in Los Angeles, and may go out on the road on a short tour. So it doesn't look as if the wolf is going to have a very good chance to nick at Wally Reid's handsome Moorish front door for some time to come.

"Oh, on my word, there's Ann Luther! Why, Ann hasn't been heard of in a long time. But just do look at that Cadillac she's driving. She's another one who is coming back into pictures.

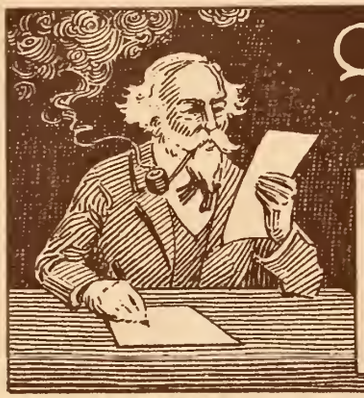
"Bless my soul, if there isn't June Caprice! And with her baby! She used to be such a baby herself only a year or two ago! She married Harry Millarde, over a year ago, and the wedding was kept secret for a while, but, of course—well, you can see for yourself they couldn't keep it a secret any longer!

"Oh, there are Blanch Sweet and Marshal Neilan! They have certainly known each other long enough to know whether they care for each other or not, haven't they? And Blanche is going to return to pictures. What a thrill! She looks prettier than she used to, doesn't she? There's a certain softness of expression she didn't use to have. And she always did have brains. She's awfully thin, though. They say she is trying to get fat, but somehow can't manage it. Oh, dear, everybody is trying to either get fat or thin! Blanche told me that she drank milk until she wept milky tears and it was no use. She said she had her own private cow, for a while, instructed to give just so much milk, and that the cow knew exactly what kind of milk she liked. She lived in a bungalow next door to the cow, and though she wanted to move, she couldn't on account of the cow. Then the cow went dry, and she was in despair until somebody told her about goat's milk. She said she just couldn't think of living next door to a goatery, but she arranged with a dairy to bring her goat's milk, and after that she was a free moral agent once more.

"My dear, what do you think? Richard Dix met a young daughter of the nobility over in England, and has fallen in love again! Dicky is always in love,—not always with the same person, but always in love. Whether she loves Dicky or not, isn't known, but I don't know how she could help it. But she is one of those icily regular, splendidly null' girls that Tennyson writes about, so you can't tell. He said he even went to see a game of cricket for her sweet sake, and you know as well as I do that's the ultimate test! Dicky is a baseball fan, and I'm sure he never could have sat through a game of cricket unless he was very, very much in love. She went with him through the old palaces and places like that, and they read the records together, but he was so much in love that he couldn't remember whether 'b' stood for 'born' or 'beheaded!'

"Zasu Pitts says it seems nice to be back at work. For one thing, she has a scientific nurse who won't let her rock her own baby, and she says if you can't rock your own baby, what's the use of trying to do anything with it at all? Tom Gallery, her husband, is simply crazy about the infant nad wants to rock it, too, so you can imagine what a time the poor nurse has between the two.

"And talking about babies, they do say that Natacha Rambova, Rodolph Valentino's wife—" But just then Irma's current beloved drove up to the door, and she vanished, leaving me alone with my curiosity and the sweet scent of her favorite sachet.



Questions Answered by The Colonel

My job on "Movie Weekly" is answering questions. Wouldn't you like to know whether your favorite star is married? What color *her* eyes are, or what may be *his* hobbies? Write me, then, and I will tell you. I cannot answer questions concerning studio employment. For a personal reply, enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. All inquiries should be signed with the writer's full name and address, which will not appear in the magazine. Address me, THE COLONEL, "Movie Weekly," 119 West 40th St., New York City.

When I said that back copies of "Movie Weekly" could be obtained for ten cents apiece from the Circulation Department, apparently I didn't make myself clear. A lot of fans immediately wrote me to find out the address of the Circulation Department. They seemed to think it was some sort of an establishment located most anywhere, which was kind enough to send out back numbers of "Movie Weekly."

So in case any of you readers are curious (which the readers of this column never are, of course) the Circulation Department is part of Movie Weekly. The editors don't do all the work, you see; they write and edit the reading matter, but there's another set of workers who mail out the magazines, take care of subscriptions, etc. So when you write for a magazine or a subscription, address your letter to "Movie Weekly," 119 W. 40th St., New York, then if you like, you can mark it "Circulation Department," or "Subscription Department," or whatever you wish.

IMA BLONDE—What do we mean by saying you must be a natural blonde or brunette to compete in the Blonde-Brunette Vampire Contest? It just means that your hair must be the color Nature grew on you. If you've dyed, you're a dead one, and dead ones are out of luck.

AUDACIOUS AL—That sounds like a bright idea of yours tht I get a job as comedian on the stage. The trouble is, I tried it once, but all the custard pies they used were flavored with banana flavoring which I don't like. I suppose the reason "Movie Weekly" hasn't said much about Willian Duncan lately is that he leads such a quiet life he doesn't get in the news. You should know better than to ask for an interview in the "next issue." That was already in print. Did you think the magazine was printed over night?

A LITTLE BLONDE—Then you are, I hope, sticking up for your complexion in the blonde-brunette vampire war. So you are just playing with the typewriter? Is that the best playmate you can find? The reason, tell your mother, that she doesn't see any more Bushman-Payne pictures is that this couple have been in vaudeville for the past few years. Constance Talmadge weighs 120 pounds. No, all movie stars do not have naturally curly hair. "Long may she wave" is their motto, speaking of hair, and the beauty parlors think that it is a good one.

M. STURROCK—Yes, too bad, Frank Mayo is married. He's much too attractive to stay single. His wife is Dagmar Godowsky, daughter of Leopold Godowsky, the pianist. Frank was born in New York in 1886 and comes from a stage family. He was educated at Peekskill Military Academy. He lives at 7018 Franklin Ave., Los Angeles.

BUD BANKS—Any relation to the Mud Banks that go with some of your middle western rivers? Who said Eric Von Stroheim didn't think he was good enough for the screen? Some one asked me what made him think he *was* good enough. Plans have not been announced for his next picture. Write him at the Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

SASSY SAL—Of course I'm in good humor; and I have a good humidor right beside me full of good cigars so I can forget the humidity. Clara Kimball Young is divorced from James Young. As to how old she is—ask me something easy. Bebe Daniels is 21 and is 5 feet 5. No. Marion Davies is not married. The wedding date for Jack Pickford and Marilynn Miller, when this magazine went to press, was set for August 1st.

BLACK EYED SUE—You want to know how you con get into the movies. However did you think of such an original question? Why don't you enter the blonde-brunette vampire contest? Who ever heard of a blackeyed Sue who wasn't a vampire? If you can't win a beauty contest, you might take some stereoptican slides of yourself and see yourself on the screen that way.

FRANCES—Have I got long trailing whiskers? Well, it's often been suggested that I get a job as trailer on a trolley car. Yes, Agnes Ayres is exceptionally beautiful in real life. She has lovely golden blonde hair and grey eyes. Yes, she and Rodolph would both send you their photographs if you write them at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood.

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY—So you don't think my whiskers fit me? Well, that's too bad; I suppose that means I've got to go and buy a new pair—or is it set? Mary Pickford has not made any pictures since "Little Lord Fauntleroy" last year. She is now working on "Tess of the Storm Country" which will probably be released this fall.

JUST JAZZ—So you have the writer's cramp? Well, I'd advise you not to go swimming. There's no way of telling whether Lila Lee is engaged to Charles Chaplin; rumor has him engaged to a different girl every week. Elsie Ferguson is 37, Nazimova, 43, Antonio Moreno, 34, Doug is 39 and Wallace MacDonald is 26. Antonio Moreno was born in Spain. No, he is not engaged to Colleen Moore.

WILL I HEAR?—I dunno; you're not deaf, are you? Gloria Swanson has had two husbands, Wallace Beery, and Herbert Sanborn, but they weren't so lucky as you think, She's divorced from both of them. She has a two year old daughter, Gloria Sanborn.

KREKO—You wanted me to put on my answer cap when I answered your questions, but I can't find my answer cap anywhere. I looked behind the desk, under the radiator, on the fire escape—everywhere I could think of, but no answer cap! Years ago Wallie Reid played with Dorothy Davenport in "The Countess Betty's Mine." No, Wallie diidn't play in "The Virgin of Stamboul." Wheeler Oakman was the leading man in that, opposite Priscilla Dean. Viola Dana was christened Viola Flugrath. Barthelmess is pronounced with the accent on the first syllable. Your little sketch, "What Every Flapper Wishes" gave me a good laugh.

MISS INNOCENCE—Tell you how to be a vampire so you can enter the contest? I'm afraid vamping is a talent; you're a born vamp, just as perhaps you're born an Irishman or born with a pug nose.

A "MOVIE WEEKLY" READER—I'm glad to know you're always going to boost me. I think I'll take you along the next time I go mountain climbing. I'm sorry I have no way of learning who played in the old picture "The Gray Seal" unless you can tell me who produced it.

HOXIE ADMIRER—What do you mean, the address of Jack Hoxie's home "or where he stays?" Do you accuse him of staying away from home? He and his wife, Marin Sais, live at 1325 N. Hobart Blvd., Hollywood. He keeps his age a secret. His next picture is "Barb Wire."

LOVINS—So you learn a lot by reading my answer page. Well, that reminds me of another job I might try for sometime; I might teach school. Harrison Ford is divorced from Beatrice Prentice. He is thirty years old. Write him at Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. He has brown eyes. His hobby is reading and collecting books for his wonderful library.

HELEN ST. CLAIR—Certainly I'll excuse your writing; what's the matter with it? Norma Talmadge is 25 and Constance is 22. They are now living in Los Angeles; you can get acquainted with them in the same way that you would get acquainted with anyone else—get an introduction. That's also the way to meet John D. Rockefeller or the Sultan of Sulu, if any. Norma's next picture is "The Eternal Flame" and Constance is working on "East is West."

VIRGINIA—I know a Virginia I'm very fond of—Virginia Ham. Joseph Schildkraut came from Vienna and is 26 years old. Yes, he is very dashing, but there is not so much popular interest in him as in Rodolph because he has played in just one picture, and only those fans who saw "Orphans of the Storm" know anything about him. The boy Jimmie, in "Polly of the Follies" was played by Thomas Carr, whose address is 550 Riverside Drive, New York. Eddie Sutherland's address is L. A. A. C., Los Angeles, and Edward Burns lives at 1835 Whitley Ave., Hollywood. They would probably send you their pictures free; are you collecting all the "Edwards" you can think of? Joseph Schildkraut is traveling, but you might write for his picture at the D. W. Griffith office, 1476 Broadway, New York.

ALLAH! BU DAMB!—That sounds to me almost like cuss words, and I don't usually allow cuss words in my columns. Armand's friend in "Camille" was played by Rex Cherryman, who lives at 1514 Sierre Bonita Ave., Los Angeles. Don't tell me you didn't know that Rodolph was married! After he got his name on the front pages of the newspapers every day for two weeks, because of his marriage to Winifred Hudnut. He is 27; his hobbies are dancing, swimming and riding horseback. As to what makes his hair so glossy, he'd never tell; perhaps he wears a seal skin wig.

PAUL LEAN—So you're not going to try to get in movies because you're not good looking? Neither are a lot of other people but that doesn't prevent them from being stage struck. You might play a Louise Fazenda role. Did you see Henry Walthall's new picture, "One Clear Call?" The reason he has been missing from the screen so much lately is that he has been on the stage for the past few years. Yes, Katherine MacDonald makes a great many pictures; probably the reason they do not appear in your town is that your theatre may not have a contract to show her photoplays with the company that releasess them. Yes, Theodore Kosloff is Russian, even if he hasn't patent leather hair. He's one of the actors who likes his hair to look human. No, I hadn't heard your joke before, and I had a good laugh when I read it.

Film-Flam

AND THE SAMOVAR'S RUSSIAN

If you had managed to get by the gate man onto the studio lot where scenes were being shot for Richard Walton Tully's forthcoming picture, you'd have decided that the picture was a story about the Tower of Babel, or hubbub in Polyglot or something funny like that. Because everybody in the cast has different ideas about the language the picture should be directed in, and James Young, the director, has a little private League of Nations problem on his hands.

There's Nigel De Brulier, for instance. He speaks English fluently, but French is his native tongue and he can emote much better when the director "parle"s. Madame Rose Dione is even more so; she has only been in this country six years and French is the only language she can really "comprendre" at all. Boris Karloff is as Russian as his name, and many of the minor actors are Armenians, Persians, Arabs, Mexicans, Gurkhas and French-Canadians. So you can just imagine that Director Young has his hands full—not to mention, his mouthful, saying it in all those languages.

Fortunately, Guy Bates Post, the star, the producer, Mr. Young, the stage manager, the photographer, the prop man—everybody you can think of around a studio, can all be called upon for assistance. Each of them speaks one language besides English and among them—well, they think they are doing very well.

Especially since, to make the problem worse, even the cats used in the production are real Persian ones, and can't undrstand anything but Persian.

"And," no doubt the director is telling his friends, just to make the story better, "even the rugs are Persian."

WHAT DOES IT HOLLER?

Raymond Hitchcock and Jim Corbett greeted each other with great cordiality when they met for the first time in years on the set for "The Beauty Shop" a few months ago. Raymond and Jim, you know, are old friends, ever since the days when they were fellow members of a minstrel company and Corbett was interlocuter and "Hitchy" was an end man.

Those were the days that Hitchcock was thinking of when he walked across the "set" and shook hands by way of greeting.

"Well, Mr. Interlocuter," he said, "how do you make a pumpkin speak?"

That didn't seem to be one of Jim's accomplishments.

"It's easy," said Raymond, "cut it out and make it holler."

* * * * *

HOT DOGS!

Some of those movie dogs not only know how to act, but they take their acting a little more seriously than anyone wants them to. And because of that, there is a real feud on between two dogs at the Lasky studio, Pal, and Peter Nikko-Boy II, who belongs to Clarence Burton, the screen villain.

The feud started when Peter Nikko in the projection room with his master watched the day's "takes" in the studio. One scene showed Pal grabbing the villain by the seat of his trousers, and Peter growled angrily. How was he to know that Pal was only following directions? To him his master was anything but a villain and he wouldn't have him treated as such.

So he took a good look at Pal's picture on the screen and if Pal had seen him, he probably would have said, in dog language, "Well, I hope you know me the next time you see me." And his hope would have come true.

For a few days later Pal was in the studio when Burton's dog spied him. Hot dogs! They certainly were, and they almost made hash of each other before they could be separated.

* * * * *

A TALE WITH WHISKERS

Some people take five weeks to grow a beard; others annex one in about five minutes. That's what Raymond Hatton does, though he doesn't pretend that he grows his that quickly. His is one of the crepe kind, and no wonder—they won't give him time enough to get a regular one.

Just as he's having a nice day off from his smooth-faced part in Penrhyn Stanlaws' production of "Pink Gods," along comes Frank O'Connor, like bad news from home, saying, "Get on your beard, Ray." Then out comes a bale of crepe hair, and quicker than you could eat an Eskimo pie—or even spill it on yourself,—Raymond appears decorated with the whiskers of King James 1st. That is, they're supposed to be King James', who is one of the characters in George Fitzmaurice's production "To Have and To Hold."

The rest of the time Raymond has all to himself.

THE JOKE WAS ON WILLIAM

Tom Meighan doesn't like to look back upon the time when he was such a rotten actor that he almost got fired, but even Tom wasn't always a star. He almost got kicked out of a job in his chosen profession.

William Conklin got tarred with the same feather, or feathered with the same tar, whichever you like. He and Tom at the time were members of the same road show, playing small towns near Pittsburgh. They opened at Charleroi in "Friends" and they were so bad that they knew they were bad, which is more than a lot of actors know. They expected dismissal at any moment, so when at Connellsville, the next town, Tom received an ominous looking letter, he felt that his time had come. It was from the owner of the theatrical company, and William Conklin read it with him.

"Dear Tom," it began, "I slipped into town unannounced last night and saw the show. It was terrible. I was so disappointed in you that I decided I would have to let you go. Have concluded to give you one more chance, however, but if by Saturday night you do not show a marked improvement, you will receive your two weeks' notice."

Conklin was most sympathetic. "That's a shame, Tom," said he, "we're going to miss you when you leave."

Tom turned the page of the letter. "And," the letter continued, "Conklin goes, anyhow."

* * * * *

BUT WHAT DID HE CALL THE TELEPHONE?

Richard Dix has almost enough silver cups won at golf to serve lemonade in at a party, so when he turns down an invitation to play golf, you can bet he's got a good reason. And, incidentally, this story gives away the secret that all is not perfect even in a movie star's life; even they have to cuss at the telephone service.

A SEAGOING STORY

When Harold Lloyd was making scenes for "A Sailor Made Man," he was "all at sea" over some of these nautical terms. He bought a Blue Jacket's Manual, bound in a blue jacket and read it over and over.

"Well, I've learned a lot," said Harold. And here are some of the things he says he learned:

THE DECK is something that rhymes with neck and has to be scrubbed just as often.

FIELD DAY was a surprise. I expected to enter the hundred yard dash, but there wasn't any. It proved to be the day when everything aboard was washed but the bottom of the ship. And that was washed by the waves.

AN OFFICER is a gentleman whom you can easily find out more about if you walk by without saluting.

CLEAR SHIP FOR ACTION: All I know about this is that I lost my hat and a pair of shoes.

REVEILLE: An annoying excuse to get the bugler up before anyone else. Cotton in the ears is a good remedy.

Our only answer to all this is that Harold Lloyd may be a self-made man, but he certainly isn't sailor made.

"No," said Richard firmly, when his friends urged him to come out and play a round, "I can't go this afternoon, thanks; I've got to make a telephone call."

* * * * *

A NAME WITH A DOUBLE MEANING

Clarence Morehouse, assistant director of "His Rascals," Hal Roach's latest kid comedy, didn't know there were so many Christian names in existence till he began to round up kids for the picture. Nor did he know that names could be so Christian.

"The most Christian name I've run across lately," said Mr. Morehouse, "is that of a little colored girl, two years old, named 'Nettiekiak.' That name sounded a bit far fetched to me, so I asked her mother where she picked it.

"'We'se very 'ligious, she answered, 'an we was gwine to name our son Hezekiah aftah one of them prophets. Then when Hezekiah come, it was a gal instead so we jes natchally compromised and named her also aftah her Aunt Nettie too.'"

* * * * *

RICE IN ROWS

Ruth Roland's little nephew, Bobby, didn't quite know what to think of his mother's new Chinese maid Cho Sing. Cho Sing wasn't an anglicized Chinatown damsel; she was the real thing, right from Pekin, with her chop sticks all in working order and her English much less so.

Bobby was fascinated. He followed her into the kitchen, and his eyes grew even bigger with amazement as he watched her eat.

"Oh, mother," he shouted, dashing out of the kitchen in great excitement. "Do come and see Cho Sing eating her luncheon. She has something she says are chop sticks, but mother, they're oars and you ought to see her. She's rowing in her rice."

HEAR THE EAR RING

Horrors, girls, he's copping your stuff!

Just that! Bert Lytell is wearing earrings in "To Have and To Hold" in which Betty Compson is the sweet young thing and Theodore Kosloff is the bold bad villyun. Bert wears a pirate costume, and if you don't think those earrings are becoming, you've another "think" coming.

"Ho," said an English prop man to Bert, "so you have a 'h'earing.'"

"Of course I have hearing," Bert answered, "I can hear as well as anybody."

* * * * *

HER OWN PRIVATE KINDERGARTEN

The world is full of hard-working housewives, who have secret ambitions to be movie stars, riding in Rolls-Royces and breaking hearts and all the romantic things that movie stars are supposed to do. What would they say to Ann Forrest's ambition?

Ann Forrest is a real movie celebrity, and yet her ambition is—think of it girls—to marry and have six children. Yes, if you can believe it, six! She says so herself. And in these modern days, that is certainly a unique ambition.

"There's a vacant spot in my life," Miss Forrest confessed, "and I need something to fill it. Really, I'm a sort of female Hamlet; I'm a melancholy Dane, or," she added brightly, "a melancholy dame."

* * * * *

AND CATTINESS IS A FAULT

Rodolph Valentino's latest pet is a pet lion, though his taste in pets doesn't really run that way; this one was wished on him for scenes in "The Young Rajah," which he is now making.

Rodolph doesn't do any more petting than is necessary though, for his scenes in the picture. When it comes to petting parties, Rodolph says to leave him out, when there are lions about.

Besides that, the cub is catty.

A.M.T.

Hints to Scenario Writers by Frederick Palmer

SCENARIO NOTE: *Our readers are invited to write and ask us questions they may have in mind on screen writing. Please enclose stamped and addressed envelope.*

THE IMPORTANCE OF THEME

IT has been said that not until the motion picture produces writers who are concerned with theme will there be truly satisfactory photoplays. The theme of a photoplay is the underlying, unifying, basic idea. Without a theme, a photoplay will be an aimless story, having little real significance for the spectators. But with a strong, interesting, appealing theme, a story may have a tremendously impressive effect upon the spectator.

One of the best examples of the use of theme was in "The Miracle Man." In it, one saw the tremendous conflict between the spiritual and the material, which involved all the characters in its forward movement, and underlay and unified every element of the plot. Conflict is essential to all drama and drama built on a theme that has to do with the soul struggles of man is drama in its highest form.

If the theme forms the basis of the writer's work, his use of situations will be logical, natural and inevitable. With an audience of millions the photoplaywright should pay especial attention to the selection of his themes. They should be chosen because of the universality of their appeal, as well as because of their simplicity and significance.

VISUALIZATION

More important than almost any other kind of study for the photoplaywright is the constant, never-ceasing practice of visualization. In writing a screen drama, the author should see clearly every detail of action just as it will appear on the screen. The amateur photoplaywright should spend at least fifteen minutes of every day practicing visualization. In the evening, for example, after the day's work is over, he should recall some episode of the day and try to visualize it in definite scenes, writing notes of the occurrence in picture form. Such practice will enable him, more or less unconsciously, to apply continuity methods as well and to always think from the viewpoint of the camera. The value of a strong power of visualization cannot be overestimated, for it is of primary importance not only in writing photoplays but in all other kinds of work that require attention, thought and good memory. Observation, analysis and visualization are of vital importance to the photoplaywright.

CHARACTERIZATION

Once the amateur photoplaywright has selected a theme, the elements of conflict in a story will be fairly clear; but in order to interest an audience those conflicting elements must be represented by understandable, human beings, by living, breathing characters. Mere types will not suffice, for the characters of a photoplay must be real to win the sympathy of the spectator, or to arouse any other emotion. The out-and-out villain of the old-time melodrama is no longer interesting, except in burlesque, and the too-noble hero is likewise a person of the unreal past. Not only must the characters of a play express the conflict of the theme, but they must also be real human beings who win the audience by their reality.

Questions and Answers

(Q.) Why is it that so many Western pictures are alike? Is it not possible to inject novelty into Western pictures?—L. G. I.

(A.) Certainly it is possible to treat Western pictures in a novel manner. The difficulty is that the majority of the spectators and many of the writers do not know the West except in a conventional way. The spectators are satisfied, as a rule, if there is plenty of gun play and the hero appears in chaps. Oh, yes, the girl must wear a divided skirt. The writers know this is all that is necessary and consequently build according to tradition, trusting that their errors and superficialities will not be detected by the majority. Because of the spirit of high and carefree hope still singing in the blood of the descendants of the winners of the West, the sincere writer has but to study his characters to discover novel situations for the Western picture.

(Q.) Has the West of today the same picturesque value, when a background for photodramas, as has the West of early days?—K. F. N.

(A.) For the observant eye the West of today is quite as picturesque as in the days of the dance hall and the saloon. What with the big projects involving oil, irrigation, mining and farming, there is a great variety of background with many opportunities for dramatic struggle. Of course as in any other locality the dramatist must select, classify and dramatize his material to suit his own ends. The result depends upon the richness of the mind of the observer.

(Q.) Why is it that incidents which appear screamingly funny when they actually happened, fall so flat when written into a situational comedy?—D. A. W.

(A.) As a rule an amusing incident appeals to the risibilities because the characters in the incident are known to the spectators. Unless the characters are known as the real people were known to those before whom the incidents happened, there will be but little amusement to be found in them. It is the same question as that of the thrills received when the wholly sympathetic heroine is in danger .

(Q.) I have written a story which I am afraid will be rather expensive to produce. Is there anyway I can learn about the cost of the production?—K. O. T.

(A.) Oftentimes a producer himself cannot tell exactly how much a production is going to cost. For the freelance writer it is much better not to try to estimate it, but to rearrange his story so as not to involve any expensive sets. Let the producer put in as costly background as he wishes, but write a simple, human drama with a small cast. Human nature is the same the world over, and the story based upon real people, instead of on the thrilling deeds of a superman will be more certain of success. Let the interest center upon the reaction of the traits of your characters as shown in logical action.

(Q.) I have a story in which the cruelty of vivisection is exposed. Whom would you consider a possible purchaser for such a story?—P. M..

(A.) No one. This is a controversial subject and therefore not fit for entertainment. A story in which vivisection was upheld as a necessity for the advance of the medical science would offend all Christian Scientists and others opposed to vivisection for humanitarian reasons; and a story which denounced vivisection as unnecessary and heartless would offend the medical profession. Avoid themes on which there is such a sharp difference of public opinion.

(Q.) Would a story having as the stellar role a priest who breaks his vows be acceptable under any circumstances or would producers refuse to purchase it, regardless of its dramatic value, on the grounds that it would offend the Catholic Church?—A. S. D.

(A.) It is doubtful whether you could find a market for such a story, although we shall not go so far as to say positively that it could not be sold provided it was big enough. Much would depend upon the manner in which it was handled.

(Q.) I have in mind a whopping story with a very fantastic theme, supposed to be laid in Mars. It is novel, thrilling and has gripping dramatic possibilities. Would the difficulty in producing such a mythical picture overcome its attractive features in the minds of the producers?—N. M.

(A.) Such a production would involve great expense, to accomplish the necessary illusion. Novels and short stories have been written on this subject, and had the producers been interested in it, they would doubtless have purchased one of these stories. Before starting your story it would be well to read what has been written in this type of fiction, and be sure that you have something new and compelling enough to force the interest of the producer.

(Q.) I have in mind an idea involving a man who was treated by a psychoanalyst, robbed of his religious faith, and finally commits suicide as the result of his atheism and hopeless philosophy.. Is there any actor on the screen capable of interpreting such a role?—A. E. R.

(A.) Your problem is not to find an actor capable of interpreting the roles of your stories. If they are written in screenable action, actors will be found who can interpret them. The question in our mind is whether you can write such a story in screenable action. The suicide would be censorable, and the tone of the story would be morbid and lacking in entertainment value.

(Q.) Some time ago I had a story published in a popular magazine. Should I rewrite it in photoplay form or submit it as it is?—T. H. G.

(A.)—Submit it in its present form, but submit the manuscript, not the magazine, of course, at the same time stating that it was published in a certain issue of the magazine, so that the producer may verify the fact if he wishes to do so.

(Q.) Do producers really buy plays from new writers?—S. N.

(A.) They do. They are constantly on the lookout for fresh material. It is to the original writer that producers are now looking to supply the great demand for something better and greater than has yet been produced.,

(Q.) Is the drug habit a good dramatic subject for a photoplay?—T. B. F.

(A.) The depiction of characters addicted to the drug habit might be very dramatic, but it is a subject that is not suitable for the screen. Aside from its morbidity, it would meet with the ban of the censors.

(Q.) I am told that coincidence is "weak construction." Why is this when coincidences so often happen in real life.

(A.) Many things happen in real life that as the old saying tells us, are "stranger than fiction." If these coincidences and extraordinary happenings were to appear on the screen, they would be unconvincing and nine tenths of the audience would condemn such chance occurrences as being too implausible. Have you not noticed how an audience is ready to find the flaws in a picture. They will pick out a flaw before they discover the merits.

(Q.) I have seen so many undesirable pictures and so many suggestive scenes in pictures that I have come to the conclusion it is not any use to write decent stuff for the screen. I would like your opinion on that point.—F. D.

(A.) There have always been and are still being produced undesirable and suggestive pictures. But the tendency is away from such subjects. There are on every newsstand undesirable and unclean books and magazines. This fact, however, does not discourage authors and deter high-minded writers and publishers from creating and putting on the market a better class of literature. The same is true of the production of motion pictures. There is an effort throughout the industry to raise the standard and to cater only to the better instincts and high ideals of the motion picture public.

(Q.) I have written a novel, also a number of magazine stories and am now taking up scenario writing. Do you advise me to adapt these or to write originals? If the former, which is the most suitable, the novel or the stories?

(A.) It is quite impossible to say without having seen any of the works in question. Either the novel or the stories would make good pictures *provided* they are sufficiently dramatic and there is enough material in them. Many novels and stories are not dramatic and depend chiefly for their success on their clever characterization; others that are dramatic cover so long a period of time that it is difficult to make them into good pictures.

Christopher Columbus Breaks *into* Movies

Yale Press Films First of Series Starring Famous Characters of History.

Fred Eric, well-known player of the legitimate stage, who has the role of Columbus in the first of the Yale Press films.

THERE are almost as many ways of "breaking into the movies" as there are ambitious individuals who desire to break in, and that is saying a very large mouthful.

Some work their way into the pictures, some luck into them, some are forced into the game, some marry into the movies, some are born into them—and some few actually *die* to get into such a fascinating profession.

In this latter class, whose obituary notice paradoxically was responsible for their picture debut is the gallant and intrepid gentlman of Genoa, Spain, and all points West, known to the school histories of a world as CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

The originator of the first "See America First" tour has already achieved no mean degree of fame, including the placing of a monument to him in a certain famous "Circle" in Manhattan and having some two score cities named after him throughout the country that he discovered—including the capital city of an inland state which Chris never came within five hundred miles of setting eyes upon in his life—but it has remained for the year 1922 to bring to the renowned explorer the highest success possible in these United States of America. Christopher has broken into the movies, and as a full-fledged cinema star, at that.

Not that a process has as yet been invented for taking actual moving pictures of the noted figures in Spiritland. For the present, at least, Columbus must be satisfied to appear by proxy as it were, in the person of Fred Eric, well-known player of the legitimate stage, now portraying the role of the famous explorer before the camera for the Chronicles of America Pictures Company. The role of the lady in the case, Queen Isabella of Spain, is in the very capable hands of Dolores Cassinelli, known to picture fans for her work in "Peter Ibbetson" and other films.

The Chronicles of America Pictures Company is the name of the organization that is at present engaged in attempting what is probably the most ambitious project ever conceived to make history literally repeat itself, and the sponsors behind this producing company are the Yale University Press and other dignitaries of that very solid university.

Some few years ago, the Yale University Press conceived and brought out a fiftv-volume series of "Chronicles of America," volumes in which the traditions of the nation were made clear and vivid through clean-cut expositions of individual characters in the pages of history rather than the usual maze of abstract theories and dates, each volume written by a well-known writer and authority in the particular field covered. The series scored such a wonderful success, going through four editions in less than three years, that the publishers were urged to have them translated into motion pictures.

It was pointed out by those interested that, not only did the colorful careers of the various historical individuals presented in the series offer splendid opportunities for genuinely interesting photoplays, but that by means of such presentation they would be brought to the educational attention of many who otherwise might never even hear of them. After an inquiry, the publishers decided to follow the suggestion, and one of the most important and progressive steps ever attempted in education in recent years was the result.

AT RIGHT:
Dolores Cassinelli, film star, who plays the role of Queen Isabella in the historical picture.

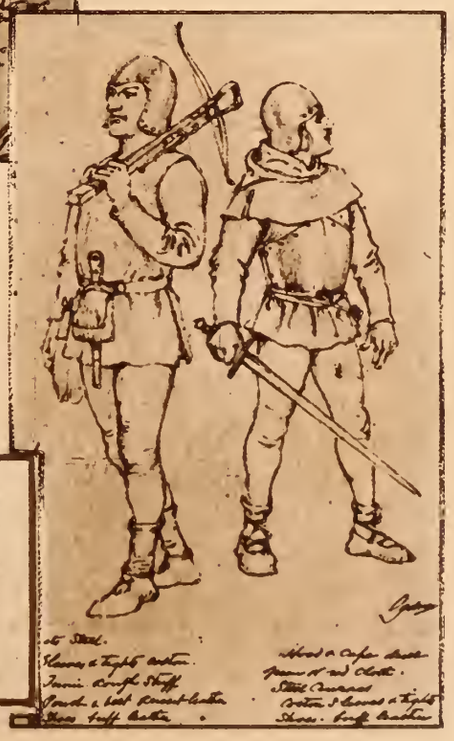
AT LEFT:
Costume sketch of Columbus, used to insure accuracy in costuming for the film.

A large staff, composed of experts from the staff of the university itself, along historical and research lines, and of men experienced and skilled in actual motion picture production was assembled, and actual production was done, several of the stages of the Vitagraph Company's Brooklyn studio being leased for that purpose. The time spent in the production of the initial feature in the series would have caused consternation among ordinary picture producers who are accustomed to allowing some six weeks for the making of each feature photoplay. Though the film depicting the career of Columbus, now finished, is only four reels in length, it has taken *two years* to make!

The reason for such painstaking is obvious. The picture in every detail of costume and setting must be so perfectly accurate that it satisfies the most exacting standards of the distinguished educators who have sponsored it. This has been done, and without in any way lessening the appeal and innate dramatic qualities of the story itself. The result is now ready to be released for exhibition throughout the country.

Though the original idea was to produce these pictures primarily for use in the classrooms and lecture halls of universities and schools, it has been decided, due to many urgent requests for such procedure, to release this first feature depicting Columbus, to the theatres for use as a regular program feature. The reception accorded it will determine to a large degree whether a like releasing policy will be followed with the forthcoming pictures of the series, the next of which—a story of Captain John Smith and old Jamestown—is now in production at the Brooklyn studio.

The experts in research and history who were, and are, engaged in the making of these features, do not in any way



Sketch of two armed sailors of Columbus' time, authentic data regarding costumes, etc., being garnered from old documents.

(Continued on page 31)

The Business of Divorce

Further Sensations of Hollywood Divorces

By TRUMAN B. HANDY

It is said that when Pauline Frederick seemed about to win in the competition for the affections of Willard Mack, Marjorie Rambeau, who was the actor-playwright's wife at the time, gracefully withdrew from the race.

EVER since the institution of divorce has become popularized, multifarious careers in motion pictures have been singularly changed.

With some it has wreaked havoc. But with others it has been the well-known "blessing in disguise."

Marriage—not necessarily divorce—brought to a sudden close one of the pictures' most promising acting careers. For, when Pauline Bush, one of the reigning satellites of ye older generation of the shadowplays, took in matrimony the more or less burly hand of Allan Dwan, she gave up professional activity altogether and settled down to the nice business of being a perfect housewife.

The Dwan-Bush nuptials came, a few years hence, more or less as a surprise to everybody but those immediately concerned. Miss Bush was a star—undeniably so. Dwan, somewhat recently recruited to the films, was trying to carve his niche of fame.

But, as it was then, he simply seemed to be an ambitious young director trying to get along.

The marriage, apparently, ran along smooth for some time. Then there began to be friction. Some of the Hollywoodites were unkind enough to say that this was because Dwan seemed to be becoming better known as a producing director. Other gossips spilled it about that he and his home-loving wife were not temperamentally suited to each other.

But, at any rate, Mrs. Dwan filed her divorce suit.

And claimed that she could be better friends with her husband if she weren't married to him.

No one has heard of her professionally for lo! these many slumpful seasons. Last rumors were that she had gone on a tour of the world, stopping off for some time in Shanghai.

But of Dwan people have heard considerable. He—together with several other ambitious directors—burst into the limelight as a producer, made a handful of pictures, and did a perfect fade-out.

Close friends of the couple say they are perfectly good friends—the best of companions.

But the ex-Mrs. Dwan, however, is living now somewhere on the other side of the world.

Some day she may decide to return to the screen—but the interval and aftermath of her marriage have served relentlessly to darken her name in the electric lights of the country's theatres.

It was her marriage that upset her star throne.

Another career that went smash with matrimony was that of Clara Whipple, who had achieved enviable fame as a writer of scenarios. For several seasons the piquant, bright-eyed little woman with a Southern drawl was the toast of Hollywood, for, in addition to being unusually clever, she was possessed of all that intrinsic charm that a long line of Dixie ancestry lends.

One fateful day she announced her engagement to James Young, the director and ex-husband of Clara Kimball Young. Theirs was the usual tale of happiness—but the screen colony, on the other hand, commenced to note that the bride was commencing to cease her writing.

Finally the crash came. It was another case of misallied temperament, for Young, according to stories told by Miss Whipple, was inclined to be hectic and irritable at various times.

Now James Young is still declaring to his intimates that he yet is in love with his former wife. And she, on the other hand, is trying, she says, to forget her matrimonial nightmare—and to get herself back in "form" to write again.

Usually the mere matter of a divorce makes little or no difference in the lives of theatrical people. For divorce, like pink pills, is easily taken, lightly assimilated and suffers no particular after-effect.

Pauline Frederick's separation from Willard Mack was particularly succulent. And, thereby hangs a tale.

The rumorists of New York's Great White Way used to tell of how, when Miss Frederick first became enamoured of Mack, the ire of Marjorie Rambeau, then his legal wife, was greatly aroused—of how Miss Frederick and she ran in ardent competition for the affections of the actor-playwright and of how, when Miss Rambeau found herself losing out in the race, she rather gracefully backed out of the whole matter.

Some time later Miss Frederick, it has been told, was asked if she were contemplating a divorce from Mack. Whereupon she replied:

"Certainly not! It cost me a small fortune to get him, and now I'll hang onto him."

But I can recall the time that she actually filed her suit for separation. Mack, it seems, had been well fortified for numerous weeks with alcoholic spirits—so much so that the peace and happiness of his household suffered considerably.

It seemed, she declared, that Mr. Mack could not stay sober. Several times it had been necessary to have him removed to a sanitorium in order to thaw him out—alcoholically speaking.

And she'd gotten tired of this, and, when the thawing expedient again became necessary—Mack then was taking the rest cure—she saw no reason why she should further *desire* him as her husband.

Of course the case got widespread publicity. Miss Frederick, I believe, announced her intention of not marrying again—but, after a couple of years had duly elapsed, she again prefixed a Mrs. to her name, and, at about the same time, Mack took unto himself a fourth wife in the person of a young, unknown actress.

When an actor has been out of pictures for some time it is extremely difficult for him to "come back." And that explains why some of the old favorites nowadays no longer illumine the silversheet.

But after his marriage to Miss Frederick, it seems that Willard Mack insisted on keeping himself constantly fortified with alcoholic spirits—so much so that the peace and happiness of his household suffered considerably.

Gossips about Hollywood said that Allan Dwan and Pauline Bush, his home-loving wife, were not temperamentally suited to each other, though even after parting they still remain the best of friends to this day.

Pauline Frederick, after her divorce from Mack, announced her intention of not marrying again, but after a couple of years had elapsed, she again prefixed a "Mrs." to her name, at about the time that Mack took unto himself a new, and fourth, wife.

ORPHANS OF THE STORM

A Thrilling Tale from D. W. Griffith's Latest Masterpiece Based on the World-Famous "Two Orphans"

NOVELIZED BY

JAMES GABELLE

WHEN Danton made his stirring appeal for recruits to save the lives of Henriette and Maurice he looked around him with eager eyes. Then he spoke as only Danton could speak. Putting his heart and soul into words. They were swept off their feet by the contagion of his enthusiasm. The head of the troops embraced Danton and kissed him on both cheeks. "We are with you to the last man," he cried, a sentiment that was cheered to the echo.

"Then let us be off at once," Danton called. "There is not a moment to lose."

Horses were saddled and a moment later the entire troop was coursing madly to the Place de la Guillotine, Danton at their head clutching the precious pardon and fervently praying that he might not arrive too late.

While this was taking place the tumbrels, loaded with prisoners, pursued their way to the place of execution. Their progress was impeded by crowds of drunken revelers who frequently stopped the carts that they might revile the hapless condemned.

At the *Couronne d'Or*, as the cart containing Henriette drew up to the tavern, its progress was delayed by a celebration in honor of the "Goddess of Reason," a worship and festival originated by Robespierre, who had enthroned a courtesan in the sacred precincts of Notre Dame where she was worshipped as the incarnation of the revolution and whose blatant-mouthed followers loudly proclaimed that, "at last the cathedral had resounded to the words of truth."

A supper of "liberty, equality and fraternity" was being celebrated, one of the many held from time to time throughout the length and breadth of the city. Tables were strung in long rows in the open air in front of the tavern, rich and costly food and choice wines confiscated from the aristocracy and bourgeoisie, were being consumed by frowsy men and half naked women. At the head of the table sat Blanche Perousse, the much flaunted goddess. She was arrayed in an imitation Greek costume, a cross between the chiton and the chamlys and upon her head was a wreath of flowers. She reeled to and fro and indulged in fits of drunken laughter from time to time. As the tumbrels hove in sight tankards were raised in salutation.

"A health to the tumbrel, feeder of *la belle Guillotine*," called a brawny, coarse-faced, half-drunken sewer rat.

"Vive la guillotine!" the others cried in unison.

They sprang to their feet clinking tankards together and then drinking the toast with gusto.

"A votre sante," cried a husky beldame raising her tankard aloft and then dashing the contents in the face of Henriette. There was a loud laugh along the line and instantly the cry was taken up with ribald shouts and obscene jests. "To your health! To your health!" they shouted and Henriette was almost drowned with the wine from their cups.

"Drink a toast to the goddess," insisted one of the revelers, reaching the half-filled cup up to Henriette. When she paid no heed, he dashed the contents into her face, half blinding her.

"You will soon be in Hell," taunted another. "When you get home kiss the devil for us."

"Tra-la-la," trilled a midinette, flourishing her cup of wine and spilling the contents in large circles. "La Guillotine is sharp medicine, but a good pain killer."

"Oh, ch!" shrieked another midinette, "what beautiful hair! When they cut off your head I'll cut off the hair and make a wig."

Moved by sudden impulse the crowd clasped hands and danced the mad Carmagnole around the tumbrel containing the orphan girl.

"Let's have another crucifixion," cried an evil looking *sans culotte* with a leer. No sooner said than done. A crown of thorns from rose branches was improvised and pressed down on the fair brow of the brave girl who uttered no sound amid this torture. Another ruffian dashed a cup of vinegar in her face while a third started to pierce her side with a sword but was stopped by one of the guards in whom all human feeling was not entirely lost. *"Canaille!"* he cried, thrusting the thorn chaplet back on the mob and pointing to Henriette's pinioned arms. "Can't you see she is but a girl and helpless!" The crowd roared in merriment at the joke.

To the indignities thrust upon her, Henriette had made no response but at this unexpected touch of human feeling from the unknown guardsman she turned with eyes brimming with tears and said with pathetic girlish earnestness:

"Thank you, dear friend. God will surely bless you for your kind heart."

"Poor little girl," the man said sorrowfully. "Poor little girl. If I could only be of help to you."

The cart was still held back by the crowd. Looking over the sea of leering, cruel faces, Henriette suddenly caught sight of Pierre and Louise. They had left the court-room directly after the sentence of death. Louise in mental agony at the impending execution of her dear sister. They had wandered along the streets, the orphan sobbing out her sorrow and the gentle-minded Pierre mingling his tears with hers. "Pierre," she cried, "dear, dear Pierre take me to her so that I can hear her sweet voice once again before they take her away forever." By accident they had stumbled on the tumbrel and the sisters were again united.

"Louise!" Henriette cried, and her joyous accents could be heard even above the din of the carmagnole.

"Henriette," gasped Louise, tugging at Pierre's arms. "It is my dear, dear Henriette. Take me to her! Oh, Pierre, Pierre, please take me to her!"

Gently the cripple led Louise to the death cart which, fortunately, just then was free, the mob having moved down to vent their malignity on de Vaudrey. Reverently Pierre placed her hands on the bound, standing figure. "It is your sister," he said.

Danton leads the chasseurs to the rescue of Henriette and the chevalier

With infinite love and gentleness the blind girl's trained fingers traveled over the dear face, now suffused with tears, that was bent down to hers. Her own eyes were founts of sorrow, too, but she choked back the sobs that sought utterance and whispered broken bits of encouragement to the girl in travail.

"Be brave, Henriette," she whispered. "Dear Henriette! Oh, my poor, dear darling! How I love you! Oh, my darling, how much I do love you!"

With a wisp of handkerchief Louise tenderly wiped away the tears from the beautiful face bending above her, her fingers all the while giving loving little pats to the quivering face. She kissed the tear-stained cheeks again and again—and then their lips met, met long and passionately. No words were spoken—there are moments when silence is eloquent and this was one of these. A sad but sweet reunion and a lasting good bye. The cart moved. The loving hearts were parted. Until the cart turned a corner Henriette could see Louise facing her, arms held out, the dearly loved form torn by sobs and Pierre bending over her, trying in vain to comfort the stricken orphan.

Arriving at the place of execution they found so many others of the condemned that they were shoved back and gruffly ordered to wait their turn.

Men and women were crowded in the windows and balconies on all four sides of the square eating and drinking, laughing, jesting and making love while the horrible drama of death far worse than ever Dante dreamed or Holbein limned, went on below.

In the center of the square stood the terrible instrument of death invented by Dr. Guillotin, a deputy, named after him, thus conferring an immortality of infamy and on which, by the irony of fate, he was the first victim. It stood on a great bare place, on a scaffolding led up to by a flight of steps; a tall massive upright with high cross pieces. A triangular gleaming knife, the size of a ploughshare, slid up and down the channels of the post.

The knife was first raised to the top of the upright and held there by a lever. The chief

(*Continued on page 27*)

"A Sincerely Passionate Woman. . ."

Pola Negri——

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This is the second of a series of articles that read the true character of popular stars by their face. (Rodolph Valentino was the first.)*

Don't miss this series. It will introduce you frankly to your favorite, just as though you were meeting him or her face to face.

CROWN of the head—indicates by its flatness a lack of veneration and spirituality, a strong impetus towards self-preservation, a desire to fight and argue for individual rights, and strong animal tendencies. The broadness of the head just below the crown shows constructive ability of a high order.

Forehead—square over the eyes indicates executive power, intensity of purpose, great physical energy, excellent memory and a magnetic talker.

Eyebrows—heavily marked and long, indicate intellectual ability, physical vigor, the wave, or the rise near the nose, shows irritability and resentment, drawn down on the outer corners they mean ambition, love of argument and a tendency to fight.

Eyes—the most remarkable feature in Pola Negri's face. Large, beautiful, deep-set and wide apart, they indicate passion, penetration, analysis, will power to a certain extent, though in their primitiveness they strongly show a lack of control. They also have power almost hypnotic.

Pola Negri

Nose-rather broad shows caution, turned up at the point indicates a loving nature and a fondness for pleasure, an artistic nature, one of original speech and action, qnick-witted and sarcastic. The wide nostrils indicate sensuousness.

Mouth—by its largeness it indicates a generous nature, its lips show passion, temper and sensitiveness, the fullness gathered in the outer corners show power, the thin upper lip indicates a quick, violent temper, the fullness in the lower lip shows a desire for affection, a love of virtue and a maternal instinct. Slightly turned up, the corners mean an ability to be witty, humorous and optimistic.

Chin—the breadth of the chin indicates physical strength, recuperative power, perseverance and tenacity of purpose. The width and depth of its bony structure shows a passionate nature, quick of action, energetic and forceful, affections easily aroused and hard to control.

The entire expression of the face, the personality that it suggests, is that of a sincerely passionate woman, kind, sensitive, dangerous if aroused, but capable of deep love.

It is a primitive rather than a subtle face, the face of an artist who can act creatures of wild moods, who can make you feel the emotions of fear, hate and passion. A woman of vitality, sincerity and temperament, she has through the innate instinct of the artist the ability to create moods. The expression of her face in the picture is totally unselfconscious, detached, thinking, feeling, a rare enough gift that power of suggestion in these days, when actresses are made, not born.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

(*Continued from page 7*)

does reach the point where he must realize that the highest of our creations do *not* evolve from within ourselves. There comes a day when a thought is projected like a bullet through your brain. That inspiration is from the beyond. It has come from on high. Some spirit has given it to us.

"Now that fact is of tremendous importance to the makers of motion pictures!

"It must not be forgotten that there are only a very few spirits who know anything about the motion picture business. It is such a new enterprise altogether, and a development of the last quarter of a century, that most of its pioneers are still alive, I suppose. The proportion of living motion picture men to dead ones is very large. A hundred years from now you would have a greater reservoir to draw from, because more will have died. Thus the motion picture business is like spiritualism in that it is just beginning to find itself. You have very few veterans on the other side.

"But even now there is a possibility of helping hands being extended, to the motion picture men not only, but to every phase of creative effort. In more elevated moments of inspiration we can contact with higher intelligences. We all know that there is an ebb and flow of inspiration. Occasionally I am convinced we can draw down mighty thoughts from mighty thinkers—artists, painters, musicians, poets who have passed away. All such material could be utilized in making better motion pictures, I should imagine. There is certainly that definite possibility and unquestionably it fits in with the general spiritual hypothesis."

There was also the possibility of motion picture stars getting spiritual assistance in delineating great roles. The wonderful actors and actresses of the past—Modjeska, Ellen Terry, Robert Keene, Booth, Barrett, Macready, Forrest—all the geniuses of the footlights might be summoned through mediumship, and their help and inspiration gained by modern players.

Sometimes, when one is listening to such an eminent scholar as Doyle discussing miracles of spiritualism in matter of fact terms, one is apt to rub one's eyes to be sure one is not dreaming. It all seems so preposterous. Motion pictures of spirit land! Stills of your dead great grandfather! Getting actors and actresses, long mouldy and rotten in their graves, to coach you in a part!

It sounds like stuff and nonsense, doesn't it? And yet, for a moment, pause and reflect!

What would your old school days' friend George Washington have told you, if you predicted to him the steam railroad, the electric railroad, the modern ocean liner, the subway, the skyscraper, the telephone, the telegraph, the phonograph, the airplane, the submarine, the radio, or the moving picture?

You know what George would have thought about you! He would have said it was all stuff and nonsense, and turned back to his chess board.

With such a record of achievement behind us, it is not wise to sneer too loudly at these men who insist that they have spoken face to face, voice to voice with their dead. Some of them rank as the foremost scientists of their time—Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir William Crookes, Charles Richet, Lombroso, Von Schrenk Notzing and a cloud of other witnesses.

In every land and clime, reports are rising constantly of the marvels wrought in seances by mediums in the condition known as trance. Inquire quietly of your neighbors and you are certain to find some one who has had a ghostly experience they cannot explain. The subject is in the air. The belief is spreading. It may all be stuff and nonsense, that is true. But again, there may be something in it.

At all events, this much is true—that some of the cleverest men of science in the world declare they have seen these spirit forms; that there are more than a thousand spirit photographs in existence, and that Von Schrenk Notzing nd his assistants did actually succeed in recording some ot the seance phenomena on motion picture film.

Now, Sir Arthur predicts that the day is coming when these authentic reports will become the common property of mankind, exhibited in every movie theatre in the land.

It is something worth waiting for, anyway!

(In a subsequent issue, Mr. Frikell, who is one of the best known spirit investigators in America, and who has exposed many fraudulent mediums, will describe an exciting seance in which he supervised an attempt to get motion pictures of the spooks for "Movie Weekly." Don't miss it!)

Lover's Delight

(*Continued from page 9*)

"Your Majesty," she answered, "has given him no other name by which I may call him."

The King lost no time in conferring on the child the title of His Grace, the Duke of St. Albans.

The people of England adored Nellie for many reasons. She never meddled in politics, never forgot her old friends, and there was something in her frank recklessness, her easy generosity, her invariable good temper, her ready wit and above all, her amazing indiscretions, that fascinated them. Charles II followed the Puritan Cromwell, the Will Hays of his time, and the people as well as the court were hungry for gaiety and the joy of living . . .

What is the secret of the extraordinary charm that after centuries comes down to us perfumed with romance—a charm so individual, so alluring, that their names have a glamor and a fascination. There seems to exist an enchanting fragrance in these bewitching vamps. Their very pictures flirt with one.

These sensational vamps of history were women of intelligence as well as passion, and most of them played the game of love fairly . . . They cultivated their minds as well as their bodies, understood politics, often used them, and, in a way, made their royal boudoirs an anteroom to Parliament.

(*Continued next week*)

ORPHANS OF THE STORM

(Continued from page 25)

functionary raised his right band as a signal to the executioner to be ready.

As he dropped his hand, one of the men pulled the guillotine rope which released the lever. Down fell the heavy knife across the neck opening of the body board to which the victim was strapped. A huge basket, filled with sawdust, received the head of the victim.

Soldiers were everywhere. The brawny executioners—naked to the waist—with hairy breasts and arms dripping with blood, like butchers in a slaughter house, went to and fro intent on their horrible tasks. Something had gone wrong. "The mechanism has gotten rusty from coagulated blood," Samson, the head executioner, explained to the chief officer, "It catches every little while." Back and forth the terrible guillotine knife hissed and sent its foreboding click. The spectators grew impatient and commenced calling for action.

Two lovely young girls, clad in once costly gowns, now frayed and soiled from prison sojourn, were kneeling on the stones of the square, saying, in default of a priest, the last offices of the church. Steadily, unfalteringly, the solemn words now freighted with tragedy rang out: "I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live again."

A stately gentleman of the old school, his hair silvery white and with a face that indicated the joy of good living, looked around him with a mildly inquisitive air. He did not seem the least degree perturbed over his approaching doom.

"Parbleau! It is bad enough to die when truffles are at their best," he muttered, "but to perish without the pleasure of a pinch of snuff. It is terrible! Good friend," he continued, with courtly grace, turning to one of the mob standing ner, "may I infringe on your good nature to the extent of a pinch of snuff?"

With a loud guffaw the fellow picked up a handful of mud and flung it full in the old gentleman's face. With perfect composure the latter wiped it off the best he could.

"Eh bien," he cried, "your hospitality overwhelms me. But no more, I beg of you. I don't like your favorite brand."

The lovers reunited

"Come, citizen," cried one of the guards. "The people's plaything works like a charm. You shall be the first this afternoon."

"It is eminently fitting," the old gentleman replied with another courtly bow. "I was always first at the court of our gracious king."

A moment later his venerable old head was in the terrible basket. "One!" cried the knitting women as they clicked their needles. "Two—three!" they counted as the girls were interrupted in their prayers and the ruthless knife dropped again and again. A thin line of blood began trickling from the basket. Henriette fell back half fainting on de Vaudrey's shoulder. A soldier roughly jerked them apart. "Citizeness, it is your turn next," he said, and half led, half dragged her up the steps to the guillotine.

"Good-bye, darling," the chevalier called. "Do not lose courage, dear heart. I'll soon be with you."

FORGET-NOT DOES HIS WORST

THE chief executioner gloated over his prospective victim, turning her round and round as a purchaser might put an animal through its paces. With admiring eyes he took in the yet scarcely budded form, the snow white skin, the cameo-like profile and the luxuriant golden hair that fell in a shower of golden ringlets. Of all her bitter experiences on that long and cruel ride, this was the worst for Henriette. She blushed with shame at the vileness of bis glance.

A pretty one, eh, Armand?" he commented.

"Best-looking one we've ever had," retorted his assistant. "Too bad they couldn't find better use for her than dessert for the Dame With the Sharp Teeth."

"To business!" snapped Samson. "I want to get through early, for we are to have a dance at Pilaff's tonight."

Henriette was strapped to the hoard, then lowered below the razor edge of the buge knife so that she lay supine with her snowy white neck underneath. Then the huge neck piece was fastened on, a round-holed cross board which prevented her from drawing back.

The preparations finished, Samson looked to the officer of the day for the signal to pull the rope. A woman's laugh on the north side of the square smote the sudden silence. It was La Frochard, who had come out to see the festivities. Picard, who stood near, took hold of a soldier's sword and jabbed it in her side. She gave a jump and rubbed the injured place, the soldier saw the deed and raising his sword, permitted Picard to give a second jab. La Frochard gave another jump and moved hurriedly away. After tbis interruption, the silence grew intense.

The chief officer was about to raise his hand as a signal when his attention was momentarily distracted. Pierre had brought Louise to the Place de la Guillotine that she might catch one fleeting word from the girl she loved more than life. She was sobbing bitterly. The horror of the crime about to be perpetrated worked upon Pierre so strongly that he broke into violent dennnciation of the revolution and all concerned, pointing his remarks with vivid Latin pantomime of horror. Suddenly he felt that he could stand it no longer. With the wild cry of the Frochard clan he drew his razor-edged dagger, leaped np the steps of the guillotine and made a frenzied attack on the nearest man, Armand, the assistant.

The latter was too astonished to defend himself. The long Provencal dagger rose and then buried itself in the naked side of the brawny human east. Wiith a deep groan the man fell, tried to rise, and then toppled over—dead.

The guards rushed up on the double-quick, while the bloodthirsty spectators screamed at one another and crowded closer to get a better view of the proceedings. Pierre was cornered as he stood there, his rage gone and only a feeling of helplessness in its stead. He could hear his mother's triumphant voice calling:

"Cochon! Cochon! You would stab your dear little brother Jacques. The pride of your poor mother's heart. Now may you die a dog's death."

If he heard her he did not heed. He was knocked down by the onrush of the soldiers. He was stabbed in the side and would have been pierced in a dozen places and the body thrown contemptuously to the ground had not the officer spoke up with a more refined cruelty and cried: "No! No! Save him for the guillotine! Save him for the guillotine!"

Pierre was tossed aside to await his fate and the chief functionary bade Samson do his duty. Nothing loath, the latter turned once more toward the guillotine, while the guardsmen overpowered de Vaudrey, who had striven to throw off the cords that bound him and rush to the rescue of Henriette. The crowd roared and pressed forward that nothing of the sport be lost. Samson was a little awkward. Death had come perilously close to him and his hands were trembling and had lost their cunning.

Apparently all hope was ended. The supreme hour was at hand. Once more a deathly silence fell on the multitude. The knitting women looked up expectantly from time to time, without missing a stitch. The thin trickle of blood had grown in volume, part of it had coagulated in bronze-brown pools. She looked up despairingly at the razor-like wedge of doom above her. With a despairing wail of "Louise! Louise!" she closed her eyes and dropped her lovely head to receive the stroke.

While tbis was occurring, Danton and his men were riding furiously, bending every energy to the end that they might arrive in time and thus save the life of the beautiful girl and the man she loved. They were given wide leeway and well that they were, for that day Danton made history.

Fearful of being balked of his prey Forget-Not rushed out and tried to stop the chasseurs, but as well strive to stop the whirl-wind. He and his myrmidons were swept aside, the vengeful judge himself narrowly escaping death under the hoofs of Danton's horse.

The troopers reached the barrier surrounding the guillotine. Orders had been sent to close the gates at the approach of the cavalry. Upon receipt of this order the commander issued his ukase and urged his men to greater haste as the sound of horses' hoofs grew louder. He deployed his men with spears and pikes across the barrier while the keeper brought the huge gates around.

Too late! One man had found an entrance and that one man was Danton. An army in himself! With his powerful arms he forced the mighty gates back. His men followed. They charged the foot soldiers and the battle that ensued was short but terrible. No mercy was given or asked. They were routed, those terrible foot soldiers, and Danton and his men swept on to the guillotine.

The chief functionary was about to give the sweeping gesture that would have sealed Henriette's doom, when Danton mounted the machine of death two steps at a time and thrust the pardon in his hand. There was the stillness of death in the vast square as the man slowly and painstakingly read the precious document. A moment later and Henriette was released. With her pardon was that of de Vaudrey also. At Danton's insistence, Pierre was set free. Danton had triumphed and they hastened to obey his every behest.

With Henriette's hand in his, Danton led her to where Louise stood transfigured with joy. She could hardly believe the glorious tidings that Pierre whispered to her. For the first time since the fateful abduction at the tavern, the two sisters embraced each other.

"Take her," Danton remarked in his kindliest accents to de Vaudrey. "I love her, too, but her love is all for you. Henceforth my greatest happiness must come from the fact that I have been able to serve her and save France from a foul blot."

EPILOGUE

SWIFT ran the red tide of revolution. The cruel, cowardly and cunning Robespierre triumphed and dealt death to the man that made him. Danton was sent to the gallows. When the fatal moment came, he looked at the guillotine for a moment and shivered, then squared back his immense shoulders. "Come, Danton, no weakness!" he cried, and marched with a firm step to the guillotine and bent his head. The prophecy he made at bis arrest was repeated from one end of France to the other and had much to do with causing the downfall of the reign of terror and the death of Robespierre.

"This time twelvemonth," he said, "I was moving the creation of that same Revolutionary tribunal. I crave pardon for it of God and man. They are all Brothers Cain—I leave the whole bnsiness in a frightful welter. Robespierre will follow me—I drag down Robespierre."

He did. In Thermidor or July, Robespierre, his broken jaw bound up with a bloody cloth, expiated his many crimes on the guillotine and all France was once more free. Then came back the old order and once more life, love and laughter could be heard in the land for which St. Genevieve toiled and Joan of Arc fought.

Among the returned emigres were the Count and Countess de Lineries. They had taken the two orphans, orphans now no longer, under their especial care. Louise has found a mother and the love lavished on Henriette is such as many a daughter might have envied. Both the count and countess center unbounded affection on their handsome nephew, Manrice de Vaudrey, through whose influence the Count de Lineries had made his peace with the existing regime. Pierre, too, is one of the family. Pierre, with bis luminous eyes and pale face that suffering had refined and chastened. Pierre found his greatest happiness in thoughts of the little blind girl who first brougbt a ray of sunshine into his bleak and suffering life.

Henriette was plucking flowers in the garden of the "Maison de Lineries," now happily restored to its rightful owners, when Pere Michael, the good old doctor of La Force, entered. She stood motionless, as did the count and countess, all waiting for the message he had for them. His face was illumined with a smile.

"I bring good news," be said gently. "The operation has been successful; the cataract removed."

There was a cry of joy from all present, a cry that was renewed as the doctor brought forth Louise. The sisters rushed to each other's arms and alternately

Picard has a jest at the expense of La Frochard

laughed and sobbed out their great joy. The parents approached and Louise was folded in the embrace of her mother. She only tore herself away from her to be folded anew by the count who loved her as though she was his own daughter. As Louise greeted Pierre with a warmth that brought joy and hope to her devoted cavalier, Henriette took her sister by the hand and led her to a handsome young man who had just joined their company.

"Dear sister," she cried, "permit me to present to your new eyes, Monsieur Maurice de Vaudrey——" then with a shy, happy smile and a meaning glance to her sister, "Do you approve of him, dear?"

Back from the storehouse of memory comes recollection of their departure for Paris and the solemn promise made by Henriette in the old Norman home, that she would never marry unless she, Louise, should approve of her choice. A sudden spirit of mischief, born of pure happiness, caused her to shake her small head and say "No!" Seeing Henriette's suffering and the almost uncontrolled agony in de Vaudrey's face, she hesitated, then used her new and blessed gift of sight to inspect the marvelous young man whose praises her dear sister never tired of singing.

Her glance took in the handsome chevalier from the top of his luxuriant brown hair to the tips of his small, aristocratic hands and feet, lingering over the large, wine-brown eyes, classic Greek features, the beautiful, sensitive, poetic face and well-built form—the chivalrous young man who was looking at her, anxiety in his eyes and a smile of affection on his lips. Henriette had not told her half, she quickly decided. With a sudden bird-like movement, she clasped Henriette with one hand, Maurice with the other, and cried out in joyous accents, "Yes, yes! By all means, yes!"

THE END.

Where the Jazz God Plays

(Continued from page 16)

but attract her attention, sent her flippant epistles full of melodramatic emotions. Needless to say, Miss Olsen never saw any of these ardent effusions. Most of the letters contained requests for her pictures.

Ten thousand souls, with one thought among them, ten thousand hearts that beat as one!—the thought of those souls being to tell Miss Olsen of their undying admiration, and the desire of those hearts being to adorn their dens and humble dwellings with the wonderful photographs of their beloved Star—photographs sent free as an advertisement from that mysterious retreat of the film world, called a studio.

Mrs. Crookes little, four-year old daughter, June, burst into the nursery at intervals to tell on Arabelle, the orphan girl who took care of her, otherwise Mrs. McDougal and I were left to ourselves. The good lady talked while she sewed.

In her youth she had known hard, pioneer days among the Indians. Later, she had pinched and saved and helped her husband until he became a rich lumberman. They had moved to Boston with their three children and invested their money in real estate. One child had died. A son, who adored his Mother, and to whom she was about to return, still resided in Boston.

Rhoda had gone on the stage. She had married and her husband had become a moving-picture director in Hollywood. At first he had received only $100. a week. Now he got $250. a week and directed Sarah Styles Sinter, a well-known Star.

He had borrowed money and built this forty-thousand-dollar apartment house. Three of the flats rented furnished at $175. a month. The third, with an inlaid dining-room set and a baby-grand player piano, rented to Floria Olsen for a much larger figure.

"Miss Olsen gets $3000. a week under contract. She spent six weeks making pictures in New York and got $7,000. a week while there. Her real name is Floria Olsen Bernstien. Her ancestors were Swedes, but she married a Jew. To the public she is the famous "Floria Olsen." My daughter is her Business Manager. Miss Olsen pays her a big salary, and she has to dress accordingly."

Mrs. McDougal had no idea she was disclosing her daughter's secret; and I could only puzzle over Mrs. Crookes' statement that Miss Olsen paid her no salary, and that she worked for her only as a friend.

A few weeks later, Arabelle, the girl who did the housework, smiled knowingly.

"My room is next to the living-room. I can't help hearing Mrs. Crookes' conversations with Miss Olsen when they are in there. Beside this, Mrs. Crookes leaves her checks and accounts all over the desk for me to straighten out when I dust. Miss Olsen engaged Rhoda Crookes to attend to her telephone, shopping and letters at $25. a week. Then Miss Olsen increased her salary to $50. a week; and now, since she superintends all Miss Olsen's entertaining, she gets $75. a week. She does not want it known she receives a salary beacuse she is afraid she might be called Miss Olsen's secretary. She tells the lie about doing the work for nothing in order to stay on a social equality with Miss Olsen's friends."

Arabelle had a wise little brain. Her position in the Crookes' household was not an enviable one. At fourteen years of age, Mrs. Crookes had assisted her from an orphan asylum to do the drudgery and become June's caretaker. She was supposed to be treated as a member of the family.

For three years she had waited on Mrs. Crookes like a personal maid. At times of illness or trouble, Rhoda confided in the girl as she would a bosom friend, but to strangers she spoke of her as an irresponsible creature who might elope with the butcher's boy any day.

Mr. Crookes generously stated that he thought as much of Arabelle as if she were his own daughter. On other occasions, when he desired to give the impression of domestic affluence, he described her haughtily as "the maid."

"Arabelle, do this," and "Arabelle, do that," echoed through the Crookes' flat from morning till evening. She cooked and washed dishes; waited on table and cared for June; swept and dusted; ran the vacuum cleaner and did the marketing, beside a thousand and one little errands that kept her feet constantly trotting. She answered the telephone and the doorbells, paid most of the hills and haggled with vegetable man and fruit venders.

Rhoda was shrewd enough to send turkeys and gifts to the orphanage on holidays. Had Arabelle offered any complaints to her guardians, those dignitaries would, without doubt, have turned away with deaf ears. She could only long for her eighteenth birthday, a date set by law for her freedom from blind charity, and the cruel trap of Rhoda Crookes' temperamental oppression.

CHAPTER 2

Something to Eat.

THE only chance I have to see my husband alone is at meal times. Would you mind getting your own breakfasts and suppers and eating in the kitchen when he is here?"

With this question, Mrs. Crookes settled the matter as effectually as with a command.

"I'm gone a good deal, so write down the things you want, and I'll order them."

Somehow, I quailed at the thought of asking for anything, and while Mrs. McDougal was in the house, I had no occasion to do so.

At 5:30 or 6:00 in the morning the procession of meals began.

With piercing screams, Jack Crookes, age five months, made known his desire for food. His bassinette was beside the wall near a door that opened into his parents' room. On the other side of the wall stood the beds where John and Rhoda Crookes enjoyed their morning siesta after gay nights of revel, dancing, theatre-going or gambling.

"Doesn't the baby awaken them with his crying while you are heating his bottle?" I asked fearfully.

"Don't worry," answered Mrs. McDougal, "they are too tired to wake up, and if they do, it serves them right for not planning a place for children when they built this fine house. There's no yard for June to play in, and no place for Jack to cry."

After Jack's appetite was satisfied with his bottle, Mrs. McDougal prepared her own breakfast before anyone stirred. Next, Arabelle dressed June and bundled her off to the kitchen.

With howls and protestations, she watched Arabelle cook her egg and toast. With howls and protestations, she swallowed, or refused to swallow what Arabelle set before her. Mrs. McDougal hushed her with bribes of candy or fruit, and Arabelle hurried her out into the cement court to play, in order to snatch her own breakfast in peace.

The kitchen at last, being free from turmoil, I cooked my breakfast and ran back into the nursery.

At 8:30 John Crookes usually took his coffee and eggs alone in the dining-room. Breakfast over, he got out his automobile and started for the studio.

Between 9:30 and noon Mrs. Crookes had tea and toast.

The seven breakfasts followed one another in single file like ducks going down to the pond.

Mr. Crookes was never home in the middle of the day, and Mrs. Crookes invariably ate her lunch upstairs with Miss Olsen. The rest of us had a nerve-racking, noon-tide repast in the dining-room.

June screamed if Arabelle cut her meat, or if she failed to cut it. She played with her food and threw bread on the floor. She shrieked for her Mother and shouted for more butter. Mrs. McDougal wheedled and argued in vain; and at last the poor Grandmother, in sheer desperation, gave her the dessert first, or put a lollypop into her mouth like a cork to stop up the noises.

In appearance, June resembled nothing so much as a Raphael cherub stepped down from the canvas; but her actions were like a surprise package of fireworks into which someone had thrust a lighted match.

At night, Mrs. McDougal, Arabelle, June, Jack and I, had five suppers in a succession similar to the breakfasts.

Mr. and Mrs. Crookes took their dinners at a restaurant or upstairs with Floria Olsen, unless Arabelle was ordered to cook for them at home. Quite frequently there were parties given for Miss Olsen, with directors and stars of her acquaintance. For these, caterers were hired at $5.00 or $10.00 an evening according to the importance of the people entertained. Roast squabs, green peas, candied sweet potatoes, pink, jellied apples, caviare and prune whip were among the dishes often prepared for these occasions. To this day I wonder why, no matter what other dessert might be on the table, Mrs. Crookes always had prune whip set before her guests. There was one memorable salad. It consisted of a slice of canned pineapple adorned with strips of pimento. The center of the pineapple was heaped with mayonnaise, and near the edge of the plate was a round of Dutch cheese that you mistook for a marshmallow. To the eye it appeared as an artistic delight. To the palate it was a dire flavor you could not eradicate.

The day after Mrs. McDougal left, June and Arabelle were eating lunch alone in the dining-room. I had been delayed in the nursery. All at once the air was pierced by screams so loud and penetrating that I rushed to the scene.

June had swallowed a fishbone and declared it was stuck in her throat. I gave her the old remedy of bread, while Arabelle attempted to reach Mr. and Mrs. Crookes on the telephone. She failed to get them and June stopped choking, but nothing could quiet her screams. We were forbidden to call a doctor and the Christian Science Practitioner was in New York. No bone was visible in her throat but her screams continued at intervals during the afternoon.

"I swallowed a jagger!" wailed June upon her Father's return from the studio.

"There isn't any such thing. What do you mean by jagger?" asked her father.

"There was a jagger in my fish," explained June.

"No, no," corrected her Father impatiently, "There isn't any such word in the dictionary."

"But it hurt. It was a hig jagger!" persisted the child.

"Don't say jagger again or I'll send you to bed!" shouted the Director.

"Jagger!" June whispered the fatal word softly as though hypnotized by the sound.

"Arabelle, put her to bed. She's got to learn not to say 'jagger' to me. She needs to go to bed early tonight, anyway," he added in an attempt to excuse his harsh treatment of his little daughter.

"Come here, June, and kiss Daddy good night."

The little form nestled into his arms. June loved her Father in spite of his nagging.

The young director would not have felt complimented had an alienist informed him that his little girl was simply a bundle of over-wrought nerves like himself.

After Mrs. McDougal's departure, eggs and fruit were always on hand in the refrigerator, but there was never any cereal in the house, and finally I asked for a package of Shredded Wheat. It was bought and placed in a long, low cupboard near the floor. In a few days it was found to be infested hy weevils, and was promptly returned to the grocery in exchange for a new package. The second package was also inhabited, and I threw it down the incinerator.

One day I went down to the bin for some flour to thicken the soup. A whole colony of tiny weevils had made the white flour their permanent abode.

By this time I had learned that Mrs. Crookes never wanted to be bothered about household affairs. I could not take the responsibility of throwing away such a quantity of flour without permission, even if it were filled with insects.

The next morning while Mrs. Crookes still slept, Mr. Crookes was eating his breakfast alone.

I put the flour bin on the floor in the middle of the kitchen.

"Mr. Crookes, will you please come here a moment?" He arose quickly with a smile.

"This flour is full of weevils. May I throw it down the incinerator?"

The trim figure of the moving-picture director bent over the flour bin. He eyed the multitude of brown specks closely.

"How did it get that way?" he gasped as he examined the flour in astonishment.

"Because your wife never looks over her supplies and allows stale things to accumulate!" I wanted to hurl at him, but I merely answered politely:

"I suppose they were in some package from the grocery and have spread."

"Throw it away by all means," he said and turned on his heel.

The bin was cleaned and scalded and new flour installed.

Each morning, Arabelle and I made out a list of the things we needed, and then Mrs. Crookes gave Arabelle a little change and sent her off to do the buying.

A new package of triscuit was placed in the cupboard, and I had triscuit and cream for breakfast. I had enjoyed eating half of it when, for the third time, I discovered I was eating weevils. I had submitted graciously to having my meals in the kitchen, but I refused to subsist on bugs.

As soon as Jack was asleep in his carriage, I attacked the cupboard. A wide shelf ran across one side of the large kitchen. Under this shelf was a long, low cupboard consisting of two hidden shelves like the one above. I set the doors wide open and began with furor to remove the bags, packages, jars and cans that tired, little Arielle had neither time nor inclination to sort and arrange. I looked the things over carefully, and all infested articles were tucked jubilantly down the incinerator. Cans, swollen with fermented contents, followed the weevilly packages, and we were doubtless save from ptomaine graves.

No edible goods were supposed to be placed on the lower shelf, but after one glance, I knew that it must be cleaned. Even where there was no food, weevils crawled over everything. Myriads of the tiny insects had hatched in that cupboard and were crawling slowly about on the boxes, stored-away bric-a-brac and odd pieces of silver with which the shelf was cluttered.

The ice-cream freezer and a tall cut-glass vase stood side by side in front of one corner. When these two faithful guardians were removed, I saw they had successfully concealed six bottles of Gordon's Dry Gin.

Possessed by a mischievous desire to let Mrs. Crookes know of my discovery, I approached her in the living-room.

"This morning, for the third time, I breakfasted on weevils, so I cleaned the top shelf of the cupoard. I wish you would please come out and see what I am doing, and see whether you would like to have me continue the cleaning."

"She followed me to the kitchen. The gin stood in plain sight.

"Do you wish me to remove Mr. Crookes' gin and begin on the lower shelf?" I asked pleasantly.

"It isn't Mr. Crookes' gin," she denied viciously. "Pierre LeBlanc keeks it here for his cocktails. Why did you begin to clean the cupboard this morning?"

"I do not relish weevils in my food. Beside, they are already burrowing in your new flour."

I tipped the bin that she might observe for herself.

"Yes, yes," she said impatiently, "but there are no weevils on those bottles. Dont' touch the gin. Leave the lower shelf alone."

"It is useless to clean the upper shelf without doing the lower one. The weevils are crawling even on the gin bottles. Please look."

She could not deny it—there were the weevils.

"Well, go ahead if you want to. With Arabelle doing the washing and company to dinner tonight, you could not have chosen a worse day."

She slammed the door, and the whirlwind was gone.

The washing and company may have had some connection with the weevils and the cleaning. Just what I never could find out.

In a few minutes I had removed the various articles from the shelf. Last of all, I took out a paper roll containing the ancestors of the entire weevil family. It was a bundle of ancient spaghetti, riddled with holes and swarming with hundreds and hundreds of children, parents, grandparents and great-grandparents of that wandering weevil tribe.

"Oh, yes," remarked Arabelle. "I remember now, Mrs. Crookes put that spaghetti in there about a year ago." With a teasooon. I carefully picked the remaining weevils out of the new flour.

"She didn't thank you for cleaning the cupboard, did she?" said Arabelle sarcastically.

"Well, dear," I replied, "at least we shall not eat any more weevils."

CHAPTER 3

"Scrapheaps of Modesty"

JACK would not go to sleep with a light in the nursery. It was useless to remain there.

I was tired of sitting in the kitchen and ventured into the dusk of the dining-room.

The rich, blue-velvet portiers between the dining-room and the living-room were wide apart.

Mr. Crookes was in the kitchen, as usual at this hour, shaking a cocktail (and it was not prohibition cocktail, either!).

Rhoda Crookes, eternal chaperon for Floria and her lovers, was drumming a silly, jazz tune on the piano. The divorce proceedings of Madam Floria Olsen Bernstien had only just begun, and although Mr. Bern-

(Continued on page 30)

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My Biggest Thrill

By BERT LYTELL

Featured Player in Paramount Pictures

Thrills, I've had a lot of 'em. But the best was when I beat William Tilden II in five consecutive sets of tennis. I was

Bert Lytell (right) and William Tilden discuss Tilden's successes at tennis.

swinging a mean racket that day—the big boy didn't have a chance. And then I woke up!

Where the Jazz God Plays

(*Continued from page* 28)

stien, her second husband, was safely ensconced at the Embassador Hotel, Rhoda Crookes' presence was still required that the world might not gossip.

Pierre LeBlanc sat erect on the Davenport ardently gazing at Floria Olsen who was seated, like a slender queen, in a large, straight arm-chair almost in the center of the room. At her left was a spindling stand on which reposed two exquisitely-bound, little books—"The Other Wise Man," by Henry Van Dyke, and Drummond's, "The Greatest Thing in the World"—Christmas gifts from the Christian Science Practitioner to Mrs Crookes. Into a small, painted, glass bowl beside the books, Floria Olsen flicked cigarette ashes with the grace of a Cleopatra.

Her dark, bobbed hair had been waved and petted by the hairdresser until no one would know it was bobbed. It was done close to her head—every wave in place and glossy with brilliantine. Tonight she wore a pale complexion. I say "wore" because she varied the color of her complexion almost every evening to suit the artistic requirements of each elaborate toilette.

She looked at Pierre LeBlanc, her dreamy, almond-shaped eyes, in frames of beaded lashes, half-closed with pretended delight of the cigarette she was smoking.

In front, from her armpits to well below the knees, her form was sheathed in a black gown resplendent with silver spangles. Her slender throat, her dainty arms and girlish chest, were bare.

She was discussing the merits of certain cigarette brands with Pierre LeBlanc, occasionally giving him a Floria Olsen half-smile that displayed her white, beautiful teeth.

With serpentine grace, she arose from her chair, crossed the room for some trifle and disclosed her back—not the back of her dress, but her unclothed back, naked to the waist.

A gentle-woman in the same stage of nudity might have appeared shocking but this decollete costume was so entirely in keeping with her character and figure, it gave me that feeling one gets in art gallaries—Floria Olsen Bernstien's back was the most natural thing in the world!

But the startling absurdity that Etta Rosenthal's green-silk pajamas lent to the Hollywood landscape, remains with me to this day.

The Crookes' apartment house had been built, ostensibly to conceal its identity. To a casual observer, it appeared like a superb, private mansion set on a street corner. There were no grounds save a tiny lawn with a few flowers and shrubs around the house. Of red-brown stucco, a massive and imposing villa it stood, with a great banana tree at one side. The four front entrances were adroitly scattered about, and you had to examine it closely before you discovered it was really an apartment house.

A long veranda with cement arches ran across the front. In the center, in full view of the street or the neighbors, was a convenient cement seat. One hot day in September, I sat down on it for a few moments with Jack.

Suddenly, Etta Rosenthal's apartment door swung open, and out popped Etta herself, arrayed in a suit of bright-green pajamas—green with all the greenness of green grass in June! Out into the sunlight she frisked, scintillating, shining, in green-silk pajamas for the eyes of all Hollywood to see.

"Run back quick, quick and hide!" I wanted to shout at her, but courtesy forbade—and had I, a New England girl, but known it, Hollywood blase and beautiful would hardly have turned twice to look.

"It's such a hot day, I don't see how you live in those clothes," Mrs. Rosenthal burbled. "I manage to keep cool by wearing only my pajamas and sandals."

Anyone, even at a distance, could observe that she told the truth.

She fussed over Jack till I thought he would smother. She almost poked her nose in his eyes, while he clutched at her "permanent waves" and pulled at the green silk with his tiny hands.

"I'd love to play a while longer," she chortled, "but I'm must go and see to my Willie. I know he's into mischief, he's so quiet. His nurse has the afternoon off."

Like an elf from Erin, the little Jewess pranced back and shut the door. I looked around hastily and breathed a sigh of relief.

Not a soul was in sight.

The pajamas were gone.

One forenoon, the garage on the opposite side of the street caught on fire and everyone rushed through the back gate to see. Maids left their duties, nurses their babies, and Mrs. Tanner, in the apartment above ours, left her bed. In trailing nightgown and slippers, with a coat draped over her shoulders she ran at the call of alarm.

The fire was soon extinguished; but the sight of Mrs. Tanner on the front steps in her nightgown, shocked Lily Mulberry, the colored woman who was doing our ironing, almost beyond recovery.

"Let de good Lord look down wid displeasure on His handiwork—" she muttered as she resumed her labor, "an speak wid a loud voice to de ladies dat stan's up befo' all dey neighbors an' de fiah engine, in de scandalation o dey bedtime nightclothes! Let Him plaster up wid disgrace de names ob dose who wears jes' dey skin wid a coat an' a peek-a-boo nuffin'ness to hide de iniquity ob dey souls!"

"How many times have you come to Hollywood, Lily?" I ventured.

"Two times, mam, dis Thursday. Hit take me jes' one nour an' a half frum whar I lives to git out to de shame ob de Hollywood white folks what sacrifices dier 'spectability on de scrapheaps ob modesty!"

"And if you come a few times more, you will never be shocked by anything again."

"No, mam, I ain't dat kind. I was brung up neber to wear my nightgown in de middle ob de day 'cept fo' sickness."

I trembled for what poor Lily might yet behold in those Movieland flats. I wondered what comment she would have made had she seen Mrs. Crookes one morning as I saw her, conversing with the chauffeur.

Speaking of chauffeurs, there had been five of them within a period of months. They were really very capable chauffeurs, all of them, but they soon discovered there were a few drawbacks to driving even for such a celebrity as Floria Olsen.

Mr. Bernstein had given his wife a Stutz car. She had recently sold it, and had bought in its place, a pale-green Pierce-Arrow. This she drove herself. The chauffeur was required to drive the Cadillac, a handsome limousine lined with gray plush and ornamented with silver trimmings.

During the day, while Miss Olsen was at the studio and did not require the services of her chauffeur, he and the limousine were at the disposal of Mrs. Crookes. From eight in the morning until midnight, or possibly 3:30 A. M. he was at the beck and call of these two ladies and their sometimes erratic whims.

One of the discharged chauffeurs had refused to clean the car because he was kept busy from early morning till late at night.

SMILES WIN! in the series of

Movie Weekly's POPULAR GIRL CONTESTS

Olga Benrud, Milnor, N. Dak.

Miss Olga Benrud, a winsome freshman in High School was the lucky girl at the Iris Theatre where a "Movie Weekly" Popular Girl Contest was held recently. From the report we received from the manager of the theatre, Mr. Nordstrum, we understand the contest was a lively affair and that Miss Benrud had a close running opponent in the person of Miss Leva Fricke. However, when the contest was decided, Miss Benrud came out first with 22,400 votes and a plurality of about 7,500. She was the happy recipient of a solid gold ring and a season's pass to the Iris Theatre.

Buelah Hampton, Yellow Springs, O.

The girl with the mischievous smile in Yellow Springs, Ohio, is little Buelah Hampton, winner of the "Movie Weekly" Popular Girl Contest conducted at the Princess Theatre in that town. At the beginning of the contest Miss Hampton was at the foot of he list of contestants bnt she smiled all the while and her friends saw to it that she came out the first winner with 12,280 voes to her credit, which was about one-third of all the votes cast. She was awarded a season's pass to the Princess Theatre.

Varnell Overbey, Lamar, Ark.

Miss Varnell Overbey, the girl with the charming smile is winner of the "Movie Weekly" Popular Girl Contest run at the Electric Theatre in Lamar, Ark. In this town the contest is a real event and Mr. Henderson, the Electric's manager tells us that both Miss Overbey and her opponent Miss Frieda Webb had excellent support. When the contest closed Miss Overbey received 42,650 votes with a plurality of over 9,000. She was warded a beautiful white ivory comb and brush. Miss Webb was also generously remembered by Mr. Henderson in consideration of the fact that she was a close second.

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Another had polished the Cadillac faithfully, but had balked at sitting around shivering and half-asleep in the long hours toward dawn.

Then there was the expert chauffeur not acquainted with the traffic policeman. Twice he had been arrested for over-speeding; a third time meant the loss of his license. He kept within the speed limit and lost his job.

Louis, a saucy, little fellow, "in good with the traffic cops" as he called it, drove at breag-neck speed. It was said he had driven two years for Charlie Chaplin. He gratified Miss Olsen's desire for swiftness in reaching destinations, dashed madly through streets and boulevards and boasted he tipped off the traffic officers with cigars and drinks. He must have done something, for he was never molested. But his batred of Mrs. Crookes and his impertinent tongue cost him his position.

When Hayes, gray-haired and dignified, took bis turn at the wheel, Mrs. Crookes filled his head full of errands and his back full of aches. He never escaped her vigilance. She shouted orders at him until he must have been dizzy, but he bore it without murmuring for days.

Rhoda Crookes' bedroom door was always wide open. About 9:80 one morning, I was obliged to speak to her. I paused in the hall. At that moment, Hayes went past on theh walk outside her window. Like a flash, she tore off the bedclothes and sprang to his side. I say, "to his side," for the curtains were up and he was about two feet from the window.

Garbed in a diapbanous, French nightgown, she proceded to fling at him her orders for the day. With respectful English gravity, he attempted to listen with one ear, while he kept his eyes riveted on a distant mountain peak—a vista between the white mansions of our neigbbors.

What he thought, I cannot conjecture, but I said to myself: "The women of the Hollywood Movie Colony are returning to the attire of the ancient Greeks, not slowly, but with Hollywood acceleration, are they returning to the simple, but scanty attire of the ancient Greeks!

As my room was also the nursery, Mrs. Crookes entered it unannounced whenever she desired to do so. I did not use it for dressing purposes as I had a large closet with an electric light. She eame into my room one evening and noticed I had drawn my shades down to within about four inches of the sill.

"Oh, Miss Paige," she cried, "if I were you, I would pull my curtains clear down. Theh colored people pass by you know, and someone might see you!"

I nodded my head and smiled.

I thought of Lily Mulbery and wondered whether, if she had seen my window shades up that tiny bit, she would have included me with the "Hollywood white folks what sacrifices dier 'spectability on de scrapheaps ob modesty!"

(Concluded next week)

Christopher Columbus Breaks Into the Movies

(Continued from page 23)

attempt to try their naturally inexperienced hands at the actual details of acting, lights, and other technical phases of the work before the camera. Their province is only to insure that the costuming, settings, and other such historical considerations are accurate in every way, and all actual technical details are left in the hands of the men who have been retained because of their long experience and skill in such a field. Arthur Edwin Krows, formerly of the Famous Players-Lasky Company, and a motion picture editor of many years experience, is Managing Editor of the Chronicles of America Pictures Company, and has prepared all the continuities, or stories, upon which the actual filming has been done. Mr. Carlisle Ellis, well-known as a director of industrial reels, was engaged to direct the first film in the series, but for reasons not announced, resigned after but a very little "shooting" had been done and his successor has not been announced as yet.

Future subjects planned for early production by the company include the Jamestown story upon which they are now working, New England episodes, Revolutionary incidents, and others of like nature, each built about the individuality of some single noted character of the period depicted, up to and including the present day. Present plans call for a total of one hundred reels of film altogether, but it is possible that this may be exceeded if the occasion seems to warrant it.

The keynote of the entire series is given by one of its sponsors as being to eliminate all "distortion of facts and propaganda," both of which evils have been so noticeable in previous films that have touched upon American history, and to present a series of dramatically attractive films that will be "one hundred per cent American, and one hundred per cent true to fact."

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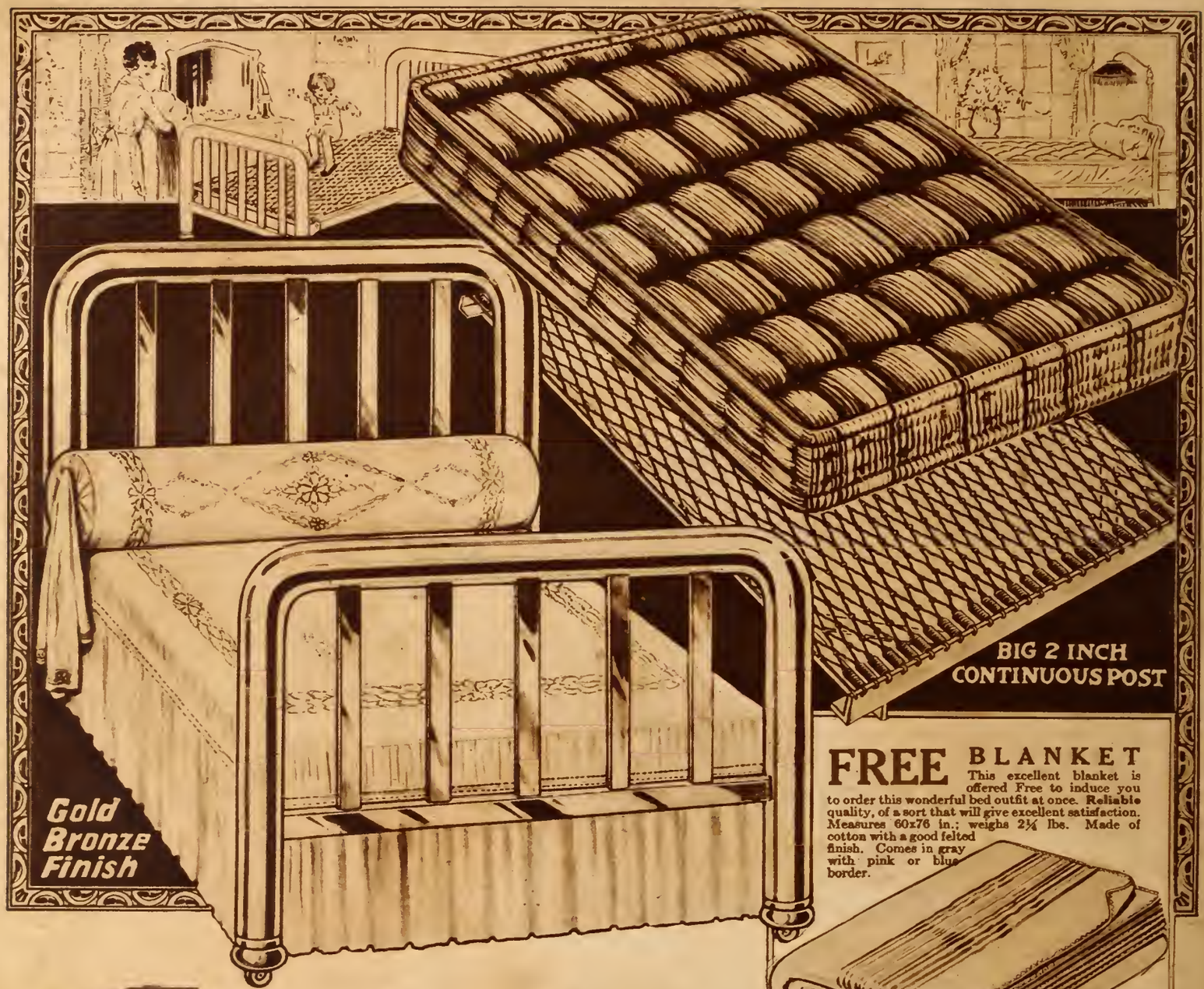

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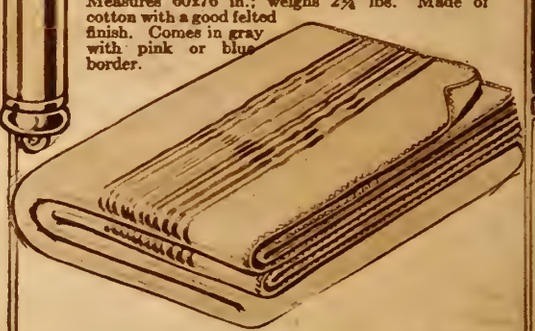

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The Inside Truth About Fatty Arbuckle - page 6

MOVIE WEEKLY

July 29 1922 10¢

Movie Weekly's Stupendous Personality–Opportunity Contest

Betty Compson
photo by Donald B. Keyes

Vol. II. MOVIE WEEKLY No. 25
PRINTED IN U.S.A.

Those Startling Movie Salaries

THE Silly Season is now on, and throughout the land sundry gentlemen are rising up on their hind legs and wailing in loud and anguished tones about the stupendous, sinful, and unearned salaries that are supposedly being paid to moving picture players.

The epidemic even extends to the august halls of the United States Congress, where only the other day a certain distinguished legislator indulged in a burst of tearful oratory to the effect that: "Only a few years ago these picture stars were young men and young women who were only too glad to work for ten or twenty dollars a week. And now today you permit them to be the people from which the youth of the nation draw their ideals.

The charming idiocy of this outburst is so obvious that it hardly requires mention. Lincoln once worked for somewhat less than *three* dollars a week, and yet he has been the ideal of American youth for sixty years, without any very serious detriment to that youth. It is even possible that the distinguished legislator who made the epic remark we have quoted, may have himself once been glad to work for "ten or twenty dollars" a week, in spite of which reprehensible fact we still allow him to sit in Congress to make our laws, if not our ideals.

But the majority of the individuals who are making the welkin ring, have another and deeper reason for their anguished wail. Their grievance is not in the paltry wages that stars once drew, but in the awful salaries that they now draw. The argument of these gentry apparently runs something like this: "Charlie Chaplin gets more money than the President of Yale University receives—therefore, our American civilization is without a doubt tottering on its throne!"

They point with righteous horror to the fact that many of the young luminaries of the silver sheet would probably still be behind the ribbon-counter or the soda fountain were it not for the movies, that a college education in the ranks of the stars is enough of a rarity to excite comment when it occurs, and that many players would hardly earn their bread and butter in any work off the screen. And, the reformers wail, it is to such "dumb-bells" and "dumb-belles" that we are paying a veritable king's ranson each week! Terrible!

The agonized gentry are partly right. Possibly a good many stars would have a hard time earning a very large salary in any other line of endeavor than their chosen work. College diplomas are rather a rarity among picture players, but most movie stars are very far from being "dumb-bells." However, it wouldn't have a thing in the world to do with the subject if they actually were as illiterate and ignorant as their assailants would have us believe.

There are even several cases in existence where comedians, slap-stick and otherwise, do receive more than college presidents. But this also has nothing whatever to do with the subject. Because the reformers are overlooking one rather important factor in the situation. Some movie comedians receive more than college presidents—for the excellent reason that they are worth more than the college presidents. Did you ever think of it that way before?

Laying all questions of mere sentiment to one side, there is but one basis upon which wages in this world are paid—viz., in direct proportion for *value received*. This immutable law of economics applies to movie comedian and college president alike. If the former receives a greater wage, it is for the sole reason that, in the judgment of the world, he is giving greater value for that wage. That value may have nothing to do with his academic or intellectual value to the world. The work of the college president may admittedly be of far more benefit to the intellectual welfare and progress of the world and to posterity, but the comedian is satisfying the daily desire of millions for amusement. Transitory as the value he gives may be, yet it is genuine value because it supplies a desire and, owing to his far greater clientele, his wage is accordingly in excess of that allotted the college man.

And to argue that a movie star should not be paid a high salary because he may be ignorant of logarithms and archaeology is almost as intelligent as to assert that Babe Ruth should not be paid a large salary for hitting home-runs because of the fact that Babe might not be a howling success as a collegiate instructor in pathology.

Exit "Artistic Temperament"

In Rule 4 of the rules and regulations of the Paramount Stock Company we find:

"Although the stock in trade of members of this company is their ability to portray their emotions, the place for it is on the screen, not in the studio. Temperament is a valuable asset, but temperament uncontrolled is a nuisance to yourself and everybody about you."

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Girls—Ask the Manager of Your Movie Theatre

About Movie Weekly's Big Opportunity Contest

The Blonde-Brunette Vampire War

All About The Picture Job

"MISS VAMP WINNER," cries Director Ray Smallwood, of the Pyramid Pictures, "are you ready for this scene?"

One of the winners of "Movie Weekly's BLONDE-BRUNETTE VAMPIRE CONTEST steps forward in Pyramid's Long Island Studio, ready for work at a salary of $100 a week.

Director Smallwood looks at her closely, but she returns his look calmly. She has no fear of playing for the first time before a motion picture camera in a cast of stars and well-known players. Mr. Smallwood has had her in charge for a week or so, teaching her the fundamentals of picture work. He knows how to introduce a girl who has talent and may develop into quite a player.

"Camera!" orders Director Smallwood.

"LIGHTS!"

The lights flare, the cameraman cranks his camera, the big scene is on.

BUT WHAT IS THE NAME OF OUR MOTION PICTURE WINNER? Hurry and send your pictures and one hundred-word statement on "The Art of Luring—Why I know How" to the VAMPIRE EDITOR. The contest closes October 7, 1922, but we are going to publish photographs and statements from possible winners as fast as they come in and the judges select possibilities from them.

To Be Eligible to MOVIE WEEKLY'S Blonde-Brunette Vampire Contest

(1) You must be a natural blonde.

(2) You must be a natural brunette.

(3) The auburn, or red head, girls are included with the blondes.

(4) Photograph requirements:

(a) Send in a full figure of yourself clothed in an attractive frock that does you justice.

(b) Send in full gure which gives good idea of your figure. We suggest you be attired in a one piece bathing suit or something along this line that will show your form to excellent advantage.

(*Concluded on third column, this page*)

Mustering Recruits for Personality Opportunity On Stage and Screen

An Open Letter to Your Motion Picture Theatre Manager

Dear Mr. Motion Picture Theatre Manager:

Are there girls among the many who come to your theatre who would like a motion picture or a stage job?

THERE MUST BE.

"Movie Weekly" will send to you, Mr. Theatre Manager, full particulars of our BLONDE - BRUNETTE VAMPIRE CONTEST, upon receipt of a letter requesting these details. THE WINNERS OF THIS CONTEST MAY COME TO YOUR THEATRE EVERY DAY. Try to find them. Let us co-operate with you.

Help them get a job with the Pyramid Picture Company at a salary of $100.00 a week or a job with Ed Wynn "The Perfect Fool." Both positions may lead to big things for these girls. It depends upon them and the ability they display.

YOU WILL BE HELPING SOME GIRL, OR TWO GIRLS, WIN A BIG OPPORTUNITY THAT MAY NEVER COME AGAIN.

Write to us. We are at your service, as well as that of the girls.

Sincerely yours,

EDITOR, "Movie Weekly,"
119 West 40th Street,
New York City.

All About The Stage Job

"CURTAIN in fifteen minutes!" a singsong voice calls through the hall on each side of which are the theatre dressing rooms, wherein members of the cast of Ed Wynn's "The Perfect Fool," are making up for the regular evening performance.

Look among the girls. One of them, we can't see her face, is one of "Movie Weekly's" BLONDE-BRUNETTE VAMPIRE CONTEST winners. What is her name? Perhaps you who read are she.

But look again at the veiled face of our Lucky Winner. She isn't ill at ease among the other girls who have had more experience on the stage than herself. There is no need for her to be.

Julian Mitchell, stage director for Ed Wynn, has taken her in hand and taught her the fundamentals of stage work. She knows makeup, how to dress to the best advantage, how to conduct herself, how to smile—she is *capable*.

BUT WHAT IS THE NAME OF OUR STAGE WINNER? Hurry and send your pictures and one hundred-word statement on "The Art of Luring—Why I Know How" to the VAMPIRE EDITOR. The contest closes October 7, 1922, but we are going to publish photographs and statements from possible winners as fast as they come in and the judges select possibilities from them.

TO BE ELIGIBLE
(*Concluded*)

(c) Send in closeup of your full face.

(d) Send in closeup of your profile. *These pictures must be no larger than 8 inches by 10 inches; no smaller than 5 inches by 7 inches.*

(5) Attached to these four photographs must be your hundred-word statement, entitled: "The Art of Luring—Why I Know How." It must be typewritten, on one side of a sheet no larger than letter-head size.

(6) Professional actresses are barred from the contest.

(7) Amateur players are welcome.

(8) Photographs and hundred-word statement can be submitted only once. No changes will be allowed after material has been received.

(9) Address photographs and hundred word statement to VAMPIRE EDITOR, "Movie Weekly," 119 West 40th Street, New York City, and send it first class mail.

MOVIE WEEKLY'S OPPORTUNITY

Anita Furman, one of the dancers with Ed Wynn's "The Perfect Fool."

Have You a Lovely Figure, Misses Vamp Winners?

These pictures of girls in Ed Wynn's "The Perfect Fool," will give you an idea how to have your photograph taken for the full figure that will show you off to splendid advantage.

Madge McCarthy one of the Ed Wynn "Perfect Fool" beauties.

ABOVE:
Ed Wynn, "The Perfect Fool," assumes one of his many disguises in a scene in his play.

AT RIGHT:
A closeup of Estelle Penning, one of the girls in Ed Wynn's show.

Another closeup of Miss McCarthy.

STUPENDOUS PERSONALITY CONTEST

WHITE

A full face closeup of De Sacia Mooers.

A blonde is a go-getter. Miss Mooers, in a scene from her picture, "The Blonde Vampire," demonstrates how she subjugated the man in the end.

A brunette isn't an idler, either. Take a look at Betty Blythe, as she appears in a scene from her Pyramid production, "His Wife's Husband."

C. H. MONROE

A profile closeup of Betty Blythe.

DE SACIA MOOERS ADVISES THE BLONDES

WHAT is sex lure? Sex lure is the appeal of the sexes.

But just what is this appeal? It is a subtle charm. Being subtle, words are clumsy. I can explain myself best with an actual example.

I know a girl, a blonde by the way, who has traveled extensively, keenly observed peoples and the rich, artistic offerings of the Continent. She has subtle charm.

This girl, in a room with a number of other girls, is languid, indolent, indifferent to what is said or to what is going on around her. A man enters.

With a jerk she sits erect, only to fall gracefully into a position that shows to advantage the lovely curves of her body. During the course of the conversation she casually raises an arm and rests it softly behind her head. The flowing sleeve of her frock falls back and the lovely roundness of her curved white arm is seen. Seeming careless, but very effective.

Perhaps she wishes to direct the conversation more to the personal. Her handkerchief flutters to the floor. The man stoops to retrieve it and, approving the faint fragrance of its perfume, brushes the handkerchief lightly across his nostrils. The girl, in answer to his unasked question, tells him the kind of perfume it is and, to emphasize the personal element, how she first came to like it.

When he talks to her, her lips are parted, the white teeth gleaming in brilliant contrast to the carmine lips. Have you ever noticed the way a baby looks at you, or the way a baby kisses? That is precisely the way this girl parts her lips and ensnares the man.

Indeed, girls, I could write a book about this thing known as sex lure. But you, perhaps, know something yourself. Every woman does.

(Next week, Miss Mooers will continue her talk to the blondes.)

BETTY BLYTHE ADVISES THE BRUNETTES

PROBABLY the first quality for a vampire, certainly an essential quality, is SEX LURE. It is the most difficult quality to define, and it is even more vital in its effectiveness than sheer physical attraction. With beauty it is simply not to be resisted; without beauty it is often quite as effective.

I have known girls—and doubtless you have—without one whit of beauty, but they possessed a certain magnetism, even an animal magnetism, which was not to be denied. When a girl, especially a girl of no great beauty, is able to attract the male of the species in more or less numbers, then it is incontestable that she has that indefinable sex lure.

Sex lure, to attempt to define it in common sense terms, is merely the art of intensifying your femininity. How to do this by proper dress is taken care of in another chapter, but one can also do it in the matter of speech and expression. A soft drawl would fit a languid personality, while it would be utterly out of character with a brilliantly vivid type. The Mona Lisa smile, too, is the acme of mystery, and, after all, sex and sex lure are one with mystery. For certain types there would be the flashing smile showing the flawless teeth. And yet, with other types, the strongest asset would be the ability not to smile at all—to be, rather, sad and dolorous. Find out which tricks of sex lure fit your personality, just as you would find out what style of hat is becoming to you. Only the latter is not nearly so important. Sooner or later you discard it; the tricks, the studied artifices, will never be discarded once they become a part of your personality. If they are the right ones you will never want to discard them.

(Next week, Miss Blythe will continue her talk to the brunettes.)

Arbuckle is now almost completely dependent upon his friends

By **TRUMAN B. HANDY**

FINANCIALLY speaking, "Fatty" Arbuckle is—*broke!*

He doesn't own an automobile. His former palatial home in Los Angeles has been sold. And his once-famous wine cellar is no more.

All because he gave a party at a San Francisco hotel at which occurred the death of Virginia Rappe, whereupon the famous comedian went to jail on a manslaughter charge.

He used to amble across a studio lot admired by everybody because of his w. k. bankroll.

Now he is so heavily in debt, he says, that until he can make new pictures he will have no hope of "coming back" in the film, or any other, game.

Less than a year ago crowds of curiosity-seekers used to gather on Los Angeles' downtown streets to gape at his custom-built, nickel-and-blue automobile that was reputed worth $25,000.

Its very appearance on any street was enough, almost, to stop traffic. It didn't look possible. It seemed more like the traditional juggernaut or, more likely, a steam yacht on wheels.

It was the most pretentious buggy that has ever been on view in the City of Angels—a place where there is one automobile to every four population.

And the "friends" that Fatty had! Scores—hordes—of them. Every tinhorn who ever wore out the rugs in the famous lobby of the equally-famous Hotel Alexandria, Los Angeles' gossip mart, claimed Arbuckle as his pal.

There's the smile, even though the world is turned upside down, insofar as he is concerned.

It was disgusting to note the way they used to pursue him—just to get him to recognize them. He usually did.

He created more sensation than the President when he'd enter some eating establishment.

Sunset Inn, a seaside cafe making a specialty of catering to picture folk, became a gold mine any night when Arbuckle was there cutting grotesque and more or less gross capers with members of the orchestra.

But *now!* Ah, the difference! A few of his good friends, real friends, are faithful to him, among them Buster Keaton and Lou Anger, his former manager. But, as for the rest, they've fallen away like dead lichens.

And, to them, Arbuckle is now merely the spectacle of a fat man who isn't funny.

Fatty, however, has a rather cheerful disposition, which remains cheerful even though he has no idea of whether or not he'll ever be able to caper again on the screen, due to thte fact that Will H. Hays recently barred his pictures.

Of course, there are multifarious rumors as to *what* he really will do. And, since it has become known in Filmdom that he is "broke," suppositions are all the more rampant. Here are a few of the many so-called "reports" of his plans:

That he will produce pictures in Mexico.

That he has had a fabulous offer to produce in France.

That he is directing some comedy company incognito.

That he is being starred in a mysterious comedy feature that is to be boosted onto the market despite what Will Hays or anybody else has to say.

That he is "through with the picture business" and is entering another field.

That he is somewhere in the Canadian Rockies on a trying-to-forget trip.

That he intends operating a pineapple plantation in Hawaii.

And many others.

As a matter of fact, Arbuckle is still in Los Angeles. He has no plans whatever for the future. He is waiting, and hoping, that the Hays disbarment order will be rescinded.

When I talked over the above-reported plans with Lou Anger, the latter laughed.

"Roscoe isn't contemplating anything," he said. "I don't believe he has ever heard of the 'fabulous offer' to produce in France, and I'm positive he'd never go to Mexico to make pictures.

SPURR

In the old days, this cut-up picture of Fatty would have been characteristic. Not any more.

What would be the use now, anyhow, with his pictures forbidden on the American screen?"

And Arbuckle himself denies that he is planning to launch an independent company in defiance of Hays' order, or that he intends to go to Hawaii to watch pineapples grow.

Employees of the United Studios who used to know Roscoe in his "prosperous" days—when he was king of everything in sight—declare that he is nothing more now than a mere hanger-on.

And it is a pitiful sight to see him standing on the edge of some star's "set" watching with longing eyes the business of making pictures. And, in many cases, he is watching the very people who used to work for him.

After his acquittal of the manslaughter charge he issued a statement that he hoped to return to the screen. His contract with Famous Players-Lasky was, of course, terminated when he became

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Arbuckle is one man who can muse cynically upon the fickleness of human nature. But he doesn't—overmuch.

"I'm broke" says "Fatty" Arbuckle

An interview with the dethroned king of feature comedies

by

CONSTANCE PALMER

THERE'S another story going the rounds about Roscoe Arbuckle. In the last decade there has not been a more sensationally written of figure in American life than Arbuckle. Since that fatal day in September, 1921, he has been the butt of more widespread slander and the victim of more nefarious publicity than any other inhabitant of these free United States. Were he to stub his toe on a rusty nail, it would be—according to the papers—with a deadly, ulterior motive.

The latest story is that he is directing Buster Keaton. The noble citizens wag their heads and imply the worst.

So ye humble scribe hotfooted over to the Keaton studio to get the whole terrible tale.

The day was hot and so was I. It was my deep hope that I get a simple, direct story of high and low finance, grand and petit larceny. After that—home, and a welcome cold shower.

Several cars loaded with studio impedimenta were starting off on location. Camera legs stuck out at dangerous angles on all sides, trucks were being loaded with lights, flats, chairs, props. In the midst of all this—and seemingly incidentally—perspiring actors and technicians were wedged.

My temper was deranged when I realized that I had probably missed my victim. I peered into all the cars—but Keaton and Arbuckle were nowhere to be seen. I quite naturally supposed they had gone ahead in their own machines.

The studio itself looked deserted. The only sign of life was a woolly and whiskered dog tied to a post. He was making dispirited passes at flies.

By and by I succeeded in raising an important official of the Joseph M. Schenck Company, the producers not only of the Keaton Comedies, but of the Norma and Constance Talmadge features.

The official was almost as hot and sticky as I was and nearly as cross. But when I told him my errand, he was six times hotter and eight times crosser.

The new Roscoe Arbuckle, silent, brooding, but not bitter.

"But I heard that Roscoe was directing Buster," I protested.

"Then you heard wrong," he replied briefly. "Didn't you see the Keaton Company starting off for location just now?"

"Yes, I did," I answered hopefully.

"Did you see Arbuckle with 'em?"

"Nope."

"Know why you didn't?"

"Nope."

"'Cause he's right here."

I looked around and there came Roscoe himself. It was good to see him again. I, for one, had missed his smile and his springy, joyous walk.

"No," he replied in answer to my question, "I'm not directing Buster. I only wrote his story."

"——And we bought it just as we'd buy anybody's story—if it was a good one," vehemently put in the official. I suppose he *was* provoked at having another interviewer nosing about. But I'm a reasonable person, and meant little or no harm. My reflections were interrupted suddenly by—"Can you write a good comedy?"

"Oh, no—*I* couldn't!" I stammered hastily, as if accused of being smart enough to burgle a bank.

"Well, darn few can. And Roscoe, here, has turned out a great one. Why? Because he knows the screen and knows comedy. We paid him a flat rate for it just as we pay anyone else from whom we buy."

"Does his name go on the screen?" I demanded, hoping at last for a loophole in these defences.

"We never put anyone's name on the screen—except Buster's and the cast's."

During this discussion, Arbuckle had gone over to the unshaven pup and moved him to a cooler place in the shade. He remained for a few moments talking to the dog and petting him. As he returned, the official made his excuses and went about his duties.

So far the interview had been rather difficult. I was glad to talk with Arbuckle alone. He, at least, seemed to feel that I was not going to broadcast lurid tales of infamy regarding him.

"Yes," he said, leaning against the wall a little wearily. "They paid me a flat rate for the scenario. I was pretty glad to get it. I'm broke, you see, and in debt. I was cleaned out by the first trial.

"Everybody thinks I am under contract with Mr. Schenck. But I'm not under contract or under salary to anybody. I stay around this studio in the capacity of author of Buster's current scenario.

"All that was done for me during the three trials was done out of friendship. I have five or six friends in the world, I believe, and I owe them everything. The theatrical public and the general public have not only turned against me, but have made me an object of their scorn and dislike.

"Mr. Schenck's contract with me was turned over to Famous Players-Lasky and when the big mix-up came it was automatically cancelled.

"The money paid me for Buster's story is the first I've had since my Lasky salary checks stopped.

"Future plans? I have none, and can have none until Mr. Hays makes his decision regarding me.

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There's time to be spent in cleaning one's car.

The REAL Pola Negri

An interview with this flaming personality

By JEROME LACHENBRUCH

WATER and fire meet in Pola Negri. Her moods are fluid, and warmed by the heat of her temperament. Her unforgettable performance in "Passion" is indicative of the flexibility of her art as well as of her ability to play upon her moods as a musician upon an instrument. Yet she knows how to hold these moods in leash; and the impression I carried away with me when I met her in Berlin, was of a simple, unaffected and untheatrical woman, with a tremendous, controlled magnetism . . .

Pola Negri set the stage. It was a plain hotel drawing room set, the walls lined with tables on which huge white and pink syringia plants, that made one wonder whether the star of "Gypsy Blood" always lived and transacted her business affairs in such a flowery atmosphere. At a window overlooking the famous boulevard, Unter den Linden, stood a workman-like desk, and I realized that even film stars combine business with social activities when they reside in Berlin hotels.

As no room in Germany is complete without a sofa or two, Pola Negri's drawing room boasted its quota, drawn up to the ubiquitous centre table. The touch of the screen presented itself in the chaise longue with its polar bear skin drapery. But a moment after these impressions were mentally registered, the setting lost its interest for the beholder.

A mysterious pair of portiers moved, then parted just enough to let a dark, slim figure glide through. and Pola Negri stood before me with outstretched hand. When she spoke in a low, musical voice, I knew that although I had come to interview a star, I had found a human being. She is the sort of woman who would be the centre of all lorgnettes at the Metropolitan, and an hour later would gleefully accept an invitation to coffee and sinkers at Child's.

Pola Negri is too pronounced a personality to bother with personal adornment; and indeed, decoration would detract from her vividness. For she is a creature of fire, sometimes flashing, sometimes smouldering, but always revealing the spark of a magnetic being.

In general appearance, Pola Negri is of medium height, slender as a young girl, and possessed of the dancer's grace. Her every movement is rhythmical.

Her taste in clothes is conservative. At our conference, she wore a loose, black silk gown, round at the neck, and inlaid with panels of gorgeous Belgian embroidery, cut after the design of cathedral windows. From her kimona sleeves, beautifully formed arms tapered to large and expressive hands. They are hands that can clutch as well as caress. Her complexion is pale, and the contour of her face regular in a broad, slavic way. In profile, Pola Negri's features show the outlines of a Grecian statue with all the hard lines softened and a little out of drawing. Yet you never forget that Pola Negri has sprung from a race whose emotions are quickly aroused and dramatically played.

A moment's silence. Then:

"What do you wish to know?" she asked with the smile of a girl graduate.

"Everything," was the reply.

"Then you will have to sit here at least a week. We must compromise."

So we compromised.

Slowly, Pola Negri began at the beginning.

"I was born . . ."

Interruption.

"Right here I must ask a terrible question."

"You cannot frighten me," she replied, mocking my manner. "What is this terrible question?"

"*WHEN?*"

She laughed without embarrassment.

"I knew it was coming. But I do not yet have to deny my age. I was born on January 3, 1897, on my mother's estate near Warsaw, in Poland."

Pola Negri. She sails for New York in September.

Rapid mental calculation, while Pola went on.

"My father was a Hungarian manufacturer and my mother a Polish landowner. I was educated in Poland up to the time that I decided to be an actress."

"What is your real name?"

"Countess Dombska," she replied. "My husband is a Polish count. But the family name is Chalupec."

Then Pola Negri told how she came to choose her striking pseudonym.

"My first name is Apolonia; and when I was a child, I read all the verses of an Italian poetess named Ada Negri. I decided that if ever I should go on the stage, I would use her name."

"Then the stories to the effect that your name was Paula Schwartz are untrue?"

"Where did you ever hear that?"

"In America."

"Please tell them over there that I am not a German and that my maiden name was Apolonia Haluska."

That statement gave rise to another question from Pola Negri.

"What else do they know about me in America that isn't true?"

Business of sparring for time.

"Have you ever danced in a cabaret?"

"Nonsense. If the Imperial Ballet in Warsaw is a cabaret, I danced there. But not elsewhere."

Pola Negri is coming to America in September, and consequently is eager to avoid the necessity of denying false impressions when she arrives. She is now working on a new picture under the direction of Ernest Lubitsch; and when it is finished, she will sail for New York. Her new picture is modern in theme, and extremely dramatic.

"More than that I cannot say until the picture is finished. Shall we go on? Where were we? Oh, yes, that foolishness! What more do you wish to know?"

"When did you go on the stage?"

Pola Negri settled back in her chair, and her luminous blue-green eyes closed for a moment. They are set far apart, and change color as quickly as her moods alter. Probably that explains why they photograph black. When she opened them again, they were light blue.

"At the age of fifteen, I was admitted to the Imperial Ballet School in Uetrograd, and left home to study there. I am a natural dancer, so I stayed only six months and then came back to Warsaw, where I obtained an engagement at the Imperial Theatre."

For the next five years, Pola Negri was a member of this group of players, and both danced and acted in numerous productions. Actors abroad receive a more thorough training than Americans do, for the repertoire system demands that an actress sing, dance and act equally well. She may be called upon to play in an operetta one night, and the following evening may be cast in a tragic role. The versatility developed in this way is evident in everything that Pola Negri does.

"It was in Warsaw," she remarked, "that a representative of Max Reinhardt saw me and engaged me to play in 'Sumurun.' I played the role on the screen, too, under the title of 'One Arabian Night.'"

A scene from "Gypsy Blood," the most striking picturization of "Carmen" ever produced, far superior to Geraldine Farrar's and Theda Bara's work.

—A Creature of Fire!

To Ernest Lubitsch, Pola Negri contributes her success: "If it was not for Lubitsch, I should not have made the success I did. He knew what I could do . . ."

Pola Negri's interest in pictures is not only histrionic, but also creative. She believes that the pictorial possibilities of the film have barely been touched. She had herself written and produced two minor films before she appeared under the auspices of a large film corporation.

"They were pitifully inadequate," she explained. "But I wanted to learn something about film acting, so I made the pictures myself. We used an ordinary room, took out all the furniture, and then changed the scenes by bringing in our own chairs and tables. One room would be furnished with the comedian's best chairs; the next would find mine there, and so on. When I look back upon those days, it is very funny."

"But also courageous," I added.

"That isn't the question. We wanted to make pictures, so we made them as best we could. We had no money and no technical knowledge. All we had was ambition and enthusiasm."

Those first attempts were sufficient, however, to prove to Paul Davidson, the German film producer, that Pola Negri would photograph well. He had seen her on the stage and was satisfied that she was a capable actress. Her popularity in Warsaw was such that whenever she appeared, the house was sold out. And once, when she walked through the streets of the Ghetto, old women seized her hands and kissed them. Though Pola Negri is not a Jewess, she has played the role of Jewish girls; and perhaps also because of her flaming temperament, many of her Jewish admirers think of her as a co-religionist.

When Pola Negri came to Germany, she came under the influence of Ernest Lubitsch, and made "The Red Peacock." It was Lubitsch's second feature production, and in it the new star, who still spoke only a halting German, won an instantaneous success. The combination of Pola Negri and Ernst Lubitsch is as nearly perfect an association as can be expected in film partnerships. Each understands the other, and consequently scenes rarely have to be rehearsed more than once. What is more, both appreciate what each has done for the other. Pola Negri herself said:

"If it were not for Lubitsch, I should not have made the success I did. He knew what I could do, and how to bring out the best that was in me. And he will also tell you," she added, "that he owes much of his success to the fact that he had me to work with."

That statement has been proved by the films that each has made with the assistance of the other. Compare them with those they have made alone, and Pola Negri's good sense and critical fairness become evident. She believes, however, that one cannot combine acting on the stage with screen work. Many of our own players hold similar opinions.

"Film acting demands so much of one's vitality that I cannot combine work on the stage and the screen. Moreover, I look upon the screen as a distinct art whose technique must be developed along definite lines, and these are different from what the stage demands."

Most of the best German film players, however, accept stage engagements for short periods. Pola Negri can obtain all that she desires, but she will accept none.

"My art belongs to the screen," she said, and her eyes opened a full ninety degrees, "and I realize that if I played on the stage, my screen work would suffer thereby."

"In America," I remarked, "you will find far more artists who devote their entire time to the screen."

"Ah, yes," she replied eagerly. "I am looking forward so much to meeting my American colleagues. The men are all so handsome, and they look so distinguished. No matter what they wear—sport suit, business suit, or evening dress—they are elegant. Here, when we want a distinguished-looking man, we have a hard time to find him. All actors play well in Germany, but appearance—!" Here Pola Negri threw up her hands. "Shoemakers!"

Pola Negri is every inch a woman. She loathes keeping track of her bank account. Did you ever feel the way looks?

Another thing Pola Negri hopes to find in America is the famous brand of courtesy Americans are supposed to exhibit toward women.

"In a street car here," Pola Negri said by way of example, "a woman can stand an hour and no man will give her a seat. Is it like that in America?"

I thought of the subway, and made a long apology.

"But in general," she insisted, "women are treated more courteously over there."

I agreed, for I remembered that the men in America carry the Christmas bundles, pay the bills, and put out the cat at night. In Germany, the woman not only does all that, but she would take it as poaching on her preserves if her husband volunteered to perform those duties.

Pola Negri has undoubtedly learned much about America from seeing our films. She watches them very closely in order to study our customs, women's modes and the attitude of men toward women.

"I have seen many of your films," she said, "and I find most of the women beautiful, but along certain lines. You have standardized types, which is not good."

She mentioned about ten of our best-known women players, and stopped when she came to the name of Pauline Frederick.

"There is a woman with a big soul," Pola Negri said warmly, as she leaned forward and pressed her hand to her heart. "I saw Miss Frederick in 'Madam X.' It was a powerful performance. I think she is the supreme film artist of America, for she has a finished art that enables her to do anything she wishes. And she is always the complete woman. Wherever I see her pictures, I go to see her. In America, I must meet her."

The robust health of our players also impressed Pola Negri, and she ascribed it to climate. I mentioned athletics.

"I can see that, too. The men all look so strong! I love the outdoors, too, and play tennis and ride and hunt. Riding is my favorite sport, and when I am home on my estate in Posen, in Poland, I ride every day."

But Pola Negri is also a follower of the simple life when she withdraws to her estate. She is less the sport and more the farmer's wife. She has innumerable chickens, blooded cows and pigs.

"That is my greatest joy, when I can go to the barnyard in the morning and feed my chickens. After I am home a day with my family, I know all the new chickens by name. I give them long, pretty names that no American could possibly pronounce. That is my

(*Continued on page 31*)

The real Pola Negri is on the screen. There she reveals herself without reservations, and pours her native force into her most fitting mode of expression.

Miss Du Pont's STRANGE ROMANCE

by F. Scott Pierce

IT is the tritest of bromides to say that one's life reads like a moving picture scenario, but there is no other way on earth to speak of the startlingly unique story of Miss Dupont, brilliant blonde star of "Foolish Wives." For in less than five short years of her life, this supremely interesting young woman has blithely flashed through enough real life episodes and adventures to make half a dozen feature photoplays, and has had in her own life one of the strangest romances the screen has ever known, strange because of its unique, unusual ending. The romance itself, while interesting enough, symbolized an old enough story.

Miss Dupont, society leader, shop girl and film queen in startling succession, who found that her own success had shattered her romance.

Eric Von Stroheim, creator of the spectacular "Foolish Wives," in which Miss Dupont first attained stardom.

For "love in a cottage" has ever been a theme beloved by poets and dramatists of every time and every clime. There has always been something innately fascinating and appealing about the story of the young bride who abandons wealth and luxury to share poverty and struggle with some gallant youth, and in the sharing finds Happiness. Like old-fashioned fairy tales, such idylls always have but the one ending, according to the dramatists and the poets—"and they lived happily ever after."

But, unfortunately, real life is sometimes neither a fairy tale nor an idyll. Miss Dupont's romance ended with "love in a cottage," and she entered upon the experience with all the radiant hope and roseate dreams of every young bride—but time went by and the dreams didn't come true. Gingham dresses, cooking and sewing and the other thousand and one tasks a young wife must face in such circumstances, were beginning to pall upon the bride who had been taught to love the luxuries and refinements of life that only money can buy, and though love still lived, the future began to loom as but a blank wall of never-ending sameness instead of the flaming success and achievement of girlhood dreams.

It was then that Miss Dupont faced her problem. Dramatic lore offered no solution to such a disappointing outcome of an idyll. But Miss Dupont had never cared very much for precedent during the course of her meteoric young life anyway and, though it tore at her very heartstrings, she solved her problem in the only way that seemed possible to her.

The ill-fated romance began in St. Louis some five years ago, and the first episode might well be called:

"THE SOCIETY BUD WHO BECAME A WORKING-GIRL."

At the time of the opening of our story, Pattie Herrick, who became the "Miss Dupont" of screen fame, apparently had everything in the world that a girl could possibly desire. A pretty young society bud, daughter of a well-to-do society woman of St. Louis, popularity and social success were hers for the asking But, even before she was old enough to formally become a part of that social whirl, its ceaseless round of amusement-seeking and idle pleasures palled on her as it has on so many other ambitious young girls.

Pattie Herrick longed for a career of some kind. She didn't know exactly what niche she wanted to fill as yet, but she wanted to be at least a small part in the big, fascinating world of people who really do things. And so she journeyed to Chicago, ostensibly to visit friends in that city, but in reality to try and, find some sort of an engagement in the business world. Almost at once she found the opportunity she sought, and accepted a position as model in a fashionable lingerie shop.

There in the workaday world she found a happiness that she had never known in the social whirl, and it was as a fellow member of that same workaday world that she first met Joseph P. Hannon, a Chicago salesman. The two became friends, went about a great deal together, and it was but a few weeks before they were wed.

But Mrs. Pattie Hannon found life a very different proposition from that which had faced Miss Pattie Herrick. For Hannon did not earn very much money, and his girl-wife had been used to beautiful clothes and luxury all her life. Try as she would, she found it impossible to live the same montonous everyday round like other young wives who had never known the comforts and refinements that money can buy.

Miss Dupont found it impossible to settle down on her salesman-husband's small salary, wear gingham dresses, and cook and sew like other young wives who were unaccustomed to luxury.

And thus, without a single bitter word being spoken, ended one of the strangest romances the screen world has ever known—where the beloved "love in a cottage" of poetts an d dramatists was tried in the balance, and found sadly wanting.

Why has Carmel Myers' Love grown Cold?

The story of her romance, marriage, and mysterious separation

ALL Hollywood is agog over the mysterious breaking up of another married romance. The couple involved are Carmel Myers and her husband, I. B. Kornblum, attorney and song writer. Whether the reason is artistic temperaments clashing, or something else, is not known.

Kornblum, it is said, worships his young wife, but it appears that with her the romance is cold.

There will be a divorce, it is whispered, and, in the meantime, the pair have separated, Miss Myers living with her mother in their Hollywood home, while Kornblum dwells in a Los Angeles apartment house.

It was after Carmel's father was killed in an automobile accident, about two months ago, that the final break between Kornblum and Miss Myers came. Although Kornblum was constantly at his wife's side during her hour of trial, it was directly afterward that they actually separated. Some people said it was only out of respect to her father, who was a Jewish rabbi, that Miss Myers had even made a pretense of living with her husband.

MURAY
A study of Carmel

It does not appear that either husband or wife is interested in anyone else. So the reason for their separation remains a mystery.

In the April 9, 1921 issue of "Movie Weekly," we published an article by Carmel Myers, entitled "Why I Chose My Husband." We append excerpts from this article, that only prove time is a mocker of human philosophizings and deductions, for has it not laughed at the ideals contained in Miss Myers' article:

"I have known my husband since I was four years old. All my life I have been passionately fond of music. When I took violin lessons as a child, this little boy (her husband today, I. B. Kornblum), who used to live next door, would come in and listen. Later, we practised together. Still later, he began to compose beautiful songs and I would sing his compositions. As far back as I remember, we have always been companions in the truest sense of the word—we shared our triumphs and our disappointments—we had no secrets from each other.

"When I entered the movies and Universal starred me, there was no one prouder and happier than he. We used to go and see my pictures together and he would criticize and give suggestions.

"I don't know just when I realized that he was more to me than a companion. Perhaps when he followed me to New York the time I was engaged for one of the principal parts in 'The Magic Melody,' and I discovered how glad I was to see him. But I was right in the middle of rehearsals; my part and my future on the stage seemed the most wonderful things in the world to me and I refused him. I told him I was not ready to settle down and be married yet. And he went back to California, feeling very badly I am afraid, for he didn't stay there very long. He almost caught the next train back, and the very first thing he did when he reached New York was to propose again!

"He was working on 'Blue Eyes,' his musical comedy for Lew Fields, at the time, and I tried my best to make him see that we were both too busy to settle down to home life just then; that we ought to postpone our marriage at least until he had finished his musical comedy. But all I could get him to consent to was to wait until his musical comedy was produced before announcing the wedding. He said he only gave in on this point because he was afraid of losing me—but perhaps I was just a little afraid of losing him, too, *for I realized that you do not find perfect companionship united to perfect love more than once in a life time.*

"And so I left the stage and went back to Universal City to star once more in the silent drama. When you are in the movies, you have your evenings to yourself, you are not traveling all over the country and working at the theatre every night. You have a chance to enjoy home life and the companionship of your husband. And that is my idea of happiness.

"Now that I have announced my wedding to Mr. Kornblum after a silence of a year and a half (this announcement appeared in the April 9, 1921 issue of "Movie Weekly," remember),

(*Continued on page 30*)

Carmel and Wallace MacDonald in a scene from a recent serial in which they were co-starred.

Carmel and her husband, I. Kornblum, arrive in Los Angeles, over a year ago, after their marriage in New York.

BERNARR MACFADDEN'S

Lillian Lorraine

Lilymae Wilkinson, National

AFTER due deliberation, unhurried by the many letters I have been receiving from readers of my pages in "Movie Weekly," I have decided to listen to my friends and conduct a BATHING GIRL BEAUTY CONTEST. There will be no money or prize award of any kind to the winners. I will publish their pictures and a biographical sketch of them on my pages, pointing out why I selected them for stellar honors.

You who have been reading these pages regularly, know the kind of pictures I publish. But I wish to call to the attention of those girls who will send in photographs: First, wear either a one-piece bathing suit or something that will show your full figure to advantage; second, send in at least three different poses, the better to judge your physique; third, attach a brief biographical sketch to your photographs, explaining why you love the outdoors, the time you spend in it, your weight, and the sports you excel in.

BEAUTY PAGES

Both pictures are of Betty Compson

I received recently a letter from Miss Maxine Cutlip, of Wewoka, Oklahoma, whose photographs appeared on my pages in a recent issue of the magazine. Miss Cutlip says in part:

"I have lived here (Wewoka) all my life and while I have been considered a pretty good swimmer for a long time, no one ever noticed how I looked. But after you honored me by placing three of my pictures on your Beauty Pages, they (the Wewoka newspapers) wrote these (being superlative accounts of Miss Cutlip's ability!) So," continues Miss Cutlip, "after all the real compliment goes to you.

"Captain Spencer Norvell, of our Battery, says: 'Maxine, you have had a great compliment paid you, for Bernarr Macfadden is our greatest authority on Physical Culture.' All the boys in both the battery and the American Legion read all they can find that you write . . ."

Connie—acts Natural!

"Are you a believer in spirits?" hopefully. (Connie shrinks. She isn't saying.) Aloud, however, she cheerfully inquires: "What kind?"

A posed interview of naturalism with Connie as the heroine.

WE often wondered exactly how a star felt when well-meaning, but frightfully trite questions were fired with monotonous daily regularity by scribes.

"Say, Connie," we suggested, when she was in New York last "Why don't you pose for an interview?"

Connie arched her brows. "Pose for an interview?"

"Yeah," we returned. "You sit in front of the camera, and we'll fire away at you a few of the hackneyed questions asked a star. Then you look the way you feel like answering. Savvy?"

Connie did. The idea appealed. And here are the results.

"Have you ever been in love?" (another original question.) (My God, thinks Connie, how long do I have to stand this?) But she doesn't let on.

"Do you like to kiss your leading man?" pipes the interviewer. (Saints and snakes, groans Connie.) But she beams a pleasant reply.

"Do you like to dance?" wearily concludes the interviewer, having no more original questions to pop... But this time, Connie doesn't hide her answer. Get it?

"Do you like peppermints?" asks the eager interviewer. Connie doesn't answer the way she feels, but if she did . . .

Charlie Chaplin May Specialize In Six Reelers

Rambling through the STUDIOS in the East with Dorothea B. Herzog

ERRONEOUS REPORTS ABOUT CHARLIE

A REPORT circulated around these parts to the effect that Charlie Chaplin was shooting a six-reeler for United Artists, the first of his releases for that company. We made a prompt move to verify or disprove the rumor.

Carl Robinson, Charlie's personal representative, notifies Ye Rambler to the following effect:

"Charlie is at present working on the last of his First National productions and he will not start a United Artists' picture for at least six weeks. So, you see, the rumor is wrong. He is preparing his first U. A. production, but will not do any shooting for quite some time, as you will realize. The preparation he is making is along the story line.

* * * * *

WHY CHARLIE WILL MAKE SIX REELERS

"The reason that, Charlie is to make six-reelers," Carl goes on to say, "is because there is a stopping point at everything. He has long been in the two-reel field and now wants to make bigger pictures along the lines of 'The Kid.' They may run five, six, or seven reels, as much as the story warrants. He is not holding himself to a rule for six reels, more or less. All according to conditions."

We don't see how Charlie could hold himself to conditions, come to think about it.

* * * * *

HOW DOUG CHARACTERIZED CHARLIE

Which recalls to mind Doug Fairbanks' excellent characterization of Charlie: "Charlie," said Doug to us, striding up and down the room in that nervous way of his, "is a terrific little institution in himself." The picture Doug paints is as robust, as vivid, as real, as many an entire page of wordy description could attempt.

Here's anticipating Charlie's forthcoming comedies!

* * * * *

"THE FAST MAIL"

The other day, Fox Film Corp. gave a special showing of their latest melodrama thriller, "The Fast Mail," co-starring Charlie (Buck) Jones and Eileen Percy, to the New York press. Lincoln J. Carter, author of this hair-raising special, viewed the picture with the scribes. Afterwards, we all sojourned for luncheon.

Charlie Chaplin

Ye Rambler sat next to Mr. Carter, on one side, his nephew, Mr. Martin, of Greenwich, Conn., on the other, and Mrs. Carter across the way.

Did you ever wonder what a writer of "mellers" really looked like? Possibly you visualize a tall, lean man, with hawk features, cavernous face, and eagle-piercing eyes. We always did. Then one day we met the original Laura Jean Libby. She's a man, elderly, kindly, sweet.

Our next little shock came when we met Mr. Carter.

* * * * *

THE WRITER OF THRILLERS

Mr. Carter is medium height, slightly bald, kindly, genial, leisurely talkative, with a moustache and a Van Dyke, and a pair of lumid brown eyes.

"I wrote 'The Fast Mail' thirty years ago," he reminisced during the luncheon. "Well, sir, I surely didn't dream my play was going to be made into a picture at that time.

"I was living in a small hallroom back. It was desperately cold. I worked by candlelight. My feet got so cold I took my pillow, threw it on the floor and rested them on it. I wrote an act a night. Yessir, in five nights, working far into the morning that play was finished.

* * * * *

PRODUCED ON THE STAGE

"I didn't have any easy time getting that play over to the managers," Mr. Carter shook his head solemnly, "but I got it across, finally, and I also got my engine on the stage. An engine had never been used on the stage before and everybody pulled a long face and said it couldn't be done. But it was, and the play turned out to be a big hit.

Buck Jones and Eileen Percy in a thrilling scene from "The Fast Mail."

Buck Jones—the "active hero" in the "meller."

* * * * *

SELLING SCREEN RIGHTS

"About eight years ago," mused Mr. Carter, " a woman writer in New York approached me to buy the screen rights of 'The Fast Mail.' I sold the rights to her. The play went through a series of purchasings and sellings, until finally Fox bought it from the last owner. Needless to say," humorously, "they paid more than twice for it than I sold it for originally."

* * * * *

CHANGES IN PLOT

Mr. Carter admitted there had been quite a few liberties taken in working out the story. Charles (Buck) Jones playing the role of the dashing western hero and Eileen Percy the part of the dainty little southerner who falls in love with him, do good work, There are quite an assortment of heavies and cruel-sneering gentlemen scattered about promiscuous-like.

Lincoln J. Carter, author of "The Fast Mail."

Also there's a Steeplechase race in the first reel of 'The Fast Mail.' Mr. Carter admitted the race was not in his original story. Indeed, we take it quite a few radical changes have been made. But, lawd knows, the picture is a hair-raiser, which is about all one can ask from a melodrama.

ORPHANS OF THE STORM

A Thrilling Tale from D. W. Griffith's Latest Masterpiece Based on the World-Famous "Two Orphans"

NOVELIZED BY

JAMES GABELLE

IT was all true, even as Leontaine, the Norman woman, had said it. The Bastille, symbol of tyranny for all time, was no more and France had broken her chains. Led on by Desmoulin the Firebrand, Danton the Thunderbolt, and the cruel and crafty Forget-Not, who had risen by ferocity and fanaticsm from the depths to the top of the wave, the people had armed themselves with ancient flint-locks, pikes and axes, whatever they could find at hand. Storerooms of powder and musketry were broken into and the contents carried away. Women were bolder and more ferocious than the men. The cry of "On to the Bastille" was raised, and taken up instantly by all. Soldiers sent to quell the tumult, carried away by Danton's impassioned eloquence, joined the insurgents and were embraced and lauded by the women. They were the heroes of the hour.

As usual, Robespierre was in hiding when any danger was present, but his absence was not noticed Jacques Forget-Not more than made up for his absence in wolfish rage. The people gained possession of cannon and swept all before them. Intent only on thoughts o revenge, Forget-Not hounds them on to attack the palace of the dreaded prefect of police. The fanatical Jacques has a trinity that he hates with all the might of his narrow little brain: de Linieres, de Vaudrey and the countess. To annihilate them he would sacrifice life itself. To his chagrin he finds that the prefect and his wife have fled. Then the Bastille is attacked, and after that assault is made on the Salpetriere. Stopping on the way to stab or hang every aristocrat that they come across. The path of the hydra-headed monster, the proletariat, is marked by blood and the mangled bodies of defenseless men and women. The oppressions of centuries are poured in one bitter cup that the aristocracy of a day is compelled to drink.

There is no attempt of defence at the Salpetriere. Jailers hasten to deliver the keys of the infamous prison and the inmates come pouring out The first time some of them have breathed the air of freedom for years. A hasty court is convened and Forget-Not installs himself as judge. The Norman woman is released after a brief examination. She gives a harsh, triumphant laugh, waves her hand to the others and in a momcnt is lost to view in the mob that cheers her good-naturedly. Henriette is called. She is confident of acquittal. Why not? Is she not a daughter of the people.

"Henriette Girard," asked Forget-Not harshly and a trifle pompously—very conscious of his new-found honors—"What is the charge against you."

With her usual simplicity she told her story. There were groans and tears from the volatile, child-like mob, won to instant sympathy. Instantly the cry arose that she be freed. She would have been without more ado had not her landlady, who happened to be among the h: idans—cried out:

"She is one of the *bourgeoisie*—her uncle left her a fortune, and she is the mistress of an aristocrat as well. I often saw him call on her."

There was an instant's deadly silence at this charge and then there arose a wild cry of rage from the larger part of the mob, while the more thoughtful ones demanded that she clear herself of the charge at once.

"It is not true," she flashed in proud defiance. "I am no man's mistress."

"No," corroborated Sister Genevieve, who had returned to her charges at the first hint of danger. "This poor girl is as pure as an angel."

"*Nom de nom,*" piped up the irrepressible Picard, elbowing his way up to the improvised court. "Of course it is false. Who is a greater friend of the people than the great Forget-Not or myself. We have both suffered, fought and bled at the hands of the aristocrats. I've known this maid ever since her birth. She is my cousin. She hates the vile aristocracy as badly as I do. Release her at once."

"Yes, yes!" cried the credulous, easily-swayed crowd, forgetting the bourgeoisie charge. "She is a true daughter of the people. Let her go! Let her go!"

"The fall of the Bastile"—Danton leads the people.

Without more ado she was released, Picard accompanying her to the edge of the crowd.

"I'll never forget your kindness," Henriette faltered.

"I hope you don't," Picard answered practically. "Be sure and tell the Chevalier. He ought to pay me well for placing such an awful burden on my soul as that lie."

The light-headed creature turned away whistling gaily, while Henriette, despite the hour and the merciless conflict raging all over the city, set out eagerly in the direction of the Rue de Brissac, seeking her beloved Louise. She made many inquiries without result. At last a stranger volunteered to show her the way. Gladly she accepted the proffer and started eagerly on her quest.

A CHANCE MEETING

Paris was mad with delight. In all the history of the ancient city there had never been such a night. Since the founding of Lutetia by the Romans there had never been such an important event as the demolition of the Bastille. The queen of cities had celebrated when Saint Genevieve had caused the barbarian to refrain from attacking the walls and retire, and the people had danced and sang and marched in joyous processions, while fountains spouted wine and roses fell in showers on the entry of Henry Fourth, but on this night the people were literally frenzied with joy. The reaction from countless years of oppression.

The entire city was one vast orgy. Everywhere shops and taverns had been looted and the houses of the aristocrets gutted. Drunken harridans in lovely satins, silk and velvet gowns, their hair, fingers, and stringy, dirty necks dripping with costly gems. They held aloft bread, costly pastry and rich cake, while the necks of champagne bottles were broken and the contents sent hissing down throats that had never known the taste of such nectar before.

Frenzied men and women danced the Carmagnole, that bacchanalian, gyrating phantasmagoria of arms, legs and bodies that blinds reason, inflames passion and drives the dancer to a livid lunacy. Soldiers were caught up in the maelstrom, which increased in intensity as the hours went by. The only check to this wild abandon was when some luckless aristocrat attempted to flee in chaise or sedan. Death by hanging to the nearest lamppost or, worse still, death by being torn literally limb from limb by the blood-caked, animal-hearted meanads of the gutter.

Softy Henriette crept along, now running with the speed of the wind, again crouching in the shelter of a capacious doorway as some tornado of human beings swept past. She was alternately gasping and moaning at the horrors she heard and saw.

Darting down a dark alley she collided with a man staggering under the weight of loot he had pillaged from the near-by Maison d' Aquitaine.

"*Sacre nom de Diea,*" hiccoughed Picard, letting fall a sparkling shower of *Louis d'Or.* "What—. Oh, hic, it is the good and lovely mademoiselle, hic, who is going to have the chevalier pension me when, hic, the king comes to his own again."

"Picard!" she gasped.

"Ha," he hiccoughed. "Yes, it is I, Picard." He surveyed her with drunken gravity. "Do not be shocked, mademoiselle. I assure you my intentions are of the best. It is true, hic, that I have picked up a few trifles, but they'll never be missed, and my need is great. I'm an honest man, I am! Hic. I left behind a solid gold vase—it was too heavy to carry."

He stood staring after her as she darted on down the street, and then went on his staggering way, leaving the glittering golden pile where it had fallen.

As Henriette entered the broad Rue Coq d'or she heard a man's frenzied screams for help and saw an aristocrat struggling in the powerful arms of the Norman woman who had befriended her in the Salpetriere. She was drunk with wine, excitement and rage.

"After all these years," she screeched. "After all these years revenge comes to me. Little you thought, Pierre, Prince of Aquitaine, that the peasant maid you ravished and then cast on the street would one day hold your life in her hands."

"Mercy, Leontaine!" he gasped. "In God's name. Mercy."

"Yes," she jeered, "just such mercy as you gave

(*Continued on page 26*)

MOVIE WEEKLY ART SERIES

AGNES AYRES

Paramount

Bucking into the Movies

Hollywood, 1922.

Mr. H. O. Potts,
Hog Run, Ky.

Dear Maw and Folks:

Yours of the 13th indolent received and was interested to hear that the Alpine Club of Hog Run had finally succeeded in lowering the record for the ascent of Bald Knoh, they accomplishing the feat last Sunday afternoon in the phenomonal time of twenty-nine and a half minutes, and with a time-keeper as naturally crooked as Gamaliel Whitley holding the watch, at that.

But tell the Alpine Cluh that, while it was a creditable achievement and all that, not to get puffed up over it, even if Bald Knoh has been estimated by the County Surveyor to be all of six hundred and seventy-eight feet in height. Because there are mountains in this land of the free that for sheer size and general importance would make Bald Knob look about as conspicuous as a juvenile

gnat parked on the outer fringe of an elephant's left ear. I know whereof I speak, hecause I just got through climbing one of them.

It happened last week when I was cast to play one of the local inhahitants in a drama supposed to he staged in the more or less rolling scenery of the Swiss Alps. Inasmuch as a mountain is about as common an occurrence in Hollywood as a blizzard, me and a flock of assorted members of Mr. First National's pay-roll accordingly journeyed on a location trip up in the Big Bear Lake region of California.

We were supposed to he impersonating Tyrolians, which same is not a religious denomination as you might gather from the sound, but is a sort of nickname applied to those natives of Switzerland who regard strolling up the side of a precipice as being an ideal way of spending an afternoon. As far as I could gather, their national costume consists of a set of hoh-nailed shoes, a sort of a knicker effect in the trousers line, a gaily-colored and belted jacket, and a very ornate little cap with an eagle feather or two stuck in it. From all of which description, you may he able to see that a Tyrolian in full evening dress looks something like a cross between a Choctaw Indian on the war-path, and the ghost of Sir Walter Raleigh.

The favorite sports of the country consists of mountain climhing, yodelling, and zithering. A "zither," Maw, is not a tropical cyclone which it sounds like, but is a variety of alleged musical instrument that looks like the interior mechanism of a piano, is played like a tenor banjo, and sounds like a broken-down guitar that is only hitting on one cylinder. However, it is a fitting enough instrument for a nation who are so devoid of a sense of humor as to imagine that yodelling is *music!*

I speak of yodelling, because that happened to be the first incident on our morning's programme. The Director parked me on top of a convenient crag in front of the camera and, telling me that I was supposed to he a "chalet" or whatever name a Swiss peasant girl is known by in her home town, told me to yodel. Well, as you probably know, I'm about as fluent in my personal knowledge of the science of yodelling as a South Sea Islander is in logarithms. However, ignorance has never been regarded as being any very severe handicap in motion picture work, and you'll never get anywhere unless you take a chance, so I opened my mouth as wide as Nature would permit, grabbed a deep breath, and tried the tremulo shriek that features the work of all our best yodellers. But the Director stopped me before I could repeat the effort.

"Snap out of it, sister!" he yelled. "I told you to yodel, not try to impersonate a locoed wild-cat!"

"I did yodel!" I protested indignantly.

"Oh, you did?" he warhled, kinda sarcastic like. "Then you'd hetter have your tonsils overhauled, or something. You sounded a darned sight more like the noon whistle at the brewery than a native Swiss registering joy."

"What the heck is the difference?" I retorted. "A camera hasn't got ears, has it?"

"No, but *I* have!" he snapped, and delegated an undersized little peroxide blonde with a set of baby eyes to take my place on the yodelling crag.

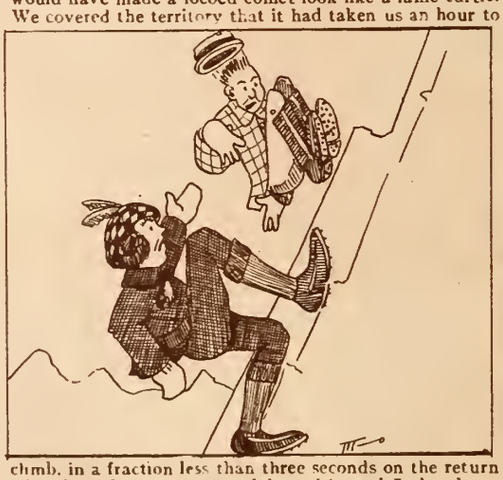
Then, right after lunch, the Director finally must of decided that he had handed me a kind of a raw deal or something, because he tried to get in my good graces again hy inviting me to accompany him on a little trip up the adjacent mountain in search of a suitable location for the next day's "shooting." Nature never intended me to be any competitor to a mountain goat, anyway, but it is always good policy to humor the insanities of a Director—if you want to eat with any regularity, at least—so me and him accordingly started a *trek* up a path that for general steepness would have made the southern face of the Rock of Gibraltar look as level as a Kansas prairie, and was equipped with enough incidental scenery in the way of assorted snow and ice to make an Eskimo delirious with home-sickness.

Mountain scenery may be wonderful and all that but, personally, I could enjoy it a hlamed sight more if they would only put in elevators or something. Honest, Maw, that slope was so nearly straight up and down that we were nearly leaning over *backwards* as we went up! I lost my hreath totally after the first five minutes, but still we went on climhing and climbing, till I began to wonder whether we hadn't arrived in the Milky Way yet. Then finally the Director stopped and turned around to me.

"Tired yet?" he asked.

My answer would very probably have been both lurid and interesting, but it was destined never to see the light of day. Because just at that moment the fragment of ice that my right foot happened tobe parked on gave a way and, in sudden and unwilling demonstration of Mr. Newton's little law of gravitation, I landed flat on my back on the hard-packed snow with a jar that must have been felt in Chicago.

Then the next minute the catastrophe happened! As far as I've ever heen ahle to learn, somebody must have thrown the whole hlooming mountain at us, and scored a perfect hulls-eye. In company with several thousand assorted tons of snow, houlders, ice, and a couple of stray forests, I started down the mountain-side at a speed which would have made a locoed comet look like a lame turtle. We covered the territory that it had taken us an hour to



climb, in a fraction less than three seconds on the return trip, then there was an awful crash!—and I closed my eyes.

After several minutes had passed and I not only didn't hear anything hut seemed devoid of all physical feeling as well, I finally decided that I must have arrived in that hourne which has heen given so much publicity recently by Ouija Board salesmen and Sir Conan Doyle, and so I timidly opened my eyes to see what the place looked like. But the first thing I saw was the Director sitting there in the snow glaring at me, and I knew it wasn't Heaven!

"It *may* have been a coincidence," he warbled, " hut I ought to have known hetter than to take a person of your tonnage with me. Ten seconds after you staged that fall, we got hit by an avalanche!"

Your loving daughter, resp'y yours,

SOPHIE POTTS,
via Hal Wells.

Your Car and Mine

By Wallace Reid

Star in Paramount Pictures

—

The Dimmers

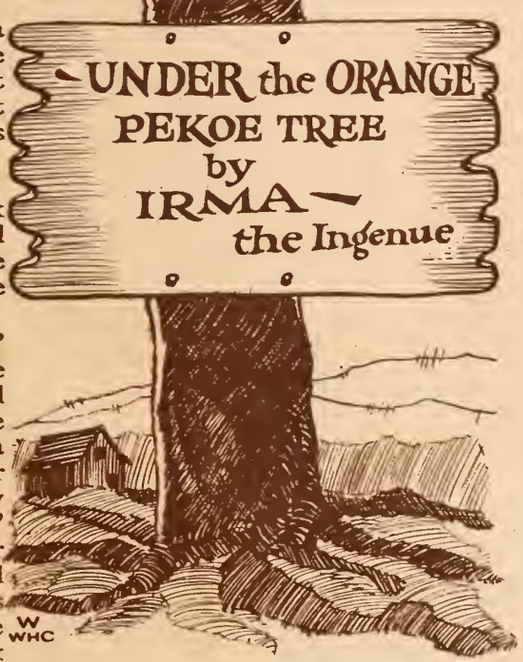
III.

AROUND New York City and in certain other sections it is an unwritten rule to dim the headlights when approaching another car, yet in other sections to do so is the exception rather than the rule. Travel north and east out of the metropolis and just as soon as you pass the southern border of New England, headlight dimming is no longer looked upon with favor and if an occasional motorist winks his lights at you as a gentle request for you to switch to the small bulbs, you make up your mind that he is not a native but a visitor from New York. I have followed both customs according to the demands of the section of the country that I happened to be in and feel that there is more to be said in favor of keeping the big lights on than turning them off, provided—and this is important—the

lights are equipped with lenses which not only meet the legal requirements, but do effectively cut off the glare. Those in favor of employing the small lights argue that the big lights, even with their lenses, make it difficult to see the road beyond. But on the other hand, if the lights are turned off, the eyes are so accustomed to the bright light that the path ahead looks absolutely black and nothing can be distinguished, whereas if the big lights are maintained it is possible to see the ditch and a fringe of the road adjacent with sufficient distinctness to avoid accident. Another compelling reason for leaving them on is to discern pedestrians at the side of the road. If a man is walking away from you he cannot see your small lights nor will he hear you because of the noise of the other car, but the beams of your big lights playing about his feet will warn him of your approach. I am in favor of leaving the big lights on at all times, for the safety of pedestrians, if for no other reason.

CLYDE COOK MARRIES SCREEN ACTRESS

Some of the brides seem to be haneymooning all alone. Blanche Sweet, for instance. Marshall Neilan is so busy with his next picture he has no time for honeymooning except evenings. But I suppose that they have . . .
Clyde Cook simply won't own up he's married. Of course, he isn't a romantic figure, still just because a man wears funny clothes professionally . . .
Poor little Lois Lee. She was playing a role in "The Prisoner of Zenda" when she developed spinal trouble.
What do you think Connie Talmadge is doing now? Playing school teacher. She is teaching the young Chinese how to speak English.
Mae Busch, they do say, is very much interested in a certain director, and he in her. Mae was married once, you know, but soon . . .



"WHAT a grand little bunch of blushing brides there is, these days, dearie! But the brides have no corner on blushing, dearie. Some of the bridegrooms are doing it too!"

Despite my natural impatience for Irma the Ingenue to tell me all about it, she stopped provokingly and gazed about the Japanese gea garden to take a peek at the tea demons seated under the thirstless cherry trees.

"Ah, there is one now!" she exclaimed.

I looked to behold Clyde Cook; the Fox comedian, who has just lately gone and given up the key to his flat to a cute little picture girl, Florence Miller. Of course she was with him.

"He simply won't own up he's married," smiled Irma. "When we saw his marriage license in the paper, we thought we would ask him. So some of us hopped over to the studio the other morning. 'Do you know a Florence Miller?' somebody asked, rather idiotically. 'Well, he ought to!' somebody else said, 'he just got married to her!' Clyde blushed so hard we really feared for his health for a minute. Then he rushed out to his car, did one of his comedy leaps into it, and was gone. We could see the blush clear around on the back of his neck and as far as eye could reach inside his soft shirt collar.

"Of course Clyde isn't a romantic figure, still, just because a man wears funny clothes professionally is no reason why his soul isn't as full of romantic goo as an Eskimo pie. Just think of Pagliacci with his funny pants hiding a broken heart!

"Some of the brides seem to be blushing all alone! Take Blanche Sweet, for instance. After only a day or two alone together, Marshall Neilan is so busy getting ready for his next picture that he has no time at all for honeymooning except evenings occasionally. Honeymooning with the meter on is what I call it. But I suppose that they have known each other so awfully long that they can't feel quite so excited as they would if they had only known each other a week. But at that it's likely to last under those circumstances. In the meantime, Blanche is honeymooning about by herself, visiting the shops and theaters, and having a pleasant time.

"None of the brides had ever blushed before, either. There is Eva Novak, for instance. She has never been married before, and she has been engaged a long time.

"But life isn't all bevo and skittles, dearie, for us picture actresses, even if some of us, given the freedom of Hollywood, have taken the city fathers at their word.

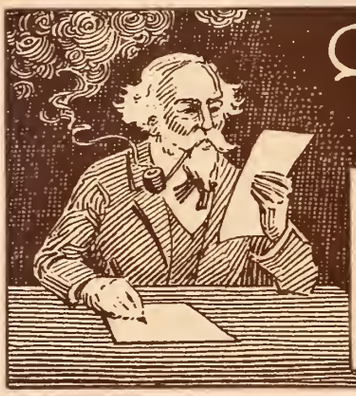
"Take poor little Lois Lee, for instance. Lois is one of the most beautiful girls in pictures. She is so sweet and lovable, too. And she was just getting along nicely when she was taken ill. It was while she was playing a role in "The Prisoner of Zenda," with Rex Ingram, that she developed spinal trouble, which has laid her up for months. Finally it was decided that she should have an operation. So when a certain famous surgeon, a Dr. Jones, came from Switzerland, she decided to have the operation performed. The surgeon took a piece of the leg bone and put it into her spine; and they say she will be all well in about six weeks. In the meantime, she will have to lie face downward for six long weeks, and have all sorts of plaster casts on her.

"Oh, my dear," she went on. "I heard the funniest thing about a certain picture star who is going to be a bride next June! She has a great big diamond engagement ring, and when she had to wear an engagement ring in a picture, she offered to rent her own to the company for fifty dollars a day!

"What do you think Connie Talmadge is doing now. Playing school teacher! She is teaching the young Chinese idea to shoot by helping the regular school teacher on the set in 'East is West' teach the Chinese youngsters who are in the picture with her, how to speak English. In turn, Constance is learning that lingo as she is spoken in Shanghai. Just why she should want to learn Chinese, I don't know.

"Mae Busch, they do say, is very much interested in a certain director, and he in her. She has been in England playing the lead in 'The Christian,' and nobody seems to know much about the affair, except that it seems to be an ardent one. Mae was married once, you know,—but soon told me her wedding ring was for sale!

"Well, dearie, so long. I've got to run along and see Reginald Barker, and let him make up his mind whether or not my face really is my fortune so far as he is concerned!"



Questions Answered by The Colonel

My job on "Movie Weekly" is answering questions. Wouldn't you like to know whether your favorite star is married? What color *her* eyes are, or what may be *his* hobbies? Write me, then, and I will tell you. I cannot answer questions concerning studio employment. For a personal reply, enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. All inquiries should be signed with the writer's full name and address, which will not appear in the magazine. Address me, THE COLONEL, "Movie Weekly," 119 West 40th St., New York City.

"Hoping to see my answer in the next issue," people often close their letters to me. Well, it's a vain hope. The letter reaches me, for instance, on Monday, and its writer, who lives, we'll say, in Walla Walla, Washington, buys his copy of "Movie Weekly" on Wednesday. Of course it's only taken a week for the magazine to get there from New York City, and another week for it to get written and printed, but he feels very disappointed that his answer isn't in it.

So, unfortunately, when a man says he'll look for his answer in the next issue, I, knowing that the "next issue" has already been in print for several weeks, decide that there isn't any use in publishing his answers at all, because he isn't going to see them. Otherwise I try to oblige.

FORGET-ME-NOT—So you think I'd look well in a golf suit? In that case I had better go out and buy one quick. Of course I don't play golf, but that's a mere trifle; I might use the suit to swim in. After all, all the bathing beauties select their suits because they look nice and not because they're of any use for swimming. You think I am tall, dark and handsome? Funny, my mother always thought I was handsome too, but you know how these mothers are. Just now, I'm quite dark; I've been to the beach and got all tanned. Otherwise I'm—well, modesty forbids that I describe myself.

I WANDA FARR—That must be expensive, since, as you say, you don't like freight trains. Something seems to tell you I am not old? I think that little something has been talking too much; everyone is writing to tell me that I am very young. I think I'll go out and knock Jackie Coogan in the head and take his roles away from him. No, I'm not related to "The Answer Man"—one of "them things" in one family is quite enough. Write to Eugene O'Brien for his picture at the Norma Talmadge Studio, 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, and to Antonio Moreno at the Los Angeles Athletic Club.

WALTER PICKETT—Why did you hope my appetite was good? I didn't see anything to eat lurking under the flap of your envelope. Yes, Eddie Polo is married and has a fourteen year old daughter Malvene who played in "Foolish Wives." Eddie has his own company now at 121 W. 39th St., New York City.

CONNIE'S ADMIRER—You're supposed to call her Constance now—did you know that? Constance, you see, is out for serious roles now and she doesn't want to be nicknamed any longer. She doesn't see why she should be called "Connie" any more than Norma should be called "Normie" or Nazimova "Nazzie." She is five feet five and weighs 120. Scenarios for her use should be sent to Joseph Schenck, 1540 Broadway, New York, but as most of her pictures are adapted from well-known stage successes or stories, I doubt whether you could sell a story to her. You can probably get a picture of her free by writing her in care of Joseph Schenck. Write to Harrison Ford at the same address; he is divorced from Beatrice Prentice.

JUNEAU BENTON—So you think I am a very bright man? How did you guess it? I'm thinking of having myself patented as a substitute for sunshine. Phoney Ray will be my trademark. No, Irma the Ingenue is not my wife; we'd never get along at all, I'm afraid. We'd both of us talk too much. No, I don't need to have my whiskers marcelled; I merely hold them up and let the curls of smoke run through them. Priscilla Dean is about twenty-five; she and her husband Wheeler Oakman live at 5611 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles. Lon Chaney is American; he was born and reared in Colorado Springs. He lives at 1575 Edgemont, Hollywood.

MICHAEL CARROP—Aren't you complimentary, calling me "General." You must think I got promoted. Jackie Coogan has a private tutor. You will soon be seeing Frank Keenan in "Lorna Doone"—at least if you don't it will be your own fault, because he'll be in it.

DOT RAY—Are you the sister of Violet Ray? My doctor thinks a lot of Violet. Rosemary Theby is as old as she looks; that's the way women are supposed to be, you know. She lives at 1907 Wilcox Ave., Los Angeles and is married to Harry Myers. Her latest picture (I hope not her "last," as you call it) is "I Am the Law," an Edwin Carewe production.

MADAME LE ROY—Why don't I go into the movies? Evidently you haven't been reading all that I've been saying about how impossible it is to get into the movies. How do you know I'm not cross-eyed and if I tried to act on the screen Ben Turpin wouldn't sue me for "stealing his thunder?" Every week I am smoking, you say, and it might ruin my health. Well, if I only smoke once a week, even the family doctor couldn't object. Richard Barthelmess's latest picture is "Sonny;" he is now working on "The Bondboy." He is twenty-seven years old and is married to Mary Hay. He has dark brown hair and eyes. His hobbies are reading and working in his garden.

LORD FAUNTLEROY—I never thought of using my whiskers for a blotter—it takes you to think of the bright ideas. But I've often considered folding my whiskers over and using them for a tobacco pouch. Convenient, don't you think? Did you see the story of Richard Talmadge in last week's "Movie Weekly?" His real name is Metzetti. Douglas Fairbanks lives at Pickfair, Beverly Hills, California.

SWEET COOKIE—Your nickname at work! What are you, a pastry cook? Betty Compson, Harold Lloyd and Lois Wilson are not married. Dorothy Dalton is divorced from Lew Cody. Yes, Theodore Kosloff is married, and is forty years old. Monte Blue is married, and so is Jack Holt. Jack Mower is thirty-two, and Jack Mulhall is about that.

I YAM PATIENT—Are you? Well, I am the doctor. So you used to skip over the answer page? Several people have written me that they laugh over it, but no one ever wrote me before that it made her skip. If you hadn't stopped skipping, I'd present you with a skipping rope. No, there has never been a picture of Viola Dana in our Art Series; we have been unable to get a really artistic photograph of her. Write to Robert Frazer at the Metro Office, 1540 Broadway, New York. Milt Daggett in "Free Air" was played by Tom Douglas; write him at the W. W. Hodkinson Corp, 527 Fifth Ave., New York. Will Rogers is now playing in the Ziegfield Follies, New Amsterdam Theatre Bldg., W 42nd St., New York.

IMPATIENT ESTHER—Why did not May McAvoy and Marie Prevost write to you? Maybe it's because they don't know you. The King of England doesn't know me, consequently he never writes me. Wanda Hawley and Lila Lee both get their mail at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood.

RUDDY'S CHARMER—Can I tell you why you didn't get an answer from Rodolph? Probably because you didn't give the man time. I got a letter from a fan on Monday, and on the next Wednesday I got another, very indignant because she hadn't received the answer to Monday's. These things take time, you know.

HUCKLE BERRY PIE—Do I smoke pipes as much as Theodore Roberts smokes cigars? Well, not so many anyway. You see, he buys new cigars several times a day, whereas if I were to buy that many pipes per day—well, but how extravagant that would be. And where would I keep all those pipes? Edythe Chapman doesn't give her age, but she has been married to James Neill for twenty-five years, so she is probably in her forties. I'm sorry—but who's Perc Pembroke?

BOBBY—Another person who thinks I'm a handsome young man! Soon you all will be making me believe that, and I'll be waking up the household in the middle of the night saying, "I'm a handsome young man" instead of "Who's that in the cellar?" Thomas Meighan's address is the Los Angeles Athletic Club. Write to Gloria Swanson at the Lasky Studio, Hollywood, and to Mae Murray at the Hotel Des Artists, 1 W. 67th St., New York City.

KID JACKSON—Could I tell you where you could get Pearl White? Are you planning to kidnap her or what? If it's her picture you want, write her at the Pathe Co., 35 W. 45th St., New York City. She is thirty-three. Betty Compson is about twenty-four. Gloria Swanson is divorced from Herbert Sanborn, also from Wallace Beery.

JUST JESSIE—If I think your questions are too many, you suggest, just add another page to the magazine. I know a better scheme than that. I won't answer some of them. Pearl White is divorced from Wallace MacCutcheon; no, she has no children. Jack Holt is married and has three. He is about thirty-five, is six feet tall, weighs 173 and has dark brown hair and eyes. Write him at the Lasky studio, Hollywood.

MISS FLORIDA—I've missed Florida all my life; I've never been there. Helene Chadwick's latest picture is "Yellow Men and Gold" and Pola Negri's is "Eyes of the Mummy." Pola has very dark brown eyes and hair.

SLATS—"Slats from the Flats" would be a nice poetic signature for you, but perhaps you live in an apartment? Wallie Reid's picture appeared in Movie Weekly for June 11, 1921. You can get this issue for ten cents. Send your ten cents to Movie Weekly, but instead of marking your envelope, "The Colonel," mark it, "Circulation Department." Baby Peggy's address is Century Comedies, 1600 Broadway, New York. Vivian Martin doesn't tell her age, but she is about twenty-five.

MOLLY H—You know better, Molly, than to ask for all those addresses on the Answer Page. Joseph Schildkraut came to this country from Vienna in 1910 and played with his father, Rudolph Schildkraut in German and Yiddish parts. Then he was cast in the title role of "Liliom" on the English speaking stage, in which he became famous. He was married on April 7 to Elise Bartlett Porter, a stage actress. The only picture in which he has appeared is "Orphans of the Storm." He is now on tour in "Liliom" so I don't know where you can reach him.

SNOWBALL—Snowball in July! I should think you'd melt. Francis Ford is now a director; Grace Cunard sometimes plays in pictures, her only recent one being "The Girl in the Taxi" a Carter De Haven picture. The Palmer Photoplay Corporation is at 124 West 4th St., Los Angeles. Mark your envelope Dept. of Education, V-7.

Film-Flam

HE NEEDS A PARROT

SIDNEY FRANKLIN, Constance Talmadge's director, is one of these thorough people who never does anything unless he does it right. Most of us are proud of ourselves if we know a few words of French or German or whatever foreign language they made us study in school, but that's not enough for Mr. Franklin. He thought that some day he might want to put on a Chinese play, so he learned Chinese.

Of course he had to have someone to practice his Chinese on and that was rather hard. He had a lot of obliging people around him, but they couldn't help him out with this. They couldn't speak Chinese. Every now and then he went to Chinatown for practice, and then of course there was his Monday morning conversation with the laundryman, but even so, he didn't get enough practice to suit him.

About this time, Joseph Schenck purchased the screen rights to "East is West" for Constance Talmadge, and the director was gleeful. Here at last was his long-waited-for revel in things Chinese. His vocabulary might almost have been imported from Shanghai. All he needed was the Shanghai Chinese to practice on. Then the day came when a group of notables from China came to visit the studio!

It was Mr. Franklin's big opportunity. He gave them cordial greetings in correct Shanghai. They looked blank. He gave them again, accompanied by pantomime. An embarrassing pause. Finally, one of the Chinese turned to him.

"Why not make it easy for us all," he commented, "and speak English. All of the Chinese present have been educated in American schools."

Mr. Franklin is training his dog to understand Chinese. He must have practice.

RATTLING GOOD TRAINING

Even the sunny south has cloudy days now and then when pictures cannot be made, so Richard Barthelmess, on location, decided to climb a mountain on his holiday. He asked the negro factotum about the different places of interest, but the authority on local affairs was just the most unenthusiastic cuss that ever lived. Every mountain Richard suggested was promptly vetoed.

"What's the matter with that one?" asked the actor in despair.

"Dun be full of rattlers," was the answer.

"Well," replied Richard, "I'm not afraid of that. There's one thing about a rattlesnake, he always gives you warning, doesn't he?"

"Huh, yass-yass—if yuh got 'em trained."

* * * * *

THE WHISKER WAY

Charles Hill Mailes, the heavy in Richard Barthelmess' picture, "The Bondboy," had to grow a beard for that production. And you'd think being able to grow one was a rare accomplishment, to judge by the actor's pride in his. He dressed it up when he went to church—the other actors almost expected him to put ribbons on it.

"Charlie," complimented Richard, "you look so good in a beard, you ought to keep on wearing it."

"I should say not," decidedly answered Mailes. "That's the poorest way I know for an actor to become famous. I'm going back to the coast and I'd lose my identity completely. Out there the director just telephones this way: 'Send up six whiskers.'"

ALMOST WALL EYED

When Colleen Moore played the leading role in "The Wall Flower," she didn't realize what an important part of her life a wall flower was going to be—not until she had bronchitis and had to stay in bed for several days. And then she got sick of the old wall flowers.

"As wall paper goes," said Colleen, "mine is quite good looking. I admit it—I chose it myself. But it has a border, the border has flowers, and the flowers have a most hypnotic influence. I had nothing else to do but lie there and count those wall flowers—sixteen hundred roses.

"And the next time anyone asks me what is the most important thing in life, I know of only one answer—the bed room wall paper."

THE TALE OF A MULE

Ferdinand Earle, the producer, greeted his small son at the breakfast table.

"What did you do last night when we were out?" he asked the youngster.

Ferdinand Earle the third (aged 5) was ready with his answer. "The maid told us a story about Sam . . . Sam Mule!"

"Sam Mule?" repeated his mother in surprise.

"You know, Mother, you know. Sam Mule was asleep in the night and the Lord called him."

* * * * *

RICHARD DIX'S OWN TRAVELOGUE

"I laughed sometimes till the tears rolled down my cheeks," writes Richard Dix to a friend, of his experiences in London. He has just returned from there, after playing the leading male role in "The Christian."

"Yesterday," said the letter, "I went into a cafe and seeing blackberries on the menu, I said: 'Bring me some blackberries.'

"'Thank ye. sir,' said the waiter, as he left.

"Two hours and a half later he brought me a huge black bass!

"Tuesday we went to a French eating place where they serve things that you select after seeing them. In the big glass case were different kinds of fish, lobsters, etc. I selected a peculiar looking thing and said nonchalently: 'I'll take some of that.' They do take their time over here and finally, ages later, the waiter brought me my choice. I started to eat, and then, wanting to know what *not* to order next time, I said to the man next to me, 'What is this thing I am eating?' No one knew so I called the waiter.

"'What is that?' I asked him, pointing to the carefully prepared fish.

"'Three and six, sir," he answered, handing me the bill.

"I was to have been interviewed by three writers yesterday, but a rush call came: 'Hurry to the office.' Hurry in London! That in itself is a laugh—they don't! I got a cab and said, '12 Great Newport Street in a hurry please.'

"The cabby slowly got out, cranked his machine about ten times, and slowly got in. Then we stopped to fix the carburetor, until finally, completely out of patience, I said: 'Hey, cabby, you know we're not going to a funeral.' He turned around, looked at me blankly and drawled, 'Neither are we going to a fire, sir.'"

THE HAIR OF CLAIRE

Claire Windsor had the most beautiful blond hair you ever saw, but some of it is gone now. Oh, yes, she has succumbed to the modern idea of things and has had it bobbed.

As she emerged from the beauty parlor where the deed was done, she met one of her friends, who was making collections for a benefit.

"My!" exclaimed the friend, "what did you do with your hair?"

"Oh," yawned Claire nonchalently, "I contributed it to mattresses for insomnia victims at St. Quentin."

* * * * *

WAIT TILL THE PANTS GET DRY!

Theodore Kosloff only worked nineteen minutes the other day because a boat leaked and completely saturated his trousers. "Well," you might say, "why didn't he go home and change them?" but it wasn't so simple as that.

It was a real tragedy to Theodore, whose nether garments at the time happened to be of the mode of 1620, with about 'steen yards of silk, lace, silver doo-dads, and similar flossy decorations, just like old Louis Quince himself.

So while Betty Compson, Bert Lytell and other players in "To Have and to Hold," proceeded with their work, the unfortunate Kosloff sat in his dressing room, just like the little boy with only one suit of underwear, waiting for his pants to dry.

For you can't buy trousers, year 1620, in the corner haberdashery.

A LITTLE "EXTRA" PRINTING

Among the many applicants for "extra" work at the Metro studio the other day was one particularly unkempt individual. In spite of his grimy appearance, however, he present his card with the greatest formality. The office boy took the card to Rex Ingram.

The director glanced at it. "Tell him I'm sorry, but there's nothing to-day," he told the office boy. He turned to his assistant and showed him the card. "I wonder," said Ingram, "if he thought I wouldn't know him without the finger-prints."

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THE DAILY HIKE

Mary O'Hara, who is scenarizing the story of "Peg of My Heart" for Metro, has located an ideal office on the Metro grounds. At least she thinks it's ideal, though everyone else wonders that she should like it. It's on the top floor of the Technical Building, away from everybody, and a most unpopular place because it is up two long flights of stairs.

"Goodness, but you'll find that office inconvenient," some one told her, "think of all the stairs you'll have to climb."

"I think that's fine," exclaimed Miss O'Hara, "I not only have a quiet place to work, but I get my daily exercise running up and down the stairs."

A GHOST STORY

Wallace Reid gazed at the long line of armored figures in the old castle scene of his new picture "The Ghost Breaker."

"Well," said he, "if those are the ghosts I have to break, I'll either have to use a can-opener or a crowbar, I don't know which."

* * * * *

SO THE ROSE IS THORNLESS

It may have been the fact that his name was Thorne which made the young screen aspirant try for a part in "The Broadway Rose," Mae Murray's latest production. He did not measure up to requirements, however.

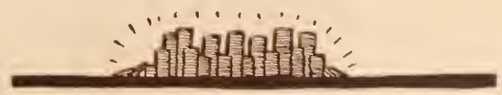
"I suppose," said Miss Murray, as he disappeared, "every rose should have a thorn, but this one isn't quite sharp enough."

* * * * *

THE SWINE!

Viola Dana is very proud of the live stock on her Hollywood estate. So when a litter of pigs arrived the other day, she sauntered down to look them over. Of course you know Viola is a chronic knitter, so she kept on plying her needles as she walked across the lawn and stood watching the infant porkers.

"Oh, Viola," said her sister, Shirley Mason, as she joined her, "I see you're casting pearls before swine."



"HERE TOO," WE ANSWER

"What's the name of this picture?" asked one of the extras in Alice Brady's new picture.

"Missing Millions," was the answer.

"Humph," said the extra, "that's what the matter with mine, they're missing."

Hints to Scenario Writers by Frederick Palmer

SCENARIO NOTE: *Our readers are invited to write and ask us questions they may have in mind on screen writing. Please enclose stamped and addressed envelope.*

DUE to the tremendous amount of questions received from aspiring photoplaywrights, Mr. Palmer has again agreed to devote the entire page to answering these questions, rather than force some of them to lie over for several weeks before receiving attention. He will continue his editorial in next week's issue.

Questions and Answers

Q. Is there any market for war stories?—T. K. O.

A. There is no market for war stories at the present time. Immediately following the war the happy thought of every author was to write a war story. As a consequence a story with a war setting has lost its value. Another argument against this type of story is the cost of production. It costs a great deal of money to outfit and maintain two "armies."

Q. Is there any call for negro comedies?—R. S. P.

A. There is little or no market for comedies composed entirely of negroes. However, the Monumental Film Co., with offices in the Loew Biulding, New York City, is huilding a studio at Washington, D. C. for the production of two-reel colored comedies.

Q. Is it possible to learn continuity writing without studying drama or synopsis writing?—A. S. P.

A. It is possible, yes,—highly improbable. A keen insight of the dramatic and what constitutes it are the coninuity writers "stock in trade."

(Q.) Is there a good demand for reincarnation stories at the present time?—C. B.

(A.) I must advise you that there is little market at this time for a story based on the theme of reincarnation. Such material is really not good screen material, because it is so psychological and subtle. Moreover, a good many stories of this type have been produced recently, and there is no longer any big demand for them.

(Q.) I have a story in mind which is based on the theme of father love. Do you think this would be attractive?—L. S.

(A.) The theme of father love should have a greater demand at present than the theme of mother love, inasmuch as the latter has been used so much recently. Producers are always interested in something different. If you can build a strong, dramatic story based on the theme of father love, I see no reason why you should not turn out a very appealing photoplay.

Q. Is it permissable to write a story in semi-continuity form, that is, short sentences telling of the action in a concise manner?—B. M.

A. Not as a rule. A photoplay should be written in a style that makes it as attractive as a magazine story, bringing out definitely the thread or plot. A Scenario Department will not "search" for the theme; the story must be interesting to read.

Q. I desire to write a college story but have been told that this sort of a photoplay is not given much consideration. Am I correctly informd?—F. D.

A. A college story has as much chance as any other, provided the theme is big enough and the action strong. Most college stories are quite trivial, and the action assigned the characters above their ability to portray. Make it a consistent photoplay, and you will have no difficulty.

Q. One of my stories dealing with San Francisco's Chinatown has been returned from many studios with no comment other than "not available." Can you tell me what the reason is?—M. G.

A. Probably because it is too highly melodramatic, or contains the use of drugs, kidnapping, and such incidents. Further, there has been a recent protest made against showing the Chinese in a had light. The recent censorship agitation probahly has something to do with its rejection.

Q. Why are Alaskan stories so frequently rejected? I have written several but do not seem to be able to dispose of even one of them?—M. A.

A. So many stories have been written around this *locale* that the producers are beginning to realize that there is not much chance of getting a real original Alaskan story. The stories usually deal with dog-team, furs, mining, etc. It is the new and novel situation or story the producers are seeking.

Q. Are court room scenes good for dramatic purposes?—T. R.

A As a rule, a court-room scene is a dull affair. This is especially true of the American court-room, where there is little chance to inject the picturesque and where emotional outbreaks are quickly checked and a stern dignity is maintained. So many scenes have been laid in courts of justice and so many innocent men and women have been exonerated from crime in such scenes that producers at the present moment do not regard them in a friendly light.

Q. Must a story be wholly original or will a novel dramatic situation or a new twist get consideration?—F. B.

A. A story with a germ of originality will get every consideration with the hope that through elimination of unoriginal material and substitution of fresh ideas, the balance of the story can be made attractive. But, of course, an author could not expect as much remuneration for such a story as for one that was built entirely in a novel way.

Q. Are outdoor stories sought for female stars?—W. F.

A. There is little or no demand for outdoor stories for women stars. The preference is for stories that can be produced in the studios. But there is always a good demand for outdoor stories for virile male stars.

Q. How many factions are necessary for the development of a strong, dramatic screen story?—S. N. G.

A. You cannot have drama without at least two factions—the heroic and the antagonistic.

Q. In a recent popular release "Polly of the Follies" there were a large number of sub-titles, many of which seemed rather unnecessary, although they were amusing. Is this good technique?—Als.

A. The general rule is to introduce as few subtitles as possible in order to make clear and understandable the action which follows. Miss Loos, who wrote the subtitles for "Polly of the Follies" is one of the most clever of photodramatists, and she has always ignored this rule of good construction with impunity for the reason that her sub-titles are so very amusing in themselves. It would not be advisable, however, for any young writer to attempt to follow her example in this respect.

Q. Is it possible to write a story of the South Sea Islands which would be acceptable at this time?—L. N.

A. Possible, but difficult. It must needs be exceptionally interesting in order to overcome the handicap of the hackneyed locale, which usually produces a conventional and very familiar type of story Two recent productions with a South Sea locale were very fine and very successful,—D. W. Griffiths. "The Idol Danger" and "The Lotus Eaters," starring John Barrymore. Each of these contained that "something new" for which producers and public are always so eager.

Q. Would a photoplay based upon the historical Crusades in mediaeval times be interesting to a producer? Has any photoplay been produced dealing with this period?—A. N.

A. We recall no produced pictures dealing with the Crusades. Whether or not such a photoplay would be attractive to a producer would depend entirely upon how it was developed. Such a production would entail a tremendous expense, and at this time producers are desirous of securing stories which are less costly than many have heen in the past.

Q. I have in mind a story which would require the use of a battleship and two government revenue cutters. Would the government consent to such a use of these vessels?—T. G.

A. Prohably not, but it might be possible to arrange for taking the close-ups on board the ships, and the long shots could he taken of the ships in their regular maneuvers. The permissions of the Navy Department would have to be secured, of course, and the nature and purpose of the story fully laid before them.

Q. I have a story which was published in a magazine some time ago. In submitting it to the studios as possihle photoplay material, should I rewrite it, or would it be acceptable in its present form?—A. F.

A. It would be better to write it, in direct action, in the third person.

Q. Is it permissible for a writer to use an assumed name when writing for the screen?—L. P.

A. Yes, but there does not seem to be any very good reason for this since the prejudice that used to exist among writers against working for the moving picture concerns has disappeared long ago. Why not use your own name and receive the credit for having produced a hit of work good enough for present day production.

Q. Is there much demand for stories in which the title role is enacted hy a child?—P. T.

A. Yes, at present there is a fair demand for such stories. In writing for a specialized market such as this, you are limiting your chances for the sale of the story. But there are several producers using material of this type.

Q. Is it true that most of the successful authors rebuild their plots many times before obtaining a final version that is satisfactory?—G. T.

A. Yes, this is true. Only by reconstructing plot material, tearing down and building up the situations, and reworking the entire structure are successful stories obtained. It is never a waste of time to go over a story again and again examining it carefully from different angles, and changing without hesitation whatever proves weak upon such examination.

Q. I hear so much and read so much about characterization. Does that mean that the author includes a character sketch of each of the principle roles in the picture when he submits his synopsis?—B. T.

A. No. That sort of characterization is used in published fiction, but on the screen the characterization must be "put over" by the action of the people in the play. This can also be emphasized hy the use of sub-titles, but the use of significant action is the important part of characterization on the screen.

Q. What do editors want? Do they buy ideas, or do they want stories written out in action?

A. Very concisely, editors want dramatic plots—not ideas for plots; they want these plots worked out in a series of dramatic situations, but not in continuity, as we infer you mean when you say "stories written out in action." Action does not mean acting or moving about on the set; it means rather related incidents which, when shown in sequence, tell a story.

Q. Is good characterization ahsolutely essential in a photoplay?—Y. H.

A. Yes, but in building the characterizations, do not forget that your story must be essentially dramatic. It is not enough to make your characters interesting. You must go further and bring them into dramatic relationship with each other.

Q. I have written a story which is absolutely true to life. The events in the lives of my characters are truly interesting, and yet I cannot sell my story. What is the trouble?— R. E.

A. Drama requires more than the mere telling of events in the lives of the characters. The characters in the screen story must be brought into sharp opposition with each other. The audience must be kept in suspense as to what will happen next and the action must grow more and more intense until the solution is reached.

Q. Is description necessary in a photoplay synopsis?—E. W.

A. Of course, it is necessary to use some description in order to convey a clear idea of the personality of a character and some sense of the "locale." It is just *unnecessary* description which should be strictly eliminated. If too much description is given the action tends to become narrative, rather than dramatic.

Betty Compson under fire

Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Compson (Her Mother)

I NEVER go near the studio.

I do not watch the work of my daughter from the sidelines.

I never enter into the business discussions contingent upon signing a new contract.

I do not meddle in matters that effect my daughter's work before the camera or her business relations.

Those matters are her own affairs and she must make her own decisions.

I never have attempted and never will attempt to impose my personality upon my daughter. If she has gained a success it is because since birth she has been allowed to determine her own destiny.

At an early age, Mr. Compson and I outlined to Betty the "thou shalts and thou shalt nots" of life. We expressed our confidence that she would never bring discredit upon her father and mother—and left the rest to her. Betty was never surrounded by a thorn hedge or rules. With some children too many laws create a pleasure in the breaking.

Betty Compson and her best chum. The hardships which they so pluckily faced together have brought to Betty and her mother a love and understanding given to few.

If Betty was naughty it hurt her more than us—for she knew she was on her honor.

Betty has always been a child of self-determination.

And yet I believe my opinions have more weight with my daughter than those of ninety-nine mothers out of one hundred.

She trusts my opinions because she knows I am not trying to enforce the body of "maternal control" against her. She knows she doesn't have to listen to a thing I may say—and lots of times she doesn't. But more times she does—because Betty and I have gone through a lot of hardships together and she looks upon me more as an elder chum than as a mother.

She asks my opinion. I give it. But I always tell her that it is merely an opinion, and that she is absolutely free to do as she likes. It is an ideal arrangement, for as a "chum" my opinions will be regarded till I die, while as the old type of autocratic mother my authority would tend to diminish as my child grows older.

I never go near the studio because I feel that a star's mother should retain the audience viewpoint. When I see a picture I want to see it without having read the story before or having seen it in production. I want to be able to criticize it from the standpoint of Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Jones, rather than Mrs. Compson.

And I want to curb any tendency to temperament. "Don't act," I tell Betty if she happens to return a bit irritated from the studio. Being of the home only, with no relations with the studio, my percep-

AT LEFT: *The resplendent and vivid Betty Compson of today, unspoiled by success she has fought so hard to achieve.*

AT RIGHT: *Betty as she appeared in a comedy role during her forty-dollar-a-week apprentice days in moving pictures.*

ABOVE:

Betty has never forgotten the heart-aches of her own early life. Every Xmas she plays "big sister" to a host of poor kiddies.

AT RIGHT:

Five years ago, this car would have seemed but a wild dream to Betty. Today, thanks to her own pluck and initiative, it is a glorious reality.

tions are not blunted, I can tell at once the natural from the stage—and Betty is kind enough to say that I am a valuable balance wheel to her.

Ours is not perhaps the ordinary regime of mother and daughter, but real hardships that we have both endured have brought a strange species of comradeship I think many mothers would envy.

Tragedy overtook us when we were in Betty's third year in high school. Mr. Compson died after a lingering illness brought on by exposure at the Silver Horn Mine, Frisco, Utah, where he was superintendent and where Betty was brought up.

There was no money. Then and there I made a decision I have never regretted. I could have supported both of us. But I knew that sooner or later Betty must get used to working—and we arranged that she should play the violin at the Mission Theatre, Salt Lake, afternoons and evenings, while going to school in the mornings. On my part this was a relinquishing of ambitions that Betty should be a future Maud Powell, for Mr. Compson and I had hoped for years that some day she would be a concert violinist. That she should ever be an actress, never entered our heads, although in later years I could recall that she had a habit of imitating after we had seen performances by Olga Nethersole, Florence Roberts, and Mrs. Leslie Carter. But we never took this phase seriously and never let her air her tendency along this line in public, for both Mr. Compson and I had a holy horror of infant prodigies who "spoke pieces."

For Betty the idea of working was a hit tragic, for she was getting well in with a nice crowd at the high school—and well, you know there are always these girl and boy love affairs. Speaking of love affairs, Betty has had several of them like any normal girl—but none of them have "taken." In most of them Betty deferred to my negative opinion. There was one young fellow, however, I rather favored. But Betty decided against him—and now it is a favorite joke with her that the chap in question, whom we then considered quite wealthy, has wasted a considerable portion of his patrimony—and drives a "flivver!" So that mother's one affirmative judgment was more or less a failure.

But getting back to the job in the orchestra. It was hard for her to break away from her high school friends, but it brought a self-discipline that since has carried Betty successfully through some hard problems for a girl of her age.

And I did not chaperone her to and from the theatre.

I knew that a self-reliant girl is her own defense.

And soon Betty left me for two years. An act failed at the Mission Theatre, Betty substituted—and was given a contract.

Some people have frankly told me it was a cruel thing—letting a fifteen year old girl go out "on her own." But I knew Betty's spunk, I knew she had a fighting personality that would carry her over obstacles—and, by staying home and working, I could make some money myself, Betty could save, and we would both be free of the "overhead" that a stage mother always is.

I managed summer resorts about this time, maintaining all the outward appearance of efficiency I could while waiting for the itinerant letters from my child.

And Betty went broke!

A poor season stranded her in San Francisco. She didn't have money enough for fare to Salt Lake. I didn't have enough to send her.

So the plucky child took a position as nurse girl with a San Francisco family for $20 a month and worked for five months to get enough to get back to me! It was really somewhat like a fiction story, the son of the house fell in love with her! But that phase soon passed.

Back in Salt Lake, Betty went out on another vaudeville trip, important because when she swung around to Los Angeles, Al Christie saw her.

Betty had to come back to Salt Lake to finish the season—and there she found a wire from Christie to come to the studio.

Now we had only a little money, after we had bought Betty a few clothes. Thirty dollars was the single fare, thirty-five dollars was the round trip. The extra five dollars would have bought a few meals—but Betty said "Safety First"—and lived from Salt Lake to Los Angeles on malted milk tablets.

I signed Betty's first contract, because she was under age, but it was my last. Since then I have insisted that she handle all of her own business affairs—while I attend to the household.

Her first salary was $40—munificent, because in vaudeville she had been getting $25!

Then it went up by dribbles—and then Betty had a disagreement and lost her job!

Betty calls it her darkest hour, those three months she was out of work—I call it Destiny.

And I am glad to have a little part in it for Betty took my advice and consistently turned down jobs in comedy.

"You'll never advance as an actress except in serious roles," I told her.

Fate seems to have been with us. We didn't have enough money to buy our next meal—when Betty found ten dollars on the street—and two days later she signed for a serial!

And from then it was just a step to "The Miracle Man"—and fame! Our hardships wouldn't have been so hard if Betty had been content with one room in a boarding house. But her years on the road had created a tremendous passion for a home—and all our little savings went towards furniture—so when hard times came we had collections and things like that to meet.

But we both tried to keep our chins up, to keep cheerful and to keep working—and as a result we are now able to take it easier.

Now Betty is a Paramount star, and one of the best-known girls in the country. She has retained her equilibrium—and always will, I can promise you. When success comes as hard as it did for Betty—and only because of the hardest kind of hard work—one just doesn't lose one's sense of proportion.

As I see Betty now in a beautiful evening gown, it seems a long cry to the little tomboy who scampered over the ragged dumps at the Silver Horn Mine.

May I feel that I had a little part in all this, at least to the extent of insisting that my daughter battle her own major problems, with mother standing by in an advisory capacity only?

An all-star trio. Penrhyn Stanlaws, who has directed Betty in some of her best pictures, Betty herself, and Jesse L. Lasky, "big boss" of both artists.

The Triumph of Love

"The Business of Life"

By Robert W. Chambers

IS a mother's reserve praiseworthy when her child comes to her for intimate companionship—for tenderness, perhaps—and puts its little arms around her neck?"

Jacqueline stared, then blushed furiously.

"Why do you suppose that I am likely to be lacking in sympathy, Cynthia?"

"You are not. I know you too well, ducky. Bnt you might easily be exquisitely undemonstrative."

"All women—are—undemonstrative."

"Not always."

"An honest, chaste——"

"No."

Jacqueline, deeply finshed, began in a low voice:

"To discourage the lesser emotions——"

"No! To separate them, class them as lesser, makes them so. They are merely atoms in the molecule—a tiny fragment of perfection. To be too conscious of them makes them too important; to accept them with the rest as par of the ensemble is the only way."

"Who has been educating you to talk this way?"

"Necessity. There is no real room for ignorance in my profession. So I don't go to parties any more; I try to educate myself. There are cultivated peopple in the company. They have been very kind to me. And my carelessnes in English—my lack of polish—these were not inherited. My father was an educated man, if he was nothing else. YOU know that. Your father knew it. All I needed was to be awakened. And I am awake."

After a silence they kissed each other; and, when Cynthia had departed, Jacqueline closed the door and returned to her chair. Seated there in deep and unhappy thought, while the slow minutes passed without him, little by little her uneasiness returned.

Eight o'clock rang from her little mantel clock. She started up and went to the window. The street lamps were shining over pavements and sidewalks deserted.

She did not realize how long she had been standing there, when from behind the mantel clock startled her again, ringing out nine. She came back into the centre of the room, and, hands clasped, stared at the dial.

She had meant only kindness to him—was seeking only her own convalescence, desperately determined to love and to hold this man. Hadn't he understood it? Could he not give her time to recover? How could he expect more of her—a bride, confronted in the first hours of wedded life by her husband's self-avowed mistress!

She stood, hesitating, clenching and unclenching her white and slender hands, striving to think, succeeding only in enduring, until endurance itself was rapidly becoming impossible.

Her servant came, asking in an awed whisper whether her mistress would not eat something.

Jacqueline's proud little head went up.

"Mr. Desboro has been detained unexpectedly. I will ring for you when he comes."

But at midnight she rang, saying that she required nothing further, and that the maid could retire after unhooking her gown.

Now, in her loosened chamber-robe, she sat before the dresser combing out the thick, lustrous hair clustered in masses of gold around her face and shonlders

She scarcely knew what she was about—knew not at all what she was going to do with the rest of the night.

Her hands, tightly clasped together, rested on the pages of an open book; and she was staring at nothing when, without warning, the doorbell rang.

She rose straight up and pressed her left hand to her side, pale lips parted, listening; then she sprang to the door, opened it, pulled the handle controlling the wire which lifted the street-door latch.

"What has been the matter, Jim?" she tried to say, but her voice almost broke.

"The matter is," he said quietly, "that I drank to excess at the clnb and was not fit to keep my appointment with you."

"What!" she said faintly.

"That was it, Jacqueline. Cairns did his best for us both. But—I knew it would be for the last time; I knew yon would never again have to endure snch things from me."

"What do you mean?"

"Just what I have said, Jacqueline. Yon won't have it to endure again. But I had to have time to recover my senses and think it out. That is why I didn't come before. So I let Cairns believe I was coming here."

"Where did you go?"

"To my rooms. I had to face it; I had to think it all over before I came here. I would have telephoned you, but you could not have understood. What time is it?"

"Two o'clock."

"I'm sorry. I won't keep you long——"

"What do you mean? Where are you going?"

"To my rooms, I suppose. I merely came here to tell you what is the only thing for us to do. You know it already. I have just realized it."

"I don't understand what——"

"Oh, yes, you do, Jacqueline. You now have no illusions left concerning me. Nor have I any left concerning what I am and what I have done. Curious," he added very quietly, "that people had to tell me what I am and what I have done to you before I could understand it."

"What have you—done—to me?"

"Married you. And within that very hour, almost, brought sorrow and shame on you. Oh, the magic mirror has been held up to me today, Jacqueline; and in it everything I have done to you since the moment I first saw you has been reflected there in its real colors.

"I stepped across the straight, clean pathway of your life, telling myself the lie that I had no intentions of any sort concerning you. And, as time passed, however indefinite my motives, they became at least vaguely sinister. You were aware of this; I pretended not to be. And at last you—you saved me the infamy of self-revelation by speaking as you did. You engaged yourself to marry me. And I let you. And, not daring to let you stand the test which an announcement of our engagement would surely mean, and fearing to lose you, dreading to see you turn against me, I was cowardly enough to marry you as I did, and trust that love and devotion would hold you."

He leaned forward in his chair and shook his head.

"No use," he said quietly. "Love and devotion never become a coward. Both mean nothing unless based on honesty. And I was dishonest with you.

Her pale, fascinated face never moved, nor did her eyes leave his for a second. He sustained her gaze gravely, and with a drawn composnre that seemed akin to dignity.

"I came here to tell you this," he said, "to admit that I cheated you, cheated the world out of you, robbed you of your independence under false pretenses, married you as I did because I was afraid I'd lose you otherwise. My justification was that I loved you—as though that could excuse anything. Only could I be excused for marrying you if our engagement had been openly announced and you had found it in you to withstand and forgive whatever ill you heard of me. But I did not give you that chance. I married you. And within that very hour you learned something—whatever it was—that changed you utterly toward me, and is threatening to ruin yonr happiness—to annihilate within you the very joy of living."

He shook his head again, slowly.

"That won't do, Jacqueline. Happiness is as much your right as life itself. The world has a right to you, too; because you have lived nobly, and your work has been for the betterment of things. Whoever knows you honors you and loves you. It is such a woman as you who is of importance in the world. Men and women are better for you. You are needed. While I——"

He made a quick gesture; his lip trembled, but he smiled.

"So," he said, "I have thought it all out—there alone in my rooms tonight. There will be no more trouble, no anxiety for you. I'll step out of your life very quietly, Jacqueline, without any stir or fuss or any inconvenience to you, more than waiting for my continued absence to become flagrant and permanent enough to satisfy the legal requirements. And in a little while you will have your liberty again; the liberty and, very soon, the tranquility of mind and the happiness out of which I have managed to swindle you."

She turned her head toward him, her cheek resting flat against the upholstered chintz back.

"One thing you have not told me, Jim."

"What is that?" he asked in a strained voice.

"How I am to live without you."

There was a silence. When his self-control seemed assured once more, he said:

"Do you mean that the damage I have done is irreparable?"

"What you have done cannot be undone. You have made me—love you." Her lip trembled in a pitiful attempt to smile. "Are you, after all, about to send me forth 'between tall avenues of spears, to die?'"

"Do you still think you care for such a man as I am?" he said hoarsely.

She nodded:

"And if you leave me it will be the same, Jim. Wherever you are—living alone or married to another woman—or whether you are living at all, or dead, it will always be the same with me. Love is love. Nothing you say now can alter it. Words—yours or the words of others—merely wound ME, and do not cripple my love for you. Nor can deeds do so. I know that, now. They can slay only me, not my love, Jim—for I think, with me, it is really and truly immortal."

His head dropped between his hands. She saw his body trembling at moments. After a little while she rose, and, stepping to his side, bent over him, letting her hand rest lightly on his hair.

"All I ask of you is to be patient," she whispered. "And you don't understand—yon don't seem to nnderstand me, dear. I am learning very fast—much faster and more thoroughly than I believed possible. Cynthia was here this evening. She helped me so much. She taught me a great deal—a very great deal. And your goodness—your unselfishness in coming to me this way—with your boyish amends, your unconsidered and impulsive offers of restitution—restitution of single blessedness——" She smiled; and, deep within her breast, a faint thrill stirred like a far premonition.

"What a boy is this grown man!" she whispered. "What a foolish, emotional, impulsive boy! And snch an unhappy one; and SUCH a tired one!"

And, once more hesitating, and with infinite precaution, lest he become suddenly too conscious of this new and shy demonstration, she ventured to seat herself on the arm of his chair and bend closer to him.

"You must go back to your rooms, dear," she murmured. "It is morning, and we both are in need of sleep, I think. So you must say good-night to me and go back to—to pleasant dreams. And tomorrow we will go to Silverwod for over Sunday. Two whole days together, dear——"

She stretched out both hands swiftly.

"Good-night, dearest—dearest of men. You have made me happy again. You are making me happier every moment. Only—be patient with me. And it will all come true—what we have dreamed."

Her fragrant hands were crushed against his lips, and her heart was beating faster and faster, and she was saying she scarcely knew what.

"All will be well with us. I no longer doubt it. YOU must not. I—I AM the girl you desire. I will be, always—always. Only be gentle and patient with me—only that—only that."

"How can I take you this way—and keep you—after what I have done?" he stammered. "How can I let your generosity and mercy rob you of what is your due——"

"Love is my due, I think. But only you can give it. And if you witbhold it, Jim, I am robbed indeed."

"Your pity—your sweetness——"

"My pity is for myself if you prove unkind."

"I? Unkind! Good God——"

"Oh! He IS good. Jim! And He will be. Never doubt it again. And lie down to pleasant dreams. Will you come for me to-morrow at five?"

"Yes."

"And never again distrust yourself or me?"

He drew a deep, unsteady breath.

"Good-night," she whispered.

JACQUELINE had been half an hour late at her office and the routine business was not yet quite finished when Captain Herrendene was announced at the telephone.

"I thought you had sailed!" she exclaimed in surprise, as he greeted her over the wire.

He laughed: "I'm ordered to Governor's Island. Jolly, isn't it?"

"Fine!" she said cordially. "We shall see you sometimes, I suppose."

"I'm asked to the Lindley Hammertons for the week-end. Are you to be at Silverwood by any happy chance?"

"Indeed we are. We are going up tonight."

"Good business!" he said. "And—may I wish you happiness. Mrs. Desboro? Your husband is a perfectly bully fellow—lots of quality in that young man—loads of reserve and driving force! Tell him I congratulate him with all my heart. You know what I think of YOU!"

"It's very sweet of you to speak this way about us," she said. "You may surmise what I think of my husband. So thank you for wishing us happiness. And you will come over with Daisy, won't you? We are going to be at home until Monday."

"Indeed I will come!" he said heartily.

She hung up the receiver, smiling but a trifle flushed; and in her blue eyes there lingered something resembling tenderness as she turned once more to the pile of typewritten letters awaiting her signature. She had cared a great deal for this man's devotion; and since she had refused him she cared for his friendship even more than before. And, being feminine, capable, and very tenderhearted, she already was experiencing the characteristic and ominous solicitude of her sex for the future consolation and ultimate happiness of this yonng and unmarried man. Might it not be accomplished through Daisy Hammerton? What could be more suitable, more perfect?

Her sensitive lips were edged with a faint smile as she signed her name to the first business letter. It began to look dark for Captain Herrendene. No doubt, somewhere aloft, the cherubim were already giggling. When a nice girl refuses a man, his business with her has only just begun.

She continued to sign her letters, the ominous smile always hovering on her upcurled lips. And, pursuing that train of thought, she came, unwittingly, upon another, so impossible, yet so delightful and exciting that every feminine fibre in her responded to the invitation to meddle. She could scarcely wait to begin, so possessed was she by the alluringly hopeless proposition evolved from her inner consciousness; and, as soon as the last letter had been signed, and her stenographer had taken away the correspondence, she flew to the telephone and called up Cynthia Lessler.

"Is it you, dear?" she asked excitedly; and Cynthia, at the other end of the wire, caught the happy ring in her voice, for she answered:

"You sound very gay this morning. Are you, dear?"

"Yes, darling. Tell me, what are you doing over Sunday?"

Cynthia hesitated, then she answered calmly:

"Mr. Cairns is coming in the morning to take me to the Metropolitan Museum."

"What a funny idea!"

"Why is it funny? He suggested that we go and look at the Chinese porcelains so that we could listen more intelligently to you."

"As though I were accustomed to lecture my friends! How absurd, Cynthia. You can't go. I want you at Silverwood."

"Thank you, dear, but I've promised him——"

"Then come up on the noon train!"

"In the afternoon," explained Cynthia, still more calmly, "Mr. Cairns and I are to read together a new play which has not yet been put in rehearsal."

(Continued on page 28)

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ORPHANS OF THE STORM

(Continued from page 16)

to the innocent peasant girl so many years ago. Take this—and this—and this." Drawing a dagger from her breast she plunged it into his throat, sinking it up to the hilt again and again. With a frantic scream Henriette turned and fled.

She had gone but a short distance when her attraction was drawn by a series of pitiful moans. Coming to an abrupt halt she investigated and found a woman of fashion lying in the dark hall of a broken-down rookery that was the rendezvous of a gang of pickpockets.

"I am dying," gasped the tortured creature faintly. "I have been stabbed in a dozen different places and nothing can save me. Oh, if I could only see Maurice or hear his dear voice? I could die satisfied."

Maurice! Despite the peril of her situation, Henriette had no intention of leaving the woman alone in that dark hour. Then, too, Maurice? It was true there were many by that name. Could she by any means know her Maurice? Henriette was not long in doubt. The dying woman drew a diamond necklace from her throat where her assailants had not noticed it. This she handed to the girl.

"I know you," she said. "I've seen you before. At de Praille's reception. You are the girl my Maurice loves. But for you he would have married me and I would have been happy. I bear you no grudge now, however. You are so sweet and lovely I do not blame him. Keep these diamonds for yourself but hand him the locket. It contains a lock of his hair that I bribed his valet, Picard, to procure for me. Please tell him that my dying thoughts were all of him."

There was hoarse gurgle, a sudden stiffening of the body, and all that was spirit of the princess had fled.

Henriette had just succeeded in secreting the locket and necklace in her bosom when a man came hurrying by. It was the kindly old peasant who had offered to guide her to her sister.

"Ah, here you are," he cried in a tone of relief. "I got separated from you when those lunatics rushed past us. Ah, Dieu et Dieu. Paris is mad, mad! You can do nothing for this woman. She is dead. They will care for her body tomorrow. Hurry, do hurry. Before we get caught in another mad swarm."

Sick at heart she staggered to her feet, covered the body with her own shawl, then hurried on, and in a few moments more they were at the den of the Frochards.

Cautiously she opened the door and peered in. There was no sound. With the courage born of desperation and a great love she crept down the rickety stairs. She felt nauseated at the vile odors that saluted her nostrils. The thought of Louise being imprisoned here sickened her. Suddenly the hideous form of Mother Frochard confronted her.

"You have my dear sister Louise, a blind girl, here, and I want her."

"I know of no such person," La Frochard lied. "Never heard of such a person."

For a moment Henriette's heart sank. Could it be that the doctor was mistaken? The old woman who, as usual, was half drunk, unloosened her mass of tatters to breathe the easier. The sister caught sight of a well-remembered object.

"My sister's shawl!"

The blue eyes were now black with rage. With a lightning

All Paris was a mad, bloodthirsty mob.

spring she caught the shawl from the woman's shoulders, pressed it passionately to her bosom as though it were a living thing, kissed it and crooned over it as she had done to the dear sister in days long gone. Then, in a sudden outburst of righteous anger she caught the old fraud and shook her until La Frochard's head reeled to and fro on her shoulders. She supplemented this with blows until the old hag fell on her knees and howled for mercy.

"You've been lying, and that shawl proves it," cried the indignant girl. "Where is she? Where is Louise? Answer!"

Slowly the woman rose, but she still cringed as though expecting another blow. "Don't be angry," she whined. "Please be calm."

"Don't waste words," cried Henriette angrily. "Where is my dear sister."

Henriette could not note the look of cunning that came into the rat-like eyes. The hideous features assumed an expression intended to portray sympathy. She tried to pat the slender hand with what was intended to be a commiserating air. "Well, if you must know the truth —"

"Yes, yes," the impatient girl cried. "Go on! Do go on!"

"— she was with us, but—please pity us! —she was not strong and with the hard life we have to lead —she — she died."

Henriette reeled as if about to fall. Her agony was almost too great to be borne. She looked long and earnestly at the face of the old harridan. There was nothing to arouse hope.

"Where is her body?"

"How do I know?" whined the old woman. What have we poor to do with burials?"

Slowly the distraught girl turned and reeled from the cellar. As she did so a bundle of rags that the sorrow-stricken girl almost stepped on in passing moved slightly and Louise, the blind girl, turned over in her sleep.

SYNOPSIS

During the time of the black famine in France, a noblewoman gives birth to a child whose father is a peasant. The child is taken away from her by the nobles and left naked on a snow pile to die.

In another part of town, the Girards, a family of poor peasants, decide to leave their only child on someone's doorstep as they can no longer buy food for it.

The father, taking the baby away, sees the abandoned child on the snow pile and, repenting, takes both babies home.

Later through the black plague, Louise, the little foundling, loses her eyesight and both the elder Girards die. The two orphans decide to journey to Paris to visit their cousin and to try a cure for Louise's sight.

They are met by the Marquis de Praille on their way and he, greatly attracted by Henriette's charms, makes advances to her which she repulses. The marquis, angered, orders his servant to kidnap the girl.

In the meantime, Louise, left wandering alone, is picked up by a villainous old hag called Madame Frochard and is taken to her home, where she is told she must beg for a living.

This she refuses to do and is thrust into the dark cellar in spite of the pleadings of her crippled son, Pierre, who is laid low by a blow from his fool-hearted brother, Jacques.

Frochard takes Louise out into the streets to beg and is met by the Comtesse de Vaudrey, who is attracted to Louise, but does not know that she is the child taken from her at birth.

The Chevalier de Vandrey is ordered by the king to marry the Princess of Acquitaine, which he refuses to do, being in love with Henriette, and he is taken to a provincial prison while Henriette is confined in Saltpetriere.

The revolution begins and the prisoners hear the mob coming to release them.

PIERRE BECOMES A MAN

The fateful night was drawing to a close when Pierre entered. He was closely followed by Jacques, who had been drinking even more than usual. The bundle of rags on the floor stirred uneasily with the noise of their entrance. La Frochard did not cease her drinking. With the bottle still held at her mouth she held out her hand for the money Pierre had made, but Jacques anticipated her and seized the money before it reached his mother.

"Mine," he said with an oath. "You keep your hands off this."

La Frochard looked proudly at her first-born, then gave vent to a burst of raucous laughter. The only thing on earth that the old hag cared for outside of liquor was this ugly, beastly first-born of hers—the image of his father. Whatever he did was right.

Louise raised her tear-stained face above the rags that covered her. The fatigue of the toil of the day, going from street to street and singing in wind and weather had told on her, hence the reason for her heavy slumber. She had had a pleasant dream: that Henriette had come to take her away from this vile den, and the rude awakening to the old life appalled her. She sobbed hitterly, the tears falling fast from her sightless eyes.

Pierre wormed his way over to the wretched girl while the other two were indulging in liberal potations.

"Don't cry," he begged. "It tears my heart to see you so unhappy. There will yet be a way to escape; for you to meet your sister. You know I would lay down my life to make you happy."

He was seized with an iron grip by the ferocious Jacques and flung to the far end of the vile cellar.

"Leave my woman alone," snarled the elder brother, "that's my property. Do you hear? Mine!"

"Sure," echoed the old hag with a maudlin laugh. "Sure she's your property. All in the family, eh. Oh, yes, quite so."

Waggishly she nodded her drunken head while Pierre hit his finger ends till they bled. Suddenly La Frochard staggered to her feet and lurched over to where the blind girl was still lying. Roughly she jerked her to her feet.

"Get out and beg," she ordered, "the stone cutters will be going to work, they are always liberal with their money. The revolution will make no difference with them. You hear, you lazy hussy. Get out!"

"I'll find a way to make her work," jeered Jacques. "From now on you're my woman. Never forget that. Come up to my room."

He grabbed her with ruthless force and started to drag her toward the stairway leading to a sort of loft above. Louise gave vent to a terrified scream, but he clapped one dirty, hairy paw over her mouth. She was as a child in his hands. La Frochard burst into a gale of laughter at sight of the struggle, and pulled long and frequently at the gin flask at her side. Despite her frantic struggles the girl was slowly but surely being dragged toward the rickety stairs when Pierre sprang to his feet.

"I have been a coward long enough," he cried, giving Jacques' arm a violent wrench. "Don't you dare touch her."

"Who'll stop me?" the astonished Jacques cried, giving his brother a shove that sent him spinning across the room.

Transfigured, the cripple had risen again. His dark eyes blazed like coals, his usually pale face was livid with rage. He bit his lips till the blood came. A large knife gleamed in his right hand.

"I will!" The words were cold with concentrated fury.

Jacques gave a loud laugh of triumph and defiance as he drew his own knife. "Stand back, you fool," he cried. "I tell you she is mine. I'll kill any one that tries to take her away from me."

La Frochard tried to throw herself between the two, to save her beloved elder son. In her terror all her drunken stupor disappeared. Frantically she rushed between them, only to be thrust aside with savage hand by Jacques, who cried with an oath: "You keep out of this. I'll attend to him. It will be all over in a second and he'll know his place after I get through with him."

Each stripped off his ragged coat and held it as a shield. Jacques crouched, tense for a spring.

"You do well, Jacques," Pierre observed ironically. "We Frochards come of a race that kills."

Louise shrank back into a corner shivering in silent horror. With the uncanny faculties of the blind she sensed the coming tragedy. La Frochard, thoroughly sober and speechless from fright, clasped and unclasped her hands in impotent fear. The two brothers feinted around in ever-narrowing circles, in the Latin mode of fighting, which was theirs by race and instinct. Coats or side-steps parried or evaded blows. The razor-edged knives gleamed with sinister meaning in the fitful candle-light, but so far, did no damage. They were silent silver serpents, waiting for the moment to glut themselves on human flesh. Jacques had the greater strength, it is true, but his body was slow and sodden with liquor, while Pierre was lithe, slender and cat-like in quickness.

No sound could be heard in the narrow room but the tense breathing of the men and the quick scraping of footsteps. At first Jacques was confident of success and made many desperate lunges to finish the affair offhand. To his intense surprise these were met and parried with a skill that made him wary. Dissipation and lack of exercise, however, made him no match for his lithe, slender, sad-eyed brother. He caught his breath in a quick qualm of fear which caused his arm to lose its cunning. Cravenly he drew back. On the instant Pierre saw his advantage and redoubled his exertions. "Look out! Look out, Jacques!" screamed the mother. Too late! With a tiger-like leap Pierre raised high his terrible knife and a moment later it was buried deep in Jacques' throat.

La Frochard caught her son as he fell, her face suffused with grief. She wailed and crooned over him as he lay there in his death agony, his head on her knee, his eyes revealing his suffering.

"Quick," Pierre urged, giving one look around. "Quick, we have no time to lose. Let us seek freedom while we can."

Taking her hand they hastened out of the door and into the narrow filthy street just as the sky took on a flush of rose. They had not gone far when they met a lusty Amazon who looked as though she had just left a butcher's shop. Pierre stopped her.

"Will you—could you by any chance tell us aught of a Monsieur Martin or a Mademoiselle Girard?" he stammered.

"What?" cried Leontaine, the Norman woman, for it was

Pierre fights his brother to save Louise's honor.

indeed she. "The little golden-haired girl who was stolen by the cursed aristocrats. I met her at Salpetriere. She was killed last night in a soldier charge. I myself saw the body."

Louise reeled and would have fallen. Dead? Henriette, her beautiful and beloved Henriette was dead, and she was all all alone in the world.

DARK DAYS

The revolution rushed onward like a maddened beast of prey. The guillotine was king and not man's life was safe. Robespierre, the cunning, crafty, foppish lawyer, was head of the Committee of Public Safety, proposed by Danton the Incorruptible. The bones of Mirabeau, Friend of the People, were dragged from their sacred resting place and scattered to

(Continued on page 30)

Rating Movies for Interest
How Current Features Appeal to Patrons
Conducted by Our Readers

THE TEN PICTURES RATED HIGHEST

FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE	99	SAILOR MADE MAN	99
LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY	99	SMILIN' THROUGH	99
ORPHANS OF THE STORM	99	THREE MUSKETEERS	99
OVER THE HILL	99	TOL'ABLE DAVID	99
PETER IBBETSON	99	WAY DOWN EAST	99

FOR several months "Movie Weekly" has been publishing a list of current pictures which we have asked our readers to grade according to merit. The response to this feature has been very gratifying, and we wish to thank our readers for their co-operation and keen critical ability.

For the benefit of those who have not seen our previous ratings—the following system of grading was adhered to:

Poor	Under 79%
Fair	Between 80% and 89%
Good	Between 90% and 92%
Very good	Between 93% and 95%
Superlatively good	Between 96% and 100%

This week's grades are the final valuations as compiled from our readers' ratings. In the absence, until Fall at least, of sufficient new releases to change the list of pictures, this feature will be temporarily discontinued.

THE FOLLOWING WERE RATED 98
Bob Hampton of Placer
Conquering Power
Hail the Woman
Old Nest
Pay Day
Ruling Passion

THE FOLLOWING WERE RATED 97
Connecticut Yankee
Queen of Sheba
Reported Missing

THE FOLLOWING WERE RATED 96
Bonnie Briar Bush
Iron Trail
Little Minister (Vitagraph)
Moran of the Lady Letty
Stage Romance

THE FOLLOWING WERE RATED 95
Affairs of Anatol
Bachelor Daddy
Crossroads of New York
Doubling for Romeo
Fair Lady
Fools Paradise
Little Eva Ascends
Nero
One Glorious Day
Saturday Night
Trouble

THE FOLLOWING WERE RATED 94
A Game Chicken
Good Provider
Miss Lulu Bett
Penrod
Polly of the Follies
Red Hot Romance
Sonny
Woman, Wake Up
Your Best Friend

THE FOLLOWING WERE RATED 93
Alf's Button
All For A Woman
Boomerang Bill
Don t Tell Everything
End of the World
Evidence
Get-Rich-Quick-Wallingford
Jane Eyre
Love's Boomerang
Man from Beyond
Our Mutual Friend
Peacock Alley
Possession
Prodigal Judge
The Sheik
Silent Call
Stroke of Midnight
Three Live Ghosts
Woman Who Walked Alone
World's Champion

THE FOLLOWING WERE RATED 92
Father Tom
Greek Temptation
His Wife s Husband
Last Trail
Life's Greatest Question
Morals
My Boy
Received Payment
Through a Glass Window
Turn to the Right
Whispering Women
Wise Kid

THE FOLLOWING WERE RATED 91
Doll's House
Lotus Eater
Old Oaken Bucket
Prince There Was
Vermillion Pencil
Woman's Place

THE FOLLOWING WERE RATED 90
Back Pay
Beyond the Rocks
Bring Him In
Broadway Peacock
Conflict
Eden and Return
Elope If You Must
Extra! Extra!
Footlights
Glorious Fool
Her Own Money
Idle Rich
Ladies Must Live
Love's Redemption
Man Under Cover
Molly-O
Nancy From Nowhere
Ordeal
School Days
Shattered Idols
Sky High
Theodora
Tillie
Why Announce Your Marriage?
Yellow Men and Gold

THE FOLLOWING WERE RATED 89
All's Fair in Love
Ashamed of Parents
Foolish Wives
His Back Against the Wall
The Hunch
Impulse
Island Wives
Little Minister (Paramount)
Man From Downing Street
Man to Man
No Defense
No Trespassing
Power Within
Rosary, The
Sherlock Holmes
Sign of the Jack O Lantern
Silas Marner
Song of Life
Truthful Liar
Travelin On
White Oak

THE FOLLOWING WERE RATED 88
Anne of Little Smokey
Cardigan
Chasing the Moon
Cradle, The
Don't Doubt Your Wife
Duke of Chimney Butte
Fourteenth Lover
Homespun Vamp
Hush Money
Iron to Gold
Jackie
Just Around the Corner
There Are No Villains
Two Kinds of Women

THE FOLLOWING WERE RATED 87
Clay Dollars
False Kisses
Fox, The
Parisian Scandal
Sin of Martha Queed
Tracked to Earth

THE FOLLOWING WERE RATED 86
At the StageDoor
Don't Get Personal
Enchantment
Love Charm
North of the Rio Grande
Poverty of Riches
Rainbow
Rent Free
Right That Failed
Rough Diamond
Silent Years
Single Track
Under the Lash
Wild Honey

THE FOLLOWING WERE RATED 85
Beyond the Rainbow
Call of the North
Footfalls
French Heels
Question of Honor
Star Dust
What Do Men Want
Whatever She Wants
White Eagle

THE FOLLOWING WERE RATED 84
Flower of the North
Little Miss Smiles
Sea Lion
Sure Fire
Taking Chances
Ten Nights in a Bar Room

THE FOLLOWING WERE RATED 83
Exit the Vamp
Find the Woman
Guttersnipe
Hole in the Wall
New Disciple

THE FOLLOWING WERE RATED 82
Any Night
Handcuffs and Kisses
Lane that Had No Turning
Law and the Woman
Smiles Are Trumps
Wall Flower

THE FOLLOWING WERE RATED 81
Bought and Paid For
Convict 999
Man from Lost River
Riding with Death
Too Much Married

THE FOLLOWING WERE RATED 80
Bobbed Hair
Child Thou Gavest Me
Come On Over
David and Jonathan
Devil Within
Grand Larceny
Grim Comedian
Heart Specialist
Her Husband's Trademark
Lady Godiva
Love's Penalty
Midnight
Pardon My French
Ragged Heiress
R. S. V. P.
Steelheart
Virginia Courtship
Voice in the Dark
What Love Will Do
Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight
Wide Open Town
Woman He Married

THE FOLLOWING WERE RATED 79
Gas, Oil and Water
Handle with Care
Her Social Value
Seventh Day
Too Much Wife
Wonderful Thing

THE FOLLOWING WERE RATED 78
Bride's Play
White Hands

THE FOLLOWING WERE RATED 77
Every Man's Price
Fire Bride
Her Face Value
Winning With Wits

THE FOLLOWING WAS RATED 76
Her Mad Bargain

THE FOLLOWING WERE RATED 75
Beautiful Liar
Beauty's Worth
Dangerous Little Demon
What No Man Knows

THE FOLLOWING WERE RATED 73
I Can Explain
Playing with Fire
Red Peacock

THE FOLLOWING WERE RATED 70
Cameron of the Royal Mounted
Crimson Challenge
Isle of Zorda
Sheik's Wife
Vendetta

THE FOLLOWING WERE RATED UNDER 70
The Barnstormer
Determination
Loves of Pharaoh
Mistress of the World

Wesley "Freckles" Barry IN "It's a Hard Life, Mates"

"I gotto vocation from the studio today, but what's the use?"

"Golly! I didn't know there was so many dishes in the world."

"The idea—to hafto chin with a private tutor on a holiday!"

"Well, there's just one way to get outdoors today, I see."

"Hooray, it worked! All right, Muggsy. Punt formation. End out. 7-4-26-11! Smear that line!"

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE

"The Business of Life"

(*Continued from page 25*)

"But, darling I do want you for Sunday Why can't you come up for this week-end, and postpone the Museum meanderings? Please ask him to let you off."

There was a pause, then Cynthia said in a still, small voice: "Mr. Cairns is here. You may ask him."

Cairns came to the telephone and said that he would consult the wishes and the convenience of Miss Lessler.

There ensued another pause, ostensibly for consultation, during which Jacqueline experienced a wicked and almost overwhelming desire to laugh.

Presently Cynthia called her:

"*We* think," she said with pretty emphasis, "that it would be very jolly to visit you. We can go to the museum any other Sunday, Mr. Cairns says."

But the spirit of mischief still possessed Jacqueline, and she refused to respond to the hint.

"So you are coming?" she exclaimed with enthusiasm.

"If you want *us*, darling."

"That's delightful! You know Jim and I haven't had a chance yet to entertain our bridesmaid. We want her to be our very first guest. Thank you so much, darling, for coming. And please say to Mr. Cairns that it is perfectly dear of him to let you off—"

"But *he* is coming, too, isn't he?" exclaimed Cynthia anxiously. "You are asking us both, aren't you. *What* are you laughing at, you little wretch!"

But Jacqueline's laughter died out and she said hastily:

"Bring him with you, dear," and turned to confront Mrs. Hammerton, who arrived by appointment and exactly on the minute.

The clerk who, under orders, had brought the old lady directly to the office, retired, closing the door behind him. Jacqueline hung up the telephone receiver, rose from her chair and gazed silently at the woman whose letter to her had first shattered her dream of happiness. Then, with a little gesture:

"Won't you please be seated?" she said quietly.

Aunt Hannah's face was grim as she sat down on the chair indicated.

"You have no further interest in me, have you?" she demanded.

Jacqueline did not answer.

"I ought to have come here before," said Aunt Hannah. "I ought to have come here immediately and explained to you that when I wrote that letter I hadn't the vaguest notion that you were already married. Do you think I'd have been such a fool if I'd known it, Jacqueline?"

Jacqueline lifted her troubled eyes: "I do not think you should have interfered at all."

"Good heavens! I know that! I knew it when I did it. It's the one hopelessly idiotic act of my life. Never, *never* was anything gained or anything altered by interfering where real love is. I knew it, child. It's an axiom—a perfectly self-evident proposition—an absolutely hopeless effort. But I chanced it. Your mother, if she were alive, would have chanced it. Don't blame me too much; be a little sorry for me. Because I loved you when I did it. And many, many of the most terrible mistakes in life are made because of love, Jacqueline. The mistakes of hate are fewer."

Aunt Hannah's folded hands tightened on the gun-metal reticule across her knees.

"It's too late to say I'm sorry," she said. "Besides, I'd do it again."

"What!"

"Yes, I would. So would your mother. I *am* sorry; but I *would* do it again! I love you enough to do it again—and—and suffer what I *am* suffering in consequence."

Jacqueline looked at her in angry bewilderment, and the spark in the little black eyes died out.

"Child," she said wearily, "we childless women who love are capable of the same self-sacrifice that mothers understand. I wrote you to save you, practically certain that I was giving you up by doing it—and that with every word of warning I was signing my own death warrant in your affections. But I *couldn't* sit still and let you go to the altar unwarned. Had I cared less for you, yes! I could have let you take your chances undisturbed by me. But—you took them anyway—took them before my warning could do anything except anger you. Otherwise, it would have hurt and angered you, too. I have no illusions; what I said would have availed nothing. Only—it was my duty to say it. I never was crazy about doing my duty. But I did it this time."

She found a fresh handkerchief in her reticule and rolled it nervously into a wad.

"So—that is all, Jacqueline. I've made a bad mess of it. I've made a far worse one than I supposed possible. You are unhappy. James is perfectly wretched. The boy came to me furious, bewildered, almost exasperated, to find out what had been said about him and who had said it. And—and I told him what I thought of him. I *did!* And when he had gone, I—cried myself sick—*sick*, I tell you.

"And that's why I'm here. It has given me courage to come here. I know I am discredited; that what I say will be condemned in advance; that you are too hurt, too hostile to me to be influenced. But—I must say my say before I go out of your life—and his—forever. And what I came to say to you is this. Forgive that boy! Pardon absolutely everything he has done; eliminate it; annihilate the memory of it if you can! Memory *can* be shunned, if not destroyed. Give that boy his chance to grow up to your stature. In all the world I believe you are the only woman who can ennoble him and make of him something fine—if not your peer, at least its masculine equivalent. I do not mean to be bitter. But I cannot help my opinion of things masculine. Forgive him, Jacqueline. Many men are better than he; many, many are worse. But the best among them are not so very much better than your boy Jim. Forgive him and help him to grow up. And—that is all—I think——"

She rose and turned sharply away. Jacqueline rose and crossed the room to open the door for her. They met there. Aunt Hannah's ugly little face remained averted while she waited for the open door to free her.

"Mr. Desboro and I are going to be happy," said Jacqueline in a strained voice.

"It lies with you," snapped Aunt Hannah.

"Yes,—a great deal seems to lie with me. The burden of decision seems to lie with me very often. Somehow I can't escape it. And I am not wise, not experienced enough——"

"You are *good*. That's wisdom enough for decision."

"But—do you know—I am *not* very good."

"Why not?"

"Because I understand much that is evil. How can real ninocence he so unworthily wise?"

"Innocence isn't goodness by a long shot!" said Aunt Hannah bluntly. "The good *know*—and refrain."

There was a silence; the elder woman in her black gown stood waiting, her head still obstinately averted. Suddenly she felt the girl's soft arms around her neck, quivered, caught her in a fierce embrace.

"I—I want you to care for Jim," faltered the girl. "I want you to know what he really is—the dearest and most generous of men. I want you to discover the real nobility in him. He *is* only a boy, as yet, Aunt Hannah. And he—he must not be—cruelly—punished."

When Aunt Hannah had marched ont, still inclined to dab at her eyes, but deeply and thankfully happy, Jacqueline called up her husband at his office.

"Jim, dear," she said, I have had a visit from Aunt Hannah. And she's terribly unhappy because she thinks you and I are; so I told her that we are not unhappy, and I scolded her for saying those outrageous things to you. And she took it so meekly, and—and she does really care for us—and—and I've made up with her. Was it disloyal to you to forgive her?"

"No," he said quietly. "What she said to me was the truth."

"I don't know what she said to you, dear. She didn't tell me. But I gathered from her that it was something intensely disagreeable. So don't ever tell me—because I might begin to dislike her again. And—it wasn't true, anyway. She knows that now. So—we will be friendly to her, won't we?"

"Of course. She adores you anyway——"

"If she doesn't adore you, too, I won't care for her!" said the girl hotly.

He laughed; she could hear him distinctly; and she realized with a little thrill that it was the same engaging laugh which she had first associated with the delightful, graceful, charming young fellow who was now her husband.

SYNOPSIS

James Desboro, noted idler and man about town meets Jacqueline Nevers, who is carrying on her dead father's antique business. He becomes interested in her and engages her to catalog his famous collection.

After a week of this work she decides that they are both more interested in each other than is well and decides not to go to Silverwood Desboro's home, again. Desboro, finding her absence intolerable, calls up and begs her to come again, and after much pleading she consents.

Jacqueline, in a moment of weakness, confesses her love for Desboro, and is overheard by Mrs. Hammerton, who warns Desboro to keep away from Jacqueline.

They are married secretly with only Jack Cairns and Cynthia Lessler as witnesses. Mrs. Hammerton, knowing nothing of the marriage, writes to Jacqueline warning her against Desboro.

Jacqueline also receives a call from Mrs. Clydesdale who admits having an intrigue with Desboro as Mrs. Hammerton has stated in her letter.

Desboro suspects that his wife has been told something of his lurid past, and goes to Mrs. Hammerton, accusing her of causing trouble.

She refuses to answer him and he then decides to go to Elena Clydesdale to find out. Elena is not in, however, and he sees her husband and comes to a new understanding with him.

Elena meanwhile has gone to her doctor's, where she is told that she is about to become a mother.

She goes home and tells her husband, confessing her trouble, and through the veil of tears there appears a new love for both.

"What are you doing, Jim?" she asked, smiling in sympathy.

"There's absolutely nothing doing in the office, dear."

"Then—could you come over here?"

"Oh, Jacqueline! Do *you* tempt me?"

"No," she said hastily, "I suppose you ought to be there in the office, whether there's anything to do or not. Listen, Jim. I've invited Cynthia and Jack Cairns for the week end. Was it all right?"

"Of course."

"You don't really mind, do you?"

"Not a bit, dear."

"We can be by ourselves if we wish. They're going to read a play together," she explained nalvely, "and they won't bother us——"

She checked herself, blushing furiously. He, at his end of the wire, could scarcely speak for the quick tumult of his heart, but he managed to say calmly enough:

"We've got the entire estate to roam over if they bore us."

"Will you take me for a walk on Sunday?"

"Yes, if you would care to go."

"Haven't I invited you to take me?"

"Have you really, Jacqueline?"

"Yes. Goodbye. I will be waiting for you at five."

She returned to her desk, the flush slowly cooling in her cheeks; and she was just resuming her seat when a clerk brought Clydesdale's card.

"I could see Mr. Clydesdale now," she said, glancing over the appointment list on her desk. Her smile had died out with the colour in her cheeks, and her beautiful eyes grew serious and stern. For the name that this man bore was associated in her mind with terrible and unspeakable things. Never again could she hear that name with equanimity; never recall it unmoved. Yet, now, she made an effort to put from her all that menaced her composure at the mere mention of that name—strove to think only of the client and kindly amateur who had treated her always with unvarying courtesy and consideration.

He came in grinning, as usual, and she took his extended and highly-coloured paw, smiling her greeting.

"Is it a little social visit, Mr. Clydesdale, or have you discovered some miracle of ancient Cathay which you covet?"

"It's—my *wife*."

Her smile fled and her features altered to an expressionless and colourless mask. For a second there was a gleam of fear in her eyes, then they grew cold and clear and blue as arctic ice.

He remained standing, the grin stamped on his sanguine features. Presently he said, heavily:

"I have come to you to make what reparation I can—in my wife's name—in her behalf. Our deep humiliation, deeper contrition, are the only reparation we can offer you. It is hard for me to speak. My wife is at home, ill. And she can not rest until she had told you, through me, that—that what she said to you the last time she saw you—here, in this office—was an untruth."

Jacqueline, dazed, merely stared at him. He bent his head and seemed to be searching in his mind for words. He found them after a while.

"Yes," he said in a low voice, "what my wife said, and what she permitted you to infer—concerning herself and—Mr. Desboro—was utterly untrue. God alone knows why she said it. But she did. I could plead extenuation for her—if your patience permits. She is naturally very nervous; she *did* care a great deal for Mr. Desboro; she did, at that time, really dislike me," he added with a quiet dignity which made every word he uttered ring out clear as a shot. And Jacqueline seemed to feel their impact on her very heart.

He said: "There are other circumstances—painful ones. She had been for months—even years—in fear of, blackmail—terrorised by it until she became morbid. I did not know this. I was not aware that an indiscreet but wholly innocent escapade of her youth had furnished this blackmailer with a weapon. I understand now, why, caring as she did for Mr. Desboro, and excited, harassed, terrified, exasperated, she was willing to make an end of it with him rather than face possible disgrace with me for whom she did not care. It is no excuse. She offers none. I offer none for her. Nothing—no mental, no physical state could excuse what she has done. Only—I wish—and she wishes you to know that she has been guilty of permitting you to believe a monstrous untruth which would have consigned her to infamy had it been true, and absolutely damned the man you have married."

She strove to comprehend this thing that he was saying—tried to realise that he was absolutely clearing her husband of the terrible and nameless shadow which, she knew now, never could have entirely fled away, except for the mercy of God and the words of humiliation now sounding in her ears.

She stared at him. And the the terrible thing was that he was grinning still—grinning through all the agony of his shame and dreadful abasement. And she longed to turn away—to shut out his face from her sight. But she dared not.

"That is all," he said heavily. "Perhaps there is a little more to say—but it will leave you indifferent, very naturally. Yet, may I say that this—this heartbreaking crisis in her life, and—in mine—has—brought us together? And—a little more. My wife is to become a mother. Which is why I venture to hopeo that you will be merciful to us both in your thoughts. I do not ask for your pardon, which you could never give——"

"Mr. Clydesdale!" She had risen, trembling, both little hands flat on the desk top to steady her, and was looking straight at him.

"I—my thoughts——" she stammered "are not cruel. Say so to your wife. I—I have never thought mercilessly. Every instinct within me is otherwise. And I know what suffering is. And I do not wish it for anybody. Say so to your wife, and that I wish her—happiness—with her baby."

She was trembling so that he could scarcely control between his two huge fists the little hand that he saluted in wordless gratitude and grief.

Then, without looking at her again, or speaking, he went his way. And she dropped back into her chair, the tears of sheer happiness and excitement flowing unchecked.

But she was permitted no time to collect her thoughts, no solitude for happy tears, and, at the clerk's sharp knocking, she dried her eyes hastily and hade him enter.

The card he laid on her desk seemed to amaze her.

"*That* man!" she said slowly. "Is he *here*, Mr. Mirk?"

"Yes, madam. He asks for one minute only, saying that it is a matter of most desperate importance to you——"

"To *me*?"

"Yes, madam."

Again she looked at Mr. Waudle's card.

"Bring him," she said crisply. And the blue lightning flashed in her eyes.

When Mr. Waudle came in and the clerk had gone and closed the door, Jacqueline said quietly:

"I'll give you one minute, Mr. Waudle. Proceed."

"I think," he said, looking at her out of his inflamed yees, "that you'll feel inclined to give me more than that when you understand what I've got in this packet." And he drew from his overcoat pocket a roll of galley proofs.

"What is it?" she asked, looking calmly into his dangerous red eyes.

"It's a story, set up and in type—as you see. And it's about your husband and Mrs Clydesdale—if yon want to know."

A shaft of fear struck straight through her. Then, in an instant the blanched cheeks flushed and the blue eyes cleared and sparkled.

"What is it you wish?" she asked in a curiously still voice.

"I'll tell you; don't worry. I want you to stop this man Clydesdale, and stop him short. I don't care how you do it; *do* it, that's all. He's bought and paid for certain goods delivered to him by me. Now he's squealing. He wants his money back. And—if he gets it back this story goes in. Want me to read it to you?"

"No. What is it you wish me to do—deceive Mr. Clydesdale? Make him believe that the remainder of the jades and rose-quartz carvings are genuine?"

"It looks good to me," said Mr. Waudle more cheerfully. "It sounds all right. You threw us down; it's up to you to pick us up."

"I see," she said pleasantly. "And unless I do you are intending to publish that—story?"

"Sure as hell!" he nodded.

She remained silent and thoughtful so long that he began to hitch about in his chair and cast furtive, sidelong glances at her and at the curtained walls around the room. Suddenly his face grew ghastly.

"Look here!" he whispered hoarsely. "Is this a plant?"

"What?"

"Is there anyhody else in this room?" He lurched to his feet and waddled hastily around the four walls, flinging aside the green velvet curtains. Only the concealed pictures were revealed; and he went back to his chair, removing the cold sweat from his forehead and face with his sleeve.

"By God!" he said. "For a moment I thought you had done me good and plenty. But it wouldn't have helped *you!* They've got this story in the office, and the minute I'm pinched, in it goes! Understand?"

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"No," she said serenely, "but it doesn't really matter. You may go now, Mr. Waudle."

"Hey?"

"Must I ring for a clerk to put you out?"

"Oh! So that's the game, is it? Well, I tell you that you can't hluff me, little lady! Let's settle it now."

"No," she said. "I must have time to consider."

"How long?"

"An hour or two."

"You'll make up your mind in two hours?"

"Yes."

"All right," he said, almost jovially. "That suits me. Call me up on the 'phone and tell me what you decide. My numher is on my card."

She looked at the card. It bore his telephone numher and his house address.

He seemed inclined to linger, evidently with the idea of tightening his grip on her hy either persuasion or hullying, as her att'tude might warrant. But she touched the hell and Mr. Mirk appeared; and the author of "Black Roses" took himself off perforce, with many a knowing leer, both threatening and blandishing.

As soon as he had gone, she called up her hushand. Very quietly, but guardedly, she conversed with him for a few moments.

When she hung up the receiver she was laughing. But it was otherwise with Desboro.

"Cairns," he said, turning from the telephone to his associate, "there's a silly fellow hothering my wife. If you don't mind my leaving the office for a few minutes I'll step around and speak to him." His usually agreeahle features had grown colourless and ugly, but his voice sounded casual enough.

"What are you going to do, Jim? Murder?"

Desboro laughed.

"I'll he gone only a few minutes, he said.

"It *could* he done in a few minutes," mused Cairns. "Do you want me to go with you?"

"No, thanks." He picked up his hat, nodded curtly, and went out.

Mr. Waudle and Mr. Munger maintained a "den," literary and otherwise, in one of the new studio huildings just east of Lexington Avenue. This was the address Mr. Waudle had left for Jacqueline; to this destination Deshoro now addressed himself. Thither an itinerant taxicah hore him on shaky springs. He paid the predatory chauffeur, turned to enter the building, and met Clydesdale face to face, entering the same doorway.

"Hello!" said the latter with a cheerful grin. "Where are you bound?"

"Oh, there's a man hereahouts with whom I have a few moments' business."

"Same here," observed Clydesdale.

They entered the huilding together, and both walked straight through to the elevator.

"Mr. Waudle," said Clydesdale briefly to the youth in charge. "You need not announce me."

Deshoro looked at him curiously, and caught Clydesdale's eyes furtively measuring him.

"Odd," he said pleasantly, "hut my husiness is with the same man."

"I was wondering."

They exchanged perfectly inexpressive glances.

"Couldn't your business wait?" inquired Desboro politely.

"Sorry, Desboro, but I was a little ahead of you in the entry, I think."

The car stoppe'.

"Studio twenty," said the hoy; slammed the gates, and shot down into dimly lighted depths again, leaving the two men together.

"I am wondering," mused Clydesdale gently, "whether by any chance your husiness with his—ah—Mr. Waudle resemhles my husiness with him."

They looke1 at each other.

Deshoro nodded: "Very probably," he said in a low voice.

"Oh! Then perhaps you might care to he present at the husiness meeting," said Clydesdale, "as a spectator, merely, of course."

"Thanks, awfully. But might I not persuade *you* to remain as a spectator——"

"Very good of you, Deshoro, hut I need the—ah—exercise' Really, I've gone quite stale this winter. Don't even keep up my squash."

"Mistake," said Desboro gravely. "'Fraid you'll overdo it, old chap."

"Oh, I'll have a shy at it," said Clydesdale cheerfully. "Very glad to have you score, il you like."

"If you insist," replied the younger man courteously.

There was a bell o itside Studio No. 20. Deshoro punched it with the ferrule of his walking stick; and when the door opened, somewhat cautiously, Clydesdale inserted his huge foot hetween the door and the sill. There was a hrief and frantic scuffle; then the poet fled, his hunch of frizzled hair on end, and the two men entered the apartment.

To the left a big studio loomed, set with artistic furniture and hric-a-hrac and Mr. Waudle—the latter in motion. In fact, he was at that moment in the process of rushing at Mr. Clydesdale, and under full headway.

Whenever Mr. Waudle finally obtained sufficient momentum to rush, he appeared to be a rather serious proposition; for he was as tall as Clydesdale and very much fatter, and his initial velocity, comhined with his impact force per square inch might have rivalled the cynamic problems of the proving ground.

Clydesdale took one step forward to welcome him, and Waudle went down like thunder.

Then he got up, went down immediately; got up, went down, stayed down for an appreciahle moment; arose, smote the air, was smitten with a smack so terrific that the poet, who was running round and round the four walls, squeaked in sympathy.

Waudle sat up on the floor, his features now an unrecognisahle mass. He was crying.

"I say, Desboro, catch that poet for me—there's a good chap," said Clydesdale, breathing rather hard.

The Cuhist, who had been running round and round like a frantic rahhit, screamed and ran the faster.

"Oh, just shy some hric-a-hrac at him and come home," said Desboro in disgust.

But Clydesdale caught him, seated himself, jerked the devotee of the moon across his ponderous knees, and, grinning, hoisted on high the heavy hand of justice. And thc post-impressionistic literature of the future shrieked.

"Very precious, isn't it?" panted Clydesdale. "You dirty little mop of hair, I think I'll spank *you* into the future: Want a try at this moon-pup, Deshoro? No? Quite right; you don't need the exercise. Whew!" And he rolled the writhing poet off his knees and onto the floor, sat up hreathing hard and grinning around him.

"Now for the club and a cold plunge—eh, Deshoro? I tell you it puts life into a man, doesn't it? Perhaps, while I'm about it, I might as well heat up the other one a little more——"

"My God!" hluhhered Waudle.

"Oh, very well—if you feel that way about it," grinned Clydesdale. "But you understand that you won't have any sensation to feel with at all if you ever again even think of the name of Mrs. Clydesdale."

He got up, still panting jovially, pleased as a great Dane puppy who has shaken an old shoe to fragments.

At the door he paused and glanced hack.

"Take it from me," he said genially, "if we ever come back, we'll kill."

In the street once more, they lingered on the sidewalk for a moment or two hefore separating. Clydesdale drew off his split and ruined gloves, roked them together and tossed them into the passing handcart of a street sweeper.

"Unpleasant job," he commented.

"I don't think you'll have it to do over again," smiled Deshoro.

"No, I think not. And thank you for yielding so gracefully to me. It was my joh. But you didn't miss anything; it was like hitting a feather hed. No sport in it—but had to be done. Well, glad to have seen you again, Desboro."

They exchanged grips; hoth flushed a trifle, hesitated, nodded pleasantly to each other, and separated.

At the office Cairns inspected him curiously as he entered, but, as Desboro said nothing, he asked no questions. A client or two sauntered in and out. At one o'clock they lunched together.

"I understand you're coming up for the week end," said Deshoro.

"Your wife was good enough to ask me."

"Glad you're coming. Old Herrendene has been ordered to Governor's Island. He expects to stop with the Lindley Hammertons over Sunday."

"That Daisy girl's a corker," remarked Cairns, "—only I've always heen rather afraid of her."

"She's a fine girl."

"Rather in Herrendene's class—lots of character," nodded Cairns thoughtfully. "Having none myself, she always had me hacked up against the rail."

After a silence, Desboro said: "That was a ghastly break of mine last night."

"Rotten," said Cairns hluntly.

The painful colour rose to Desboro's temples.

"It will he the last, Jack. I lived a thousand years last night."

"I lived a few hundred myself," said Cairns reproachfully. "And *what* a thoroughhred your wife is!"

Deshoro nodded and drew a deep, unsteady hreath.

"Well," hc said, after a few moments, "it is a terrihle thing for a man to learn what he really is. But if he doesn't learn it he's lost.

Cairns assented with a jerk of his head.

"But who's to hold up the mirror to a man?" he asked. "When his father amd mother shove it under his nose he won't look; when clergy or laymen offer him a looking-glass he shuts his eyes and tries to kick them. That's the modern youngster — the product of this modern town with its modern modes of thought."

(Continued next week)

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Arbuckle Dependent Upon His Friends

(*Continued from page* 6)

involved in his trouble. So was his membership in the Los Angeles Athletic Club, a rendezvous of numerous film notables.

But, in spite of this, he was prepared to "come back."

"I want to make good with the public," he declared. "I think the jury's decision and the court's acquittal will allow me to reinstate myself."

Evidently the public favor him because he has received something over 50,000 letters from people he's never heard of telling him that they wish him success.

It was on the strength of this and the jury's decision that he went back to the studio to make the picture that would "square" him.

"I would not get a cent from the films Lasky now has on the shelf if they were to go on the market," he declared, "because I hold no interest in them. They were not made on a percentage plan. I drew a flat salary."

But as the days go on and more celluloid is being manufactured for motion picture film, Fatty, the erstwhile monarch, has become now merely a Falstaff.

Hollywood sees him every so often because he makes frequent trips to studios to visit his friends. He is now almost entirely dependent upon them.

And it was on this account that he is now minus his residence and his motor car, for, anxious to reimburse such persons as Joseph Schenck, Norma Talmadge's husband, Anger and others who stood behind him during his court trial, he completely liquidated his property. Even when the end of his assets was at hand, he still found himself heavily in debt.

Such is his position now.

But Arbuckle is very "game." Exteriorly, at least, he is still the comical harlequin as of yore.

He doesn't parade his troubles, nor is he crying over his spilt milk.

His wife, Minta Durfee, from whom he was separated and who went to him from New York at his hour of duress, has returned temporarily to her Manhattan home to settle her affairs. Meanwhile Fatty makes his residence in Los Angeles with Anger and his wife.

He has hopes—plenty of them—and not long ago succeeded in writing a scenario which Buster Keaton bought and produced.

But, otherwise, he hasn't a cent.

He's just *broke!*

And his 'Frisco party was the most expensive affair that has taken place since the days of the Caesars.

Orphans of the Storm

(*Continued from page* 26)

the four winds. In many places the new mode of execution, swift as it proved to be, was found too slow, and men, women and children were crowded on rafts and drowned by dozens. Aristocrats were shot by wholesale until it was found necessary to conserve ammunition. In Paris the tumbrils carrying the condemned to the place of execution rumbled along the streets in a never-ending procession. There were so many executed that it was found too much trouble to bury them and they were thrown, promiscuously, men and women, into the pit of an old quarry.

The prisoners had been released from nearly all the prisons, with the exception of a few outlying ones, of which, unfortunately, Caen, where the Chevalier de Vaudrey was imprisoned, was one. He grew pale and haggard. At times tidings of what was passing in Paris and other parts of France filtered in to him and his heart sickened when he thought of Henriette alone in that vast slaughter house. At last, through the aid of a trust retainer who had not forgotten all he owed to the house of Vaudrey, the chevalier was enabled to effect his escape.

Attired in a shabby black suit, coarse shoes, and with hair unkempt instead of a costly wig, he bore little resemblance to his former self. Cadore, too, was in peasant garb and, as he refused to forsake the young man who had saved him from death by torture from the elder de Vaudrey, they both set out for Paris, and in the early hours of a sunny morning arrived at the "barriers" or outer gates of the city. Just before they appeared Judge Forget-Not and his attaches passed on a tour of inspection. Harshly he admonished the guard to be alert.

"Watch strictly that no aristocrats enter or depart. Our new law also condemns all who harbor an aristocrat. Remember that."

The coarse-faced men at the gates turned and looked at him with deep respect. "Beware lest you yourself be suspectdd!" remember the sharp-toothed dame called "belle Guillotine!" Forget-Not drew a significant hand across his throat. A shudder passed through the more timid. The animal-faced guards hastily promised to be all attention and turned once more to their tasks.

Just at this unfortunate juncture, a farm wagon drove up to that one particular gate and Cadore, closely followed by Maurice, presented his pass.

"This is for only one," declared the registrar roughly, bringing his hairy fist down on the table with a crash that made Maurice's heart sink. "You may enter, but the fellow with you must stay behind."

(*Continued next week*)

Why has Carmel Myers' Love grown Cold?

(*Continued from page* 11)

I am being teased unmercifully by my old friends because I always declared so positively that I would never marry.

"I think I can explain my point of view.

". . . There are some very happy husbands and wives in the movie colony—but there are lots of others that make you pause and think twice whether you are brave enough to take the risk. *I made up my mind that there would be no divorces in my life and that I would rather be a 'movie star old maid' than the much-married Carmel Myers.*

". . . One thing you may be sure of; I have never been dazzled by a handsome face. I have seen too many conceited, good-looking leading men for that. I studied, instead, the real selves of my admirers—their characters.

"One thing struck me about the majority of men. They propose to a girl because of the way she smiles, or the way she looks, or her cute little tricks and personal magnetism. They don't give enough consideration to the fact that they are choosing a life companion, one they will have to talk to and pal with for the rest of their days.

". . . If I did not have the same tastes as my husband, I couldn't pretend either, at least not successfully. No one can. *You should choose your husband as you would your friends for a similarity of interests.*"

If Carmel Myers loved her husband when she first married him—and after a year and a half of marriage (quotations in this article from "Movie Weekly" of April 9, 1921, we repeat), why have they separated now? Especially in view of the fact that it does not appear that either is interested in anyone else? What is the mystery of their separation?

And Still They Come

More Winners in

Movie Weekly's

POPULAR GIRL CONTEST

Miss Allene Clay, Spur, Texas

Smiles are popular and this is no doubt one of the reasons why the patrons of the Gem Theatre, at Spur, Texas, voted Miss Allene Clay the winner in the "Movie Weekly's" Popular Girl Contest conducted there. The contest aroused a great deal of interest and was a success in every way. After running two weeks, Miss Clay was announced as the winner with seven hundred votes more than her opponent, thereby capturing the first prize—a handsome comb and brush set and a season's pass to the Gem Theatre.

Miss Theresa Hack, La Salle, Ill.

Miss Theresa Hack, of La Salle, Ill., was the lucky winner of "Movie Weekly's" Popular Girl Contest conducted at the La Salle Theatre last month. There were seventeen contestants made up of girls not only from La Salle, but from two adjoining towns, Perce and Ogleby. With all this competition Miss Hack, an attractive brunette of eighteen years, won the first prize with a plurality of nearly 5,000 votes and was awarded a beautiful loving cup and a season's pass to the La Salle Theatre.

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"I'm broke" says "Fatty" Arbuckle

(*Continued from page 7*)

This decision may come in a week and it may come in six months. I can only wait."

I found Arbuckle much changed after his nine months of trouble. Last August he was carefree, happy, joking. Today he is—strangely enough, not embittered—but subdued. Every move he makes is watched by reporters anxious to make a scoop on a sensation.

Every word he has uttered during and since the trial has been twisted and given a sinister or outrageous meaning. During the trial reporters whose first meeting with Arbuckle was in the courtroom, showed him the conclusions they had drawn from the day's testimony. In one instance the article closed with the words, "The day was favorable to Arbuckle." When the story was printed, it was distorted and deleted to give the prosecution the victory. This is only one of many similar incidents.

Two nights ago Arbuckle went with a Schenck official and the official's wife, to Sunset Inn, a beach restaurant, for dinner. They went in the official's car. When they stopped in front of Sunset, Federal officers told them, as they stepped to the sidewalk, that they were searching all cars for liquor. They were told to go ahead. They looked through the sidepockets and found nothing. The party went inside, dined and danced. When they came out, they found the machine in a state of disorder. Cushions were on the floor, rugs were in heaps—the floor boards had even been taken up.

Persecution is a strong word and a cruel one. The initial *big* persecution has narrowed down to a series of petty, stupid annoyances.

No matter what Arbuckle was or was not guilty of, he has been severely punished. Once one of the wealthiest of picture people—living on money earned by hard work and earnest effort—he now stands before a taunting world stripped of his last dollar. In addition, he is heavily in debt. He has no job and he is forbidden, at least for a period of months, from working at the only profession he knows—motion pictures.

I repeat, no matter of what Arbuckle was or was not guilty, he has been severely punished. Let's forget it, and use all our influence—it is collectively strong, you movie-goers—to bring him back.

The Real Pola Negri

(*Continued from page 9*)

pleasure. I do not like this city night life. It is foolish, and no fun, and makes me too tired for my next day's work."

Pola Negri puts so much of herself into every scene she makes, that at the end of a working day, she is virtually exhausted. During the time she is working on a picture, she rarely goes out in the evenings. Instead, she rests, reads, and studies English.

"When I come to America," she confided, "I shall be able to say more than 'How do you do.'"

At the present time, Pola Negri is having difficulty with English pronunciation. But what she cannot say in words, she will easily communicate with a gesture of the eye or of the hand.

So much has been told her of American journalists and their persistency in saying things that might be called imaginative, that she feels a little afraid of meeting them. So, if anyone asks her if she believes in love, she may take fright, play safe, and say:

"Of course. It is love that makes the world go round."

Pola Negri knows we are a romantic people, and, being romantic herself, is prepared to like us at first sight. She is doing her best to give us whatever is in her.

The real Pola Negri is on the screen. There she reveals herself without reservations, and pours her native force into her most fitting mode of expression.

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1. Popular steps in Fox Trot and One Step; 2. The Basic Principles of Waltzing; 3, The Secret of Leading; 4, How to Follow Successfully; 5. How to Gain Confidence in Dancing; 6, The Correct Dancing Position; 7. How to Perfect Your Sense of Rhythm and other Dancing Helps.

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All you need to do to get these seven lessons is to simply fill in and mail the coupon and the complete seven lessons will be promptly sent.. When the postman hands them to you, just deposit $1.00 with him, plus a few cents postage, in full payment. Then examine the system carefully for five days, follow the easy instructions and prove to yourself that you have found the quickest, easiest, most delightful method to learn to dance. If, after 5 days you desire to do so, return the course and your dollar will be promptly refunded to you. But if you decide to keep the course—as you surely will—it is yours without any further payment.

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J. T. BERRY,
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I want to tell you how wonderful your course is. I was taught by other dancing teachers, but I prefer your lessons because I accomplished more and learned more quickly through your lessons than by other teachers. I am now enjoying myself very much, and advise all those who want to know the correct way of dancing to take your lessons. I am enjoying many pleasant hours.

E. P MORRIS,
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Winnipeg, Manitoba, Can.

I am delighted with the lessons. People are amazed at the ease with which one grasps the idea from your directions. I feel grateful to you.

GRACE THREFALL,
Guler, Wash.

I have made use of all the instructions sent me and am well pleased with the course.

1457 Manroe Street, Chicago' Ill.
BEULAH ROGERS,

Your course has given me a good knowledge of dancing. I am getting along fine.

WILLIAM KOLICH,
Elizabeth, N. J.

I know your lessons pretty well. I attended a dance Thursday and got a compliment on my dancing You know I never danced before and when I got into the ballroom I was the equal of them all. They sure were surprised.

ARMOND MAROHL,
Mayville, Wis.

I must say that your dancing course is just simply great! Last night was the first time I danced. I even danced with the best dancers around here, and they all marvelled at how well I danced.

HILDA WERTH,
Hampton, Neb.

MOVIE WEEKLY

June 24, 1922

10¢

Broadway's Youngest Prima Donna Engaged to Jack Pickford

Will Hays Battles "Kid" Vice in Hollywood

Marilyn Miller
Photo—Edward Thayer Monroe

Vol. II

MOVIE WEEKLY

PRINTED IN U. S. A.

No. 20

The Movie Weekly Popular Girl Contest

Here is a note we received from Mr. Harve Henderson, owner and manager of the Electric Theatre, Lamar, Ark. It is easy to see that the "Movie Weekly" Popular Girl Contest is getting results for him. Theatre managers who read his letter are invited to write to "Movie Weekly" for particulars as to how they may put on a Popular Girl Contest without expense to themselves. Readers who are not connected with motion picture theatres are requested to show this column to the managers of their favorite theatres.

Lamar, Ark.,
May 26, 1922.

"Movie Weekly,"
119 West 40th Street,
New York City.

Gentlemen:

The Popular Girl Contest at Electric Theatre, Lamar, Ark., is creating quite an interest. Girls working had to win prize. At this theatre coupons clipped from "Movie Weekly" will count 250 votes instead of 50. I am well pleased with the first week's run of Popular Girl Contest, and recommend that other exhibitors get in.

Yours truly,

Harve Henderson,
Manager Electric Theatre.

The Contest

The "Movie Weekly" Popular Girl Contest is running at the following theatres this week:

Downey, Idaho
Downey Theatre

Pollock, S. Dak.
Pollock Opera House

Reynoldsville, Pa.
Liberty Theatre

Tazewell, Tenn.
Dixie Theatre

Voting Coupon

Good for 50 votes in the Movie Weekly Popular Girl Contest held in the Movie Theatres, listed in "Movie Weekly."

I vote for.....

.....

This coupon can only be voted at the theatre in which the contest is being run.

This coupon is good for 50 votes at any theatre running the contest. Vote for your favorite.

The Big Special

What is a vampire?

Betty Blythe knows.

So does De Sacia Mooers.

Do you?

You should. It may mean a big opportunity for you.

Next week's issue of "Movie Weekly" contains the BIG announcement.

Don't miss it.

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Published weekly by the PHYSICAL CULTURE CORPORATION, 119 West 40th Street, New York City. Bernarr Macfadden, President; Harold A. Wise, Secretary. Entered as second-class matter Jan. 20, 1921, at the postoffice at New York, N. Y., under the Act of Mar. 3, 1879. Subscription, $5.00 a year. In Canada—single copy, 15 cents.

A Regrettable Pass

In the May 20th issue of "Movie Weekly," we announced:

"The concern from whom we purchased the serial use of Charlie Chaplin's 'My Trip Abroad,' also sold the use of this narrative to another publication. A mix-up has resulted, which may withhold next week's instalment until the matter has been properly adjusted."

Owing to certain legal complications that have arisen anew, further publication of the "My Trip Abroad" instalments will be suspended for the present.

About "Orphans of the Storm"

We wish to call your attention to the serial now running in "Movie Weekly," "Orphans of the Storm," the interesting D. W. Griffith special production shortly to be seen throughout the country, illustrated by scenes from the picture.

Here's a story racy with action, thrills and romance. Don't fail to read it.

Broadway's Youngest Prima Donna engaged Jack Pickford

The happy ending of Marilynn Miller and Jack's romance

Here's the happy young couple—Marilynn Miller and Jack.

BELOW:

A last kiss for his mother, before the train brings him to New York and Marilynn.

YES, I am going to marry Miss Miller," Jack admitted with a smile, ensconced in the shadowy depths of an armchair in the sitting room of his Hotel Ambassador suite.

"Miss Miller will not leave the stage, unless she choses to, and I do not intend to give up pictures. I am finishing the first of three pictures for Allied Artists: 'Garrison's Finish,' a race horse story.

"We aren't going abroad on our honeymoon. I don't know when we will be married. Our plans are unsettled.

"I met Miss Miller last year at a lawn party given by mutual friends in Great Neck, L. I. I had always been an admirer of Marilynn and her work, but never had met her personally. It wasn't a case of love at first sight, but we did sit together and have a long chat."

Soon after, Broadway commenced to talk about an engagement between these two. Jack showered attentions upon the dancing star. At the Sixty Club, that elite gathering place of filmdom's scintillating stars; at the Knickerbocker grill; the Montmartre—the two were seen constantly together.

Were they engaged? Questions were plied to them from every direction. Miss Miller's denials were as vehement as they were frequent. Denying an engagement to Jack became almost a perpetual singsong of "Nos" to the little star.

"Must I deny that ridiculous story again?" she is said to have murmured. "Oh, very well, if I must. But please don't ask me again. I am NOT engaged to Jack Pickford or anyone else."

Yet, the two were always seen together. Broadway refused to accept no for an answer in the face of such overwhelming evidence.

AT RIGHT:

Mary takes a hand in polishing off Jack's new picture, "Garrison's Finish." She and Jack alternate in dictating ideas to the stenographer, copies of which are given to the scenario writer and director in preparing script.

Jack left for the Coast, to co-direct his sister Mary in "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

"And you didn't see Marilynn for six months or more, did you?" we asked Jack.

"I didn't see her. But the Western Union and long distance were in order."

"Oh, sounds like Buster Keaton's methods!"

Jack chortled. "I'll probably buy an interest in Western Union and Bell," he kidded. "I ought to get 'it' back in one form or another!"

When Jack came on to be with Mary and Doug at the opening of "Fauntleroy" in New York, he also clinched his engagement to Marilynn. But in reply to all questions concerning an engagement, both warded off the curious by an impenetrable silence.

Three months after his return to the Coast, Jack let his family in on the secret. They were very happy. Marilynn, here in New York, remained silent.

"You can't say now that a woman can't keep a secret," we flung at Jack, and he laughed a happy, "I guess I can't."

At this writing, Marilynn Miller is closing her Boston run in "Sally" and moves on to an indefinite stay in Chicago as star of this musical comedy that ran over a year on Broadway.

It is curious to observe how similar the lives of these two young stars are.

Marilynn was born in a small Ohio town of actor-parents. With them, she was a member of the vaudeville act known as the Columbans, making her debut on the stage at the age of four.

(Continued on page 23)

Will Hays Battles "Kid" Vice

The inside story of how he is cleaning up Hollywood - by Truman B. Handy

Will Hays, who has been called the "Judge Landis of Motion Pictures." It is with the private lives of cinema satellites that Mr. Hays is at present concerned . . .

HAVE you a little dope fiend in your home?

Are you married—or do you live in Hollywood?

These are merely a couple of epithets one hears nowadays in regard to the capitol of Filmland. Perhaps Hollywood, this pretty little suburb of Los Angeles, has suffered from an overdose of publicity of the wrong sort superinduced by the Arbuckle scandal and the notoriety given various movie divorces. It may be erroneous, for the most part, but on the other hand . . .

Where there is smoke there is a flickering flame.

Recently Hollywood's so-called "bad name" began to affect the sale of Hollywood's chief product, motion pictures.

And when the box office commenced to tell a tearful story of lost film sales the producers themselves paid a neurasthenic heed to the cry of "cleaner and better pictures."

And Will H. Hays, formerly United States postmaster, a man of unimpeachable personal character, was selected for the quite difficult and dubious task of "cleaning up the movies" at a salary—ahem!—of $150,000 per annum.

. . And he became chief adviser and protector of the Producers' Protective Association, an organization incorporated under the laws of the State of New York. And he pledged himself to assist them in weeding out the undesirable workers of the motion picture colony of Hollywood, and to help the Adolph Zukors and Carl Laemmles to produce pictures whose plot elements would be sufficiently cooked for mental assimilation by the veriest six-year-old

It sounded doubtful at first, these plans, and there was scoffing in Hollywood.

But some weeks have now elapsed—and the effects of the Hays housecleaning have been sorely felt in some quarters.

Perhaps one per cent of the present film-colony residents is thoroughly "undesirable," as morals go. But, however small the ratio, it is this element which has showered myriad criticisms upon Hollywood and its residents, so much so that the average citizen of any other locality than Hollywood believes the movie Mecca to be the reincarnation of Sodom and Gomorrah.

It is quite true that Hollywood has a coterie of residents possessing—and adhering to—a peculiar set of morals all their own, although one would not exactly call Hollywood a strictly bohemian community, for its denizens do not live by the tenets of utter bohemianism.

But there is, however, a dash of free love here—and a scattering of common-law marriage there.

One couple, in particular, has lived together as man and wife for several seasons. He is a leading man, she a former vampire star. They move in the best of Filmland's society and are well thought of as residents of the community.

This is one phase of Hollywood's morals. A strict common-law marriage is easily recognized and passed by unnoticed as long as those who entered into the pact are faithful to each other. But, however, should the woman be at all promiscuous in her affections she would be regarded as an object of shame and pity—and, unless she were of impeccable position as an artist, would be ostracized.

It is not these common-law wives of Moviedom who have brought down the condemnation onto the heads of the film players.

A Federal officer in disguise of the star's gardener-chauffeur, takes a disgusted look at the "wild" party in the star's home. Next day she receives a warning from the producer . . .

An extra is offered her chance by a well-known producer—BUT, his "proposition" goes with it.

But it IS the gold-diggers—the young women who have come into Hollywood from all parts of the globe to gain fame in the movies; who have been willing to sacrifice their decency and their reputation on the altar of Ambition; who have placed themselves on the public auction block and have sold themselves for the highest favors.

One of these a few months ago was an extra girl, glad to get anything at all to do in a mob scene. A certain producer chanced to see her and became enamoured of her charms. She was called into his office and offered her "chance."

But with that offer went the producer's "proposition." Which she accepted—and we now see her name prominently displayed in feature productions, and the young lady herself rides in a heavily-upholstered, high-powered motor car.

A year ago a beautiful blonde leading woman, formerly a Pathe serial queen, was called to a Culver City studio to discuss with the producer her possibility of playing a featured role. She was hardly ensconsed in his private office when she observed that he locked the entrance door.

"I was rather used to this," she told me, "and didn't worry. I've been in manager's offices before."

But, however, during the business conversation the producer suddenly fixed his gaze upon her piercingly.

"Oh, lady!" he said passionately, "if you can only do to the public what you do to me—you'll be the biggest star in the world! And I'll make you that star if . . ."

The story is the usual one—except that the girl refused his offer and has **never** since been given a role in any of his productions.

And again . . .

A very young, attractive little blonde was dancing in a Los Angeles cafe at the supper revue. Another producer—one of the first in

the picture field—saw her and several nights later sent his chauffeur to her with his card. On the latter was the following message:

"If you will allow my chauffeur to drive you to my studio tomorrow night at 11:30, I will be glad to meet you and discuss the chance of signing you on a contract for my pictures."

The particular little blonde dancer has never yet been seen on the screen, for the following is the answer she returned:

"I will be glad to meet you during the daytime. But why the **night** appointment?"

Many of the serious artists of motion pictures resent the "intrusion" of innumerable New York chorus girls who have come to Hollywood to live the easy, moneyed life that the position of leading woman in film productions offers.

These women are not in pictures because of their love of Art. They, for the most part, belong to the ultra-fast set and can be seen in the various cafes dancing hilariously and exploiting their personal charms with utter abandon.

Two, in particular, are notorious drunkards and have hardly ever been sober when seen publicly. Another is a drug addict admittedly, but the authorities as yet have not been able to "get the goods" directly on her.

And there is small contingent of the Hollywoodites who are sorely addicted to the dangerous dream powders. It is these, in particular, that the Hays investigators are invesigating.

A short time ago Federal officers got a "tip" that a very high-salaried, very well-known female star who is a drug user, could be caught with narcotics in her vanity bag. It was impossible to arrest her merely on suspicion, however, and to search her without direct cause.

However, she was shadowed for several days by narcotic squad agents, and finally, under the guise of motorcycle policemen, they managed to catch her speeding in her automobile.

She was arrested and taken to police headquarters. There she was searched, and the narcotics, as reported, were found in her handbag.

No publicity ever resulted, due to the quick work of the young woman's attorneys and to the fact that she had unlimited wealth behind her. A heavy fine was paid, and she has been put under surveillance.

If she does not take "the cure" her contract will be broken, she has been told, and she has been given a specified length of time in which to reform.

Narcotic purveyors are believed to have figured singularly in the William Desmond Taylor murder. Certain friends of his were known users of drugs, and it is a police theory that, because he threatened to expose members of a drug-selling ring, he was assassinated.

Until comparatively recently a tall, gaunt negro who always carried a small, black, Boston bag was a frequent visitor to several studio "lots," where admittance is difficult and well-nigh impossible.

Yet, when he would appear, he would be admitted without question. Silently he would meet specified individuals, there would be a hushed conference and a cloistered visit, and he would disappear as silently as he had come.

His calls were made at regular intervals. No questions were asked.

But not long ago he stopped "making his rounds." No one has seen him, and his whereabouts are now unknown.

ABOVE:
THE SPIRIT OF HAYS' "CLEAN-UP" FEDERATION—"to eliminate from the arts, professions and allied crafts any individual who violates the moral spirit by conduct tending to bring disgrace or scandal upon themselves or their fellows."

AT LEFT:
Rodolph Valentino escapes Mr. Hays' wrath. It is a legal explanation that involves too much detail, but, according to the powers that be, Valentino did not commit an open affront.

One of the few published pictures of Roscoe Arbuckle since Mr. Hays banned him from pictures. We publish it merely to show the process of elimination that goes with cleaning up pictures and making them wholesome.

The casual visitor to Hollywood—and the past winter has seen any number of curiosity-seeking tourists—believes that, from what he has heard, he can readily see dope dens, and dives of iniquity running openly along Hollywood Boulevard.

This, however, is not the case. A search for sin, made superficially, is without results. Except, perhaps, patrons of some cafes may once in a while see an occasional film player under the influence of liquor.

But Federal investigation has developed the fact that a Hollywood druggist has considerably enriched himself through his sale of bootleg liquor and of narcotics, for which he has a regular "clientele."

And, also, reports show that there is a handsomely-appointed residence, located in the heart of Hollywood, where the pungent fumes of opium may be detected seeping out through crevices in windows and doors that are hung with perfume-saturated drapes and curtains.

Only a small percentage of this establishment's patrons have been film people. A prominent actress and a well-known actor, however, have been "on the books" as its habitues, going there at scheduled intervals and making appointments precisely as if they were seeking consultation with a physician.

The interior of this place is elaborately—luxuriously furnished. The richest of Oriental rugs cover the floor; the most expensive furniture is everywhere noticeable. Extremely heavy velvet drapes curtain the windows, and from these comes an almost-overpowering odor of heavy perfume, put there to drown the deadly, tell-tale fumes of opium.

You go into a large, semi-dark room, appointed like a parlor. Admittance to the establishment is exclusively by card, which a

(*Continued on page 30*)

World's Sensational Vamp Barred From Vamping Career on Screen

"The Million-Dollar Doll," Peggy Hopkins Joyce is barred by the Theatre Owners of America from the silver sheet.

PEGGY HOPKINS JOYCE, former Ziegfeld Follies beauty, who married and divorced three millionaires in little more than as many years, who tossed away a million dollars in three months, whose fascinations have lured princes, scions of wealth, and poverty stricken men of genius alike to their ruin, for love of whom at least two men are said to have killed themselves—"Peggy of the Follies," probable world's champion vamp of all time, arrived in New York on the Mauretania the other day after a year of brilliant "affaires d'amour" in Paris, a year climaxed by the tragic suicide of William Errazuriz, the young Chilean diplomatic attache, with the expressed intention of going to California in the very near future and embarking upon a career as a motion picture star.

It was in an interview given to the press just before she left the French capital that Peggy first announced her plan of seeking cinema fame—and dollars. "I am going to America to devote my time to making money in the films, in an effort to forget," she told reporters, and the news was at once cabled for the edification of theatre circles on this side of the Atlantic.

But when Peggy stepped from the gangplank of the "Mauretania" a few days later, she found to her unbounded indignation that a formidable barrier had been erected in the meantime against her treading the pleasant road to notoriety and easy money on the screen.

"The Million Dollar Doll," world sensational vamp, is met at the door of movieland and barred from a picture career.

Sydney S. Cohen, President of the M. P. Theatre Owners who have said they will not exhibit films featuring Peggy Joyce.

The Motion Picture Theatre Owners of America, with delegates representing over seventeen thousand picture theatres in this country, assembled in Washington, D. C. in convention, came out flat-footedly with a resolution to the effect that they would not permit pictures featuring "The Million-Dollar Doll" to be shown in their theatres, and that they were irrevocably opposed to the exhibition of all such pictures, "in the interest of a clean screen and wholesome entertainment."

PEGGY FINDS HERSELF BARRED FROM U. S. SCREEN

Here is the resolution of the delegates at the Washington convention in full:

"WHEREAS: It has been currently reported in the newspapers and otherwise that motion pictures are to be produced featuring Peggy Joyce, and

"WHEREAS: The Motion Picture Theatre Owners of America having always been opposed to the exploitation on our screens of all such objectionable lines of conduct,

"RESOLVED: By the delegates to the annual convention of the Motion Picture Theatre Owners of America assembled in Washington, D. C. Thursday, May 11, 1922, that we protest against the exhibition of all such pictures in the interest of a clean screen and wholesome entertainment, and that **we do hereby declare to the American public that we will not permit the presentation of such pictures in our theatres."**

The emphasis is our own. The resolution represents the first step of this Association of Theatre Owners to prohibit exhibition of pictures featuring stage and screen stars whose reputations have been touched by scandal, and it was the first time that any particular star of the stage or the screen had been actually mentioned by name, but there could be little doubt what the firm sentiment of the convention was on such action. The thousands of delegates not only got to their feet and cheered and shouted when the resolution was introduced, but staged a demonstration lasting fully five minutes after which it was unanimously adopted amid more cheering and applause.

TOO MUCH HOME VAMPING MEANS NO SCREEN VAMPING

And so Peggy finds herself placed in a very unique position—the world's champion home vamp forbidden to capitalize her vamping proclivities on the screen because of the scandal and notoriety fostered by that very vamping itself. After having lived a life that, for sheer sensational qualities and incidents would make the most fervid efforts of a professional scenario writer seem as tame as a Philadelphia Sunday, Miss Hopkins finds that that very life has arisen as an insurmountable barrier to her portraying almost identically sensational roles before the motion picture camera.

In other words, it seems that the American theatre-going public wants its vampires pure. Regardless of what home-breaking and heart-wrecking activities they may indulge in on the silver sheet, the sirens of the Kliegs must shed their vamping proclivities along with their grease-paint and makeup, when the day's work is over, and live a strictly respectable and blemishless life in their off-stage

Fred Niblo, noted picture director who handled the megaphone for Douglas Fairbanks in "The Three Musketeers," says "the elevation to stardom of any person whose main qualification is any other than artistic ability would be a fatal mistake."

P. AND A. PHOTO.

LEFT:

Stanley Joyce, Peggy's Third Husband, Who Paid for the Famous "Two Million Dollar Honeymoon."

P. AND A. PHOTO.

RIGHT:

Henri Letellier, Millionaire-Editor-Sportsman of Paris, who is said to be most probable Fourth "Mr. Hopkins."

BELOW:

Peggy herself, arriving home from Paris on the "Mauretania," with the expressed intention of going into the movies.

hours. Other actresses whose real life pastimes are a close rival to their reel vamping portrayals, may well take to heart the warning embodied in Peggy Hopkins Joyce's case, for the American theatre-going public usually gets just about what it wants in the long run.

Were the reverse true, that a sensational private life is a desirable prerequisite to a sensational screen life, then Peggy Hopkins would be in luck. She could name a figure for her cinema services that would be truly fabulous, even in movie salaries. Because, if ever anyone has actually lived a life that would put the most lurid efforts of screen vampires to shame, then "Peggy of the Follies" is that young woman.

THE BARBER'S DAUGHTER WHO BECAME A SECOND CLEOPATRA

The story of her meteor-like career reads almost like a Twentieth Century fairy tale. It is the chronicle of a young girl of comparatively humble birth who, in twenty short years, became a veritable modern Cleopatra, as familiar a figure in the pleasure palaces of Paris and the Riviera as on the roof gardens of Broadway, who married and divorced men of wealth as easily and nonchalantly as some women change their gowns, who figured in scandals and pranks so spicy as even to startle ultra-blase Paris, whose fascination brought fortunes in jewels to her fair fingers from millionaire admirers, and who ran through other fortunes in her mad search for amusement with a lavishness and an efficiency in the gentle art of spending that even gave pointers to habitues of Europe's fashionable watering places. It is the story of the seemingly drab little moth who, with almost unbelievable rapidity, metamorphosed into a flaming butterfly.

It began in 1893 with the birth of Margaret Upton, daughter of Sam Upton, the village barber in the town of Berkeley, Virginia—Margaret Upton who was to later become the "Peggy Hopkins" of the stage, and "Peggy Joyce" of the divorce courts. Heredity may have played its role in formulating Peggy's rather unconventional ideas in regard to the permanency of marriage, for when the girl baby was yet of very tender years, Sam Upton divorced his wife, and his daughter was painstakingly coached after that to tell visitors that mamma was "dead."

Genius in any line seldom manifests itself very early in the life of the subject, and the career of the world's champion vamp was no exception to that rule. Margaret Upton is said by those who knew her at the time to have been a typically awkward and gawky country girl, backward in her studies, and giving no hint of the fascinating arts of which she was to later become such an accomplished mistress. Then came her first stage experience. Strangely enough, her first taste of life behind the footlights was at a church entertainment, a home-talent play in which Margaret Upton was the star.

It was only a very few months after this that Berkely became too small to contain the rapidly developing Peggy. It was inevitable that she should break home ties and drift out into the world, and this she presently did—at the very mature age of sixteen. She became a manicure, then her acquaintance with stage folk gave her an opportunity to join a small-time company of actors, who were little more than a mere "barnstorming" troupe. Peggy accepted the offer with a celerity that made the manager of the outfit dizzy, and it proved to be an epoch-making event in her young life.

HER FIRST TWO TRIPS TO THE MATRIMONIAL ALTAR

For it was in Denver, while on tour with the company, that Peggy met Mr. Everett A. Archibald, who was to become number one in her list of millionaire husbands. The courtship was short and cyclonic. Peggy abandoned the stage for the time being and went to live with the family of the young Colorado millionaire. But life in staid Denver could never hold the attention of the volatile young woman for any length of time, and it was only a few months before she abruptly left Archibald and flitted to Washington, D. C., attracted by the more brilliant social life of the Capitol City. She returned to Denver a year later to see about a final decree from her former millionaire husband, and former friends were amazed and amused to note that during her brief absence she had miraculously acquired a marked English accent, and a very vivid "temperament."

Then she returned to New York and began her real stage career, first as a chorus girl, then with the Ziegfeld Follies, and finally as the star in "A Sleepless Night." It was while she was appearing as a member of this last production in Washington that Peggy met Sherburne Hopkins, Jr., millionaire conquest number two. But Hopkins proved to be no more able to retain the affections of "the Million-Dollar Doll" than Archibald had been. The war came, and it was while Hopkins was stationed in a military

(*Continued on page 31*)

P. AND A. PHOTO

Peggy posing for portrait in the Paris studio of her friend, Princess Erestoff, well-known Russian artist.

Jimmy Crane Alice Brady's Former Husband, Flirts with Matrimony!

"Is Alice's ex-husband to marry again, only six months after his first adventure in matrimony? Romance seems to be knocking again."

A late photograph of Alice Brady.

WHITE

Blythe Daly, the girl James Crane is said to be engaged to.

IN June, the month of roses and romance, they say that James L. Crane, Alice Brady's former husband, is to wed Blythe Daly.

They say that the debonair Jimmie Crane will wed the winsome daughter of Arnold Daly principally because nothing is ever taken for granted on Broadway until it happens, and thus far the wedding has not actually been consummated. But, according to those who are "in the know," whether June passes without the happy nuptials or not, the marriage will eventually occur.

It is less than six months since Alice Brady obtained her divorce from the handsome actor son of Dr. Frank Crane. The Crane-Brady match was, as the world knows, one of the hothouse "affaires du coeur" which thrive so gloriously in the hectic atmosphere of New York's Rialto, and which wither with similar speed.

First came a year of intense happiness, of interviews in the newspapers on how to be happy though married, given out by the happy couple. Followed a season together on Broadway, with Alice in her father's theatre, The Playhouse, and Jimmie in his father-in-law's theatre down the street, The Forty-eighth Street Theatre. And then, with appalling suddenness came the debacle. Quarrels, disagreements, rumors of parties, all converging into the inevitable divorce suit and Alice Brady's renewed grant of freedom.

Now less than six months after the end of his first adventure in matrimony, Jimmie Crane, they say, is to marry little Blythe Daly.

Shortly after the first news of the disagreement between the dark-eyed motion picture star and daughter of William A. Brady, the theatrical producer, broke upon the willing ears of Broadway gossips, another story was circulated to the effect that Crane was interested in Blythe Daly. That was just before the divorce decree was granted, and it was felt that the interest was merely one of those chance friendships between a young man and a young woman.

But when the winter season came and brought with it freedom for Jimmie, Broadway noticed that he was to appear in the same play as Miss Daly and Broadway recalled that one of the best ways of nurturing the delicate plant of love is to place a young man and a young woman who have mutual interests together.

The play in question was Zoe Akins' "The Varying Shore," in which Elsie Ferguson starred and in which Jimmie Crane played the part of the young lover. "The Varying Shore" is a play of a frail woman. Its theme leads her from her girlhood home in old Virginia through the pleasure resorts of the New World and the Old. And in each episode of the drama, she is surrounded by eager lovers. One of them stands out above the rest. He is her ideal, and when, at the final curtain, we see her an old woman, well past the three-score and ten years granted her, she still retains a memory of this ideal lover of her youth, the one among many she really loved.

Jimmie Crane played the ideal lover, and it was as the man who was able to retain a sentimental grasp upon a world-weary courtesan that Blythe Daly saw him each evening through the several months of the play's run in New York and Chicago.

Her own part was a small one, but it was sufficient to enable her to distinguish herself by a few dramatic bits. And beyond its dramatic significance it placed her in constant contact with Jimmie.

The usual reticence is expressed by those interested in the romance. Mrs. Frank Craven, at present the wife of Frank Craven, author of the successful comedy, "The First Year," was formerly married to Arnold Daly and is Blythe Daly's mother. She denies any knowledge of the contemplated marriage.

To quote her: "My daughter is playing a stock engagement and as far as I know she is not going to marry anyone. I certainly should have been informed if she were engaged."

Her father, Arnold Daly, the famous actor-manager, has not been told of the engagement. "But it may be true," he says. "And if it is, they both have my love," he added. "However I believe I might have been consulted before my daughter promised her hand to anyone."

KEYSTONE

AT RIGHT:

In "Varying Shores," Crane played one of the young lovers oposite Elsie Ferguson. A scene from the play.

Members of the company of "The Varying Shore," which disbanded following the conclusion of its recent Chicago engagement, are similarly in the dark as to the truth of the report. "If Jimmie is going to be married to Blythe," one of them said, "he kept us in the dark about it."

But that is usually the way of a man and a maid when they have a burning secret. Romance is all the more thrilling when it is kept under cover.

So far as the principles are concerned, Miss Daly is playing in a stock company out of town, and Crane has not been seen in his usual New York haunts recently. Which leads one to expect that the concluding chapter of the romance will have a pastoral setting: marriage in the country in the summertime.

Since a Supreme Court Justice terminated forever the marriage of Crane to Alice Brady last December, a new character has entered the drama. He is little Donald Crane, daughter of Alice and Jimmie, born after his father and mother had been separated. The last scene in their marital life took place last September. They had spent the summer in Europe trying to repair the breach between them. An agreement was impossible. When the steamship which brought them back to America arrived in its dock, they separated. A few weeks later papers were filed by Miss Brady, accusing Crane of misconduct, and of being present at unseemly parties given in his apartment in the West Sixties.

Alice returned to her work on the stage. She opened a season in a new play, "Drifting," in which she had a typical role, that of a piece of human driftwood cast upon the South Pacific Seas. The play was briefly toured through towns near New York and opened at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre in mid-winter. Less than two weeks after the opening night, she collapsed on the stage. Many rumors were heard as to the cause of her indisposition, but not until newspaper reporters happened upon a birth certificate filed in an out-of-the-way Jersey town, did they learn that Alice had become a mother. It was believed that she was suffering from a nervous breakdown as the result of the divorce suit.

For several months she devoted herself to her duties as a mother, but toward the end of April she entered upon a new venture, vaudeville. Since that time she has been playing in the metropolitan district in a playlet, "Cassie of the China Seas," based upon the play, "Drifting."

It is understood that at the conclusion of her vaudeville contract, she will once again enter pictures, and will be the first star to work in the renovated studio of Famous Players at Astoria, Long Island. She is under contract to Famous for several years and her present vaudeville work is merely an interlude between more strenuous months of motion picture work ahead.

Crane, since the dissolution of his marriage, has done no other work than that in "The Varying Shore." His plans of entering pictures with Brady backing were destroyed, of course. In 1920 he was starred by Brady in "Opportunity," in which he had hardly any real opportunity to display his wares as a dramatic actor. He will undoubtedly continue on the legitimate stage during the coming season.

Miss Daly is at the present time at the threshold of her career. Her previous stage work has not been of great moment, but as the daughter of Arnold Daly she has been regarded as one who should easily enter the ranks of the elite of the stage as soon as she obtained the necessary experience. Daly, himself, has not played in pictures since 1919, when he played the lead in a production made in France. He is best known as the Craig Kennedy of the Arthur B. Reeve serial of almost a decade ago, in which he and Creighton Hale first made themselves known to motion picture fans. Previous to that time, however, he had made an enviable stage reputation for himself as the first producer of the plays of Bernard Shaw in America.

Another still from one of Alice's earlier pictures during her happy married days. Jimmy being her leading man.

Weary from playing two-a-day, as a headliner on the Keith circuit just before returning to the screen.

Jimmy Crane, playing the lead opposite Alice Brady, during the early days of their marriage.

With the support of Daly and the talent of his daughter, the Daly-Crane combination should be a very successful one from a dramatic point of view, and—if Jimmie Crane has passed the period of boyish enthusiasm for the pleasures of life which caused the disruption of his marriage to Alice Brady—from the matrimonial point of view as well.

At least, Cupid is said to be knocking at the door of the young couple, and when the dimpled little chap with the bow and quiver assails the heart of Youth, he is usually given prompt entrance in blithe disregard of what the future may have in store. Not that there is any reason for believing that the romance of Jimmy Crane and Blythe Daly will have any future heartaches if it is consumated.

They seem to a more or less interested bystander to be an ideally mated couple, or as ideally mated as can be found in the temperamental and highly-strung circles of the theatre. Both are young, with all the glorious enthusiasm of Youth, and both stand at the very threshold of brilliant success in their chosen careers.

Crane, as was amply shown by his excellent work in support of Elsie Ferguson in "The Varying Shore," if one of the most talented young actors on the American stage today. In this play from the pen of Zoe Akins, Jimmie gave, in the opinion of metropolitan critics, one of the really outstanding performances of the theatrical season in his portrayal of "the ideal lover" of the script. Jimmie's one fault seems to have been that he did what so many other "ideal lovers" of the screen and the legitimate stage have done, and carried his heart-captivating activities into real life, to the ultimate indignation of a neglected wife.

Blythe Daly's theatrical achievements to date, while not as substantial, perhaps, as those of Crane, have yet been sufficient to give every promise that the winsome miss will have but little difficulty in living up to the traditions of the Daly family, providing only that she is given suitable opportunities. And, considering the prestige that the Daly name holds on the Rialto, there is but little doubt but what Miss Daly will be given those opportunities.

The possibilities in a dramatic way for the Crane-Daly combination are almost limitless. If their success along the rumored path of Hymen is even nearly as auspicious, then it will be a romance that will truly be "A Great Adventure" for both.

Some Screen Statistics

The small boy who indulges in shrill whistling at the movies when the antics of his favorite mirth-dispenser especially please him is a squanderer of lung power. The wind wasted by these youngsters at one movie would inflate approximately 2.2111 rubber balloons 3.1220 times a minute for 3.9001 minutes.

Let us not overlook the saddest of all effort lavishers — the industrious but misguided hombre who reads the sub-titles aloud. This specie is present in a movie audience in a ratio of one in ten, and their verbal belchings, if placed end to end, would make a line only 1.9 nouns and ¾ of an adjective short of enough to hang them with, and the wallops with which the remainder of the audience would be justified in caressing them, if turned loose simultaneously, would wreck 2.6017 Woolworth buildings in .006.3151 minutes less than ½ of 1 per cent of nothing.

Bouncing over Four Beds and Landing on his Head, earned Eddie Polo Stardom

AT RIGHT:
Standing knee-deep in water is not the most comfortable of shots.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This is the third and last instalment of Eddie Polo's dramatic life. If you missed the first two and want to get copies of the issues in which they appeared, inclose twenty cents with your letter and we'll send on the copies desired. The story is too good to just pick up with the final instalment.*

I ARRIVED in "Sunny California" on November 2, 1913. "Sunny California"—that's the way I'd heard it described ever since I could remember, and I suppose I expected the sky to be blue, the flowers blooming—everything made to order specially for me. What did happen was that I struck Los Angeles in the midst of the heaviest downpour of rain I'd been in for many a day.

"This is unusual for California," the station master told me. "We usually have wonderful weather"—you know, like the people with whom you week-end who never knew there were mosquitoes there before!

However, I refused to be disheartened, found myself lodgings, settled my belongings, and started out to look over the ground.

Early the next morning I went out to the old LKO Studios in Hollywood and presented myself at the casting door for a job. Needless to say, I was frankly refused. Undaunted, I repeated my visits, offering my services free just to get a hearing. I told them I didn't need the money, just wanted a chance, that was all.

"What can you do?" the man at the casting office asked me.

"I don't know," I told him. "That's what I'm here to find out."

They decided to give me a tryout and told me to beat it to a dressing room and makeup like a sick man. I was to work in "Cupid in a Hospital," featuring the late Billy Ritchey, Hank Mann and Louise Orth, directed by Henry Lehrman. I didn't know how to put on screen makeup and asked one of the extras to give me a lift. Well, by the time I got through daubing on that grease-paint, I did look the part of a sick man.

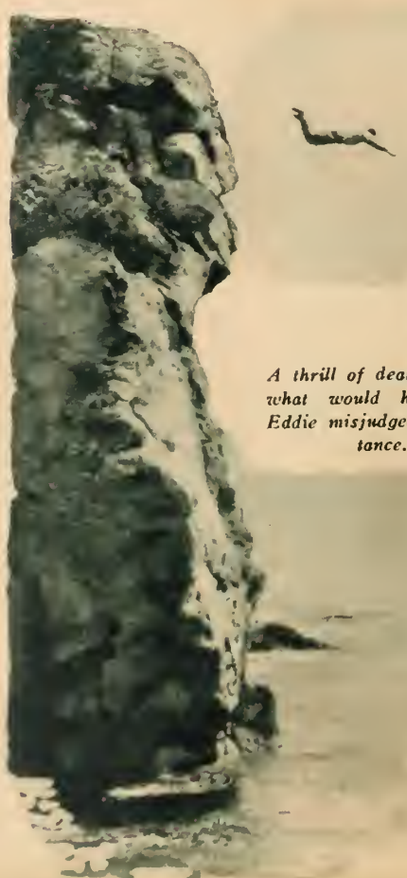
We were called on to the lot and told to get ready for our scene. It was the first time I'd been nervous in many years—looping the loop, leaping from a high trapeze—nothing I'd ever done was one-two-three compared to the funny sensation this gave me. I thought my teeth would break, they chattered so hard. I realized that the way in which I put that scene over meant my screen future.

The director ordered us all to bed, the set being a hospital ward. We were all supposed to be ill. The director yelled:

"When the bomb drops into the sick room everybody falls out of bed.

That was all. Not much of a chance to make a success in one swoop. My wits worked quickly—it was my first chance to make myself noticed.

"Camera! The Bomb! Explosion! Everybody fall!" screamed the director. Like a shot I made one backward leap from my bed, landed four beds beyond, and bounced on my head to the ground.



A thrill of death. Think what would happen if Eddie misjudged his distance.

I was noticed all right. Everybody crowded round me asking if I was hurt. Of course I wasn't, as tumbling in the circus ring had prepared me for almost anything.

Henry Lehrman asked me where I had learned those falls. I told him. I was given more consideration and more stunts were lined up for me in comedy. I must have made good, for everyone in filmdom seemed to have heard of my wonderful stunts and their originality, and after I'd been before the camera only three days I was referred to as Eddie Polo, the stunt man.

Francis Ford needed a man of my type around the studios and I was introduced to him by a friend of mine, Al Siegler, a cameraman. Mr. Ford hired me at five dollars a day. He was making the production "The Campbells Are Coming," featuring himself and Grace Cunard, and during that time I did the "general useful" again—doubling, filling in, doing anything they needed done. I had made up my mind to show 'em I "belonged."

In my spare time at night I was occupied by making nets ninety by thirty to be used for the fighting scenes on walls, where the soldiers had to fall. I trained them to make their drops to the net. Soon everyone was referring to me as the "stunt man." But this

didn't please me, as I wanted to be something more than a stunt man doubling for others—"doubling" meaning that when some star or well-known player was called upon in the script to perform any dangerous stunt, the cameras were stopped, I donned his makeup, did the stunt for him, with the star getting all the glory for it. So I refused to do any more stunts unless they were for myself—under my own name and with me getting credit for it.

Then I was given my one big chance in "The Broken Coin," a serial full of new thrills and stunts—calling for all the daring of which I was possessed. I put my whole heart and soul into it—and a lot of my teeth, muscles, and ligaments, too—for I think I strained or sprained or broke almost everything that could be broken or dislocated. But I did what I set out to do—I showed them that I could do even more than stunts.

I signed up with Universal, and stayed with them for eight years, during which time I made more serials, performing more daring stunts than any other man in my line of work. I starred in the serials "Liberty," "The Gray Ghost," "Bull's Eye," "The Lure of the Circus," "The Vanishing Dagger," and "The King of the Circus." These circus pictures were a real delight to me, bringing back memories of my own circus days and once again during their making I slept, ate, dreamed the "Big Top."

I have been in some pretty tight places. On one occasion during the making of "The Vanishing Dagger" we were supposed to be shipwrecked on a desert island. We had just finished "shooting" the scenes and were ready to go, when we noticed that the tide, which had been low when we started to work, had risen and swept our boats away from their moorings. There was one boat left—we got the girls and the cameraman (the film was too precious to take a chance on) into that, and the director and I swam for it. About halfway the director gave out. I don't know how I ever got him to shore—if friendly hands hadn't been waiting to pull us up on shore I never could have made it.

AT RIGHT
Eddie takes an afternoon promenade.

On another occasion I was called upon to make a flying dive over a high bridge into the water below. Doing it once was an ordeal—and after I had accomplished it, it was found that something had happened to the camera and it all had to be done over again. On the second leap I slipped on the edge of the railing and plunged headlong into the water. It made a great picture—and so did I—for I was bandaged for many a day after that and the scenario writer had to write a new bit into the script, injuring the hero, so I could go on working with the bandages on me, and not hold up production.

Such occurrences were too numerous to remember—in fact, they were all part of the game, and as such didn't impress themselves on me much one way or the other. I seemed to have made a hit with the public—and especially with the children—and this was my greatest pleasure, for I have tried hardest to please them during my entire career.

Just a pleasant bit of exercise to have one man attempt to squeeze your feet off while another bites a piece out of your shoulder.

Its easy to register anger after having been drenched three or four times.

The exploits of Captain Kidd had always captivated me. For years I had read every bit of literature I could get hold of about them, and had become more and more convinced that they would make a wonderful serial.

More than that, I wanted to make it myself—not for any company, but at the head of my own production company. And that is what I am doing. I want it to be the best thing I have ever done. I have endeavored to put into this serial as much adventure as I could possibly cram into a chapter-play of this nature. The scenario writer conferred with me daily in the writing of the manuscript, and we both had access to all of the available literature and bibliography of Cap'n Kidd, in addition to hundreds of books on pirates and buccaneers.

And I can truthfully say I am happy. I am doing what I want, in the way I want to do it—I think I have much to be grateful for.

At least, there is one thing certain—if I fail to put enough thrills into this chapter play, I can hardly lay the blame on the story. Because it is doubtful whether there is a single character in history whose life offers a greater assortment of thrilling exploits and death-defying escapades than that of the former terror of the Spanish Main.

The Jolly Roger flying free at the mast-head, a heavily armed frigate with her convoy of treasure-laden galleons off the port bow, the boarding party crouching behind bulwarks armed to the teeth for the imminent clash and savage brawl of soul-stirring hand-to-hand combat—what more could the heart of serial hero possibly desire?

I believe that I'll never have a better chance to fracture or otherwise damage what few sections of my anatomy remaining that have not already undergone havoc for the sake of the serial camera—but what matter, I regard all the dangers as being well worth the price.

Bernarr Macfadden's

NOW that summer is here, it is a good time to think of diet in relation to health and beauty. Happily the world has made great progress in the past few years in recognizing the importance of food—proper food, that is.

It is true that one's diet should be carefully considered at all times of the year, winter as well as summer. But in summer those who make a study of diet are particularly happy, because they have such an abundance to choose from.

It is almost as if Nature went out of her way at this season to make up for the heavy food which we are forced to eat during the winter. And then of course Nature realizes that in summer the human body could never take care of the rich, starchy foods that it absorbs in the cold weather.

So she gives us abundantly of her

Marion Nixon

Beauty Pages—

daintiest fare, rich in acids and minerals. She gives us—and makes us crave—berries, melons, fruits, tomatoes, all sorts of non-heatening foods that make for coolness and keep the system from being overworked. Of course such light fare is scarcely sufficient for most persons, so to add the necessary protein to the diet we are given beans and peas and corn and various other vegetables all fresh from the garden. Not to mention, of course, eggs and milk, which we have the whole year round.

We are always hearing the slogans, "Eat and Grow Fat," or "Eat and Grow Thin," but as a rule people do not stop to think of another sensible motto, "Eat to Keep Cool," though most of us do that subconsciously without realizing why. But the reason is that it is all a part of Nature's plan, for our comfort and health and beauty through the warm season.

Ceceil Evans

L-Ko Bathing Girl

He's a Wise Crackin' Fat Boy

by Constance Palmer.

THE champion personal-appearancer of them all! How, why, when and where does he evolve the spontaneities that make his tours journeys of triumph? What does he know of the psychology of the crowd, and if he knows anything about it, where did he get his knowledge?

Walter Hiers has just returned from "knocking 'em dead" in St. Louis, Kansas City, Denver and Salt Lake City, to say nothing of points East and West.

Most actors and actresses dread personal-appearance tours, feeling that they lose a great many more friends than they make. Since many of them have never been on the stage, they consequently lack that intangible something called "stage presence." It's the something that puts their personalities across the footlights. It's the something that can only be gained by long experience treading the boards. The actor or actress who grips and holds you by his screen personality may and probably does leave you perfectly cold when he comes visiting in person our local theatre.

But Walter Hiers had been on the stage for several years before coming into pictures, touring in vaudeville and the legitimate. In addition, he possesses an immense amount of self-confidence. One might with safety apply the adjective "perky" to him. He reminds me of the hair-ribbon on a tidy little girl's head, bobbing, stiff and confident.

"How do you hold your audiences when you make your personal appearances?" I asked the other day. I had found him on Wally Reid's set, putting over some good negro comedy as the star's cinematic valet.

Briskly, perkily he seated himself on an upturned box and prepared himself for the worst. This was evidently it, for although I had thought it a good beginning according to my own personal and peculiar method of interviewing, my victim hemmed and hawed and looked unhappy. I could plainly see he didn't want to give away any trade secrets. So I started bravely again, this time according to book rules:

"Where were you born?"

"In the South. Oh, yes, ma'am, I was born in the South."

"In what part of the South, Mr. Hiers?"

"South Chicago," he replied as innocently as possible.

"And how did you get into the movies, Mr. Hiers?"

"Well, you see, I was working for The National Biscuit Company. Yes, ma'am. Posing for the animal crackers. You see, weighing eight pounds less than a horse——"

"Do you find it hard to get into the spirit of the scene, Mr. Hiers?" (Book question No. 3.)

"Well, lots of actors and actresses have to have special music for their scenes. And being with them so much I sort of got into the habit. Betty Compson likes a violin, and Wally here likes a saxophne—but as fr me, I like the good old bagpipes. Yes, ma'am. I can always work better if I have a little Scotch in me."

"Do you get many fan letters, Mr. Hiers?" I enquired helplessly.

"Oh, yes, ma'am. And I answer 'em all. I like to have friends everywhere. And I tell 'em all to write again. "You know," he leaned closer and his box creaked ominously, "I really have another reason for asking 'em to write often. I save the letters all up and take 'em in a wheelbarrow to Mr. Lasky's office and say, 'See how many people like me, Mr. Lasky! Er—how about another little contract?' It hasn't worked yet—but you never can tell.

"And I invite all my fans to come to see me. I say, 'Just come right over to the studio—then try and get in!'"

He rubbed a brown hand through a woolly wig and thought very seriously for a moment.

"You wanted to know how I did this personal-appearance stuff. Well, now I'll tell you a secret. This is just between you and me and "Movie Weekly's" million readers. I wouldn't like it to go any farther.

"I go by towns. The minute my train gets to the station, I start finding out things: what buildings have been in the making for years, either due to politics or some other cause; I find out the local ruin—postoffice, depot or theatre; I find out the nearest rival town—it's always good for a joke; and then I find out just how much kidding an audience will stand. After I know these things I just shoot my remarks so fast the people out front don't have time to think."

All very simple and according to the best vaudeville-patter rules—but it's an art.

Buster Keaton

Rambling Through the Studios in the East

With Dorothea B. Herzog

Ouida Bergere

KICKING UP THE PAST

KICKING UP THE PAST

THERE come dreamy halts in one's rushing activities, and the past, from out of the fog of memories, takes form and in majestic, phantom procession passes before one.

The procession includes stars Ye Rambler has interviewed and met from time to time. It is interesting and draws us.

First we see Elsie Ferguson in her Park Avenue home. Miss Ferguson, in response to our question, speaks of gestures. Her eyes glimmer with amusement, her lips quirk into a slight smile. Miss Ferguson is not a pronounced adherent of gestures. If you are acquainted with her screen work, you see her in moments of stress clasp her hands and press them despairingly to her breast. Emotion in real life is not accompanied by flamboyant gesturing. Mis Ferguson confines real life to pictures.

* * * * *

THEN, ALICE BRADY

Then, in the heyday of eager anticipation, we went to see Alice Brady and to learn her views on the "Star System."

"Certainly I believe in it," Alice asserted. "How can any one disbelieve in it? The public has always had its stars, its own particular favorites. It makes the stars; likewise it breaks them.

"Give the star system a chance," she concluded. "Furnish stars with stories worth while; give them casts of good status. In other words, give them co-operation, and do not depend upon their popularity to put across poor stories."

At that time, Alice expressed a desire to make her stage success, "Anna Ascends," into a picture. A year has passed. Her wish has come true. This is the first production she makes on her return to the studio following a prolonged absence on the stage.

Elsie Ferguson

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ON WITH THE PROCESSION

Bert Lytell stops to gaze at us from our memory procession, but when we saw Bert for the first time, it was to get the second story of the "Star System Series," so we'll pass on to hello-ing with Jimmy Morrison. Jimmy reminisced of the good old days at Vitagraph. Said he, in part:

"One of the interesting pictures—among many—that I played in, was 'A Tale of Two Cities.' I was the peasant boy. That picture was made in three reels, and was known as a special. Practically everyone on the Vitagraph lot played in it. You'd be surprised to see what a good picture was made of this story in three reels, despite handicaps.

"Exteriors in those days were very interesting. I remember that we called a cedar grove our 'forest'; a strip of beach served for a shipwreck landing or a cheery day at Palm Beach; a certain open stretch was the 'Arizona desert.' Everything had its pet name." But those were the good old days, says Jimmy.

* * * * *

OUIDA BERGERE OFFERED REAL ADVICE

Ouida Bergere, special scenario writer for her husband, George Fitzmaurice, and a director, herself, of no mean ability, returns from the past. In stinging, clear-cut words she takes a justified stab at the critic:

"If I were a critic," she italicized, "I would never attempt to criticise a picture, if I were not acquainted with the story—especially in the event it was an adaptation. I would take into consideration the difficulties confronting the scenario writer; if he or she overcame these difficulties and added to the story, making it good despite its poor material, he or she should receive credit. I would take into consideration the actors, whether they were equal to the parts assigned them; whether they brought out the subtle action the scenario writer had gone into details to describe in her script.

Marguerite Clark

"But I would NOT," she cried, "mercilessly condemn a picture, or, if it is good, give all the credit to the actors or the director. The scenario writer should come in for a share of the honors or a share of the dishonors, as the case may be. Share and share alike.

"All this requires education. Education means progress. The producer naturally gives the public what it wants.

"But what do the critics want? To my mind, they are an enigma."

* * * * *

ABOUT MARGUERITE CLARK

It was an interesting day for Ye Rambler when we subwayed up to the old Biograph Studio to see Marguerite Clark, the time she came on from New Orleans to make "Scrambled Wives."

Miss Clark is one of the startling few who have to all appearances forsaken the silver sheet for married bliss.

At the time we saw the petite star, she said, in reference to her husband, H. P. Williams: "His middle name begins with a 'P' and I tell him the 'P' stands for Perfect." Then she explained her conception of work and romance:

"If one is happily married, why spend the days and the nights in a studio? I, for one, refuse to do it. I like my adopted city, New Orleans. And my husband . . .," a most eloquent pause.

Miss Clark said, at the time, that she would make another picture following "Scrambled Wives," but this she has never done. Whether she has forsaken the screen entirely is left to the judgment of Ye Reader.

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ENTER BUSTER KEATON

Speaking of happiness, Buster Keaton falls in appropriately. We dashed over to see Buster at the Biltmore at the time he came on to see Natalie, to chat with him while he had breakfast, in the hope of learning whether he was really engaged to Natalie Talmadge.

Natalie had previously laughed to us: "I'm a fatalist. I haven't anything to say about our (her's and Buster's) rumored engagement—one way or the other. Everything will come out for the best."

Buster, on the other hand, remarked with his customary lugubrious expression: "I'm going to marry Natalie if she thinks the same way this morning as she did last night." She did. And they were! And now there's a Buster Keaton, Jr.! The blessed child!

* * * * *

MARY MILES MINTER A REGULAR FELLOW

When Mary Miles Minter came under public aspersion because her name filtered into the Taylor mystery, we were all put out. Mary is about the "regular-iest" sort of girl there is. It was impulsive admiration for Mr. Taylor that prompted her, when in her early teens starring for the old American company, to write a note to her studious director.

We admired Mary. She is one of the most widely read girls we've ever met. She's frank. She's a worker. But she's impulsive and has a temper. Therefore, we liked (and like) Mary tremendously.

Mary Miles Minter

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GENEROSITY EARNED MAE MARSH STARDOM

When we first met Mae Marsh it was at a luncheon where her mother was present. Mae treats her mother as though she were a sister. She's terribly proud of the little mother.

"My sister was in pictures," said Mae. "I had no idea of going into them. But I went to see D. W. Griffith to keep an appointment for my sister, and—that's how I got started in pictures." Simple? Extraordinarily so.

ORPHANS OF THE STORM

A Thrilling Tale from D. W. Griffith's Latest Masterpiece Based on the World-Famous, "Two Orphans"

NOVELIZED BY
JAMES GABELLE

PROLOGUE

IT was winter and black famine reigned over France. Men and women died of starvation by the wayside where they had gone in a vain hope of obtaining alms from the aristocracy as they traveled in coaches to levee or ball, or else were frozen to death while crouching in corners or huddled at cross-roads. Henry Fourth, of blessed memory, many years before had expressed the hope that every peasant might have a chicken in his pot—now he had not even a pot.

If it was bad in the provinces, it was far worse in Paris. Conditions were so awful that there were whispers of strange and horrible feasts; rumors that would not down. Every man's hand was raised against his brother. Executions by axe and rope were of almost hourly occurrence while daylight lasted. Still hunger and disorder increased.

The aristocracy, however, feared neither famine, rapine or discomfort—they could shut these out. There were other things, though, that they could not shut out. It was whispered about that a certain high-born lady had degraded herself by marrying a commoner. The truth became known when she gave birth to a girl. The husband was summoned to the grand palais. He did not cringe or whine, but stood erect, defiant, contending for his own as a real man should. Rapiers were drawn, even in the ante-chamber where the young mother lay. There was a thrust in quarte, a riposte in tierce and the base-born husband fell to the floor, his life blood gushing forth in a ruby flood. Growing weaker and ever weaker, still he managed to crawl to the bed of the woman he loved and their new-born child. With one last convulsive embrace he fell dead and the girl-wife was a widow.

With ruthless hands the baby was torn from its mother and exposed on a snow-pile in front of majestic Notre Dame, the cathedral that had witnessed so many tragedies in the six hundred years of its existence. Secreted in a locket, mother-love had penned the lines: "Her name is Louise. Save her."

In another part of Paris where poverty, ignorance and crime stalked hand in hand, the Girards were desperate. They not only had no food but, added to their sufferings, were the hunger-cries of baby Henriette. It was maddening! Finally, they could stand it no longer. With the hope that some charitable worshipper would take pity on the starving infant and feeling that death was but a matter of a very little while if she were left with them, Girard, pere, ran to Parvis Notre Dame and, as no one was in sight, was about to abandon his own child when he heard wails from another baby mingling with the cries of his own. It was little Louise, the child of a man of the people and a woman of the aristocracy, the haut ton. The outcast was blue from cold and weak from hunger.

Girard was horror-stricken. He had not thought of the suffering his child would have to endure if not taken in by some kindly person before death came. With man's usual inconsistency he who had intended to abandon his own child because he could not care for it, picked up both babies and hurried to his bleak home with them. Unwrapping the baby, husband and wife found the locket the girl-mother had tied around the baby's neck. They marveled much over the strange message it contained and still more when they found a silken purse crammed full of louis d'or, enough gold coins, in fact, to carry them through that awful winter in comfort and, later, enable them to purchase a modest dwelling in Evreux, their former home.

Lillian and Dorothy Gish as the two orphans.

BLIND

It is an old saying along the countryside that Normandy is the heart of France and Evreux the heart of Normandy. It is famous for its grapes, cherries, apples, roses and pretty girls. Of the latter all agreed that there were none more beautiful than Henriette and Louise Girard, formerly foundlings at Notre Dame, now the pride of their town.

It was true all was not as it should have been. The elder Girards had been carried off by a visitation of the Black Death, as the plague of cholera was then known, a visitation that had spared the life of Louise but left her sightless. True, all was not hopeless, the local doctor, after many prolonged examinations, had given them a message of cheer:

"I am but a country practitioner," he declared, with an affectation of humility, "but it is said that certain doctors of the university claim that they can take off cataracts. For me, Mon Dieu. I do not know. But you can go to Paris and make the experiment. Certainement, if it is a failure she will be no blinder than she is now."

Henriette, the older of the two, who was father, mother, sister, companion and friend, all in one, to Louise, felt a flood of joy surge through her veins. The greatest happiness, as yet, that she had ever known. From that moment she had but one end in view: to go to Paris, stay at the home of her aged Cousin Martin and have the wonderful doctors exercise their skill to the end that her beloved foster-sister might be restored to sight.

Often the two lovely girls talked over the wonderful day when the veil would be lifted and Louise could see once more. Again and again the marvelous journey that was to take them to a new world was lived through. In playful mood Henriette would lift a warning finger and say:

"When Miss Baby's eyes are quite well I shall sit down like a lady—and you'll do all the work."

At last the long-looked for day of departure arrived. The two girls were arrayed in their quaint, flowered, panniered costumes with low-crowned, wide-brimmed hats, their lovely ringlets coiled about their shapely heads. Their neat, well-fitting slippers polished and re-polished to the last degree of nicety by Henriette's practised hand. The low corsages, tight bodices, extremely full skirts, set off by tiny pinafores, displayed their elfin beauty with a delicacy that would have charmed Watteau, the great court painter, could he have seen them.

Louise sat quietly with a wonderful glow on her beautiful, mobile face, Henriette, however, was here, there and everywhere. Counting the round boxes, baskets and bags, watching with anxious eye the garcon fetch their tiny, brass-studded cowhide trunk and caring anxiously for the two potted hyacinths she and Louise were taking, as presents, to Cousin Martin, at whose house they planned to stay. Suddenly Louise, now standing, who had been tingling with excitement at the prospect of the trip, sat down again with an expression of the deepest misery.

"I won't go a step," she wailed. "You'll meet someone or other in Paris—get married—and—I'll be left all alone."

Henriette stood appalled. The thought had never entered her head. She looked frightened for a moment, then glanced at the beautiful blind girl on whose face abject misery was depicted and a wave of pity swept over her. Impulsively she knelt by her sister and held her beautiful right hand on high.

"Desert you for a man!" Henriette cried in tones that thrilled and carried conviction to the very soul of the sweet girl living in darkness. "Darling, I could never dream of doing such a thing. Here is my right hand; take it and bear witness: I solemnly swear never to marry until you, yourself, can see and approve my husband."

Slowly and uncertainly the left hand of the

(*Continued on page* 24)

MOVIE WEEKLY ART SERIES

MARMEIN

Popular dancer who is now considering a picture offer

Bucking into the Movies

Hollywood, 1922.

Mr. H. O. Potts,
Hog Run, Ky.

Dear Maw and Folks:

Yours of the 29th incendiary received "Okeh," as the Bostonese slangily remark, and was sorry to hear that Cal had contracted a violent case of chicken pox—but what can you expect? I always told Cal that retribution would overtake him for stealing the Widow O'Rourke's setting hen that time. However, don't worry about any of the rest of the Potts family catching the ailment from Cal, because that boy is too blooming stingy to give anybody anything, even the chicken pox!

There is just one thing you had better do, though. A gentleman friend of mine said to tell Cal not to sleep on a feather bed as that kinda has an irritating effect on a case of chicken pox, and my friend ought to know what he is talking about, because he has two uncles on his father's side, one of which is a chiropodist and the other is a veterinary surgeon.

Well, folks, this past week business in local movie circles has been about as flourishing as social life in

a first-class cemetery, and we small part players have had about as much employment as a refrigerator salesman would have in Alaska during the winter months. So me and a girl friend of mine who is also a budding young emotional actress, supplying part of the scenic background in Mr. Sennett's bathing girl propaganda when she works, decided to break the monotony a little by conducting a personal investigation into Los Angeles' latest fad—"Spiritualism."

"Spiritualism," Maw, is the study of spirits, but the spirits referred to are not those which you procure from a flashily dressed gentleman up a dark alley, being instead the ghostly figures of your more or less dear departed ancestors. The consequence is that, as a whole, the study is of a generally blithe and cheerful nature that would almost indicate that one Edgar Allan Poe had had a strong influence in originally starting it. Mr. E. Poe, as you may recall, folks, was a genial hombre whose idea of a perfect evening's entertainment was to sit in a cemetery along about midnight and hold philosophical discourse with the recently interred inhabitants thereof.

Well, from what I saw of it, Spiritualism of the Los Angeles variety, for sheer cheerfulness, would make Edgar A.'s worst efforts look like an executive Smile Session of the Pollyanna Auxiliary No. 24. But, anyway, me and my friend decided to at least give it a trial, so if we were cast to appear as grave-yard atmosphere in one of the present crop of psychic pictures we would have a little first-hand spirituous knowledge to go on. And so we made an appointment with a "medium," which same is an individual in Spookdom who acts as a sort of a cross between a telephone operator and a middleman, the astral go-between in our case being a feminine ghost-tamer by the name of "Madame Rosaletta."

We were met at the door by an undersized little gentleman with a chin that was a direct infringement on the facial anatomy of a rabbit, who informed us pompously that he was the Madame's husband and general manager, and who parked us in a little anteroom to wait a few minutes until the Madame had succeeded in getting into personal communication with the Obituary Club. He gave us a Ouija Board to amuse ourselves with while we were waiting.

Which me and my friend accordingly did, but there must of been too much static in the air or something, because the only things we could get the board to do was to say "Yes" and "No" about five times each, and then to go off into a violent enthusiasm for spelling "cat" over and over again. So, not being interested to any great extent in the spirit life of departed cats, we was just about to abandon our Ouija researches, when the small gentleman with the retiring chin finally come out and announced that Madame was now *en rapport*, whatever on earth that may mean, and was ready to start us off on our little personally-conducted tour of Spookland.

Judging from their apparent strong prejudice against daylight in any form, most spooks must have been either night watchmen or profession burglars in their earthly existence, and accordingly the room we was shown in to was as dark as the Queen of Sheba's cellar. There was just enough light for us to make out a flock of black velvet curtains, a few miscellaneous skulls and stuffed owls scattered about to give the room the requisite air of refined gaiety, a large crystal globe parked on a table, and behind it the Madame herself, a large, plump woman attired in a headache band, a set of carpet slippers and a sky-blue kimona.

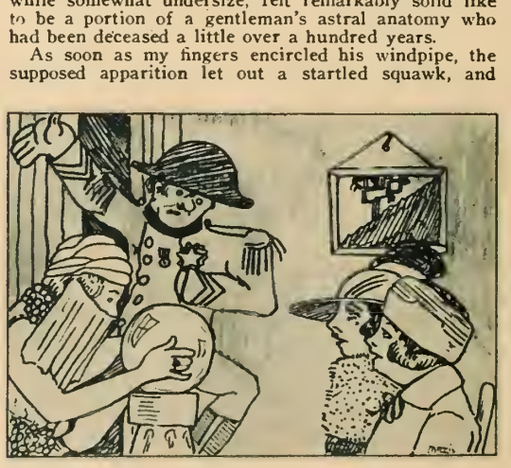
Judging from the amount of rigamarole she went through and the trouble she had in getting a connection, the system of communication in Spookland must be modelled somewhat after that of the Los Angeles Telephone Company. Finally, however, we succeeded in getting through, and a baritone masculine voice somewhere in the room announced that Napoleon Bonaparte was in our midst. I had expressed a personal preference for Julius Caesar previously, but we must of been on the wrong wave-length or something, and had to take Napoleon as a substitute instead.

However, the Corsican proved to be a very entertaining substitute. I had always thought of Napoleon being quite some pumpkins in the military line but, judging from some of the stunts that the Madame put his spirit through for our benefit, he must also have been trained for the vaudeville stage in his youth as well. Because he played "Turkey in the Straw" on an invisible violin, tipped a table in the dark when we put our hands on it, and confided all the inside facts to us about life in the ancient French Court.

Then my friend made a fatal error. She asked timorously that we be allowed to touch Mr. Bonaparte's astral form, to see what the feeling was when you touched a ghosts—if any. After the Madame had gone through a lot of red tape in her trance with some of the higher-ups in Spiritland, permission was finally granted, and our astral playmate wandered over in my direction there in the dark to give me the first touch. It proved to be the beginning of the end.

I stood for it when the apparition chuckled me under the chin all familiar like, but when Mr. Bonaparte suddenly plunked one foot squarely down on my pet corn, I as suddenly decided that I had had enough. Napoleon or no Napoleon, there ain't no spook in the Cosmos going to step on my pet corn and get away with it! I accordingly made a convulsive grab there in the gloom, and succeeded at the very first effort in parking my fingers around a masculine neck which, while somewhat undersize, felt remarkably solid like to be a portion of a gentleman's astral anatomy who had been deceased a little over a hundred years.

As soon as my fingers encircled his windpipe, the supposed apparition let out a startled squawk, and



the next minute the whole blooming seance had gone flooey! The lights come on and at the same moment the Madame come out of her trance about seven times faster than she had originally gone into it, and gazed at me and my astral captive with her mouth hanging open like that of an astounded fish.

I accordingly looked too, and after I did, I didn't wonder any that the Madame was apparently surprised. Because the alleged spirit of Napoleon Bonaparte which I was trying to strangle was no one other than the undersized little gentleman with the vanishing chin who had told us that he was Madame's husband!

Which I guess will be all for this time.

Your loving daughter, resp'y yours,
SOPHIE POTTS,
via Hal Wells.

Between Reels

* * *

We're not quite sure just what variety of brute it is, but "L'Atlantide" must be a sort of pursuing Nemesis for runaway husbands who head for Gay Paree, and a mighty persistent pursuer at that, judging from the following theater sign we read the other day: "'Missing Husbands—Running a year in Paris—from L'Atlantide."

* * *

Another theater sign ingenuously queries, "Is Matrimony a Failure—with Lila Lee." Well, we don't se why on earth it should be. But then, personally, we don't really know. We've never been married to Lila Lee.

* * *

Inspired by Lasky's original production of "The Sheik," films depicting various near relatives of that interesting Arabian gentleman are now coming in a deluge. First, Vitagraph came out with "The Sheik's Wife," and Christie has followed by announcing "The Son of a Sheik." Now, if some kind producer will only present us with "The Sheik's Third Cousin,—on His Wife's Side," we'll have the whole blooming family.

* * *

Can it be possible that demure Alma Rubens has been keeping company with reprehensible feminine characters whose whereabouts are desired by the police? At any rate, an electric theater sign on Broadway is emblazoning the legend, "Find the Woman—with Alma Rubens."

* * *

No, Aloysius, we wouldn't say that movie stars are now being taken at their "face value," because of the fact that they are beginning to request fans to enclose two-bits when asking for photos.

* * *

After its original founders had the forethought to name Los Angeles the "City of the Angels," and real-estate agents had spent years in advertising it as a "Paradise on Earth," then Hollywood had to come along and spill the beans by suddenly breaking into print in a manner a little more suggestive of Dante's "Inferno" than of anything Celestial.

* * *

You never can tell. The bird who plays the part of the veteran railroader with such superb aplomb in the photoplay may in real life be a former hillbilly who wouldn't know a "semaphore" from a 'sophomore," and who thinks that the oil used in green switchlights comes from a special group of wells in southern Ireland.

* * *

And the young woman who appears so charmingly on the screen as the very sophisticated daughter of Manhattan may in real life be a former hash-slinger from Keokuk, Iowa, whose knowledge of the metropolis is confined to the fact than an uncle on her mother's side once paid a business visit there, during the course of which he traded a total stranger his gold watch and plated cuff-links for the fishing privileges to Brooklyn Bridge.

* * *

And the young hero who appears so intrepidly as the deep-sea diver in the under-water film may in real life be a former inhabitant of the inland state of Arizona who thinks that an "octupus" is some kind of an eight-sided geometrical figure, and who has a hazy idea that black pearls are laid by star-fish.

MARIE PREVOST MAY GO ON THE STAGE

"Marie Prevost is planning a trip to New York, where she may . . ."
'Sessue Hayakawa and his wife, Tsuru Aoki, are going back to Japan."
"Tsuru Aoki, you know, has several sisters in Japan to whom she . . ."
"And what do you think? Buster Keaton has just bought a story that was written especially for him by Roscoe Arbuckle."
"And Valentino and his bride are going to be separated for a whole year . . . if not forever . . ."
"Frank Mayo and his wife are bulwarks of the film colony, they're so quiet and home-loving, but . . ."

Under the Orange Pekoe Tree -- by Irma-the Ingenue

DEAR me; isn't it the most romatic thing in the world,—Valentino's bride torn from him after only a week of honeymooning? Isn't it funny how you can be married in one state and not in another? It's too deep for me, I'll tell the world! Just imagine that you are kissing your husband in one state, driving along in your car, and then suddenly you have to stop, as you arrive in another state, because in that state you aren't married at all!

"And Valentino and his bride are going to be separated a whole year if not indeed, —oh, dear, it's exactly like a Balzac novel—forever! I'm just thrilled to the core, aren't you?"

Irma the Ingenue paused to hold a seance with her powder puff and her vanity mirror, and then ordered tea sent to us under the cherry trees in the tea-garden. She arranged herself rather carefully on the rustic bench, I noticed, and then I looked up to see Valentino sitting right opposite us at another table.

"My goodness, isn't he a perfect lamb person of a lover!" exclaimed Irma. "Here, with the whole world of women at his feet, he chooses just one, and risks his all to make her his wife. I say it's superb! Wouldn't you be all set up about it if he were your lover-husband?

"And wasn't it exciting,—finding out that Natacha Rambova's real name was Winifred Shaunessey, and that she ran away from home in 1915 with Theodore Kosloff's ballet? And her mother spent a whole year looking for her all over the world. You see she is a wonderful dancer, but her mother didn't like her embracing that profession. Then her mother married Mr. De Wolfe and afterward Richard Hudnut.

"I was talking to Jean Acker, the other day. She's very sweet about it all. She says that she doesn't really love Valentino any more,—that she couldn't,—but that she admires him very much. She didn't prosecute him, which was generous of her, when you come to think of the fact that she says he hasn't paid her the alimony which the court ordered him to pay, and she might naturally be feeling a little sore."

Irma the Ingenue sipped her tea, and then went on:

"I see the newspapers are mentioning Frank Mayo and Dagmar Godowsky Mayo, and Henry Walthall and his wife, Mary Charlton Walthall, because they too were married before the expiration of their year but dear me, if they're going to start raking up that sort of thing, they'll find a lot to rake. There are lots of others in the same boat. And goodness knows we're used to thinking of the Mayo's and Walthall's as bulwarks of our film colony, they're so quiet and home loving. Why the Walthall's have a baby two years old, you know!"

The tea growing cold while we chatted, Irma ordered more and then went on.

"Oh, I saw Mary Miles Minter the other day! She has just returned from Honolulu, and she looked awfully pretty. She says that of course William D. Taylor is the only man in the world she ever loved, but that she doesn't somehow feel as if she had lost him. She feels as though his spirit were often near her. She's such a brilliant little girl, you know,—reads everything, and has a mind far beyond her years. And you know she may return to the stage! She has just three more pictures to do for Lasky. And every year she has the same old offer to go back on the stage.

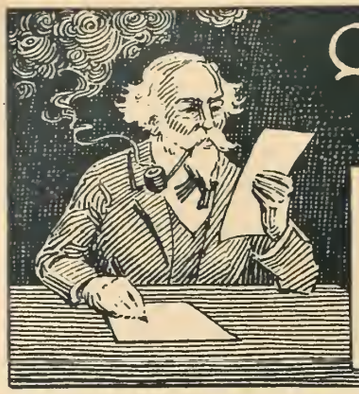
"They're all doing that, aren't they? Sessue Hayakawa has just signed up with the Shuberts. He and his wife, Tsuri Aoki, are going to Japan together. Miss Aoki has several sisters there, you know. She tells me that she sends them American clothes, and that sometimes they get them on all wrong. One of her sisters, not long ago, sent her a picture in which she was wearing a corset on the outside of her clothes!

"And another one who may go on the stage is Marie Prevost. She is planning a trip to New York.

"But say, you just can't keep a smart man down, can you? Even if Fatty Arbuckle's films are banned, he still can write. He has just done a story for Buster Keaton which was so good that Buster bought it.

"Of course you know Fatty is stony broke. He is selling his big car, and now they say he is going to sell his beautiful home on Adams Street, in the fashionable section of Los Angeles."

Irma glanced at the triste Valentino, slipped me a chaste kiss on my lily brow, and flew out to her waiting car. And one could see that she was hoping against hope that Valentino was looking at her!



Questions Answered by The Colonel

My job on "Movie Weekly" is answering questions. Wouldn't you like to know whether your favorite star is married? What color *her* eyes are, or what may be *his* hobbies? Write me, then, and I will tell you. I cannot answer questions concerning studio employment. For a personal reply, enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. All inquiries should be signed with the writer's full name and address, which will not appear in the magazine. Address me, THE COLONEL, "Movie Weekly," 119 West 40th St., New York City.

BATHING BEACH ADMIRER—Well, that is a new one; lots of people admire the bathing beauties, but no one usually wastes admiration on the beach. Though I suppose if we didn't bave the beach we wouldn't have the bathing beauties. Sis Hopkins is not an actress, but a character in a play. Pearl White is in Paris now, but you can reach her after the middle of July through Pathe, 35 W. 45th St., New York. She is thirty-three years old and has light hair and blue eyes.

BABS and IMA PEST—There are lots of pests in the world, but few of them admit it. Connie Talmadge was born April 19, 1900. She has sued her husband for divorce, but I don't believe sbe has gotten it yet. Yes, Jack Mulhall is married—to his third wife, Evelyn Winans. He doesn't give his age. Elliot Dexter doesn't either; he is divorced from Marie Doro. I don't know whether Rodolph will ever go to Billings or not. I don't want to "cast asparagus" on your town, but can you give me any reason wby he *should* go to Billings? Yes, too bad George Larkin had to play the villain in "Cameron of the Royal Mounted," but times are hard in the movie industry and most players are glad to play any parts they can get.

TWO OREGON GIRLS—Yes, you receive my compliments for saving all the "Movie Weekly's." Does your father own a storage warehouse that you can keep them in? Nazimova's real name is Allah Orleneff—and then, of course, she is Mrs. Charles Bryant. Charles Ray is thirty-one and is six feet tall. Marie Prevost was born in Canada in 1898. Hoot Gibson was born in Nebraska in 1892—just four hundred years after Columbus discovered America. (Of course that has nothing to do with it, but I just wanted to show how well I remember my history). Hoot has been in movies since 1911.

ROSIE—Wallie Reid's "last" picture hasn't been made yet—at least we hope not, for we'd like to see him in a few more. His latest one is "The Dictator." No. Wallie has never been divorced; his address is 8327 De Longpre Ave., Los Angeles. As to whether Agnes Ayres and Gloria are rivals for Wally—if I should ask them a question like that, they might not speak to me again. If they didn't tell me to mind my own business, they'd certainly think it.

SPARROW SHARPE — Does Doris May like sailors! Of course she does; everyone likes sailors. But of course you know she is already married—to Wallace MacDonald. She played opposite Charles Ray in "The Hired Man." Write her at the Robertson-Cole Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood.

IMA NUT—Then I am sure your name is Hazel! Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels, and Rodolph Valentino all get their mail at the Lasky Studio 1520 Vine St., Hollywood.

KATHERINE—What d'ye mean—"reach" Ora Carew's address. Her address is clear out in California, and my arms lack several feet of being that long. She lives at 5517 Carlton Way, Los Angeles.

MARINNA—So you would give all Morenos, Reids and Valentinos for one Blue? Well, I don't know about that, but I do know I'd give you my whites and my reds for your blues. But perhaps you don't play poker. I will tell the editor you want Monte Blue's picture in the center of the magazine, and maybe you'll get it.

MAYFLOWER — You must be getting along in years by now. My ancestors came over in the "Mayflower." There are so many conflicting stories about Rodolph's real name that I don't know which is right. At last accounts, the name he was christened by is Rodolfo dei Marchesi Guglielmi. Valentino is pronounced "Val-en-teen-o," witb the accent on tbe teen. The Val is like the val in valentine. His newest picture is "Blood and Sand."

DIMPLES—It's good of you to say that I'll be your only bero if I answer your questions, but what are you going to do about Rodolph? Surely you're not going to desert him like that. Anyway, there's nothing heroic about answering questions. Yes, Rodolph married again, and the lucky lady is Winifred Hudnut—or Natacha Rambova, whichever name you choose to call her by. Marjorie Daw and John Harron had their pictures taken together with the sign in front of them, "We are not engaged," or some such sentiment. They ought to know. She lives at 6609 St. Frances Court, Los Angeles, but the only address I know of for Johnny Harron is Fox Studio, 1417 N. Western Ave., Hollywood—and that may not be rigbt.

DIMPLES — Another dimples. Are you any relation to the "dear little dimpled darling who's never seen Christmas yet?" I used to hear about her when I was toddling around myself. Wallace Reid's picture was in the center of "Movie Weekly" in the issue, for June 11, 1921. You can get this and any other back numbers from the Circulation Dept. for ten cents a copy.

BRIGHT EYES—If you are angry with me, I suppose that is the reason your eves are bright. Harrison Ford is divorced from Beatrice Prentice. No, his picture has never appeared in the center of "Movie Weekly."

GRACE ELLEN—So you think that the only way you can get a picture of Wallie Reid is by writing him and asking for one. I'm sure you must be a clever girl to figure all that out. Were you just born clever or have you been to school? Wallie is married to Dorothy Davenport and has a five year old son, William Wallace Reid.

DIMPLES—I'm having an epidemic of dimples today. I wonder if they're "catching." If so, I'll probably go home and find that I've annexed a couple. You ask me when "Silas Marner" will come to the movie houses, but you don't say where you live. For instance, "Silas Marner" might play in St. Louis one week, but it wouldn't get to Bald Knob, Ark. till at least a week later. (Yes, there is a Bald Knob in Ark. I knew someone who came from there, but his knob wasn't bald at all.) So your pen scratches? It must be a handy thing to have around when the mosquitoes are biting.

INDIAN MAID—I'm so pleased that you think I give the "best civil" answer. I just finished giving a sailor answer, so now I'll give a civil one. Webster Campbell is Corinne Griffith's first husband, I think. Eugene O'Brien says that the reason he has never married is that he has never found another woman as nice as his mother and until be does he will stay single. Did you see his picture in the center of "Movie Weekly" for April 29, 1922?

SWEETHEART—Yes, I see you used white stationery. The funny thing is, ever since I mentioned getting a lot of pink paper, everyone who has written me has reminded me bow considerate be—or she—was in using white or blue or yellow or green paper. Yes, Ruth Roland bas been married and divorced. Eugene O'Brien is really a bachelor. Ethel Clayton's picture appeared in "Movie Weekly" April 2, 1921. Jack Pickford's engagement to Marilynn Miller has been announced. Jack is now at work on "Garrison's Finish." He has brown hair and eyes.

N. B. DUTCHY—Wasn't it mean of Hoot Gibson to go and get married—and he is your favorite and no doubt you're heartbroken. (I suppose, of course, you read of his recent marriage to Helen Johnson, a vaudeville actress). He is thirty. Write bim at the Universal Studio, Universal City. Baby Peggy is three. Crane Wilbur has been playing in vaudeville. Baby Marie Osborne has not made movies for several years, but you will see her again soon. Clara Horton is still in pictures; one of her recent ones is "Penrod." Richard Dix is not even engaged. You bet, you may come again—I hope you will.

MISS CHARLOTTE B. SOLOMON—Of ccurse I'd love to send you a long letter of advice, as you request, but Brooklyn is a large place and I'm afraid the letter wouldn't know its way about unless I have a street address. What is it?

HARRIET—I was so glad to hear how much you like "Movie Weekly" and that it is sold in your drug stores. I'm glad to see a drug store nowadays that goes so far as to sell magazines. Most of them in New York devote their energies to making up for the lack of saloons. Harrison Ford has brown hair and eyes. His latest picture is "The Primitive Lover," in which he is leading man for Constance Talmadge. He gives his age as thirty. William Russell has dark hair and eyes.

ROMA—So I don't have to be careful what I say to you because you are only twelve years old. Suppose I told you you were a bum or something (which I'm sure you're not, of course), would your being only twelve keep your feelings from getting hurt? Norma Talmadge is twenty-five years old and joined the movies about 1911. Rodolpb has dark brown eyes; his hobbies are dancing and riding horseback—oh yes, and he just loves spaghetti.

LONESOME WILLIE—Too bad, Willie, that you sbould be so lonesome—and you're not even going to make love to your favorites when you get their addresses. Now that's what I call thoughtful. Hope Hampton has no husband and I'm sure she will be glad to hear from you at 1540 Broadway, New York. Write to Pauline Starke at the Vitagraph Studio, 1708 Talmadge St., Hollywood. Gilda Grey is not in movies, but will soon be seen in the Follies. Write her at the New Amsterdam Theatre, West 42nd St., New York. The Ruth Roland Club has its headquarters at Grand Junction, Colorado. Mr. Walter Moses, Editor of The Penpals' Journal, is Chairman.

VIRGINIA M.—So you think you filled me up with questions. You're wrong. I got filled up with something a lot nicer than questions; I've been having my iron for tbe day. You see, I've been eating raisins. Mary Pickford was born in Canada and Gloria Swanson in Chicago. Ethel Clayton has an eight year old son. There is a Princess Anita Stewart, but she is not the same person as the Anita Stewart in the movies.

B. C. BILLINGS—And you're from Billings, I sec. Was the town named after you or were you named after the town? Jack Perrin is the husband of Josephine Hill. He doesn't give his age. Write him at the Universal Studio.

Film-Flam

POUNDING OFF POUNDS

CABLE dispatches from London say fashionable women are having their little toes carved off so their feet will fit American shoes.

We haven't quite come to that custom in this country—of altering customers to suit clothes, but motion picture directors are headed that way. They're altering their stars to suit their parts.

Rupert Hughes began it, to Colleen Moore's disgust. You can't blame her for wishing it hadn't been necessary for him to make the heroine of "The Bitterness of Sweets" a lass who started out at the weight of niety-eight and during the action of the story gained twenty pounds. Instead of picking a ninety-eight pounder to play the part, he called for Colleen, who shoots the scales normally to one hundred and ten. Then he told her to trim herself down to ninety-eight. She did.

After snapping all the ninety-eight pound views of Colleen which he considered necessary, Hughes told her to become a hundred and eighteen pounder. She did that too.

Richard Dix was the next victim. Maurice Tourneur selected him for the title role in Goldwyn's production of "The Christian." He wanted a thin,ascetic sort of chap, but he picked on Richard Dix—six feet, brawny, 176 pounds. And then he said to Richard:

"By the way, before you get to England, drop twenty pounds."

Just like that. Just as if Richard could throw the twenty pounds down on the sidewalk and leave them there. But Dix had lost ten of the twenty when he arrived in New York. and planned to lose the other ten on ship board.

Mae Busch was sympathetic. She is to play in the picture, too, but her poundage doesn't need changing.

"Poor Richard," she said. "You should have seen him eyeing the butter and sugar in the diner coming east. I'm waiting to see him struggle on ship board with a real seagoing appetite."

Dix is so pleased at the chance to play the role that he would turn himself inside out if necessary, but still, it's tough. Movie stars do have their little troubles, you see.

Suppose you were the salesman for a cloak and suit house and the boss said to you, "Oh, by the way, Jones, Jim Goodman will be here from Oshkosh next week. Jim is a bit fat himself and likes fat men. Be wearing a double chin and a nice fancy embonpoint when he blows in. And after he goes, get ready to rattle your ribs and wave your Adams' apple at Bill Gootz of Podunk the following week. Bill is a rail and hates 'em fat."

So if you're pining away because you can't become a movie actor instead of a salesman, console yourself. At least your pounds of flesh are your own.

* * * * *

"DOGGONE," SAYS T. ROY

When T. Roy Barnes was given the role of "Happy Jack," a tramp, in Paramount's forthcoming picture, "The Old Homestead," he was very pleased and decided he would "do it up brown," and as for the scraggly beard which the role called for—no false whiskers for him; he would grow the beard "au naturelle."

But Mrs. Barnes was not so pleased. Art is Art, but even so she had to live with the scraggly beard. However, she said nothing beyond a mild protest. And then T. Roy came home with a funny looking and extremely disreputable dog.

"He's supposed to be my pal in the picture," he explained, "and I've got to live with him for a couple of weeks before the picture begins so he'll get used to me."

Mrs. Barnes likes dogs, but she likes the nice civilized kind. She took one look at the unwashed "Whiskers" and if she didn't faint from the shock, it was just because ladies don't faint so easily now as they did in the olden days. "Whiskers" was not only dirty, but he also had fleas, so after all you can't blame Mrs. Barnes.

"Where did you get him?" she asked.

"I bought him from a woman in Los Angeles. I almost got him for two dollars until she discovered I was a motion picture actor and then she wanted twenty-five," said her husband.

"Well, you'll not keep him in the house. He'll have to stay in the garage."

"But," remonstrated T. Roy, "he can't do that. He has to get used to me so that he will follow me around in the picture. I can't keep him in the garage."

"Well," persisted Mrs. Barnes, "he can't stay in the house."

On last reports it was not yet determined whether the dog would sleep in the house with T. Roy or whether T. Roy would sleep with the dog in the garage.

GENE KORNMAN

"Pretending we're in an aeroplane," explain Ruth and Snub Pollard. "Just now we're crossing the bar."

* * * * *

"THE DECK" IS A PACK OF CARDS

Betty Compson is making a sea story, so John Bowers, leading man, being a sailor brave and bold —he owns a yacht, field glasses, sailor suit an' everything—decided to teach her a few sea-going terms. He "coached" her for a day and then gave her an examination. Here is the paper she handed in.

Pipe Down—Asking a group of visitors not to talk so loudly while an emotional scene is being played.

Man Overboard—Extra man who is given a "bit" to act, being unable to do it.

Four Bell(e)s—Bebe Daniels, Agnes Ayres, Lila Lee and Gloria Swanson.

Ballast—Walter Hiers.

Mess—Property man carrving ten eggs, four glasses of grape juice and an ermine cape, falling over a bucket of paper-hanger's paste.

Rough Sailing—The outlook for the assistant director when the character man appears on location wearing the wrong suit.

Port—Grape juice—unfermented.

Star-board—The Ambassador. (This is a hard one.)

They decided not to let Betty be captain of a ship.

* * * * *

GLORY BE!

And speaking of ships, *Punch* made a rather neat jest about the arrival of Gloria Swanson in England. Only you have to remember your Latin to appreciate it. The story told of her arrival on Monday after a very rough voyage across the Atlantic. But, *Punch* added, there was no report that she cabled home to America the following message:

"Sick transit. Gloria. Monday."

* * * * *

NOT MADE TO SWIM IN

May McAvoy has a brand new car, and you know how people are when they get something new. They want to show it off at once. So five minutes after the car was delivered May had it in front of Lois Wilson's house to take her friend for a drive. They started toward the beach and the sky became overcast. May fidgetted. Her brand new car would get all rained on! It began to sprinkle. May turned to Lois.

"Lois!"

"What is it, dear?"

Long silence. May looked uncertain and finally slowed down.

"Lois—let's go back and finish the drive in your car."

* * * * *

LEGHORNS AND CHICKENS

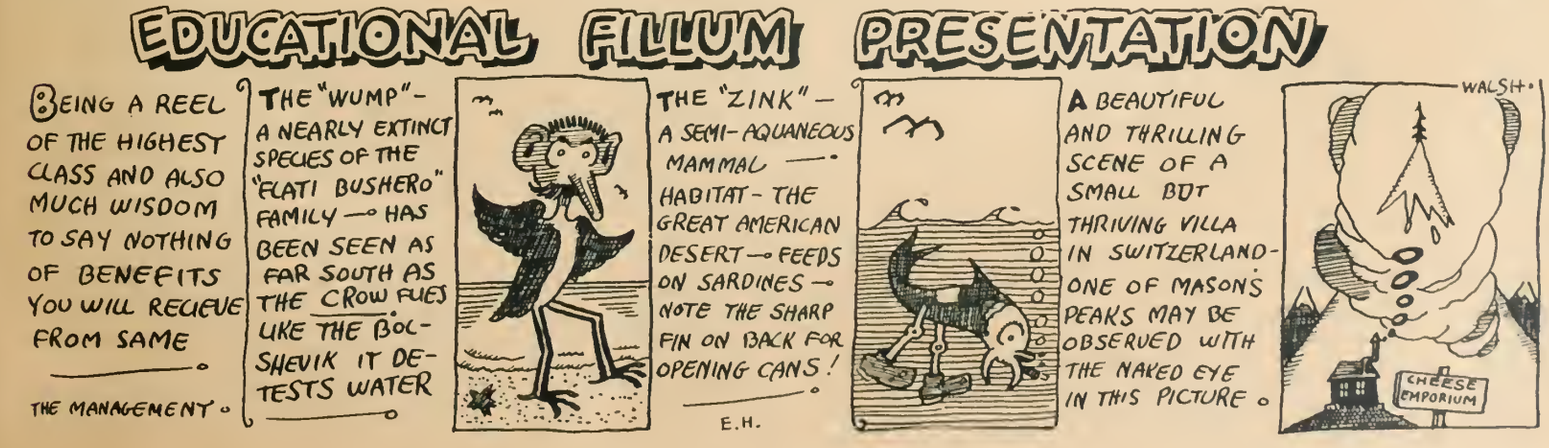
Of course Harry "Snub" Pollard's one aim in life these days is to please his bride. Of course you knew he had a bride? So when one morning at breakfast he heard his wife describe some attractive leghorn hats she had seen, he said nothing, but he heard a lot. After breakfast, he hurried to the studio, got his makeup on and called Mrs. Pollard on the phone.

"Darling." said he, "be sure and be at home this afternoon because eleven leghorns are coming up to the house. I've just ordered them."

Then he rang off and jumped into a machine to go on location. In the meanwhile the phone in the main office was ringing frantically. The anxious voice at the other end of the wire was finally made out to be that of Mrs. Pollard. "Do tell Mr. Pollard that one leghorn will be enough," she exclaimed.

As the comedian hadn't taken anyone into his confidence it was not until the next day that they found out what it was all about. It wasn't hats but hens that he had purchased.

—A. M. T.


EDUCATIONAL FILLUM PRESENTATION
BEING A REEL OF THE HIGHEST CLASS AND ALSO MUCH WISDOM TO SAY NOTHING OF BENEFITS YOU WILL RECIEVE FROM SAME
THE MANAGEMENT
THE "WUMP"— A NEARLY EXTINCT SPECIES OF THE "FLATI BUSHERO" FAMILY — HAS BEEN SEEN AS FAR SOUTH AS THE CROW FLIES LIKE THE BOLSHEVIK IT DETESTS WATER
THE "ZINK"— A SEMI-AQUANEOUS MAMMAL — HABITAT - THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT — FEEDS ON SARDINES — NOTE THE SHARP FIN ON BACK FOR OPENING CANS!
E.H.
A BEAUTIFUL AND THRILLING SCENE OF A SMALL BUT THRIVING VILLA IN SWITZERLAND - ONE OF MASON'S PEAKS MAY BE OBSERVED WITH THE NAKED EYE IN THIS PICTURE
WALSH
CHEESE EMPORIUM

Hints to Scenario Writers by Frederick Palmer

SCENARIO NOTE: *Our readers are invited to write and ask us questions they may have in mind on screen writing. Please enclose stamped and addressed envelope.*

BLOODSHED IN THE MELODRAMA

I RECEIVED a letter the other day from a woman correspondent in a small Colorado town, who wrote: "I just wanted to shake your hand when you advised that the taking of human life is not necessary to good melodrama, because my husband is addicted to reading blood-and-thunder short stories, and we often argue this point."

I find that many untrained writers, like this lady's husband, are fiends for blood—judging from their photoplay manuscripts. At least, they think nothing of having one or more leading characters stabbed in the back, blown to pieces with dynamite, drowned in turbulent waterfalls, or burned at the stake. Although in fiction such hair-raising situations may be indulged in, they have little place on the screen. They may make good reading material—for those who like it—in the short story and novel, but when actually visualized in detail before the eyes, they become gruesome. Scenario editors are generous with the blue pencil in rejecting this type of story, and the film censors are hostilely waving their scissors against it.

Melodrama is not the taking of human life. It is rather a true portrayal of life with its thrills, suspense, mystery and intrigue, together with pointed climaxes. People are, by nature, lovers of the melodramatic; they like to "sit on edge" in the motion picture theatre; they love to laugh and cry. But the average wholesome, normal-minded person does not revel in the morbid, tragic side of our existence.

COINCIDENCE

Any situation based wholly or partially upon chance may be termed "coincidental." For instance, in your story, Jane and John plan to elope. At midnight Jane is crawling out of the window and is observed by Mrs. Smith next door, who comes rushing over to inform Jane's parents. The reader, or the audience, cannot help thinking, "Now, why should Mrs. Smith be peering out of the window at midnight?" But if Mrs. Smith has been established at her window because she is anxiously waiting for the doctor to save her sick child, this action is given reason, or as we say, "motivation." Yet, if the child's illness has nothing to do with the story after all, the incident still would be coincidental. But if the child's illness is also explained; if it plays a big part in the dramatic development of the story, then everything runs smoothly—the child's illness, the doctor's visit, Mrs. Smith's witnessing Jane's escape and consequently, her detention by her parents.

So often we see upon the screen coincidence after coincidence with no explanation at all, except that it "just happens." We may see two crooks in deep conversation in a dive. Then, "out of a clear sky" Mr. Hero peeks around a curtain and overhears the conversation, jumps into a taxi (which is also conveniently waiting at the curb), and drives hurriedly away to warn the heroine of the subterfuge. The heroine, by the way, is properly cloaked and armed ready to assist her sweetheart, without having previously been warned of the plot.

From the above, however, do not form the opinion that the use of coincidence is absolutely barred from the photoplay. If employed at the beginning of a story, providing the whole basic plot depends upon this accidental happening, it is legitimate and plausible construction. In the screen version of "Beyond the Rocks" the meeting between the hero and heroine is occasioned by the tipping over of the the heroine's canoe; and, of course, prince charming happens to have his eyes focused in the right direction at the time and dives in after her. No fault is to be found in the use of this coincident, because it is the beginning of the infatuation which is to develop between the two and guide their destinies. But, when the authoress somewhat later in the story resorts to a second accidental rescue to further the main progress of the story, she brings criticism upon her head—according to reviews of the production—because it is weak and obviously artificial construction, and she might have better substituted some other way of accomplishing the same results.

Endeavor to base the action of your story upon the logical working out of the laws of cause and effect. The use of adventitious happenings always tends to weaken dramatic structure.

ADAPTING POEMS

It is quite all right for the untrained writer to adapt photoplays from poems for the practice; but producers will not buy adaptations of this sort. If they want to use a poem, they will have it adapted for screen purposes by the continuity writer. This is much cheaper for them, of course, than it would be to buy an outside adaptation. It is better to write stories based on ideas which are entirely your own than to use the framework of a poem, because you will learn to manipulate plot values more readily through your own independent efforts.

CHOOSING A TITLE

In selecting a title for your photoplay, try to express briefly—in two or three words if possible—the basic idea or theme of your story. Endeavor to find a title which tells what your story is about, without giving away the outcome. Such titles as "Love Never Dies" and "Hail the Woman" are exceptionally good illustrations. However, the matter of titles is relatively unimportant, as titles of stories are usually changed before the pictures are released

Questions and Answers

(Q.) I am working on an adaptation of Victor Hugo's "Les Pauvres Gens." Would there be any market for an adaptation of this sort?—R. M.

(A.) I must advise that this work was screened about six or seven years ago by the William Fox Company starring Dustin Farnum. You will readily see, therefore, that it would be of no value to suggest further adaptations of this work at this time. For your future guidance, allow me to advise you that the only advantage to you in adapting novels on which the copyright has expired lies in the practice you may gain in the work. As these books are available to anyone, no producer would consider paying you for your adaptations. Should a producer deem it advisable to screen such material, he would have the adaptation handled by one of the studio staff writers under his supervision. In order to gain remuneration for your work, you must depend entirely upon your own creative ability and not spend your time in adapting the work of other writers.

(Q.) Does the salability of a story depend entirely upon the manipulation of the element of suspense? —L. K. A.

(A.) No, it depends upon the dramatic development of the story as a whole—not only upon suspense, but upon a sustained and interesting conflict, novelty of treatment, interesting characterization, high pitched climax, and a pleasant and satisfactory ending. There is absolutely no necessity for harrowing and overdrawn suspense; but there is a necessity for entertaining your audience by keeping them guessing as to what the ultimate outcome will be.

(Q.) Is it true that producers want pictures of real life? Most of them seem to prefer over-drawn and fantastic stories.—D. M.

(A.) I assure you that producers do want pictures of real life; but, of course, the facts of real life must be moulded and shaped by the creative imagination, must be made vital and significant.

(Q.) I find the regulations of censorship very stringent and arbitrary. Why must the work of the creative artist be hampered in this way?—H. W.

(A.) Censorship is a thing which must work itself out gradually. Producers have taken and do take a certain stand against extreme and arbitrary rulings, but the whole question is such an intricate one that it must be allowed to evolve and to change in accordance with the growing needs and requirements of the screen. Naturally the novice feels troubled and harassed by censorship regulations. Nevertheless, as he goes on with his work, he will acquire a more comprehensive knowledge of photoplay principles, and will find it much easier to select appropriate subject matter for his stories.

(Q.) Is there any demand for farce comedy? —I. H. W.

(A.) There is very little market for farce comedy, unless it is of an unusually novel and humorous type. Material of this nature is frequently written in the studios by the staff writers, and producers very seldom buy originals that contain farce or "slap-stick" situations. This is because it is so easy for comedy writers in the studio to think up "gags" and funny incidents while the picture is in the process of filming.

(Q.) Is it beneficial to write photoplays from poems such as "Paul Revere's Ride?"—I. I.

(A.) It is perfectly all right for you to do this for practice, but I wish to advise you that producers will not buy adaptations of this sort. If they want to use a poem, they have it adapted for screen purposes by the continuity writer. This is much cheaper for them, you will understand, than it would be to buy an original adaptation. It is better to write stories based on plots which are entirely your own. If you have the frame work and ideas of a poem to build upon, you will not so quickly learn to manipulate plot values and to deduce through your own, independent efforts dramatic and effective situations.

(Q.) Why is it that many real artists have to play in inferior productions?—D. G.

(A.) This is because producers cannot secure the quality of material they should have. There is a great opportunity for the novice who has worth while ideas and a vivid, creative imagination to supply this demand.

(Q.) I want to write a story following the life of the heroine as she passes from young womanhood through middle age, because I desire to write about her "sunset" romance.—D. W. G.

(A.) It would not be well to violate the unity of time and have your "lead" carried through many years of life until she becomes old. A star will not be willing to play the role of a middle-aged or elderly woman. Why could not the "sunset" romance come to this character just as she was emerging from young womanhood and feeling that her contemporaries were leaving her behind? If you make your story appealing enough and dramatic enough, I see no reason why you should not be able to turn out a really worthwhile piece of work.

(Q.) I want to use a situation in which a card game is played for the hand of the heroine.—C. B. C.

(A.) This has been used a good deal in the past, so that it no longer has sufficient novelty to be appealing in a photoplay.

(Q.) I have been warned that there is no market for a story about "Indians.' I notice that there have been several recent screen plays dealing with this subject matter. Can you advise me in regard to market conditions for this type of play?—H. H.

(A.) The very fact that there have been such recent productions as "The Squaw Man," "Behold My Wife," etc., has brought a reaction against this type of material, so that I doubt whether it would be possible to place such a story unless it would be extraordinarily vivid and dramatic—equally as good in all respects as these stories of similar nature which have been screened.

(*Continued on page* 28)

Broadway's Youngest Prima Donna Engaged to Jack Pickford

(Continued from page 3)

From this small beginning, so similar to the early stage experience of the Pickford children (then known by their real surname of Smith), Marilynn, by laborious study and practise, developed terpsichorean talents that, when she made her debut at the age of sixteen, astounded Broadway and took that blase old street by storm.

In the course of her youthful stage career, the bookings of her parents led her through all the States and finally over to the Continent. It was in London at the Lotus Club, where Lee Shubert, of the well-known theatrical firm, saw her dance and immediately signed her to a contract through the agency of her father, Caro Miller. He brought her to New York the following year.

Broadway took her up. Broadway adored her. For several seasons she graced the Winter Garden, then at the height of its fame as the premier show house of beauty. At last, she accepted the offer of a contract from Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., "than whom there is no greater judge of beauty in the world."

Ziegfeld introduced her to the "Follies" and then to his famous Amsterdam Roof in the "Ziegfeld Frolics." Broadway acclaimed the charming dancer anew.

Marilynn, having attained her majority, sought for happiness in marriage to Frank Carter. Carter, himself, had been numbered at one time in the "Follies," where he met Marilynn. He was ten years older than his sweetheart-wife, with a splendid record of achievements recorded in his past. When a boy, he had been famous as "America's Boy Soprano." Perhaps the boy who thrilled thousands with his pure soprano voice saw in his childhood the little girl who first played in an amusement park in Dayton, Ohio, billed as "The Sugar Plum."

They married secretly, keeping their secret from all but their most intimate friends.

Several years ago their married life ended with tragic suddenness. Marilynn was playing in Philadelphia in the "Follies." Carter, who had been in Maryland, was hurrying with a few friends to meet her in the new machine he had recently purchased.

He stepped on "the gas." A curve in the road. The car took it, hitting on six cylinders. The steering wheel jerked. Carter lost control. The car overturned, pinning him beneath it. When he was lifted out, he had passed into the Beyond.

STRAUSS-PEYTON

Jack's best photograph.

Jack's staff takes a squint at him through the camera before taking a closeup of him as the jockey in "Garrisan's Finish."

Snapped with Elmer Harris just in front of his studio on the Coast.

Marilynn, grief-stricken, canceled further engagements in the "Follies," and brought the body to New York.

A period of absence from the stage, followed by her reappearance as a Ziegfeld stellar light, in his musical comedy, "Sally," her name, co-starred with Leon Errol's, flickering in electric light from one of Broadway's largest theatres. It was at this time she first met Jack.

In their meeting, it seems as though the threads of two lives strangely akin, have been knotted. Jack's early life is almost the same pattern as Marilynn's. As a boy, he played on the stage, most of the time with his sister Mary. With the coming of pictures and fame to Mary, Jack entered them, too, finally reaching stardom on his own merits.

It looked as though Jack were destined to become one of our most popular juveniles, when two unfortunate developments shattered, temporarily, his appearance before the camera.

Jack married Olive Thomas—secretly. When it was officially announced, Jack's family were sincere in their approval and the public—well, all the world loves a lover and a real romance.

Jack was starring with Goldwyn on the Coast, when his stunning little wife, a Selznick star making pictures here in the East, decided a vacation abroad would do her good. Returning to her Parisian home late one evening from an expedition to the wide open cafes of Paris' famous Montmartre, she suffered a nervous breakdown. When she took mercury diluted in alcohol as a headache remedy, because of her inability to read the French label on the bottle, Olive Thomas' charming young life was brought to a tragic end.

Her unfortunate demise, unloosing as it did the darts of gossip, followed by Jack's going into the Navy and the insinuating talk about his position in that branch of the service, may have been instrumental in prompting him to desert the silver sheet for a short period and devote himself to directing and co-directing several of Mary's productions. Mary is one blue-blooded thoroughbred who doesn't desert a fellow just because he happens to be down for the moment.

Then came the announcement, some six months ago, that Jack was to return to the screen in a picturization of the popular stage success, "The Tailor Made Man," with Mary Pickford doing directorial honors this time. Mary, however, sold the story to Charles Ray. Then the exciting race horse thriller, "Garri-

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ORPHANS OF THE STORM

(*Continued from page 16*)

sorrow-stricken blind girl wavered along Henriette's arm until it met her hand and lay flat on the upraised palm. An expression of infinite happiness and content overspread the lovely face of Louise. With a sudden outburst of gratitude she leaned over and kissed her sister, then, hearing the diligence come lumbering up, they gathered together their various belongings and, with many a backward glance, left Evreux forever.

ON TO PARIS

What a wonderful journey it was! The lumbering old stage coach crossed quaint old bridges, forded crystal streams, where ducks swam lazily to and fro and geese just as lazily preened their feathers. They lumbered past stately stone chateaux where sable rooks flew amid high Renaissance towers, and waved at farmers gathered around old stone mills and caught many glimpses of stately old churches from whence, at times, gay wedding parties would emerge to the sound of tabor, flute and timbrel. With joyous abandon Henriette translated into action all the busy life unfolding about them for the poor blind girl, who drank it in eagerly. Tiring of this their thoughts would outrun their journey, and then the time was spent in speculating on what lay before them in the metropolis of France. Luckily they were the only passengers, so they could speak with absolute freedom.

"Are you quite sure that Cousin Martin will really meet us at the coach house?" Louise asked for the hundredth time. As before, Henriette reassured her.

"But if he should not——?"

"Don't worry, darling," Henriette replied with her gay, infectious laugh, lovingly pinching her sister's cheek. If he should fail to meet us we shall go in search of him. Everyone knows Monsieur Martin."

They were not far from Paris. Already the farm houses with their hay-cocks, their spacious yards, where chickens, pigeons, rabbits and sleek, well-fed cattle glanced up as they lumbered by, were giving way to trim little country homes—not exactly chateaux, and yet a little more ambitious than farm houses, homes of the landed gentry. Interesting as the journey had been to the two orphans, they rejoiced at the prospect of its close, for they grew exceedingly tired of the stiff seats and constant jolting.

Unfortunately, just as they were congratulating themselves that they would soon be in Paris, the whiffletree broke and the postillions had to stop long enough to make repairs. Taking advantage of this break in the journey, the two sisters left the coach and strolled around to exercise their stiffened muscles.

Absorbed in their task, the postillions gave no thought to the fact that they were blocking the road. They were speedily apprised of their remissness. The Marquis de Praille, preceded by outriders and with liveried footmen in the rear of his elaborately carved and gilded coach, came thundering down the narrow road. The old and ugly stage coach blocked their further passage. The marquis was incensed. His commisionaire, Le Fleur, leaned back with a smile of cynical amusement on his saturnine features. He knew what was coming.

"What is the meaning of this outrage?" roared the marquis.

Without waiting for a reply, the aristocrat, for whom the common people had no rights, leaped from his coach, seized a whip from one of his men and commenced to belabor the chief postillion. Tiring of this finally, he cast the whip aside and was about to return to his coach when he caught sight of the two orphans. Perhaps, had he known all the consequences that were to flow from that chance meeting, the lordly marquis would have turned and fled from the spot without a moment's hesitation.

At sight of the beautiful Henriette, de Praille lost his heart—a very inflammable organ—completely. What court lady could compare with this marvelous little country maid, with spring in her eyes and hair? He scarcely glanced at Louise, Henriette enthralled him so completely. Unconsciously, his hand flew up and he began readjusting his wig, touching un his mouth with lip-stick, flecking imaginary specks of dust from his plum-colored satin clothes left hand enclosed in a small silk muff of the latest mode; right hand carrying a long, gold and amethyst-headed cane, he advanced with what was intended for an alluring smile upon the two lovely orphans.

"Heaven has been raining angels," he declared, with his most courtly bow, the smile deepening on his painted lips, a cold, calculating look in his hard, fish-like eyes. La Fleur in the background smiled sardonically. It was all an old story to him.

Involuntarily, Louise drew closer to Henriette. The latter curtsied and smiled; Louise, instructed by her sister, did the same. De Praille was ravished.

"If angels were as beautiful as you, my dear, I would be eager to go to Heaven. What may your name be?"

"I am Henriette Girard," the girl replied with another curtsey and a quick glance from her long-lashed blue eyes. It did not seem odd that a stranger should take an interest in their welfare. Did they not know and speak to everyone in and around Evreux? To these two sheltered, guileless maids the whole world was a beautiful place of helpful friends. "We go to Paris, to Cousin Martin's, there we shall visit a great doctor, who will heal darling Louise's eyes."

Here was a chance for de Praille to do a noble deed: to take the trusting girls directly to their cousin, later to the learned doctor and win their eternal gratitude, perhaps love of the girl for whom he had conceived such a sudden infatuation. This thought never entered his selfish head. Instead darker, crueler designs took possession of him.

"All my sins are forgiven me," he cried with another of his affected bows. "You shall ride in my coach and I'll take you to Monsieur Martin, your cousin."

They would, in all probability, have accepted his offer, but de Praille defeated himself. He took possession of Henriette's hands in his own jeweled, musk-perfumed ones, pinching the bare, white arms of the girl, tugging at her ringlets and plucking, at first lightly, then, gaining in boldness, with more force, at the home-made lace that draped her milk-white bosom. Henriette shrank back in affright, taking Louise with her. Truly none had ever dared act thus before.

"Monsieur," she stammered. "Monsieur forgets himself."

"How can I remember myself when I am in your presence?" he asked in the honeyed tones that had won many a capricious lady of the court. It had no effect on Henriette, however. "Come," importuned de Praille, "my coach is waiting."

"No, Monsieur," Henriette replied, with all the dignity she could muster, a great fear of this aristocrat with his thick, sensual lips and fishy eyes, overcoming her. "I think it best that we go in our own coach."

Hiding his chagrin under a flow of fulsome flattery, de Praille bade them a ceremonious farewell intended to impress them with his desirability and importance, then entered his own coach and drove away.

"Listen, varlet," he commanded La Fleur, roughly, all his airs and graces dropping from him in a moment. "Get that girl and bring her to my fete at Bel-Air tonight. See that you do not fail me or it will be the Bastille for you."

SETTING THE TRAP

Four men sat a a table in the estaminet of The Purple Swan. One had the manner of a respectable tradesman, one of the bourgeois, the others had the slinking furtive air and crafty eyes of animals that live by stealth and cunning.

"Bring wine," commanded La Fleur, making a peculiar gesture and looking significantly at the obsequious tavern-keeper.

"You are most kind to a stranger, Messieurs," protested Monsieur Martin, the tradesman, for it was indeed he. "I am glad to have met up with such courteous and jolly gentlemen. I am waiting for my niece—I may say my two nieces, since they are like sisters, though not at all related. It is rumored that the stage has been delayed by a breakdown and it is tiresome waiting."

"In good sooth you speak truly," La Fleur declared, raising the tankard of wine to his lips. "Here's to our better acquaintance, Monsieur Martin."

The toast was drunk and was succeeded by others. Though averse to overmuch drinking Monsieur Martin could not resist the importunities of his new-found boon companions. Besides, the wine was very good, albeit it had a peculiar taste. He began to nod slightly. The men looked at one another significantly.

"The aristocrats are doomed," babbled Martin, the drugged wine making him indiscreet. "Money an' privilege, hic, mus' go. Today what you think? Yea, messieurs, what you think? 'Ristocrat de Praille ran over citizen, hic, humph, ran over him with his chaise. What you think, hic, damned 'ristocrat said? 'Are the horses hurt?' That's what damned 'ristocrat said. Down with 'stocracy!"

He huddled in an unconscious heap, just as the Normandy-Paris coach lumbered up to the stage house door.

THE ABDUCTION

With a wide swing, quick clattering of horse's hoofs and loud cracking of whips, the coach lumbered up to the inn where, in a back room, Monsieur Martin lay sleeping off the effect of the powerful drug given him in his potations. Busy citizens scattered right and left and chickens and geese scurried to nearby shelter as the lumbering vehicle brought the two orphans into Paris for the first time since their childhood. Instantly all was commotion. Brawling chairmen ran with their sedans in the hope of securing trade; chaises and more modest vehicles carried away those with longer purses while there were hugs and loving greetings for visiting friends and relatives. It was a busy and—to the country-bred orphans—a most trying spectacle.

They were rudely jostled by the impatient eager crowd. Their many boxes and bundles tossed carelessly here and there. The throng thinned slowly out, and, presently, they were left alone. Eagerly Henriette's eyes ran up and down the little square beyond Pont Neuf where the stage house stood, and where they sat waiting on a bench beside the door. Surely her uncle must come in a little while. He could not be long now! Well for her peace of mind that she did not see La Fleur and his henchmen lurking near, waiting for the fall of dusk to accomplish their nefarious purpose. The bird was in the trap and the door was about to be sprung. Everything promised well. La Fleur waited and gloated. Much money would reward his infamy, for de Praille was ever a liberal spender where his pleasure was concerned.

Henriette hid her disappointment. Louise must never know how she felt. In cheerful tones she described the scenes around her, the lordly equipages that flashed by occasionally; the porters with heavy loads on their backs, the rag-pickers, the cake venders, the gayly uniformed soldiers and the little flower sellers, all lived again for Louise in the quick little sentences with which Henriette called them to life. All these scenes, Henriette declared, Louise would soon behold with her own eyes as soon as the great doctors had operated.

With rustic courtesy Henriette bowed and spoke to every one that passed. She did not understand. Men leered—some of them, and others passed by unheeding. women either looked darkly, suspiciously upon her or hurried away indignant; none spoke. It was very strange.

"City people lack common politeness," she said to Louise. "They never answer your salutations. But, no matter, Cousin Martin will come soon and when we are in his home we won't care whether people speak or not."

The weary afternoon drew to a close and still Monsieur Martin did not come. He was sleeping off the stupor induced by the drug given by La Fleur although the orphans knew it not. They could only sigh wearily and long vainly for his coming. Long shadows heralded the setting of the sun, signs that brought satisfaction to the waiting La Fleur. Lower and lower sank the orb of day, deeper and deeper grew the shadows. The lamp-lighter went his rounds, lighting the tallow candles in the huge iron swinging lanterns, merely making the shadows visible. The two orphans were hungry and weary with waiting. The little square was deserted. La Fleur smiled his satisfaction. The hour was at hand.

Louise's curly head dropped with an involuntary sigh. Henriette sighed, too, but it was suppressed the moment it was born. She would not permit Louise to think that she was discouraged. She could not, however, suppress her thoughts.

"Oh, why does not Cousin Martin come?" she asked herself wearily.

As if in answer to her question, a burly figure advanced out of the gathering gloom, a big, black-habited, coarse-visaged fellow so unlike she had pictured her tradesman relative. She sprang to her feet and rushed forward to meet him with a cry of joy, but, at sight of this unknown, hideous face, she recoiled with a sob of fear. Lonise, sensing with the uncanny power of the blind that all was not right had risen to her feet and stood staring in their direction, her face a prey to unknown terror.

Still the ruffian advanced and steadily Henriette retreated, drawing back in the direction of a dark archway, where, did she but know it, two hirelings of La Fleur stood in wait. La Fleur gave a quick glance around and seeing no one in sight, grasped the girl by the arm and signaled his hirelings. But with strength and courage born of desperation, Henriette wrenched herself free and gave a piercing scream.

At once the three men set upon her. La Fleur tore her from the grasp of Louise and threw a heavy cloak over her head and shoulders, stifling any further outcry. Fiercely Henriette struggled, her soul filled with terror. She struck blindly right and left until pinned down by the burly arms of one of the men. Twice she succeeded in lifting the cloth from her face which, however, was at once thrown back. Lonise, frantic with fear, ably seconded the efforts of her sister, throwing herself around the body of Henriette, unheeding the rain of blows that La Fleur showered npon her until he picked her up bodily and tossed her on the pavement. Then Henriette was lifted up between them and hurried into a waiting cariole and hurried away.

"We've got her! We've got her!" exulted one of the men. "*Nom d'un nom!* Our fortune's made."

"Drive like the devil to Bel-Air," ordered La Fleur. "The Marquis' fete begins at nine. We must not be late."

THE DUEL

Bel-Air, home of de Praille, had been erected with human blood, at least that was the accusation of Fentreux at the Jacobin Club, who denounced the owner in scathing tones. No matter what the price the common people had to pay in both blood and treasure for it, all agreed that it was a triumph of architectural art. Not even Goujon or Mansard could have eclipsed such a masterpiece.

Built in the lovely exedra style which Marie Antoinette had chosen for the Petit Trianon, only white

marble had been substituted for the rose-colored stone the queen loved. It was as delicately fluted and carved as a Greek temple. Priceless tapestries hung on the walls, with here and there a masterpiece by Watteau, Ducresne and Verambault. The grounds, arranged by d'Estrees just before his departure for the United States, were a bewildering mass of gorgeous vistas, dainty kiosks, bronze and Carrara marble statues and magnificent fountains that tossed their crystal spray high in the heavens.

There were trees and shrubs trained in the shape of huge fans, pyramids, pagodas and fantastic birds and beasts. In addition there were cunningly arranged bosques, arbors, pergolas and chalets, some half hidden by flower, vine and tree. Skilled musicians in hidden nooks discoursed ravishing music, while far and near were tables loaded with every delicacy art could devise or money command. Roast whole swans and peafowls sprinkled with amber dust and perfumed with attar of roses stood cheek by jowl with partridges, hares, pheasants broiled in the Navarraise manner, *pate de foi gras*, snails stewed in Burgundy wine, frogs' legs swimming in olive oil, eels fattened on oysters and fried in rose leaves, and ortolans braised with plovers' eggs and truffles. While the whole world showered its rarest delicacies to grace the prodigal tables of de Praille, the *bon vivant*, at the magnificent wrought iron gates of Bel-Air stood a crowd of starving beggars, their gaunt cheeks and sunken eyes telling more pitiably than any words could do, of their privations. They stood there too listless to move, hoping against hope that some of the nobility might be moved to fling them a few coins. What had been wasted on this feast would have fed the thirty thousand beggars infesting Paris for a month, but the aristocrats cared even less for the common people than they did for the dogs that barked at their gates. But, though they knew it not, a force was gradually growing that was to sweep away their proud privileges with a ruthless strength terrible in its power. "After us the deluge," cynically acknowledged the far-seeing, beautiful and unscrupulous Madame de Pompadour—and the deluge was not far away.

The senseless extravagance of the period was shown in the elaborate coiffures or head dresses of the women. Some of them four and five feet high, decorated with flowers, feathers, ribbons and jewels, with hats in proportion.

In and out among the guests danced male and female *coryphees*, clad, for the most part, in graceful curves and a joyous smile. They showered the guests with roses as they danced. Flowers that were caught up and pelted back at the dancers. Many of the male guests clasped soft hands and willing waists and would not release their hold. Female guests were not slow to follow the example. Red lips sought nectar from lips that were only too eager to return the favor.

Suddenly the fountains began to spout wine instead of water. Rich and glowing with a ruby lustre, delicious jets of rare old vintage shot high in the air, wafting their inviting bouquet far and wide. Guests rushed forward and, cupping their hands, drank long, delicious droughts of the heady liquor. As the orgy grew more pronounced they began to splash one another with the precious, bubbling blood of the grape. Finally even that grew tame.

"Who will follow me? Who dare follow me?" taunted the young and lovely Marquise de Bellemeaux, as she stood on the rim of one of the fountains. Only a moment she poised on the brink and then, clad as she was in lovely white satin and Valenciennes lace, dived headlong into the ruby flood. Her example was speedily followed by others, and soon the fountains were one mass of laughing, struggling, splashing men and women.

In and out of this Bacchanalian revel strode Maurice de Vaudrey, a disdainful expression on his fine, handsome face, a face and head that might have been lifted bodily from the Apollo Belvidere. This sort of thing disgusted him and he took no pains to hide the fact.

As in an earlier day Petronius was beloved of the Roman populace because he had expressed sympathy for them and had tried to alleviate their sufferings, so the Chevalier de Vaudrey was loved and reverenced by the fickle Parisians for the sympathy and aid he had shown them. Many times he had emptied his purse to the suffering poor. Many times he had bought the entire output of a bakery and distributed it to the hungry and suffering. Once the obscure Danton, shortly to become a blazing meteor in a troubled sky, had said to him: "Ah, Monsieur, if all the aristocrats were like you our beloved country would be saved a frightful fate." Just now de Vaudrey's heart was heavy as he contemplated the senseless extravagance that overburdened tables with food which would have brought joy and health to thousands of hungry mouths instead of merely serving to titillate appetites cloyed to the point of surfeit.

"The people cry for bread and there is no bread for them," he remarked pointedly, with a significant glance from his wine-flushed host to the crowded tables.

Marquis de Praille tittered. How absurd to speak of cattle in such a place! He raised his jeweled lorgnette, contemplating a huge cake, a triumph of the culinary art, containing a mass of figures, trees, dwellings and animals in vari-colored frosting, and asked in all seriousness, "Well, why don't they eat cake?"

The revolting cruelty and callous ignorance of true conditions shown by the remark was afterwards attributed to Marie Antoinette and had much to do with the overthrow of the dynasty and the bringing of the latter's beautiful head to the guillotine. Realizing the folly of arguing with such a man, de Vaudrey turned away sick at heart. Sick with sorrow for the people at the tender mercies of such monsters and sick, too, with apprehension of what the people would do to them when once they gained the upper hand. That this day would come he, unlike the rest of the nobility, had the wisdom to perceive. Already there were fierce mutterings that portended the coming storm.

Nephew of the all-powerful prefect of police, de Vaudrey was invited everywhere, but seldom went anywhere. In a moment of ennui he had accepted this invitation, an acceptance he already regretted and was meditating a plan of escape, for at twelve the gates were locked and the feast degenerated into an orgy rivaling the worst that Heliogabalus or Tiberius ever staged, when suddenly two friends of his aunt swooped down on him. They were fairly oozing with the latest scandal.

"What do you think?" chuckled the dowager Marquise de Varraneuf, holding her ivory and ostrich feather fan so as to enhance the size and color of her dark eyes, still bright despite all they had seen. "The Marquis de Praille has made another conquest!"

"Oh, it's true," the young and lovely Comtesse de Ventruyeac hastened to confirm as the chevalier made a gesture as though of disbelief, holding a dainty diamond inlaid mirror before her beautiful face and applying a lip-stick lavishly. "He is boasting of his great luck to everyone. He found a lovely peasant girl—so he claims, though that is ridiculous! How could a peasant be beautiful?—journeying by stage to Paris, so he had his pandar, La Fleur, abduct her and she is to be brought here tonight. He is anxious to display his new-found treasure."

The chevalier smiled cynically.

"From what little I have seen of his exploits," he answered lightly, "the country girls he abducts have been perfectly willing victims."

There was a stir among the vast assemblage, a craning of necks and a standing on tip-toes. Something out of the ordinary in that very extraordinary assemblage was about to happen. A gilded rosewood palanquin had been carried in and set down. Then the rose and hyacinth decorated canopy was tossed aside and the deathly pale but inexpressibly lovely features of Henriette were exposed to the view of the astonished assembly.

Feeling herself completely in La Fleur's power, Henriette had fainted. While still in a comatose condition the former had taken a small vial and poured a few drops of the contents on the girl's tongue. Unconsciously she swallowed it, then sank back into a deeper slumber.

The lovely form did not move as she was set down, and of that crowd of ennuied aristocrats, not one of the female persuasion but what envied the child of the people her regular features and marvelous complexion, not one of the males but what envied de Praille his supposed conquest. La Fleur motioned the servants to one side and then carefully, solicitously, for de Praille's burning, wolfish eyes were upon him, applied a restorative. Henriette opened her lovely forget-me-not eyes and gazed in silent stupefaction at the strange scene around her. Once or twice she brushed her slender white hand over her brow as though trying to recall the past, then cruel memory came with a rush and she sprang to her feet with a cry of anguish. For an instant she was overwhelmed by the sea of faces around her. Faces in which amusement, curiosity, disdain, cynicism, pique, lust and jealously could easily be descried, but nowhere could be detected one spark of real, human feeling. The change from the bare little square in front of the coach house to this aristocratic, scornful assemblage was striking in the extreme. For a moment she stood there dazed while the favorites of fortune wondered what she would do next. Her first thought—the ruling passion in her life—was for her sister. She gave one quick, frightened glance around. Louise was nowhere to be seen.

(*Continued next week*)

Broadway's Youngest Prima Donna Engaged to Jack Pickford

(*Continued from page 23*)

son's Finish," was dug up and Jack, being an expert horseman, pounced upon it. He came on to New York only recently to film exteriors here and in Louisville, before returning to the studio in Hollywood with his director and cameraman to shoot the interiors and engage his supporting cast.

Mary will not be his director in any of his pictures, according to Jack. "I can't afford to pay her her salary," he said whimsically.

Jack went on to Boston to see Marilynn, and it was upon his return to the city that their engagement was announced.

When news that the long-denied engagement rumor had been admitted was brought to Ziegfeld, he is said to have been in a decidedly bad frame of mind.

"This marriage will be a great mistake for Miss Miller," he is said to have declared.

Out on the Coast, however, Jack's family are decidedly happy over this engagement.

And after all, Youth commits trespasses that sophistication avoids, so why shouldn't Jack and Marilynn be happy together? They have their life before them and by reason of experience, it should be richer and deeper and make them more lenient to those human failings in each other.

Here's happiness to them both.

Some Screen Statistics

Sixty-eight and two-tenths per cent of the population of the United States attend movies more or less regularly. Of this majority, few if any attach any physical effort to the viewing of a motion picture, yet the combined physical effort wasted by a movie audience at one exhibition is enormous. For instance:

Thirty-nine per cent of all movie audiences are females. In a house seating 3,000 persons there would be 1,170 women present. Every fourth woman in a movie audience chews gum. Although the round-trip cadence of the jaws is almost invariably regulated by the rise and fall of the excitement created by the picture being screened, gum-chewers are, conservatively speaking, 34.7 per cent more industrious and efficient while viewing motion pictures than at any other time. The physical effort wasted by the 292.5 gum-chewers in every movie audience of 3,000 spectators, geared up to a proficiency 34.7 above normal, if applied to the following other lines of effort would be equal to .38624 minutes at washing dirty dishes, .42658 minutes over a washtub, .51783 minutes at general house-cleaning, or .60000 minutes at mending socks and sewing on buttons.

During sentimetal or emotional movies, every third member of the audience sheds an average of 3.1 large-sized tears. On the basis of an audience of 3,000, this would represent 3,100 tear drops, or approximately 1.2343 gallons of water—sufficient moisture to guarantee the successful maturity of enough wheat to make 102.6 pounds of flour, which would keep 12.7 Russian orphans alive for 32.1 days.

Forty-eight per cent of all movie audiences are matured males, or, in a house of 3,000 spectators, 1,080. During the comedy every third one of them slaps himself (or the person sitting next to him), on the knee at least twice. This represents 960 slaps, which, if diverted to carpet-beating, would thoroughly renovate 2.6212 medium-sized carpets, or would be sufficient to administer to 14,1222 small bad boys a moderate chastisement 2.7111 times a day for 6.2228 days.

Is George Walsh suing Tom Mix $25,000 for Dead Horse?

Tom Mix says so--George's horse has been dead more than a year . . .

IS Tom Mix being sued to "pay for dead horses?" He claims so. He says that the horse which George Walsh is suing him to the tune of $25,000 for, has been dead a year!

Joe was the name of the horse, and it has borne many a Wild West hero at neck-breaking speed over the hills and far away. Walsh claims the animal he refers to is a gelding, weighs 900 pounds, chestnut color with "white stockings" on his hind legs and a "war club" on his forehead. With that makeup of course any horse ought to be valuable.

FREULICH

George Walsh, who is suing Tom Mix to the tune of $25,000 for a horse that . . .

But now along comes Tom Mix and says he knows nothing of any such horse. The only horse he knows anything about that might possibly be the one Walsh refers to is an animal, dead a year now, which formerly belonged to a cowboy named James Kidd, who also is dead. Walsh, says Mix, in a statement made the other day, paid part of Kidd's funeral expenses and claimed Kidd's horse and dog.

"Maybe," explained Tom, "Walsh thinks that Tony is the pony Joe, but I've had Tony ever since he was a little fellow, and of course I know all about him. That old horse, Joe, used to be kept in my corral along with other Fox horses. But he never did look anything like Joe. I've got a mind to have Tony sue Walsh for slander!"

Mix went on to explain that Mrs. Walsh, Seena Owen, used occasionally to come over to the corral and ask for the horse that had been the property of the dead cowboy Kidd to ride on, as she was a great horseback rider.

"But a year ago the horse died, up at the Newhall corrall, and last Decoration Day, when I was up there," declared Tom, "I sprinkled some flowers on his grave."

The suit has not been pressed, and it is quite likely, from all reports, that it will be dropped.

Walsh in his complaint asserts that Joe is his property and that Mix is keeping possession of him unlawfully. The suit is for claim and delivery. He not only seeks possession, but also the sum of $500 a week from May 18, 1921, as rental.

The complaint sets forth that Walsh in May, 1921, departed for the East to film a picture, and Mix requested that he leave the animal with him until his return. Walsh complied with the request and when he returned from New York, demanded possession of the animal. He asserts that Mix refused to give him up.

Tom and Tony hold converse.

Are All Screen Stars Intellectual "Dumb-bells?"

EDITORIAL NOTE: *The writer of the following letter certainly raises an interesting question, and advances a rather unique argument as well. Many arguments have been written as to who is most responsible for the success or failure of a photoplay. Some have placed the responsibility with the featured player, or "star," others have argued that "the story's the thing," and still others have claimed that everything rests with the director. "L. O. K.," however, is the first correspondent to our knowledge to take up arms in behalf of the sub-title writer, and to assert that that hitherto maligned individual is in reality the most important single factor in picture production. You may not agree with him in his belief that screen stars are "sub-normal educationally and barren intellectually," but you will at least find his argument an interesting one.*

To the Editor of "Movie Weekly":

It seems to have just naturally been taken for granted by fans that film stars, like poets, are born and not made; that they are fortunate mortals so exceptionally talented and so excelling in the histrionic art as to need no previous experience or training whatsoever; that they are people who mysteriously possess an unerring genius for stage and drama; and that to them the devious intricacies of tragedy and comedy are as clear and roomy as the Lincoln Highway. Apparently, no one has ever thought to ask, "Why is a screen star?"

Personally, I am not only a Movie Fan in an acute stage, being familiar with nearly every face and play on the screen today, but I also regard the industry as being the most potential Art of modern times. This being the case, I literally stand amazed at the intellectual calibre of most of the famed exponents of that Art.

I have at various times been personally acquainted with several screen stars whose weekly wage ran riotously up into four figures. Almost without exception, they were subnormal educationally, barren intellectually, and absolutely un-studied. True, the few of my acquaintances do not represent the whole profession, but I am amply confirmed in my belief that absence of a high mental order is general, through reading accounts in newspapers and in class publications, such as yours.

Having so long printed blurbs eulogizing them, I doubt whether you will listen for a moment to a statement that the idolized heroes and heroines of the silver sheet are other than demi-gods and intellectual paragons, but such happens to be the truth. We find young men and young women of no particular education, culture, previous environment, or studiousness, making a financial success so colossal as to knock our whole scheme of salary and just compensation into a cocked hat. We find flappers and slapstick comedians with far greater earning power than that of the President of the United States, or the Dean of a great university. There must be some reason for this condition; for, say what you will, the box office, even in Art matters, is the final arbiter and true index.

What, then, is the underlying factor responsible for this amazing success of film stars? It can hardly be said to result from their innate histrionic ability because to act as a Booth, an Irving, or a Maud Adams demands education, cultural understanding, an intensive study of many years duration, and the qualities of a keen student of human nature.

On the screen we find the extraordinary spectacle of a department store saleslady leaping over the bargain counter into a movie contract involving amounts far in excess of the investments of her former merchant-employer. We see slapstick artists, no longer with a box office value on the ten-twent-thirt circuit, with names emblazoned in gorgeous electric signs as featured movie comedians. We behold brawny men who never even reached the slapstick and blue whisker stage, but who fatuously believe that acting is a matter of suddenly darting around corners, through swinging doors, over roofs, fences, furniture, and along dizzy cornices of skyscrapers. We see others whose ideas of Art and dramatic expression rest primarily on looking hopelessly imbecile and dead from the neck up—and as intellectual mortuaries they succeed wonderfully! Then, finally, we have the chewing-gum flapper who, in spite of glycerin tears and heaving bosom, simply can't make her face register anything other than utter vacuity.

No, it is obviously not a question of the so-called star's dramatic ability. Will Hays unwittingly blundered rather near the real issue when he recently advised producers to "Advertise Plays, Not Players," but it goes just a bit deeper than that. For the sake of illustration, let us consider another very closely allied Art—Literature. Do you remember how you wept over Little Nell in "The Old Curiosity Shop," or how you laughed when Mark Twain made the ascent of Mount Blanc through a telescope? We can't forget the suppressed tears, heart-aches, sobs and laughter almost any book will call forth. Yet all of these things have been accomplished through no audible word, visible gesture, or scenic trappings, but through the medium of the printed page alone.

And, though it has apparently never been realized before, the appeal of the motion picture is made in the main through a very slight variation of this same medium of expression. Instead of saying "the story's the thing," it would be a little more acurate to qualify it by saying, "the *sub-title's* the thing." Because the motion picture is nothing more or less than Picturized Sub-title, and to the number and quality of these printed captions or leaders that are scattered throughout the film does it owe much of its success.

Your mental reaction to the sub-title is the same as that to the printed page. You play the picturized words on your own heart-strings and in your own way and interpretation. In short, the screen has simply broadcasted suggestions, and your own psychology does the rest. You forget yourself to such an extent in your idealistic idealizing that you overlook the crudities of the actor, and upholster, as it were, the solid ivory of the star. You really do not care whether it is a film star or a film star, but you *will* thereafter associate a certain player with a certain type of picture. And managers, knowing this, capitalized it, and the Star System, with its frightful salary list and other attendant evils, was born. And the star has been nothing loath to steal the glory of the humble sub-title writer who, in the language of the popular song, has literally made her all that she is today.

The solution is obvious. Obtain fairly good actors, good stage settings, and then devote your efforts to the greatest single factor in moving pictures, and hire the services of the brainiest sub-title writer that money can buy. Such a proceeding will not only result in far superior productions, but it will do away with the pernicious Star System with its immorally swollen pay envelope and incompetent, egotistical "dumb-bells."

Sincerely yours,
L. O K.

The Triumph of Love

"The Business of Life"

By Robert W. Chambers

SYNOPSIS

James Desboro, noted idler and man about town, meets Jacqueline Nevers, who is carrying on her dead father's antique business. He becomes interested in her and engages her to catalog his famous collection.

After a week of this work she decides that they are both more interested in each other than is well and decides not to go to Silverwood, Desboro's home, again. Desboro, finding her absence intolerable, calls up and begs her to come again, and after much pleading she consents.

Desboro engages a Mrs. Hammerton as social chaperone for Jacqueline that she may join the class of people in which he moves.

He then plans a house-party to which he invites her, and all the guests fall very much under the charm of Jacqueline.

She receives two proposals of marriage and is only saved from several more by the eagle eye of Mrs. Hammerton, who is greatly disgusted at the actions of the set in which Desboro moves.

Jacqueline, in a moment of weakness, confesses her love for Desboro, and is overheard by Mrs. Hammerton who warns Desboro to keep away from Jacqueline.

They are married secretly with only Jack Cairns and Cynthia Lessler as witnesses. Mrs. Hammerton, knowing nothing of the marriage, writes to Jacqueline warning her against Desboro.

JACQUELINE glanced at the card again. Then, thoughtfully:

"Please say to Mrs. Clydesdale that I will receive her," she said; laid the card on the desk and picked up the letter.

It was a very thick letter and had arrived by messenger.

The address on the envelope was in Mrs. Hammerton's familiar and vigorous backstroke writing, and she had marked it **"Private! Personal! Important!"** As almost every letter from her to Jacqueline bore similar emphatic warnings, the girl smiled to herself and leisurely split the envelope with a paper knife.

She was still intent on the letter, and was still seated at her desk when Mrs. Clydesdale entered. And Jacqueline slowly looked up, dazed and deathly white, as the woman about whom she had at that moment been reading came forward to greet her. Then, with a supreme effort, she rose from the chair, managing to find the ghost of a voice to welcome Elena, who seemed unusually vivacious, and voluble to the verge of excitement.

"My dear!" she exclaimed. "What a perfectly charming office! It's really too sweet for words, Miss Nevers! It's enough to drive us all into trade! Are you very much surprised to see me here?"

"A—little."

"It's odd—the coincidence that brought me," said Elena gaily, "—and just a trifle embarrassing to me. And as it is rather a confidential matter——" She drew her chair closer to the desk. "May I speak to you in fullest candor and—and implicit confidence, Miss Nevers?"

"Yes."

"Then—there is a friend of mine in very serious trouble—a man I knew slightly before I was married. Since then I—have come to know him—better. And I am here now to ask you to help him."

"Yes."

"Shall I tell you his name at once?"

"If you wish."

"Then—his name is Adalbert Waudle."

Jacqueline looked up at her in weary surprise.

Elena laughed feverishly: "Adalbert is only a boy—a bad one, perhaps, but—you know that genius is queer—always unbalanced. He came to see me at noon today. It's a horrid mess, isn't it—what he did to my husband? I know all about it; and I know that Cary is wild, and that it was an outrageous thing for Adalbert to do. But——"

Her voice trembled a little and she forced a laugh to conceal it: "Adalbert is an old friend, Miss Nevers. I knew him as a boy. But even so, Cary couldn't understand if I pleaded for him. My husband means to send him to jail if he does not return the money. And—and I am sorry for Mrs. Waudle. Besides, I like the porcelains. And I want you to persuade Cary to keep them."

Through the whirling chaos of her thoughts, Jacqueline still strove to understand what this excited woman was saying; made a desperate effort to fix her attention on the words and not on the flushed and restless young wife who was uttering them.

"Will you persuade Cary to keep the collection, Miss Nevers?"

"That is for you to do, Mrs. Clydesdale."

"I tried. I called him up at his office and asked him to keep the jades and porcelains because I liked them. But he was very obstinate. What you have told him about—about being swindled has made him furious. That is why I came here. Something must be done."

"I don't think I understand you."

"There is nothing to understand. I want to keep the collection. I ask you to convince my husband——"

"How?"

"I d—don't know," stammered Elena, crimson again. "You ought to know how to—to do it."

"If Mr. Waudle returns your husband's money, no further action will be taken."

"He can not," said Elena, in a low voice.

"Why?"

"He has spent it."

"Did he tell you that?"

"Yes."

"Then I am afraid that Mr. Clydesdale will have him arrested."

There was an ominous silence. Jacqueline forced her eyes away from the terrible fascination of Elena's ghastly face, and said:

"I am sorry. But I can do nothing for you, Mrs. Clydesdale. The decision rests with your husband."

"You MUST help me!"

"I cannot."

"You MUST!" repeated Elena.

"How?"

"I—I don't care how you do it! But you must prevent my husband from prosecuting Mr. Waudle! It—it has got to be done—somehow."

"What do you mean?"

Elena's face was burning and her lips quivered:

"It has got to be done! I can't tell you why."

"Can you not tell your husband?"

"No."

Jacqueline was quivering, too, clinging desperately to her self-control under the menace of an impending horror which had already partly stunned her.

"Are you—afraid of this man?" she asked with stiffening lips.

Elena bowed her head in desperation.

"What is it? Blackmail?"

"Yes. He once learned something. I have paid him—not to—to write it for the—the 'Tattler.' And today he came to me straight from your office and made me understand that I would have to stop my husband from—taking any action—even to recover the money——"

Jacqueline sat nervously clenching and unclenching her hands over the letter which lay under them on the blotter.

"What scandal is it you fear, Mrs. Clydesdale?" she asked, in an icy voice.

Elena colored furiously: "Is it necessary for me to incriminate myself before you help me? I thought you more generous!"

"I can not help you. There is no way to do so."

"Yes, there is!"

"How?"

"By—by telling my husband that the—the jades are not forgeries!"

Jacqueline's ashy cheeks blazed into color.

"Mrs. Clydesdale," she said, "I would not do it to save myself—not even to save the dearest friend I have! And do you think I will lie to spare you?"

In the excitement and terror of what now was instantly impending, the girl had risen, clutching Mrs. Hammerton's letter in her hand.

"You need not tell me why you—you are afraid," she stammered, her lovely lips already distorted with fear and horror, "because I—I know! Do you understand? I know what you are—what you have done— what you are doing!"

She fumbled in the pages of Mrs. Hammerton's letter, found an enclosure, and held it out to Elena with shaking fingers.

It was Elena's note to her husband, written on the night she left him, brought by her husband to Silverwood, left on the library table, used as a book-mark by Desboro, discovered and kept by its finder, Mrs. Hammerton, for future emergencies.

Elena re-read it now with sickened senses, and knew that in the eyes of this young girl she was utterly and irretrievably damned.

"Did you write that?" whispered Jacqueline, with lips scarcely under control.

"I—you do not understand——"

"Did you know that when I was a guest under Mr. Desboro's roof everything that he and you said in the library was overheard? Do you know that you have been watched—not by me—but even long before I knew you—watched even at the opera——"

Elena drew a quick, terrified breath; then the surging shame mantled her from brow to throat.

"That was Mrs. Hammerton!" she murmured. "I warned Jim—but he trusted her."

Jacqueline turned cold all over.

"He is your—lover," she said mechanically.

Elena looked at her, hesitated, came a step nearer, still staring. Her visage and her bearing altered subtly. For a moment they gazed at each other. Then Elena said, in a soft, but deadly voice:

"Suppose he is my lover! Does that concern you?" And, as the girl made no stir or sound: "However, if you think it does, you will scarcely care to know either of us any longer. I am quite satisfied. Do what you please about the man who has blackmailed me. I don't care now. I was frightened for a moment—but I don't care any longer. Because the end of all this nightmare is in sight; and I think Mr. Desboro and I are beginning to awake at last."

(*Continued on page 29*)

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Rating Movies for Interest
How Current Features Appeal to Patrons
Conducted by Our Readers

MOVIE WEEKLY'S new method of "free for all" criticism of motion pictures is now well under way.

Listed herewith are a number of recent productions, most of which you, in all likelihood, have seen.

When a new play comes to your favorite theatre, you naturally ask: Is it interesting?

In this department we intend to answer this question with the aid of our readers. We will rate all the plays that are now being shown throughout the country for their interest-holding qualities only.

Any picture contained in this list that you have seen, will you mark according to its value? In rating pictures, the following system is adhered to:

Poor	Under 79%
Fair	Between 80% and 89%
Good	Between 90% and 92%
Very good	Bewteen 93% and 95%
Superlatively good	Between 96% and 100%

We have combined the ratings received from our readers up-to-date and publish an average rating after each picture contained in our list, which will grow from week to week. In this way you, the reader, will help other readers to estimate the worth of current productions.

Send in your ratings without delay.

Across the Dead Line	90	( )	Heart Specialist	73	( )
Affairs of Anatol	97	( )	Her Face Value	77	( )
Alf's Button	95	( )	Her Hnsband's Trademark	97	( )
All For a Woman	93	( )	Her Mad Bargain	80	( )
All's Fair in Love	89	( )	Her Social Valne	90	( )
Anne of Little Smoky	88	( )	Her Own Money	95	( )
Any Wife	70	( )	His Back Against the Wall	87	( )
Ashamed of Parents	85	( )	His Wife's Hnsband	90	( )
At the Stage Door	86	( )	Hole in the Wall	83	( )
			Homespun Vamp	80	( )
Bachelor Daddy	95	( )	Hunch, The	84	( )
Back Pay	90	( )	Hush Money	93	( )
Barnstormer	60	( )			
Barricade	89	( )	I Can Explain	73	( )
Beautiful Liar	70	( )	I Defy	79	( )
Beauty's Worth	75	( )	Idle Rich	93	( )
Beyond the Rainbow	85	( )	Impulse	89	( )
Beyond the Rocks	90	( )	Iron to Gold	90	( )
Blind Hearts	60	( )	Iron Trail	97	( )
Bobbed Hair	80	( )	Island Wives	89	( )
Bob Hampton of Placer	93	( )	Isle of Zordo	65	( )
Bonnie Briar Bush	98	( )			
Boomerang Bill	93	( )	Jackie	88	( )
Bootleggers	50	( )	Jane Eyre	93	( )
Bought and Paid For	92	( )	Just Aronnd the Corner	90	( )
Bride's Play	82	( )			
Bring Him In	90	( )	Kindred of the Dust	85	( )
Broadway Peacock	95	( )	Knight of the West	97	( )
Call of the North	83	( )	Ladies Must Live	90	( )
Cameron of the Royal Mounted	70	( )	Lady Godiva	80	( )
Cardigan	93	( )	Lane That Had No Turning	94	( )
Chasing the Moon	85	( )	Last Payment	78	( )
Child Thou Gavest Me	92	( )	Last Trail	92	( )
Chivalrous Charlie	74	( )	Law and the Woman	90	( )
Clay Dollars	87	( )	Life's Greatest Question	92	( )
Come On Over	91	( )	Little Eva Ascends	95	( )
Conflict	93	( )	Little Lord Fauntleroy	92	( )
Conquering Power	98	( )	Little Minister (Paramount)	94	( )
Convict 999	81	( )	Little Minister (Vitagraph)	96	( )
Cradle, The	93	( )	Little Miss Smiles	97	( )
Crimson Challenge	85	( )	Lotus Eater	87	( )
			Love Charm	86	( )
Dangerous Little Demon	75	( )	Love's Boomerang	85	( )
David and Jonathan	97	( )	Love's Masqnerade	73	( )
Desert Blossoms	85	( )	Loves of Pharaoh	81	( )
Determination	83	( )	Love's Redemption	90	( )
Devil Within	80	( )	Luxury Tax	72	( )
Doll's House	89	( )			
Don't Donbt Your Wife	93	( )	Man From Beyond	96	( )
Don't Get Personal	86	( )	Man From Downing Street	89	( )
Don't Tell Everything	90	( )	Man From Lost River	81	( )
Doubling For Romeo	95	( )	Man to Man	83	( )
Duke of Chimney Butte	88	( )	Man Under Cover	90	( )
			Man Who Paid	86	( )
Eden and Return	90	( )	Midnight	80	( )
Elope If You Must	86	( )	Miss Lulu Bett	89	( )
Enchantment	86	( )	Mistress of the World	72	( )
End of the World	93	( )	Molly-O	90	( )
Every Man's Price	75	( )	Morals	92	( )
Exit the Vamp	83	( )	Moran of the Lady Letty	92	( )
Extra, Extra	90	( )	My Boy	92	( )
Fair Lady	95	( )	Nancy From Nowhere	90	( )
False Kisses	87	( )	Nero	95	( )
Father Tom	95	( )	New Disciple	83	( )
Find the Woman	90	( )	No Defense	96	( )
Fire Bride	77	( )	North of the Rio Grande	85	( )
First Woman	76	( )			
Flower of the North	76	( )	Old Nest	97	( )
Foolish Wives	89	( )	Old Oaken Bucket	91	( )
Fool's Paradise	92	( )	One Glorioua Day	93	( )
Footfalls	84	( )	Ordeal	97	( )
Footlights	94	( )	Orphans of the Storm	100	( )
Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	98	( )	Our Mntnal Friend	95	( )
Fourteenth Lover	88	( )	Over the Hill	95	( )
Fox, The	87	( )			
French Heels	85	( )	Pardon My French	80	( )
			Parisian Scandal	90	( )
Game Chicken, A	94	( )	Pay Day	94	( )
Gas, Oil and Water	90	( )	Peacock Alley	93	( )
Get-Rich-Qnick-Wallingford	92	( )	Penrod	94	( )
Glorious Fool	90	( )	Peter Ibbetson or Forever	98	( )
Good Provider	90	( )	Playing With Fire	74	( )
Grand Larceny	87	( )	Polly of the Follies	99	( )
Green Temptation	95	( )	Possession	93	( )
Grim Comedian	80	( )	Poverty of Riches	80	( )
Gutternipe	79	( )	Power Within	89	( )
			Prince There Was	87	( )
Hail the Woman	99	( )	Prodigal Judge	94	( )
Handcuffs and Kisses	98	( )			
Handle With Care	96	( )	Queen of Sheba	96	( )
			Question of Honor	85	( )
Ragged Heiress	80	( )			
Rainbow	86	( )			
Received Payment	89	( )			
Red Hot Romance	90	( )			
Red Peacock	73	( )			
Rent Free	88	( )			
Reported Missing	95	( )			
Riding With Death	81	( )			
Right That Failed	86	( )			
Rosary, The	92	( )			
Rongh Diamond	85	( )			
R. S. V. P.	80	( )			
Ruling Passion	97	( )			
Sailor Made Man	99	( )			
Saturday Night	92	( )			
School Days	90	( )			
Sea Lion	84	( )			
Seventh Day	86	( )			
Shattered Idols	90	( )			
Sheik, The	92	( )			
Sheik's Wife, The	71	( )			
Sherlock Holmes	89	( )			
Sign of the Jack O' Lantern	89	( )			
Silent Call, The	93	( )			
Silent Years	86	( )			
Sin Flood	89	( )			
Single Track	86	( )			
Sin of Martha Queed	90	( )			
Skin Deep	96	( )			
Sky High	92	( )			
Slippery McGee	90	( )			
Smiles Are Trumps	82	( )			
Smilin' Through	99	( )			
Song of Life	89	( )			
Stage Romance	96	( )			
Steel Heart	80	( )			
Sure Fire	84	( )			
Taking Chances	75	( )			
Ten Nights in a Barroom	88	( )			
Theodora	94	( )			
There Are No Villains	88	( )			
Three Live Ghosts	98	( )			
Three Musketeers	99	( )			
Through a Glass Window	89	( )			
Tillie	90	( )			
Tol'able David	99	( )			
Too Much Married	81	( )			
Too Much Wife	79	( )			
Tracked to Earth	83	( )			
Truthful Liar	89	( )			
Travelin' On	94	( )			
Trouble	85	( )			
Turn to the Right	92	( )			
Two Kinds of Women	88	( )			
Under the Lash	86	( )			
Vendetta	88	( )			
Vermillion Pencil	89	( )			
Virginia Courtship	80	( )			
Voice in the Dark	80	( )			
Wall Flower	82	( )			
Way Down East	99	( )			
Way of a Maid	81	( )			
What Do Men Want	85	( )			
Whatever She Wants	85	( )			
What Love Will Do	80	( )			
What No Man Knows	75	( )			
Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?	80	( )			
Whispering Women	92	( )			
White Eagle	85	( )			
White Hands	78	( )			
White Oak	89	( )			
Why Announce Your Marriage	93	( )			
Wide Open Town	80	( )			
Wild Honey	86	( )			
Winning With Wits	77	( )			
Wise Kid	92	( )			
Woman He Married	80	( )			
Woman's Place	91	( )			
Woman Wake Up	94	( )			
Wonderful Thing	93	( )			
World's Champion	93	( )			
Your Best Friend	90	( )			

Hints to Scenario Writers

(Continued from page 22)

(Q.) I wish to write a story in which the hero receives serious facial wounds, leaving scars which disfigure him beyond recognition. Would you advise me to use this material?—G. B. T.

(A.) No. A story of this type would be distinctly unpleasant. Also, I do not believe any "star" would care to play a character that would present him in a way that would be repellent to the audience.

(Q.) Is it not true that a large proportion of the popular and successful screen plays have been melodramas?—N. B. S.

(A.) No, it seems to me, that more strong, emotional dramas have been produced that have won the favor of the audience. The present market indicates that the preference of the public is swinging away from sensational melodrama toward straight drama with a strong theme and realistic characterizations.

(Q.) Would it be advisable to write a crook story, showing in action a few new tricks for creating suspense?—E. S.

(A.) I cannot advise you to attempt a crook story at this time. Remember that censorship is exceedingly rigid just now. Not only is there national censorship to consider, but local censorship as well. Photoplay writers should be careful about this, as much material is being rejected for this one reason. If you wish to write a strong regeneration story, the motif of crime might be used in a subsidiary capacity; but I am sure that the out-and-out crook story would be ruled against by the censors. Producers want to keep the influence of the screen harmless, and they consider it dangerous to depict criminal methods.

(Q.) Is it permissible to use the theme of religion in the screen story?—D. C.

(A.) It is true that the viewpoint of the average audience is broadening. You must remember, though, that in writing for the screen you are writing for a cosmopolitan audience, a group of individuals of different faiths and creeds. Consequently, it is not well to show action which would be offensive to any sect or which would give undue prominence to any sect.

(Q.) I wish to use several moonlight scenes in my photoplay. Would the difficulty involved in "shooting" such scenes militate against the sale of the story?—J. E.

(A.) There is no reason why you should not use moonlight scenes in your story if they are necessary in the working out of the plot. The thing to be considered is the necessity for attaining dramatic quality. I would advise you not to worry about the photography. If a story is sufficiently compelling, sufficiently novel, the producer will manage to get it onto celluloid, somehow. Remarkable photographic effects are now obtained. Write a really strong story, and the cameraman will see to it that it gets "shot" effectively.

(Q.) Does "incident" have any place in photoplay construction?—E. H. S.

(A.) I want to point out to you that "incident" is essential to construction. In its way it is just as important as "situation." Incidents blend together to bring about situations, just as situations blend together to build to a climax and the denouement of a story. The point is that you must be very careful in your selection of incidents. Choose only those *which have a purpose* in your plot, which are necessary to characterization or to the explanation of some of the subsequent action. Test each "incident" you use to see whether it leads to a "situation." If it does not do this, eliminate it.

(Q.) Must al moving picture stories be drama? —B. McN.

(A.) No. There have been many successes on the screen that were not drama in the strict sense. Some pictures that were pure narrative have been so successful as to change to a large extent the idea of what is necessary to make a good screen story. But these pictures have been triumphs of the director's art, and have generally been written by writers of such great experience that they were able to "get away with it." Rupert Hughes' picture, "The Old Nest," is an example of this. Another example is "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," of Robert Louis Stevenson. It is just as well for the young writer not to attempt this form of writing for the screen, but to keep to strict dramatic construction until he has learned his medium thoroughly.

(Q.) Will you please give an example of coincidence, and then illustrate definitely and specifically how that example can be made logical and convincing?—S. W.

(A.) "John quarrels with his brother Bill, and goes to a big city. Later, Bill wants to communicate with John, but does not know his address. Bill goes to the strange city and runs into John in the museum." This, written as it is, is a glaring example of coincidence. To make it logical, we might show beforehand that John's hobby was rare books, and that he had a habit of neglecting his business to talk about old editions. Bill knows this hobby of his brother's; he goes to the museum purposely. The possibility of the two men meeting is made probable, and the meeting itself convincing.

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE

"The Business of Life"

(Continued from page 27)

Until a few minutes before five Jacqueline remained seated at her desk, motionless, her head buried in her arms. Then she got to her feet somehow, and to her room, where, scarcely conscious of what she was doing, she bathed her face and arranged her hair, and strove to pinch and rub a little color into her ghastly cheeks.

DESBORO came for her in his car at five and found her standing alone in her office, dressed in a blue travelling dress, hatted and closely veiled. He partly lifted the veil, kissed the cold, unresponsive lips, the pallid cheek, and the white-glowed fingers.

"Is Her Royal Shyness ready?" he whispered.

"Yes, Jim."

"All her affairs of state accomplished?" he asked laughingly.

"Yes—the day's work is done."

"Was it a hard day for you, sweetheart?"

"Yes—hard."

"I am so sorry," he murmured.

She rearranged her veil in silence.

Again, as the big car rolled away northward, and they were alone once more in the comfortable limousine, he took possession of her unresisting hand, whispering: "I am so sorry you have had a hard day, dear. You really look very pale and tired."

"It was a—tiresome day."

He lifted her hand to his lips: "Do you love me, Jacqueline?"

"Yes."

"Above everything?"

"Yes."

"And you know that I love you above everything in the world?"

She was silent.

"Jacqueline" he urged. "Don't you know it?"

"I—think you—care for me."

He laughed: "Will Your Royal Shyness never unbend! Is that all the credit you give me for my worship and adoration?"

She said, after a silence: "If it lies with me, you really will love me some day."

"Dearest!" he protested, laughing but perplexed. "Don't you know that I love you now—that I am absolutely mad about you?"

She did not answer, and he waited, striving to see her expression through the veil. But when he offered to lift it, she gently avoided him.

"Did you go to business?" she asked quietly.

"I? Oh, yes, I went back to the office. But Lord! Jacqueline, I couldn't keep my attention on the tape or on the silly orders people fired at me over the wire. So I left young Seely in charge and went to lunch with Jack Cairns; and then he and I returned to the office, where I've been fidgeting about ever since. I think it's been the longest day I ever lived."

"It has been a long day," she assented gravely. "Did Mr. Cairns speak to you of Cynthia?"

"He mentioned her, I believe."

"Do you remember what he said about her?"

"Well, yes. I think he spoke about her very nicely—about her being interesting and ambitious and talented—something of that sort—but how could I keep my mind on what he was saying about another girl?"

Jacqueline looked out of the window across a waste of swamp and trestle and squalid buildings toward University Heights. She said presently, without turning:

"Some day, may I ask Cynthia to visit me?"

"Dearest girl! Of course! Isn't it your house——"

"Silverwood?"

"Certainly——"

"No, Jim."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"What I say. Silverwood is not yet even partly mine. It must remain entirely yours—until I know you—better."

"Why on earth do you say such silly——"

"What is yours must remain yours," she repeated, in a low voice, "just as my shop, and office, and my apartment must remain mine—for a time."

"For how long?"

"I can not tell."

"Do you mean for always?"

"I don't know."

"And I don't understand you, dear," he said impatiently.

"You will, Jim."

He smiled uneasily: "For how long must we twain, who are now one, maintain solitary sovereignty over our separate domains?"

"Until I know you better."

"And how long is that going to take?" he asked, smilingly apprehensive and deeply perplexed by her quiet and serious attitude toward him.

"I don't know how long. I wish I did."

"Jacqueline, dear, has anything unpleasant happened to disturb you since I last saw you?"

She made no reply.

"Won't you tell me, dear," he insisted uneasily.

"I will tell you this, Jim. Whatever may have occurred to disturb me is already a matter of the past. Life and its business lie before us: that is all I know. This is our beginning, Jim; and happiness depends on what we make of our lives from now on—from now on."

The stray lock of golden hair had fallen across her cheek, accenting the skin's pallor through the veil. She rested her elbow on the window ledge, her tired head on her hand, and gazed at the sunset behind the Palisades. Far below, over the grey and wrinkled river, smoke from a steamboat drifted, a streak of bronze and purple, in the sunset light.

"What has happened?" he muttered under his breath. And, turning toward her: "You must tell me, Jacqueline. It is now my right to know."

"Don't ask me."

His face hardened; for a moment the lean muscles of the jaw worked visibly.

"Has anybody said anything about me to you?"

No reply.

"Has—has Mrs. Hammerton been to see you?"

"No."

He was silent for a moment, then:

"I'll tell you now, Jacqueline; she did not wish me to marry you. Did you know it?"

"I know it."

"I believe," he said, "that she has been capable of warning you against me. Did she?"

No reply.

"And yet you married me?" he said, after a silence. She said nothing.

"So you could not have believed her, whatever she may have said," he concluded calmly.

"Jim?"

"Yes, dear."

"I married you because I loved you. I love you still. Remember it when you are impatient with me—when you are hurt—perhaps angry——"

"Angry with you, my darling!"

"You are going to be—very often—I am afraid."

"Angry?"

"I—don't know. I don't know how it will be with us. If only you will remember that I love you—no matter how I seem——"

"Dear, if you tell me that you do love me, I will know that it must be so!"

"I tell you that I do. I could never love anybody else. You are all that I have in the world; all I care for. You are absolutely everything to me. I loved you and married you; I took you for mine just as you were and are. And if I didn't quite understand all that—that you are—I took you, nevertheless—for better or for worse—and I mean to hold you. And I know now that, knowing more about you, I would do the same thing if it were to be done again. I would marry you tomorrow—knowing what I know."

"What more do you know about me than you did this morning, Jacqueline?" he asked, terribly troubled.

But she refused to answer.

He said, reddening: "If you have heard any gossip concerning Mrs. Clydesdale, it is false. Was that what you heard? Because it is an absolute lie."

But she had learned from Mrs. Clydesdale's reckless lips the contrary, and she rested her aching head on her hand and stared out at the endless lines of houses along Broadway, as the car swung into Yonkers, veered to the west past the ancient manor house, then rolled northward again toward Hastings.

"Don't you believe me?" he asked at length. "That gossip is a lie—if that is what you heard."

She thought: "This is how gentlemen are supposed to behave under such circumstances." And she shivered.

"Are you cold?" he asked, with an effort.

"A little."

He drew the fur robe closer around her, and leaned back in his corner, deeply worried, impatient, but helpless in the face of her evident weariness and reticence, which he could not seem to penetrate or comprehend. Only that something ominous had happened—that something was dreadfully wrong—he now thoroughly understood.

In the purposeless career of a man of his sort, there is much that it is well to forget. And in Desboro's brief career there were many things that he would not care to have such a girl as Jacqueline hear about—so much, alas! of folly and stupidity, so much of idleness, so much unworthy, that now in his increasing chagrin and mortification, in the painful reaction from happy pride to alarm and self-contempt, he could not even guess what had occurred, or for which particular folly he was beginning to pay.

Long since, both in his rooms in town, and at Silverwood, he had destroyed the silly souvenirs of idleness and folly. He thought now of the burning sacrifice he had so carelessly made that day in the library—and how the flames had shrivelled up letter and fan, photograph and slipper. And he could not remember that he had left a rag of lace or a perfumed envelope unburned.

Had the ghosts of their owners risen to confront him on his own hearthstone, standing already between him and this young girl he had married?

What whisper had reached her guiltless ears? What rumor, what breath of innuendo? Must a man still be harassed who has done with folly for all time—who aspires to better things—who strives to change his whole mode of life merely for the sake of the woman he loves—merely to be more worthy of her?

As he sat there so silently in the car beside her, his dark thoughts travelled back again along the weary, endless road to yesterday. Since he had known and loved her, his thoughts had often and unwillingly sought that shadowy road where the only company were ghosts—phantoms of dead years that sometimes smiled, sometimes reproached, sometimes menaced him with suddenly remembered eyes and voiceless but familiar words forever printed on his memory.

Out of that grey vista, out of that immaterial waste where only impalpable shapes people the void, vanished, grew out of nothing only to reappear, something had come to trouble the peace of mind of the woman he loved—some spectre of folly had arisen and had whispered in her ear, so that, at the mockery, the light had died out in her fearless eyes and her pure mind was clouded and her tender heart was weighted with this thing—whatever it might be—this echo of folly which had returned to mock them both.

"Dearest," he said, drawing her to him so that her cold cheek rested against his, "whatever I was, I am no longer. You said you could forgive."

"I do—forgive."

"Can you not forget, too?"

"I will try—with your help."

"How can I help you? Tell me."

"By letting me love you—as wisely as I can—in my own fashion. By letting me learn more of you—more about men. I don't understand men. I thought I did—but I don't. By letting me find out what is the wisest and the best and the most unselfish way to love you. For I don't know yet. I don't know. All I know is that I am married to the man I loved—the man I still love. But how I am going to love him I—I don't yet know."

He was silent; the hot flush on his face did not seem to warm her cheek where it rested so coldly against his.

"I want to hold you because it is best for us both," she said, as though speaking to herself.

"But—you need make no effort to hold me, Jacqueline!" he protested, amazed.

"I want to hold you, Jim," she repeated. "You are my husband. I—I must hold you. And I don't know how I am to do it. I don't know how."

"My darling! Who has been talking to you? What have they said?"

"It has got to be done, somehow," she interrupted, wearily. "I must learn how to hold you; and you must give me time, Jim——"

"Give you time!" he repeated, exasperated.

"Yes—to learn how to love you best—so I can serve you best. That is why I married you—not selfishly, Jim—and I thought I knew—I thought I knew——"

Her cheek slipped from his and rested on his shoulder. He put his arm around her and she covered her face with her gloved hands.

"I love you dearly, dearly," he whispered brokenly. "If the whisper of any past stupidity of mine has hurt you, God knows best what punishment He visits on me at this moment! If there were any torture I could endure to spare you, Jacqueline, I would beg for it—welcome it! It is a bitter and a hopeless and ridiculous thing to say; but if I had only known there was such a woman as you in the world I would have understood better how to live. I suppose many a man understands it when it is too late. I realize now, for the first time, how changeless, how irrevocably fixed, are the truths youth learns to smile at—the immutable laws youth scoffs at——"

He choked, controlled his voice, and went on:

"If youth could only understand it, the truths of childhood are the only truths. The first laws we learn are the eternal ones. And their only meaning is self-discipline. But youth is restive and mistakes curiosity for intelligence, insubordination for the courage of independence. The stupidity of orthodoxy incites revolt. To disregard becomes less difficult; to forget becomes a habit. To think for one's self seems admirable; but when youth attempts that, it thinks only what it pleases or does not thing at all. I am not trying to find excuses or to evade my responsibility, dear. I had every chance, no excuse for what I have—sometimes—been. And now—on this day—this most blessed and most solemn day of my life—I can only say to you I am sorry, and that I mean so to live—always—that no man or woman can reproach me."

She lay very silent against his shoulder. Blindly striving to understand him, and men—blindly searching for some clue to the path of duty—the path she must find somehow and follow for his sake—through the obscurity and mental confusion she seemed to hear at moments Elena Clydesdale's shameless and merciless words, and the deadly repetition seemed to stun her.

Vainly she strove against the recurring horror; once or twice, unconsciously, her hands crept upward and closed her ears, as though she could shut out what was dinning in her brain.

With every reserve atom of mental strength and self-control she battled against this thing which was stupefying her, fought it off, held it, drove it back—not very far, but far enough to give her breathing room. But no sooner did she attempt to fix her mind on the man beside her, and begin once more to grope for the clue to duty—how most unselfishly she might serve him for his salvation and her own—than the horror she had driven back stirred stealthily and crawled nearer. And the battle was on once more.

Twilight had fallen over the Westchester hills; a familiar country lay along the road they travelled. In the early darkness, glancing from the windows he divined unseen landmarks, counted the miles unconsciously as the car sped across invisible bridges that clattered or resounded under the heavy wheels.

The stars came out; against them woodlands and hills took shadowy shape, marking for him remembered haunts. And at last, far across the hills the lighted windows of Silverwood glimmered all a-row; the wet gravel crunched under the slowing wheels, tall Norway spruces towered phantomlike on every side; the car stopped.

"Home," he whispered to her; and she rested her arm on his shoulder and drew herself erect.

Every servant and employee on the Desboro estate was there to receive them: she offered her slim hand and spoke to every one. Then, on her husband's arm, and her proud little head held high, she entered the House of Desboro for the first time bearing the family name—entered smiling, with death in her heart.

(Continued next week)

UNLESS YOU'RE BALD

There is a big spectacular fight with revenue officers, during which a ship is blown up, in Dorothy Phillips' new picture, "Hurricane's Gal."

You are warned that all the vaseline in the corner drug store will not keep your hair down when you come to this scene.

* * * * *

WHEN REALITY CEASED

A visitor at the Lasky studio was noticing the elaborate settings for "The Ghost Breaker," starring Wallace Reid and Lila Lee.

"Just imagine," he exclaimed enthusiastically to Director Alfred Green, "real leopard skins, real bronze vases, real tapestries, real goblets, and——"

"Real wine?" twinkled the director, "nothing like that—just cold tea."

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THE LITANY OF A MOVIE DIRECTOR

From newly-made stars who acquire the temper of a locoed grizzly,
And think that it's "artistic temperament";
From fluffy little baby-eyed ingenues who just hate publicity—
Like a cat does a steady diet of rich cream!
From Eminent Authors who clutter up the "set" under the delusion
That they are being of invaluable assistance to the production;
From young leading men who have just had their first interview
And consequently think that John Barrymore isn't so much, after all;
From prop men whose reluctance to get you the properties you want
Would almost make you think the cost came out of their own pockets;
From stage hands who are over in the corner shooting craps
Every blooming time you happen to want their services;
From all of these things, and many more,
Oh Lord, deliver us!

A MOVIE FAN'S LITANY

From man-killing, female gun-women who think that
They ought to go into the movies the day after
The jury has acquitted them of the murder of their late hubbies;
From gum-chewing professional flappers
Whose ideas of feminine emancipation
Consist of reading Freud and consuming Fatimas;
From directors who use the "soft focus" effect
Until the story seems like "A Foggy Night in London";
From ham comedians of the "goo-ey" variety who think
That humor is composed of equal parts of
Molasses, bread dough, and very liquid pastry;
From supposed Chinamen with pig-tails and kimonas
Who have the map of Ireland written on their faces;
From spectacular plays supposedly staged in Arabia
But with scenic backgrounds snspiciously reminiscent of Hollywood;
From a mere handful of immature, irresponsible players
Who, by their asinine acts, bring an entire industry into disrepnte;
From nbiqnitions boards of State Movie Censors
Whose innate incompetence is exceeded only by their sublime conceit;
From newly-made masculine screen stars whose hat size
Has increased out of all proportion to their skull capacities;
From all of these things, and many more,
Oh Lord, deliver us!

Will Hays Battles "Kid" Vice

(*Continued from page 5*)

negro maid takes and immediately thereafter disappears.

In the main room one procures the narcotics by swinging back a picture from the wall. Which reveals a small grating, through which the transaction, the "promotion," is made.

And elaborately-fnrnished npstairs rooms provide the "cots" or "bnnks" for the smokers to cook and inhale their potion—and sleep for several hours the wierd, untronbled sleep of the hop eater.

It is details like this—and the film people connected with them—that the anthorities are investigating.

It is this "bad element" which the prodncers have engaged Mr. Hays to weed out because, although it aggregates only about one per cent of the film colony's population, it is the element, nevertheless, that is getting Hollywood its adverse publicity and causing motion pictures in general to be disregarded by a clean-thinking public.

Hays' first publicly-announced step in his "clean-up" campaign was the barring of Roscoe Arbnckle's pictures from the American screen. Not that Arbuckle was actually guilty of the offense of which he was accused, but it was developed during his trial that the fat comedian had offended the proprieties of the nation by being caught in a disgusting revelry.

Bnt Arbuckle, nevertheless, is not professionally dead. He has written, it is said, a story in which Bnster Keaton will play. And it is highly probable that he will direct it.

Ever since the moneyed powers-that-be, the financial backers of motion picture interests, tightened their pnrse-strings some months ago and cansed the "slnmp," there has been a desire on the part of producers to rid themselves of contract players—actors and actresses whose services have been exclusively secured for a long-term period—and, it is said, the movie moguls are only too willing to co-operate in this wholesale housecleaning.

"I was receiving $2,500 a week on a contract," a male star told me, "and it was evident that my prodncer did not want to continue hiring me at that figure.

"So he came to me one day and said, 'You are undesirable and your contract will be cancelled. We have evidence sufficient to ruin you in the show business—but, if you cancel your contract and let us re-sign you for, say, $1,000 weekly, we will protect yon and continue to feature you. How abont it?'

"Well—he had some 'goods' on me. What was I to do? I had to take a 'cut' or else be totally ont of work. I took the 'cut'—and I am trying to reform, because I realize now what I've really done."

The above is not an everyday case in the studios. However, the private life of every snspected film worker is being investigated by numerous Hays agents who are working under every conceivable disguise.

Not long ago an actress engaged a young man, supposedly an ex-soldier, as a gardener-chauffeur. One evening some friends of hers, playing at a Los Angeles theatre, drove out to her bungalow, bringing with them the reqnisite amonnt of liqnid refreshment. The party was not a bacchanale nor disgusting to any degree and there was no maudliness. Bnt, during the height of the festivities, the newly-engaged chauffeur made his appearance, on the pretense of asking his employer a question. On leaving the room he lingered momentarily—and the next afternoon, for no reason at all, resigned his position in the actress' entourage.

Two days later the young woman was confronted at the studio by a warning from her producer that if any more snch parties were held at her home she would find her position seriously endangered.

The investigators are here, there—everywhere—in the film colony. It is impossible to penetrate their disguises.

A party of film people were recreating at the Green Mill Gardens, one of Los Angeles' snbnrban cafes—a pinnacle of night-life—when, during the evening, a well-appearing young man approached one of the male members of the party, saying that he had known him in France in the army. A conversation ensned, the young man eventually asked the party if they would like a drink of something stronger than raspberry pnnch, and at length he was invited to join the group.

Throngh an adroit system of telescoping he ultimately enabled himself to win the party's confidence in conversation, and received an invitation to call at the film people's homes.

It is by similar worm-like methods that the investigators are working. And, in getting confidences, they are procuring various bits of information which they use either directly or indirectly.

Recently there was formed the Federation of Arts, a co-operative organization whose board of control comprises representatives of the Motion Picture Directors' Association, the Screen Writers' Guild, the American Society of Cinematographers, and the Actors' Association.

As an organization, the Federation has put the ban on vice. Vicions actors are finding themselves ont of work because the studios will not engage them.

And the Federation pledges its members to eliminate from the arts, professions and allied crafts any individuals who violate the moral spirit by conduct tending to bring disgrace or scandal upon themselves or their fellows.

Hays has been termed the Landis of the films. He was bronght into his present affiliation for the same reason that baseball acquired a dictator—because that game needed a general cleaning up.

It is not, however, because there is an insidious, inside graft rampant wholesale in the pictnre industry that Mr. Hays is at work. He is, of course, chief censor of all production and is sponsoring a program of more educational pictures.

But it is with the private lives of cinema satellites that he is at present concerned.

Unfortunately, perhaps, the public does not separate the screen actor's public from his private life. Screen players really have no private existence. The public calls them by their first names, and feels that it has a right to know what they eat, wear and profess.

And, if So-and-so leads an unmoral private life that is, of course, sufficient reason for him to be ostracised as the tintype idol of the adolescents, according to the contemporary way of thinking.

And that is the problem. That is the reason for the housecleaning in Hollywood.

The picture people realize the necessity of acquiring less nnpleasant publicity. Their attitnde has changed from one of tolerance of wrong-doers to an almost open hatred of them, for the wise ones of Hollywood realize the seriousness of the situation and have entered into the honsecleaning spiritedly.

Bnt the one per cent, the foolish, the wasters—well, they're beginning to know that their position on the screen is endangered, that their social structure has commenced to topple.

And the majority have taken "the tip."

The Creed of a Movie Director

I believe that, no matter how intricate and involved the plot may have become, all difficulties may be suddenly smoothed away to the satisfaction of the audience by abruptly tacking on to the very end of the last reel a scene showing the lovers falling into a sonl-clinch with the bee-you-tiful snn-set as a background.

I believe that all true Westerners wear weird trousers creations which look like a cross between the display window of a Mexican curio shop and a sheep's winter overcoat, that they habitually carry enongh fire-arms to eqnip an entire battery of light artillery, and that they say "pronto" at least every third word.

World's Sensational Vamp

(Continued from page 7)

training camp in Texas that Peggy's matrimonial ties were again sundered by the divorce courts. Hopkins alleged abandonment, and Peggy in her cross bill charged cruelty.

The wait between wedding rings this time was brief. Exactly two days after her divorce from Hopkins, the former Follies beauty was married to J. Stanley Joyce, a millionaire lumberman of Chicago.

THE FAMOUS "TWO-MILLION-DOLLAR HONEYMOON."

In many ways, Peggy's third "Golden Wedding" was the most sensational of them all. It was certainly the most expensive of the lot—for Mr. Joyce. The Chicago lumberman later admitted in court that it had cost him something over a million dollars to win Peggy in the first place. He gave her a magnificent $200,000 home in Miami, Florida, and lavished jewels upon her, whose values have been estimated at at least a half a million dollars more. It was for the possession of these jewels that Peggy fought so determinedly in the divorce courts a year later and, though she was forced to relinquish title to the Miami home to Mr. Joyce, a compromise was effected by which she kept most of the jewels.

Altogether, Stanley Joyce paid out something like two million dollars for a honeymoon that was actually less than three months in duration. It is doubtful whether the world has ever seen a more expensive affair of the heart, ancient or modern.

It was immediately after this brief, 14-karat honeymoon that Peggy deserted Joyce with the same charming abruptness that she had his two predecessors, remaining in Paris, while he returned to the U. S. There in the French capital, the volatile "Dark Star of Destiny," as she was called by an opposing lawyer in one of her divorce suits, indulged in a series of colorful escapades that were to later result in Joyce's being given a decree in the American courts.

According to the testimony of Peggy's maid and others, Peggy found ready victims to her luring fascinations in every walk of life. In London she met and had a brief affair with one Edgar James, said to be an international character whose presence was much desired by the police of several countries. In Paris, gossiping tongues found wonderful material in her intimacy with Prince Vlora of Albania. But it was with Henri Letellier that Peggy apparently went the farthest.

Letellier is a multi-millionaire sportsman and well-known newspaper editor of Paris, and has been called "The World's Greatest Expert on Feminine Beauty." Also, it may be of interest to note that he is married, his wife having been said to be one of the most beautiful women in all Europe. However, what could a mere wife mean in Peggy's colorful life?

A maid testified during the Joyce divorce trial that, among other indiscreet acts, Peggy once rode from Paris to Venice in the same railway compartment with Letellier, and that they shared the same hotel suite for a week after their arrival in the Italian city. After her divorce from Joyce, Peggy returned to Paris again, and it was there that her intimacy with Letellier is said to have resulted in the tragic suicide of William Errazuriz, the young Chilean diplomatic attache, but a few weeks ago.

Though the family of the young South American strenuously deny such an assertion and insist that Errazuriz really committed suicide becuse of financial worries, it is said by people professedly "in the know" that the brilliant young Chilean killed himself in a sudden fit of melancholy when Peggy refused to discourage the attention of Henri Letellier, and devote all her attention and affections to him. Peggy is said to have refused to do this, telling Errazuriz that, being married, he had no real right to attempt dictating her conduct in affairs of the heart. The next morning, it is alleged, the tragic suicide of the impetuous youth shocked Paris and the world.

A few days later, Peggy, professing to be almost heartbroken over the unfortunate affair, left Paris for America to devote her time "to making money in the films, in an effort to forget." But it seems that the movies as a panacea for an aching heart are to be denied to the fascinating Miss Hopkins.

FILM PRODUCERS AGREE WITH EXHIBITORS' BAN

For, soon after the resolution of the Motion Picture Theatre Owners had been announced, word came from California film camps that prominent men in the industry itself were in hearty agreement with the exhibitors in their announced intention to "promote a clean screen and wholesome entertainment."

Fred Niblo, noted director, who handled the megaphone for Douglas Fairbanks in the classic "Three Musketeers," said that "the elevation to stardom of any person whose main qualification is any other than artistic ability would be a fatal mistake."

Clark W. Thomas, general manager for Thomas H. Ince, and two of Ince's leading directors, James W. Horne and John Griffith Wray, were of one voice in saying: "We are opposed to the starring of anyone because they have become known to the world only through a series of unfortunate incidents."

And there the matter rests just at present. The exhibitors flatly say "Thumbs down" in the case of the fascinating Peggy. Leading figures in the industry concur in the unfavorable verdict. And as for the object of dissension herself, Peggy Hopkins laughs and says, "Nonsense! I'll do it anyway." So there you are.

There is one figure in the realm of filmland whose opinion on the matter has not been heard yet, however, and it is very probable that the question will eventually be referred to him for a final decision. And if it is, what will Will Hays, Grand High Mogul of Filmland, decide? It is an unusually interesting and momentous problem, because Hays' decision will in all probability be taken as a precedent in other cases of the kind that may arise in the future.

Peggy may find herself famous in a manner entirely unexpected, as the "horrible example" in the question: "Is intensive home vamping experience in any way to be desired in a candidate for screen vamping honors, or will such indulgence merely result in giving an already much maligned industry another black eye?"

The Creed of a Movie Director

I believe that all Chinamen wear pig-tails and consume opium incessantly, that every American Indian wears a Navajo blanket as a full dress suit, and that every Southern darky would cheerfully break the Ten Commandments and fracture the Nineteen Amendments to secure a portion of watermelon or fried chicken.

I believe that every wealthy victim of an assassin's bullet is always found murdered in either the study or the library, and that the innocent, though persecuted, young hero is invariably discovered standing over the prostrate body asininely holding in his hand the smoking weapon with which the deed was committed.

I believe that every American millionaire has at least three butlers all of whom are English as the Bank of London, speak with a strong Cockney accent, wear side-burns, and have much the same form and habitual strutting pose as a pouter-pigeon.

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Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning, and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

MAKE MONEY AT HOME

YOU can earn from $1 to $2 an hour in your spare time writing show cards. Quickly and easily learned by our new, simple "Instuctograph" method. No canvassing or soliciting; we teach you how, guarantee you steady work at home no matter where you live, and pay you cash each week.

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Dress Designing Lessons FREE

Women—Girls—15 or over, can easily learn Dress and Costume Designing during their spare moments IN TEN WEEKS.

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☐ Dress Designing
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Name.

Address

Wonderful New Complexion Clay Unmasks Your Hidden Beauty!

Marvelous Discovery Absorbs Every Blemish and Impurity of the Skin

BENEATH the most unsightly complexion, beneath the most persistent blackheads and pimples and blemishes, there is a skin as soft and smooth and charming as a child's! Every woman has a beautiful complexion, and she can find it at once if she will only remove the film of dust and dead skin-scales that are clogging and stifling the pores.

The face is a mass of interwoven muscular fibres overlaid with soft, delicate membranes called the skin. These membranes expel acids and impurities, and are provided by nature with millions of tiny pores for the purpose. When dust clogs up these pores and stifles them, the acids and impurities *remain in the skin.* They form blackheads, pimples, blemishes.

Yet under the most unwholesome disfigurements, under the most coarse and sallow skin, there is exquisite beauty! Remove the dead scales on the surface, remove the blemishes and impurities beneath the surface—and the complexion will be left soft and smooth, tingling with the freshness of youth and beauty!

The marvelous new Domino Complexion Clay removes all blemishes and impurities as though they were some useless mask, and the wholesome, youthful beauty of the complexion is revealed underneath. It does not cover up blemishes. It removes them—AT ONCE.

This New Discovery Clears and Beautifies the Skin *at Once*

Science has found that there is only one natural, scientific way to remove the blemishes and impurities *at once,* revealing the beautiful complexion underneath. A wonderful new discovery actually accomplishes this in a few minutes. Almost while you wait the hidden beauty of your complexion is brought to the surface!

This new discovery has been given the most appropriate name of Domino Complexion Clay. It is not a cosmetic; it is not a skin-tonic. You do not have to wait for results. The soft, pliant, cream-like clay is applied to the face with the finger tips. It dries and hardens. And as it hardens, it draws out every skin impurity with gentle firmness. When it is removed, the skin beneath is found to be smooth and clear and beautiful.

How the Domino Complexion Clay Works

Never before has the attainment of a smooth, clear complexion been as simple, as instantaneous as now. Domino Complexion Clay is one of the most amazing discoveries known to science and chemistry. It is a preparation of wonderful potency, and it brings new life and youth to every skin cell and pore.

Domino Complexion Clay does not cover up or hide the defects. It removes them—at once. When the fine, delicately-scented clay is applied every pore in the skin hungrily absorbs the nourishing skin foods it contains. There is a cool, tingling sensation as the clay dries and hardens. And as it hardens you will feel the millions of tiny pores breathing, giving up the impurities that clogged them, freeing themselves of the self-poisons that caused the pimples and blackheads.

The clay remains on the face only a short time. You may read or relax while the beauty mask is doing its work—you may even go about your household tasks. A warm towel applied to the face will soften the clay and you will be able to roll it off easily with your fingers. And as it comes off, every blemish and impurity will come off with it, every blackhead and pimplehead will vanish in the magical clay! The skin beneath will be left as soft and smooth and satiny as a child's.

OUR GUARANTEE

We guarantee Complexion Clay to be absolutely harmless and a beautifier of marvelous potency. This guarantee is backed by a million dollar bank as follows:

State Bank of Philadelphia

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

This is to certify that DOMINO HOUSE has deposited in this bank $10,000. Out of this special fund this Bank is authorized and does hereby guarantee to return to any customer the total amount of his purchase at any time within 30 days, if the goods purchased are not entirely satisfactory in every way, or if DOMINO HOUSE fails to do as it agrees.

Yours very truly,

A. H. Krausskopf Pres.

Special Introductory Offer

Every woman owes it to herself to try this remarkable new Domino Complexion Clay, to see for herself how beautiful her complexion can really be, to bring her own charming youthfulness to the surface. As this preparation cannot be obtained anywhere but direct from Domino House, we are making the very special offer of sending a jar on free trial to any one sending the coupon below to us at once.

Don't send any money—just the coupon, with your name and address. A jar of Domino Complexion Clay will be sent to you promptly. Pay the postman only $1.95 (plus the few cents postage) when it is in your hands. This special reduced price is made for introductory purposes for a short time only. The regular price is $3.50—but if you take advantage of this offer at once you pay only $1.95 plus postage) and in addition you have the guaranteed privilege of returning the jar and having your money promptly refunded if you are not delighted after the first application.

Take advantage of our special free-to-your door offer. Mail this coupon, or a postcard, at once, and get your jar of Domino Complexion Clay before the present supply is exhausted. Many will have to be kept waiting. Mail the coupon NOW! Address Domino House, Dept. 406, 269 South 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

DOMINO HOUSE, Dept. 406,
269 South 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

You may send me a $3.50 jar of your Domino Complexion Clay. I will pay the postman $1.95 plus postage. Although I am benefiting by the special introductory cut price, I am nevertheless purchasing the first jar with the absolutely guaranteed privilege of returning it within 10 days and you agree to refund my money if I am not delighted with the results in every way. I am to be the sole judge.

Name .....

Address .....

If you wish you may send money with coupon.

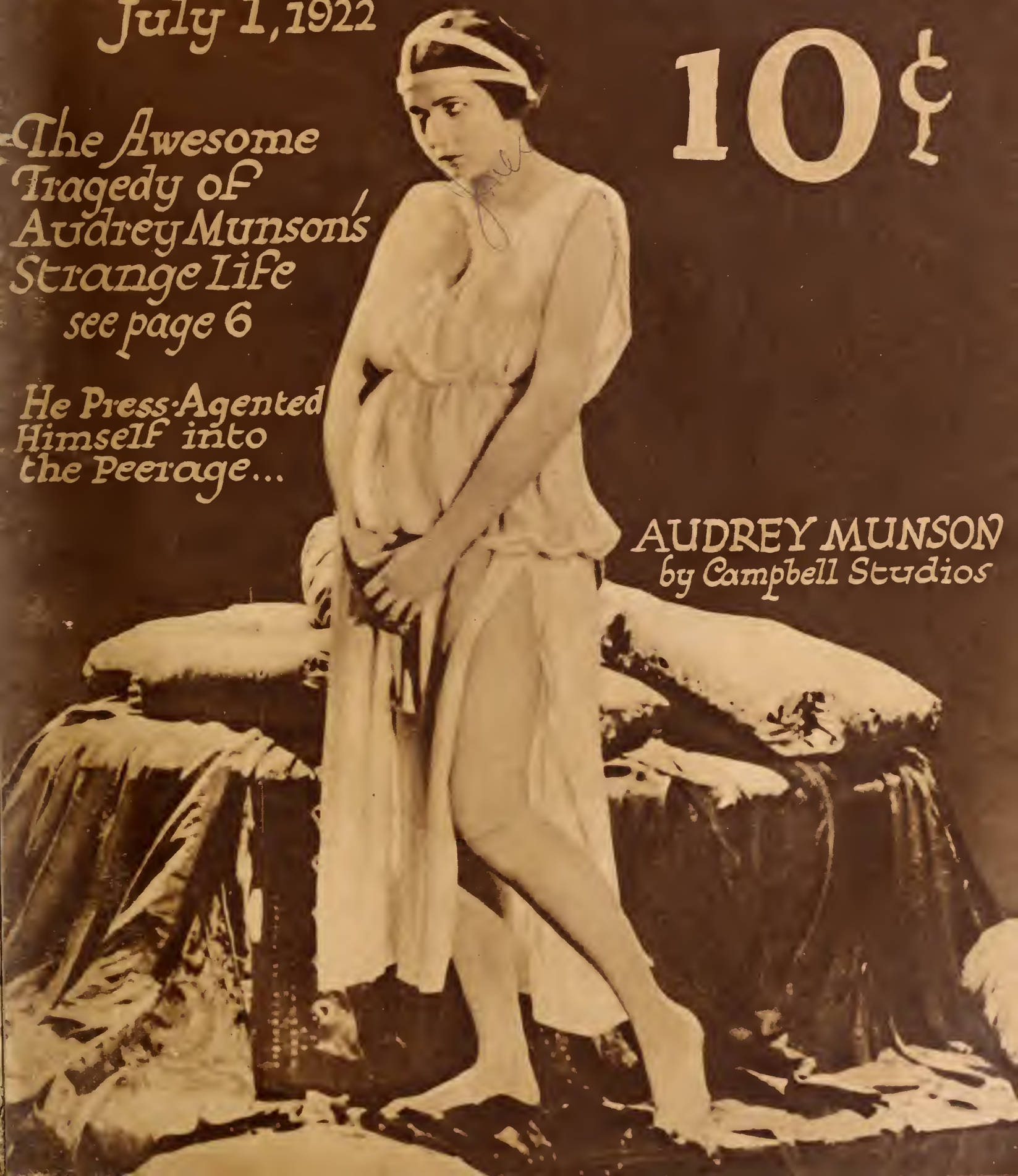
MOVIE WEEKLY

July 1, 1922

10¢

The Awesome Tragedy of Audrey Munson's Strange Life
see page 6

He Press-Agented Himself into the Peerage...



AUDREY MUNSON
by Campbell Studios

Vol. II

MOVIE WEEKLY

PRINTED IN U. S. A.

No. 21

WAR! WAR!! WAR!!!

A Call To Arms---

Here's the Big Announcement!
The Blonde-Brunette Vampire War.
Mustering Recruits for Personality Opportunity on Stage and Screen.

The winning recruits are to win contracts in pictures and on the stage.

Pyramid Pictures offers a contract to the winner to appear in support of one of their stars—no matter from what part of the country she may hail. The winner receives $100 in weekly salary. This is no fame and fortune award. It's an opportunity to carve a screen career for yourself under the personal instruction of Director Ray Smallwood. Pyramid will try to make you. But it means hard work.

Ed Wynn, closing a season on Broadway in his comedy "The Perfect Fool," will engage another winner of the "Blonde-Brunette Vampire War" conducted in "Movie Weekly," for the duration of the run of "The Perfect Fool." This may mean one year; it may mean several. Furthermore, Julian Mitchell, foremost of Broadway's stage directors, will train the winner six weeks before she joins the Ed Wynn show. This is an opportunity that money could not buy.

Betty Blythe is going to tell the brunettes all about the art of luring.

De Sacia Mooers champions the blondes.

Ed Wynn is going to chat in his own indescribable way!

This is just a bare sketch of one of the biggest and most unusual opportunities ever offered.

Don't fail to purchase next week's issue of "Movie Weekly" containing full details of the "Blonde-Brunette Vampire War" and the big opportunity for "Movie Weekly" winners on the stage and screen.

The Movie Weekly Popular Girl Contest

The "Movie Weekly" Popular Girl Contest is running at the following theatres this week:

Pollock, S. Dak.
Pollock Opera House

LaMoure, N. Dak.
Rex Theatre

Brooklyn, N. Y.
Sommer Theatre

For further reference to The Popular Girl Contest, see page 29.

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卐

Voting Coupon

Good for 50 votes in the Movie Weekly Popular Girl Contest held in the Movie theatres, listed in "Movie Weekly."

This coupon is good for 50 votes at any theatre running the contest. Vote for your favorite.

I vote for.....

.....

This coupon can only be voted at the theatre in which the contest is being run.

He Press-Agented Himself Into the Peerage!

The Extradorinary Story of Sir Charles Higham's Career and His New Picture Enterprise.

By Dorothea B. Herzog

MEET the world's most original success—Sir Charles Higham.

He is the only man who has ever press-agented himself into the peerage.

He is the only advertiser who has ever had a seat in Parliament.

He comes to America as personal representative for Lord Northcliffe to invite the National Advertisers to hold their 1924 Convention in London.

He is perfecting the organization of his new company, the Industrial Film Corporation, which he is forming in association with Norman Wright, proprietor of the Film Rental, a British motion picture trade paper, and Coleman Goodman, Mrs. Vernon Castle's brother-in-law.

He was the founder of the independent advertising agency in England.

He founded the General Alliance Film Company of England, of which Harley Knoles is now the head.

He publicized the British Liberty Loans.

He . . . but whoa! "Let's" start from the beginning.

Charlie Higham was born with a silver spoon in his mouth.

At the age of fourteen, the silver spoon turned to pewter.

Charlie came to America with his mother and brother, and settled in Brooklyn. He found a job in a drug store dusting endless rows of bottles from Monday to Saturday, only to start at the beginning of the row the next Monday.

A tall, silent man came to the drug store weekly to have a brown bottle re-filled. Charlie re-filled it. His pleasant and affable manner found favor in the eyes of the silent one.

This man, unbeknown at the time to Charlie, was a prohibitionist who craved his brandy in private and his ideal in public!

When the drug store failed, the druggist suggested to the "silent man" that Charlie might be a good youngster to have around. Charlie considered himself a millionaire when, instead of holding down a JOB from seven to eleven, he held a POSITION from nine to five.

"Make your successes and money will follow," is one of the aphorisms of Charlie—Sir Charles Higham—the man.

"If I had only twenty dollars in my pockets," is another, "I would spend nineteen in making myself neat and clean. It isn't the employer who engages his employees. It is the office boy, the stenographer.

"You call to see the employer. 'Who is it?' he asks his stenographer.

"'A nice young man,' she says.

"'Show him in,' says the employer.

Charlie learned this lesson early.

His next step upward was to the Frederick Loeser department store in Brooklyn. He went into the advertising department at a salary of twenty-five dollars a week. Within six weeks his salary became one hundred dollars, and a few weeks later two hundred dollars, in keeping with his position as advertising manager.

Mr. Higham, the advertiser, was the first man to patent silk fabrics. This move kicked up "quite a bit of dust.' His ideas were original, forceful, logical. He made successes. His remuneration was in keeping.

He decided to go to England. He did. He always played square with himself—no vacillating promises, but ACTION.

London's newest department store, Selfridge's, had just opened. Charlie called "to get a job."

"I asked for $3,000 a year," he narrated. "This seemed an exorbitant sum. Not to me—in America I never made less than $5,000 or $6,000 a year. I was willing to start for less in London.

"'You are ahead of the times,' the department store head told me.

"I didn't get my job. I did get an idea. Success meets him who is fortunate enough to be ahead of his time. In time, I organized my own advertising agency, the first independent agency in London. It was a success.

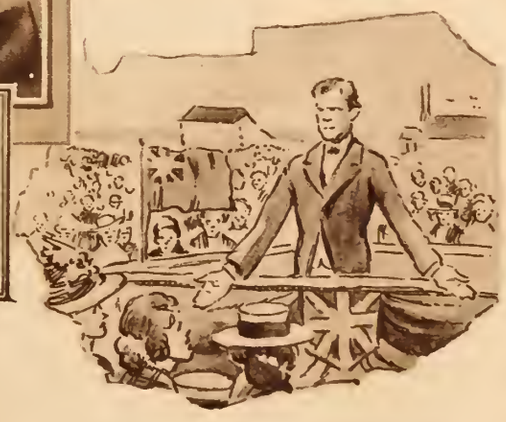
"When the war broke out, I tried to enlist in the English army—having learned I was not an American subject. My mother and brother were. I wasn't.

"The army didn't take me. I could have made a fortune profiteering. I didn't. I offered my services to the government.

"I organized all the Liberty Loans and on the Victory Loan we sold 450,000,000 pounds of Liberty Bonds, collecting the

(Continued on page 31)

Sir Charles Higham, the human dynamo, finds a moment's time to pose for the photographer.



AT RIGHT:
The British Government sent Sir Charles to persuade the munition workers to return to their jobs. He swayed 3,000 women, wives of the workers, and the men were on the job the following morn.

BELOW (AT LEFT):
A tall, silent man came to the drug store weekly to have a brown bottle filled. Charlie filled it, but . . .

"Whom Has Mae Murray

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following is a most constructive though startling criticism from a Spanish reader of "Movie Weekly" of Mae Murray's latest production, "Fascination." We give it this display because of its value, not only to Mae Murray and picture producers, but to the public at large.*

Dear "Movie Weekly" Editor:

Whom has Mae Murray branded? Or is she ignorant of Spanish symbol?

The "Dance of the Bull," which is the feature of "Fascination," by Mae Murray and her gorgeously "horned" costume, is causing Spaniards in this country who have already seen the picture to blush. It makes me rant.

In the film, this obnoxious dance is called by Miss Murray, "La Danza Del Tora," which means "The Dance of the Bull." But Spain knows of no such dance. Spain does know, though, the shame, the insult, the degradation, the finger of scorn which is embodied in the symbol "Horned," meaning in Spanish, "cabrón."

If there is no such dance as "The Dance of the Bull" in Spain, what then does Mae Murray mean! I ask you, as a red-blooded, patriotic Spaniard, quick to resent any such insult as that implied in her "horned" dance.

Can it be that Mae Murray is branding those characters in "Fascination" as "cabróns?" Or can the brand be even more intimate? Yet, I hardly think so. Miss Murray seems to me too nice for that. In spite of my anger, I am inclined to attribute this insulting allusion to an oversight—though a terrible one—on the part of Miss Murray and her company of advisors.

It is too bad more pains are not taken to be sure of what you speak when a country's customs are at stake. To spend thousands of dollars on a beautiful production—and "Fascination" is a beautiful production in most of its scenes—and then to have it marred by an insult.

Mae Murray as she appears in the opening of her "Dance of the Bull," a feature of "Fascination."

It is too monstrous. I cannot see this picture shown in Spain. The people will not tolerate real men being called "cabrón" by this American girl who goes to our country.

Perhaps the meaning of "cabrón," meaning "horned" in your language is not clear to you. The insult of the horn is a legend handed down to our people from Greek mythology.

The Satyr is a Greek god of evil. Because the satyr was pictured always as wearing horns and because the Satyr was a man-beast—half man and half beast, with four legs and horns—it had no morals. It had women, but no wife, and after it was through with its women, it didn't care what happened to them. This is the origin of the reference to the "horn" in connection with a man who tolerates a wife's unfaithfulness.

In my language (Spanish), the word for "horned" is "cabrón." Look into a Spanish-English dictionary, and you will see the definition of "cabrón" to be: (1) "he-goat"; (2) "one who consents to the adultery of his wife."

Now I, a Spaniard, to whom no one dare cry "cabrón" or toss horns at, go to see one of my favorite screen actresses, Mae Murray, in lovely "Fascination," and what do I see? I see her come out in a nice costume but with "horns" on her head and do a dance I never heard of before which she calls "La Danza Del Tora," meaning "The Dance of the Bull."

Do you know what would happen to this little girl if she did such a dance in Spain? She would be killed! She would have given the personal insult to true hearted Spaniards who would never tolerate unfaithfulness from their wife.

Cannot something be done about such wrong ideas of other countries being pictured to American youth? There are yet other wrong things in this picture. You have an elderly man going to a bull fight in formal dress and a cape. That is ridiculous. Spaniards dress up when they go somewhere, but to a bull fight they go in their work clothes. It is just like when you Americans go out in an evening and go to the ball game, too. You do not put on formal dress or a cape to go to the ball game. Or do you see a cowboy in evening dress with a sombrero and spurs and a gun around his waist. The idea is precisely the same.

I started this letter to you in a rage. I am not angry now. I am sorry that my country should have been so misrepresented by Miss Murray and her company. Yet I feel that Miss Murray did not misrepresent Spain wilfully. She must have been ill-advised.

How can such monstrous mistakes be remedied, I ask you, "Movie Weekly" Editor?

Yours very truly,

MARCO ANTONIO GONZALEZ.

BRANDED?"

A reader asks--- or is she ignorant of Spanish symbol?

"If there is no such dance as the 'Dance of the Bull,' what then does Miss Murray mean?"

"You have an elderly man going to a bull fight in formal dress and cape. That is ridiculous. Spaniards do not dress up when they go to a bull fight. It is just like when you Americans go to a ball game. Or do you see a cowboy in evening dress with a sombrero and spurs and a gun around his waist? The idea is the same."

From what the writer has said of the "Dance of the Bull," is this scene in keeping with Spanish customs?

The Awesome Tragedy of

The girl whose picture, "Heedless Moths", picturing her Studio life, attracted so much attention.

Audrey Munson, who in her interview with a "Movie Weekly" representative, said: "I sought death because I had no wish to live."

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This is the first of two instalments of "The Awesome Tragedy of Audrey Munson's Strange Life." In this instalment, a "Movie Weekly" representative, after an interview with Miss Munson following her unsuccessful attempt to commit suicide, relays her tragic story as she told it to him. Next week, we run the true story of Miss Munson's picture, "Heedless Moths," a story that has never been published.*

I SOUGHT death because I had no wish to live.

"I am already dead, save for the fact that my body still breathes and blood flows through my veins. But so far as hope or joy or expectation for the future goes, my life is past.

"What is the use of moving about and breathing when all desire for life has ceased? I longed for death and I tried to die. They brought me back to life and now I do not care any more. Whether I live or die, it doesn't matter."

These are the words that Audrey Munson, known a few short years ago as "the world's most perfect model," spoke to a representative of the "Movie Weekly" who called upon her in the humble little cottage in the village of Mexico, where a few days ago she attempted to take her life by swallowing a solution of bichloride of mercury.

The girl is thin almost to emaciation. Her cheeks are hollow, her eyes shine like burning coals from their sockets. Her restless fingers are like claws. So little remains of the Audrey Munson who was the most beautiful of models and the idol of the motion picture world that it is pitiable to trace the resemblance.

The voice which comes from the pale lips, too, is toneless. The girl looks as she might if she lay in her coffin, save for the burning coals of eyes.

"There is a curse on me," she said simply. "There has been a curse upon me for years."

And she believes it—this girl with the face of the dead and the fleshless form and the flashing eyes. And, who knows—it may be true.

"I suppose that I have had everything," she says drearily. "Beauty and admiration and love and fame. But the curse has taken them all away. I am forgotten and cast aside.

One of her best poses—as a tambourine girl.

"Why didn't I die? Oh, why didn't I die? Perhaps I might have found peace. Now there is neither peace nor rest for me—just the hopelessness of death without the quiet of the grave."

When she was a child, Audrey Munson had her fortune told by a gypsy crone who predicted that by her beauty she should rise to high places in the world and by her beauty she should be cast down."

"You shall be beloved and famous," said the gypsy woman. "But when you think that happiness is yours, its dead sea fruit shall turn to ashes in your mouth.

"You who shall throw away thousands of dollars as a caprice, shall want for a penny. You, who shall mock at love, shall seek love without finding.

"Seven men shall love you. Seven times you shall be led by the man who loves you to the steps of the altar. but never shall you wed."

When Audrey Munson first became an artist's model, she was 14 years old. She had started on the stage in the chorus of a summer show running at the Casino. One day, as she was walking downtown after a rehearsal, she saw a middle-aged man following her and her mother who was with her.

He came up with them and asked whether Audrey might not pose for him for photographic art studies used in magazines. Her mother consented and for more than a year she went several times a week to his studio, posing in Greek and Roman draperies—now as a naiad, now as a dryad, now as a caryatid—as Venus, the goddess of beauty, and as Diana, the goddess of wisdom and war.

Then she was induced to pose for the nude. "After all that I had learned about the beauty of the human form, looked upon in the abstract, it never seemed wrong or improper," she said.

One day her old friend was found dead in his bed. On the day before his death, he had asked his girl model to be his wife. She liked and respected him and had made up her mind to accept the proposal, when he died.

At his studio the girl had met many famous artists, and she decided to seek work as a model. She was employed by A. B. E. Wenzell, Howard Chandler Christy, Irving R. Wiles and other prominent painters and illustrators. She was a favorite model with sculptors and posed for the female figures on the Court of Honor modeled by Isador Konti for the Panama-Pacific Exposition. She was the original of Waineman's "Descending Night" and she sat to Daniel Chester French as "Evangeline." Every studio knew her and her work brought her in thousands of dollars.

Then she went into the movies. She acted in "Inspiration," "Purity" and "Girl of My Dreams." Artists, sculptors and moving picture producers were bidding for her. She went on the stage and posed for art studies and chiefly for her was written "The Fashion Show" that made such a hit at the Palace Theatre.

It was during the run of this feature, Miss Munson says, that the curse fell upon her.

Audrey Munson's Strange Life

AT RIGHT:

Posing in the nude.

BELOW:

Is this what happens in Art Studios? In "Heedless Moths," the picturization of Audrey Munson's life, this scene is shown.

Hear the story from her own lips:

"It was when I was playing in 'The Fashion Show,'" she said. "A man prominent in the theatrical world came into my dressing room. I was in a bathing suit. He passed his arm around me and pressed his burning lips against my shoulder.

"I struggled to free myself. I struck at him.

"Get away from me!" I cried out. "Don't touch me. I hate you. Your touch is repulsive to me. I would rather have a snake crawl over me than to feel your hand upon me.

"He released his hold.

"'Do you mean what you have just said?' he asked.

"'I do,' I replied defiantly. But even as I spoke I shuddered.

"'You will have cause to remember this,' he said—and left me.

"A few days later I was told that 'The Fashion Show' was to close. I had no explanation. The playlet had been drawing immense houses, but it was closed at almost a moment's notice. Later it was put on again with another to wear the gowns I had worn—the dainty negligees, the bathing suit and the rest, which they had said no one could wear but me.

"I went everywhere and tried to obtain an engagement on the stage or screen. There was no place for me. Even the studios of the artists and sculptors were closed against me. There were excuses, in the latter case, of course. It was war time. Many painters and sculptors were in France. Those who remained were finding no market for work.

"I offered my services to the Government in an effort to trail down German spies. My offer was accepted, but soon I became conscious that the powers had no confidence in me. I was watched more closely than I tried to watch those whom I was told to shadow.

"Since the death of my old friend who was so good and kind to me, I had had several lovers—men who declared that they were mad about me. Three times I was ready to

(*Continued on page* 30)

BELOW (AT LEFT):

A scene from "Heedless Moths," showing Miss Munson gazing at an art study for which she posed.

BELOW (AT RIGHT):

Posing for a group of art students in the heyday of her fame.

Double Crossed by a Friend Shatters Mabel Normand's Life

Or The Crushing Sorrows Of The Stars

By TRUMAN B. HANDY

WHAT is more fateful than a woman spurned?

And what is more terrible than the awakening to unfaithfulness to Love's pledge?

When motion pictures were first gaining recognition, there was a particularly beautful young artists' model in New York City who decided to cast her destiny with them.

She had wonderful, soulful brown eyes—the sort that could either sparkle and shine or else flash swift, terrible fire—and part of her was her quick, Irish wit.

She was Mabel Normand.

And she was one of the first to gain recognition and fame on the screen. And everyone thought of her as a buxom, happy, ebullient girl full of the joy of life.

A comedienne she was, essentially, because she FELT comedy in her soul.

In those very early days she struggled and worked as a member of Griffith's first stock company. Finally she met Mack Sennett, who, himself, was starting in to mould his career and his fortune.

He was attracted to her. She was so fresh, so unspoiled! Her heart was as big as all outdoors, and, too, she had THE REAL ABILITY that he was looking for.

He engaged her, and together they started the now-defunct Keystone company. And Mabel Normand was the first girl in pictures to fascinate the populace with photographs of her shapely thirty-six in a one-piece swimming suit.

Whimsical little Mabel Normand, double-crossed in love by a girl she befriended and trusted.

It is not surprising that Sennett should have fallen in love with the piquant Normand. And he did.

And she was his inspiration for many months—months during which both laid plans for the wedding-that-was-to-be.

The best that was in Mabel came to light in her early comedies—during the interval she played with Chaplin, who was just being "discovered," and with Fatty Arbuckle.

She was all ebullience, all fun. Audiences thrilled at her girlish buxomness, at her large, sloe-shaped brown eyes, at her titillant smile.

For she was in love—and it showed in her beauty and her performance.

One day she met an erstwhile friend—a girl whom she had known back in New York as an actress trying to get a start.

Things hadn't been going so well for this woman. She had had rough sledding, and the effects had told on her. And it was because she seemed so instantly pathetic that Mabel's heart went out to her.

And Miss Normand befriended her and helped her to get on her feet—and even went so far as to get her a position at the studio.

It is a strange truth that the injured party is the last ever to hear rumors of gossip that concerns him. It was this way with Mabel. She had no idea that people were talking and saying strange things whenever her name was mentioned, or, more particularly, when the name of her friend was whispered.

Nor did she have any reason to doubt that Sennett was in love with her. Nor was she even suspicious.

But, one day, someone apprised her of the fact that Sennett's affections were being claimed by the woman she had formerly befriended.

She couldn't—wouldn't—believe it and went to find out.

And she was destined to learn the truth, for her "friend" was in Sennett's company.

The realization came suddenly to Miss Normand. She was heartbroken. She tried to plead with her former woman friend, but this was futile. And, when she went to the door, her arm was caught in its jamb when the portal was slammed shut on her, and broken.

From then on she began to change from a rollicking girl into a disillusioned, saddened woman.

And today there is, in Mabel Normand, a strange, underlying sadness to her

(*Continued on page 27*)

Discussing one of the comedy scenes in her new picture "Suzanne," with Director F. Richard Jones. 'Tis a serious little comedienne it is, off stage.

The tragedy of Theodore Kosloff's childhood days in Russia—reflects in the intensity and dramatic quality of his superb character acting.

We're Sorry, Bill, and We Rush an Engagement Denial with Details

A flash-back to the rumored engagement between Mildred Wayne and Bill Russell published in a recent issue of Movie Weekly.

EDWARD THAYER MONROE

AT RIGHT:
Mildred Wayne denies emphatically the story of her engagement to Bill Russell, published in a recent issue of "Movie Weekly."

HOOVER

BELOW:
We're sorry, Bill, news leaked about that rumored your engagement. Only too glad to counter with your denial. Sorry, too, Helen, your name was dragged in.

WE'RE sorry, Mildred.
Very sorry, Bill.
Terribly sorry, Helen.

That in the May 27th issue of "Movie Weekly" we published the story that proved to be T. N. T. and black powder combined, shooting up more rumpus than a bombardment at the front, i. e., "BROADWAY 'DEMI-VIRGIN' CRASHES INTO BILL RUSSELL'S LIFE."

"You never can tell about vamps," the story began.

"All of which is introductory to the report that William Russell, hero of a hundred movies and himself a real life hero, is said to be engaged to Mildred Wayne, the dark-eyed vampire of 'The Demi-Virgin.'"

The story goes on to say: "In the background of this story is Helen Ferguson, who has spent most of the last few years working in various Hollywood studios, and who was reported to be engaged to Russell over a year ago . . . But when neither of the parties to the story will say it is untrue, well, there must be some atom of verity in it.

"If Bill Russell is engaged to Mildred Wayne, her consent means one more conquest in his life's career."

Then we delve into Bill's rise to success from a poor boy in New York's East Side.

NOW, TO GET DOWN TO THE ISSUE.

No sooner did this story "crash" on the newsstands, than Ye Editor's telephone commenced to buzz with weary regularity. Everybody seemed to have something to say—pro or con—on Bill Russell's reported engagement.

A wire from Bill:

"Editor, Movie Weekly,
New York City.

Please retract immediately statements made regarding a rumored engagement between myself and Miss Mildred Wayne, as such are utterly without foundation and entirely untrue. I know Miss Wayne and she is a charming young lady, but your paper has been misinformed as far as anything deeper is concerned. Letter follows.

WILLIAM F. RUSSELL."

Helen Ferguson and Bill on location in one of his recent productions. We're sorry, Helen, that your name came in the story. But you know how one news item stirs up another . . .

Mildred Wayne, too, came in to see us.

"I am not engaged to Bill Russell," she emphatically denied. "Bill is a splendid type of manhood and I admire him. But I am not engaged to him.

"Why?

"First: I recently signed a contract with A. H. Woods, the theatrical producer. One of the principal clauses in this contract is, **'I Shall Not Marry During the Contract's Duration.'**

"Second: I admire Mr. Russell, but I am not going to marry him.

"Third: I do not intend to marry any man, at least not now. Before me, my stage career is just beginning to open. I am cast for Mr. Woods' new play, starring Charles Ruggles, and called, 'Who's Who.' This fall, if all goes well, I will also appear in pictures.

"How is it possible for me to do justice to my work and to marriage at one and the same time? I can't do things half way. It is either doing with my heart, body and soul, or not at all. My career calls me, and I am going to make a success.

"I want to take this opportunity to repeat for once and for all the real truth—I am NOT engaged to Bill Russell."

Ye Editor promised faithfully to run Miss Wayne's denial, even as we promised to run

(*Continued on page* 18)

Clergymen Attack Bill Hart for Alleged Ridicule

Asserted at Presbyterian Convention that Cowboy Star's Latest Picture Ridicules Protestant Ministry.

"TRAVELIN' ON," the latest picture starring William (Bill) Hart, and also written and directed by the great Western star, has brought upon Bill's manly head a veritable storm of protest and invective from high officials of the Presbyterian Church, who profess to see in certain episodes of the offending story a deliberate effort upon the part of the producer to ridicule and insult the Protestant ministry.

The attack was made by Dr. Gustav Briegleb of Los Angeles, and occurred during the 134th General Assembly held in Des Moines, Iowa, the last week in May.

Waving a letter from Hart in the faces of the eight hundred Presbyterian commissioners assembled, Dr. Briegleb charged that film people in general, and Bill Hart in particular, are deliberately ridiculing Protestant pastors in their pictures in an effort to retaliate for the moving picture censorship campaigns that are being conducted against them by Protestant denominations.

Hart's letter was in reply to one from the California pastor registering a vigorous protest against certain scenes and episodes in "Travelin' On," in which Dr. Briegleb felt there was a spirit tending to present the Protestant ministry in a decidedly unfavorable light. These scenes, alleged to be objectionable, included one where an itinerant preacher was shown in the act of robbing a stage coach, and another wherein the same preacher was about to be hanged by a lynching mob in retaliation for the attempted robbery. Though Hart himself did not play the role of the unconventional minister in the picture, yet it was felt that, inasmuch as the two-gun star had written the story himself, directed it and starred in it, he should rightly be held responsible for the offending portrayal.

Here are the "high lights" in "Travelin' On" that aroused the ministerial ire.

A recent pen and ink sketch of William S. Hart

The situation which caused all the trouble. Would a real minister hold up a stage coach?

SCREEN PREACHER HOLDS UP A STAGE COACH

"Hi Morton," an itinerant preacher, has been a bandit in younger days, but has come through flame to a knowledge of God and an all-consuming desire to preach His Word. Arriving in the rude little frontier town of Tumble Bluff, Arizona, Morton attempts to start a church in the lawless little hamlet, but is hampered greatly in his efforts by "McGee," who has recognized Morton as a former bandit pal in lawless days of yore.

Bill Hart, playing the role of "J. B.," a rough, illiterate wanderer of the open spaces, helps Morton, but McGee's influence triumphs to such an extent that Morton finds himself without hope of funds to build the church upon which his heart and soul are set. Then comes the first of the scenes that are alleged by the Presbyterian clergymen to throw the Protestant ministry into a very unnatural and unfavorable light.

The itinerant preacher, finding the obstacles between him and the consummation of his duty to God apparently so great that there is no other solution possible, in desperation resorts to highway robbery to gain the requisite funds, and holds up the stage coach.

The second film situation that aroused the ire of the pastors comes a few scenes later, when Hart, as "J. B.," shoots in twain the noosed rope that has already been placed around Morton's neck by an infuriated mob of lynchers, assumes upon his own shoulders the burden of the itinerant preacher's guilt, and makes a dramatic escape from the hands of the mob to safety in the nearby hills.

STAR WARMLY DEFENDS FILM STORY

Not being in the habit of taking adverse criticism laying down, Hart very promptly replied to Dr. Briegleb's letter with one of his own in which he warmly defended the spirit animating the character in those scenes of "Travelin' On" which had apparently met with such ministerial disapproval.

(*Continued on page* 18)

Bill Hart and the itinerant preacher in a scene from "Travelin' On," the play that aroused the storm of censure.

1776 The Spirit of Old Glory

Posed by Paramount — Players

ABOVE:

"Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world and the child of the skies!"
(*Posed by Julia Faye*)

ABOVE:

"Here's to Old Glory—long may she wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"
(*Posed by May McAvoy*)

AT LEFT:

THE SPIRIT OF '76

"And ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves!"
(*Posed by May McAvoy, Lois Wilson and Anna Q. Nilsson*)

AT LEFT:

"When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there."
(*Posed by Betty Compson*)

AT RIGHT:

COLUMBIA SPEAKS:

"From the stern courage of our Pilgrim Fathers,
From the holy zeal of Colonial squires,
From the supreme sacrifice of the Union's glorious dead,
From these three, has Freedom sprung."
(*Posed by Conrad Nagel, Julia Faye and Bert Lytell*)

BERNARR MACFADDEN'S

Mack Sennett Bathing Girls

ON looking over the list of outdoor sports favored by various movie stars, I was impressed by the great number of players who find their enjoyment in horseback riding. Gloria Swanson, Pearl White, Rodolph Valentino, Jack Holt—to mention just a few who prefer this form of exercise.

All fashionable finishing schools for girls include horsemanship in their course of training. They know how valuable such exercise is in teaching correctness of carriage and straightening out drooping shoulders. For it is impossible to ride horseback comfortably unless one is sitting in an upright position. If the head is not held high, chin erect, the rider will find that his head is dancing up and down in a most unsteady and uncomfortable fashion. And it is hard for the rider to guide his horse with a firm

BEAUTY PAGES

hand if he is sitting in a slip-shod position.

Besides the training gained in correctness of carriage, a surprising amount of exercise is obtained through horseback riding. The soreness of one's hitherto unused muscles on the day following one's first canter is ample proof of the exercise these muscles have received.

Of course, as with all outdoor sports, the fresh air is an important factor in the benefits derived from horseback riding. The quiet of a country road is very soothing to tired nerves. And the appetite the horseman gets! I don't need to tell you how hungry one gets on a sojourn out in the open, or how well food is enjoyed and nourished after such a sojourn.

All of which contribute to good health and good looks, greater energy, greater vitality. And all these go together to make one beautiful.

Mack Sennett Bathing Girl

Fox Sunshine Comedy Girl

ORPHANS OF THE STORM

A Thrilling Tale from D. W. Griffith's Latest Masterpiece Based on the World-Famous "Two Orphans"

NOVELIZED BY
JAMES GABELLE

AS Henriette glanced around the cold, cynical faces of the assembled aristocrats her eyes grew luminous with unshed tears.

"My baby sister," she gasped, stretching forth her hands in pathetic appeal. "Please, please, where is my sister? She is blind. She cannot take a step without me. Oh, if you have hearts in your bosoms, please, please tell me what has become of her." Sobs choked her utterance.

Frenzied with fear at the possible fate of the sweet sister she had cared for all her life, she ran to the nearest man, her hands still stretched in mute appeal. Count de Velascoymeaux, thick-lipped, rat-eyed, coarse-faced, with a heart as small as his rent-roll was large, threw his arm around her sylph-like waist and strove to kiss her Cupid's bow mouth, now bloodless with fear and anxiety. Frantically she beat him off, which elicited a howl of delight from the other nobles. Rushing to Bellecourt, young, affected, foppish, she made a heart-rending appeal to him, but with his silly, affected laugh, he, too, tried to hug and kiss her. He drew back in amazement at the strength and sting of the blow she planted on his cheek. From one to another she darted, a human humming bird seeking the object of its love. Everywhere she went she met the same treatment.

At last thinking it was time to assert his prior claim, de Praille advanced, his thick, sensual lips parted, his breath coming in quick gasps. Catching her around the waist he forced her towards him, his fierce eyes gloating over her pallid loveliness, his head aflame with the feast before him, while the titled guests laughed gaily at the discomfiture of the peasant girl.

With one mighty effort she tore herself from his grasp and made a final, desperate appeal. Stretching out her tiny white hands, her flower-like face distorted with agony, she cried out in heart-rending accents:

"Among all these noblemen is there not one man of honor?"

Chevalier de Vaudrey was indulging in light badinage with Mlle. de Casteauve, who was not averse to uniting her proud name with that of the gallant who stood beside her. He had paid no attention to Henriette's entrance or the frantic efforts of the girl to escape, thinking it part of the evening's program as were the stately minuets, the wild bacchantic dances of the coryphees or the still madder steps of the Zingaras from Hungary; but at the wild, heart-piercing cry he looked up, saw the lovely girl struggling with her persecutor, and in one bound gained her side and tore her from the arms of the count. Drawing the arm of Henriette in his own and looking his enraged host full in the eyes, de Vaudrey said in his most courtly manner:

"Come, Mademoiselle, we will leave this place."

They were about to depart, none of the guests having the courage to check or thwart in any way the relative of the all-powerful prefect of police, but de Praille, lost to every consideration save his baffled lust, sprang before them with flashing eyes.

"You forget yourself," he cried, his voice hoarse with rage. "This is my house and this maid is my property. You understand? My property!" Softly the golden chimes of midnight floated from a nearby tower. "Do you hear that?" he continued. "After twelve o'clock the gates are locked and no one is allowed to leave Bel-Air."

Dashing aside the ivory and gold wand with which de Praille sought to restrain him, with the air of the "Grande Monarque" himself, de Vaudrey escorted Henriette toward the gate.

De Vaudrey fights de Praille for Henriette's honor.

Robbed of his prey, de Praille, with the snarl of a wild beast, drew his sword and made a lunge at the chevalier. Carefully placing Henriette behind him and warily working his way toward the grand staircase, de Vaudrey drew his sword and deftly parried the lightning-like strokes of his host's rapier while the guests, frozen with horror and mindful of the strict etiquette that forbade interfering with duelists, looked fearfully on.

The rapier of de Praille was made by the Mustaphids, famous Damascus artificers, and of such temper that it could be bent double and then would spring back into place none the worse for the experience; but de Vaudrey's weapon was made by the equally-famed Juan Cespedes, justly-famed Toledo expert, and could cut a leaf floating downstream that drifted against it, or strike an anvil and rebound without injury. As was customary they were both experts with the blades, and now could be seen as fine an exhibition of skill as could be found in all France.

Comte de Praille had studied fencing under the noted Pedro Verdugo of Seville, far-famed master of the art, and he had many tricks that de Vaudrey knew nothing about, although the latter had taken lessons under Lascroye, one of the twenty masters granted letters-patent by Louis Fifteenth. However, de Praille's advantage in skill was more than offset by the youth and agility of the former. At first de Praille was confident of an easy victory. He indulged in frequent moulinets or wide circles in the air to excite the admiration and envy of his guests and dazzle his opponent. He also made much use of the feint longe, which is difficult to make and fatiguing to practise. But he found de Vaudrey far better than he ever dreamed and began to husband his strength.

Many a man had fallen a victim to his skill and, though checked for a moment, he never doubted his ultimate success. The chevalier made a double longe at de Praille, the latter recovered from this and then began an engagement in sixte. Again de Praille disengaged and on a parry of quarte from his opponent, reversed his blade and made the double septime, which was lightly thrust aside. He tried all his tricks, the Saracen thrust: a feint upward and then a short, quick lunge to the midrif, and found it parried as quickly as made. His Ispahan cognard, with the swift, slashing motion, so rapid it seemed like a circle of flame, and then the pass toward the heart—and found his opponent coming perilously close to his intercostals. One failure after another of his most brilliant plays made him nervous. Great drops of perspiration beaded his brow. Frightened, all his bravado and affectation gone in a flash, he glanced right and left for a sight of his henchmen, but La Fleur and his satellites knew better than to anger a relative of the dreaded chief of police, something that the boldest noble there wonld have hesitated to do.

Comte de Praille drew a sharp breath. Steel smote steel in a rapid staccato, sparks flew in golden swarms. Henriette clasped her hands and sent constant prayers to heaven on behalf of her champion. A life of sensual indulgence told on de Praille. The chevalier saw his advantage and pressed it. De Praille was pressed down the stairway, step by step, de Vaudrey keeping on the upper stairs, a great advantage. De Praille left his heart exposed for a moment, only for a moment, but that was enough. With the eagle eye of youth and the serpentine swiftness of a master, de Vaudrey plunged his rapier in the older man's heart, and Henriette was free.

IN THE WOLF'S DEN

For centuries the Frochard clan had been a canker in the heart of Paris. Gypsies as lawless as wolves and with all a wolf's ferocity, they did much to keep the hangman busy. In fact, that latter individual had done his work so well that only Jacques, who resembled his father—hanged ten years before—in everything save courage; Pierre, a lame weakling, who eked out a miserable existence as a knife sharpener and scissors grinder, and Frochard herself, were all that was left of the once numerous band of thieves and vagabonds.

(Continued on page 25)

KENNETH ALEXANDER
Dorothy Gish

Rambling Through the Studios in the East

With Dorothea B. Herzog

Dick Barthelmess

What Has Happened to Edna Wheaton?

PERHAPS IT'S GOOD WE CAN'T SEE OUR FUTURE

YES, perhaps it's just as good we can't see what the future has in store for us. Do you remember that in April, 1921, when George Fitzmaurice began work on "Experience," starring Richard Barthelmess, that a little girl named Edna Wheaton played the role of Beauty?

Before entering pictures, Miss Wheaton was living with her parents in Ithaca, N. Y., and singing in a church choir. She had hopes of some day becoming a great singer.

One morning, she read in a New York newspaper that Paramount pictures were seeking an ideal type of feminine beauty to play a role in their production of "Experience."

* * * * *

EDNA ENTERS

Why not? Edna thought. She entered the contest.

AND SHE WON.

Over 6,000 photographs of beauties came piling into the newspaper office, but the judges picked dainty blonde Edna Wheaton as queen of them all.

She was taken out to Paramount's Long Island Studio and Mr. Fitzmaurice made a "test" of her. She photographed splendidly and was given even a bigger role—that of Beauty—than the winner was supposed to have.

"I'm still a little dazed with the suddenness of it all," Edna confessed at that time. "Shall I continue in the movies? Well, I hope so. Mr. Fitzmaurice and others have been good enough to tell me I've made a wonderful start. If I can only live up to the good things they've said about me, I think I have an excellent chance. It all depends upon this picture, of course, and I want all the fans to just hope as hard as they can for me."

* * * * *

Jimmy Morrison

AND THEN . . .

And now, one year after her wonderful start—**what is Edna Wheaton doing?**

She is a chorus girl in the Broadway success, "Zieg-Follies!"

Since leaving Paramount — for Edna worked in no other pictures for that company—her vicissitudes have been many. She has been in several musical comedies on Broadway.

Also, she has been married—and divorced. The man, whose name we don't recall offhand, was said to be a Wall Street broker. What happened to the career that promised to be so successful? Perhaps it was over-anxiety on Miss Wheaton's part; perhaps it was impatience at not becoming a star in quick order. Perhaps it was a number of things combined.

One thing is sure. It IS darn good that we can't look into the future.

NORMA BEGAN DIFFERENTLY BUT . . .

In speaking of careers and their beginnings, take the case of Norma Talmadge. Norma began as a "small part' player for Vitagraph in the old days. But nobody told her right off the handle that she was "a million dollars." Quite the contrary.

When she went before the camera for the first time in her life, the director instructed hastily:

"Now, see here. You're a forlorn little waif, but happy and carefree. Just look cheery and cheeky as they come." With which bit of advice, Mr. Director waved for Norma to emote.

It wasn't the cinch it had looked, when Norma watched Florence Turner, Dorothy

Norma Talmadge

Kelly, Jimmy Morrison and other seasoned players do it.

Nothing happened that day. But early the next, Mr. Director sent for Norma.

"My dear," he said gently. "I'm afraid you're not much of an actress. But," he continued, gazing at the conflicting emotions sweeping across her eyes, "you have personality. You have a something that leaps over inability and hits you square in the face. Yours is a nice personality."

In spite of this, Norma was on the verge of being released when Maurice Costello, that sterling and once tremendously popular actor, convinced the "power that was" that Norma was THERE. She was, therefore, cast for several of the Costello pictures, and thenceforth, established.

Which just goes to show that beginnings haven't everything to do with results.

* * * * *

DICK'S WORKING AWAY

Dick Barthelmess is working away on his new picture, called "The Bond Boy," with Mary Thurman and Mary Alden. Remember Mary Thurman? She's the girl who bunked with May Collins out in Hollywood. When May left for Denver to play stock during the summer, Mary came on to New York. In the meantime, their estimable landlord kicked up a commotion, saying Mary and May had battered up the furniture and made a good job of it at that. Well, you know how funny stories prance around.

Anyway, what we had in mind was a pertinent statement Dick made to us once when we had our first interview with him.

We wanted Dick to talk about Love and the Movies, whereupon he sententiously remarked: "A KISS IN THE MOVIES IS BUSINESS."

* * * * *

SPEAKING IN DETAIL

Dick dilated: "If a Wall Street man dictates a letter to his stenographer, that's business. If a motion picture actor kisses his leading lady, that's business."

One of these days, in the not distant future, perhaps, Dick's leading lady will be Mary Hay, his L. L. in real life. Reports had it that Mary would play with him in "The Bond Boy," but illness stepped in and sidetracked the plan.

* * * * *

BULL MONTANA LANDS IN HIS HOME TOWN

Word comes across the Atlantic that the screen's "handsomest man," Bull Montana, has arrived in his home town in Italy and is the lion of the hour.

Bull just made good with a vengeance in his first starring vehicle, "A Ladies' Man," and was signed up for a series. The "handsome one's" quite the trick, these days.

Over in Italy, he is plain Louis Montagna. Do you know how he came to be known as Bull Montana?

Well sir, he emigrated to America when a boy and landed in New York without much money and no trade to earn it with. He turned to honest toil—day labor work.

Bull Montana

Then, one day at the Miners' Theatre, Bowery, in Lower Manhattan, Louis (Bull) and a crowd were talking about wrestling in public at the so-called carnivals. Some men present, prominent in wrestling circles, decided to use Louis in a carnival company at Coney Island.

He came out one day, eager for the fray. His manager pointed to a poster displaying the name—Bull Montana. "That's you," he said. "That's a better name to advertise you. It'll make you."

And so Louis Montagna became Bull Montana and rode the wave to success, principally through his friendship with Doug Fairbanks, who considers him one of the best there is. And Doug picks a winner every shot.

The Triumph of Love

"The Business of Life"

By Robert W. Chambers

SYNOPSIS

James Desboro, noted idler and man about town, meets Jacqueline Nevers, who is carrying on her dead father's antique business. He becomes interested in her and engages her to catalog his famous collection.

After a week of this work she decides that they are both more interested in each other than is well and decides not to go to Silverwood Desboro's home, again. Desboro, finding her absence intolerable, calls up and begs her to come again, and after much pleading she consents.

Desboro engages a Mrs. Hammerton as social chaperone for Jacqueline that she may join the class of people in which he moves.

He then plans a house party to which he invites her, and all the guests fall very much under the charm of Jacqueline.

Jacqueline, in a moment of weakness, confesses her love for Desboro, and is overheard by Mrs. Hammerton, who warns Desboro to keep away from Jacqueline.

They are married secretly with only Jack Cairns and Cynthia Lessler as witnesses. Mrs. Hammerton, knowing nothing of the marriage, writes to Jacqueline warning her against Desboro.

Jacqueline also receives a call from Mrs. Clydesdale who admits having an intrigue with Desboro as Mrs. Hammerton has stated in her letter.

Desboro calls at her office for her and they go home to spend the first night together.

AT last the dinner was at an end. Farris served the coffee, set the silver lamp and cigarettes on the library table, and retired.

Luminous red shadows from the fireplace played over wall and ceiling—the same fireplace where Desboro had made his offering—as though flame could purify and ashes end the things that men have done!

In her frail dinner gown of lace, she lay in a great chair before the blaze, gazing at nothing. He, seated on the rug beside her chair, held her limp hand and rested his face against it, staring at the ashes on the hearth.

And this was marriage! Thus he was beginning his wedded life—here in the house of his fathers, here at the same hearthstone where the dead brides of dead forebears had sat as his bride was sitting now.

But had any bride ever before faced that hearth so silent, so motionless, so pale as was this young girl whose fingers rested so limply in his and whose cold palm grew no warmer against his cheek?

What had he done to her? What had he done to himself that the joy of things had died out in her eyes—that speech had died on her lips—that nothing in her seemed alive, nothing responded, nothing stirred.

Now, all the bitterness that life and its unwisdom had stored up for him through the swift and reckless years, he tasted. For that cup may not pass. Somewhere, sooner or later, the same lips that have so lightly emptied sweeter draughts must drain this one. None may refuse it, none wave it away until the cup be empty.

"Jacqueline?"

She moved slightly in her chair.

"Tell me," he said, "what is it that can make amends?"

"They—are made."

"But the hurt is still there. What can heal it, dear?"

"I—don't know."

"Time?"

"Perhaps."

"Love?"

"Yes—in time."

"How long?"

"I do not know. Jim."

"Then—what is there for me to do?"

She was silent.

"Could you tell me, Jacqueline?"

"Yes. Have patience—with me."

"With YOU?"

"It will be necessary."

"How do you mean, dear?"

"I mean you must have patience with me—in many ways. And still be in love with me. And still be loyal to me—and—faithful. I don't know whether a man can do these things. I don't know men. But I know myself—and what I require of men—and of you."

"What you require of me I can be if you love me."

"Then never doubt it. And when I know that you have become what I require you to be, you could not doubt my loving you even if you wished to. THEN you will know; UNTIL then—you must BELIEVE."

He sat thinking before the hearth, the slow flush rising to his temples and remaining.

"What is it you mean to do, Jacqueline?" he asked, in a low voice.

"Nothing, except what I have always done. The business of life remains unchanged; it is always there to be done."

"I mean—are you going to—change—toward me?"

"I have not changed."

"Your confidence in me has gone."

"I have recovered it."

"You believe in me still?"

"Oh, yes—yes!" Her little hand inside his clenched convulsively and her voice broke.

Kneeling beside her, he drew her into his arms and felt her breath suddenly hot and feverish against his shoulder. But if there had been tears in her eyes they dried unshed, for he saw no traces of them when he kissed her.

"In God's name," he whispered, "let the past bury its accursed dead and give me a chance. I love you, worship you, adore you. Give me my chance in life again, Jacqueline!"

"I—I give it to you—as far as in me lies. But it rests with you, Jim, what you will be."

His own philosophy returned to mock him out of the stainless mouth of this young girl! But he said passionately:

"How can I be arbiter of my own fate unless I have all you can give me of love and faith and unswerving loyalty?"

"I give you these."

"Then—as a sign—return the kiss I give you—now."

There was no response.

"Can you not, Jacqueline?"

"Not—yet."

"You—you can not respond?"

'Not—that way—yet."

"Is—have I—has what you know of me killed all feeling, all tenderness in you?"

"No."

"Then—why can you not respond——"

"I can not, Jim—I can not."

He flushed hotly: "Do you—do I inspire you with—do I repel you—physically?"

She caught his hand, cheeks afire, dismayed, striving to check him:

"Please—don't say such—it is—not—true—"

"It seems to be——"

"No! I—I ask you—not to say it—think it——"

"How can I help thinking it—thinking that you only care for me—that the only attraction on your part is—is intellectual——"

She disengaged her hand from his and shrank away into the velvet depths of her chair.

"I can't help it," he said. "I've got to say what I think. Never since I have told you I loved you have you ever hinted at any response, even to the lightest caress. We are married. Whatever—however foolish I may have been—God knows you have made me pay for it this day. How long am I to continue paying? I tell you a man can't remain repentant too long under the stern and chilling eyes of retribution. If you are going to treat me as though I were physically unfit to touch, I can make no further protest. But, Jacqueline, no man was ever aided by a punishment that wounds his self-respect."

"I must consider mine, too," she said, in a ghost of a voice.

"Very well," he said, "if you think you must maintain it at the expense of mine——"

"Jim!"

The low cry left her lips trembling.

"What?" he said, angrily.

"Have—have you already forgotten what I said?"

"What did you say?"

"I asked—I asked you to be patient with me—because—I love you——"

But the words halted; she bowed her head in her hands, quivering, scarcely conscious that he was on his knees again at her feet, scarcely hearing his broken words of repentance and shame for the sorry and contemptible role he had been playing.

No tears came to help her even then, only a dry, still agony possessed her. But the crisis passed and wore away; sight and hearing and the sense of touch returned to her. She saw his head bowed in contrition on her knees, heard his voice, bitter in self-accusation, felt his hands crisping over hers, crushing them till her new rings cut her.

For a while she looked down at him as though dazed; then the real pain from her wedding ring aroused her and she gently withdrew that hand and rested it on his thick, short, curly hair.

For a long while they remained so. He had ceased to speak; her brooding gaze rested on him, unchanged save for the subtle tenderness of the lips, which still quivered at moments.

Clocks somewhere in the house were striking midnight. A little later a log fell from the dying fire, breaking in ashes.

He felt her stir, change her position slightly; and he lifted his head. After a moment she laid her hand on his arm, and he aided her to rise.

As they moved slowly, side by side, through the house, they saw that it was filled with flowers everywhere, twisted ropes of them on the banisters, too, where they ascended.

Her own maid, who had arrived by train, rose from a seat in the upper corridor to meet her. The two rooms, which were connected by a sitting room, disclosed themselves, almost smothered in flowers.

Jacqueline stood in the sitting room for a moment, gazing vaguely at the flowers and steadying herself by one hand on the centre-table, which a great bowlful of white carnations almost covered.

Then, as her maid reappeared at the door of her room, she turned and looked at Desboro.

There was a silence; his face was very white, hers was deathly.

He said: "Shall we say good-night?"

(*Continued on page* 28)

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MOVIE WEEKLY ART SERIES

MARY PICKFORD AND HER MOTHER

Bucking into the Movies

Hollywood, 1922.

MR. H. O. POTTS,
Hog Run, Ky.

Dear Maw and Folks:

Yours of the 13th incognito received "Ipse facto," as the Brazilians so charmingly put it, and was sorry to hear that Grandpap Smithers had swallowed his set of false teeth again while trying to watch an aeroplane overhead at the Memorial Day celebration of Hog Run, but "Accidents will happen," as Lemuel Watkins remarked when he drunk gasoline by mistake instead of hard cider that night at the Church Social.

Well, folks, I had another job today for the so-called flickering camera which eventually resulted in my receiving a more or less extensive knowledge of Norway and environs, an intense dislike for snow in general and skiis in particular, and also the usual amount of personal indignity and physical havoc which I usually manage to acquire during the course of the day's work.

It started a couple of days ago when one of Mr. William Fox's casting directors called me up and

asked me if I would condescend to do a little high and lofty emoting under the Fox banner so to speak. Inasmuch as I hadn't done any work for two weeks and was getting tired of a diet that consisted largely of soup, crackers and longing expectations, I greeted Mr. Fox's offer with the same cordial welcome that a starving cannibal tribe would a week-end visit from Walter Hiers.

Well, anyway, it was supposed to be a play of Norwegian life and I was accordingly cast as a sort of a "Daughter of the Fjords" character. Which doesn't mean that I was supposed to be a female automobile mechanic, because a "fjord" is not a Norwegian variety of flivver, as you might suspect from the name, but is a peculiar and very deep geographical feature with water at the bottom of it and looks like a cross between a canyon and one of the local souveniers left by the San Francisco earthquake.

Inasmuch as Scandinavia is supposed to be possessed of a climate as frigidly cool as that featuring the interior of a twenty-five pound cake of ice, we was supplied with a quantity of shaggily upholstered costumes which would have outfitted a Fifth Avenue furrier, and then some. Also, we had a full set of equipment for indulging in some of the strenuous pastimes that the Norwegians erroneously regard as being sport, and it was through one of these latter paraphernalia that I was to eventually meet my downfall, speaking figuratively, literally and physically.

The morning passed without any incident to speak of, the action consisting largely of me and a couple others of the cast wandering around over the drifts on snow-shoes, and trying to register "gleeful delight" at the same time which wasn't quite as easy as it sounds, though. Because a snow-shoe is an alleged piece of wearing apparel that looks like a cross between a galosh and an overgrown tennis racket, and is about as easy to walk on as a cake of soap on the bathroom floor. In fact, after alighting violently on the tip of my nose for the seventh consecutive time in four minutes, I came to the conclusion that you've got to he either a professional hurdle jumper or naturally bow-legged to ambulate on the blooming things with any success. Being neither, I spent most of my time in a recumbent position in the frigid white substance made fictionally famous by one James Oliver Curwood. And I'll defy any human being to register "gleeful delight" with any fluency when they are laying flat on their face in the snow!

But it was in the afternoon that my troubles really started. They began very shortly after lunch, when the Director announced that me and the leading man was to doff our snow-shoes for the time being and indulge in a little ski-ing party instead. A "ski," Maw, besides being the last syllable of any Russian family name, is also a variety of footwear which only a nation responsible for an atrocity like snow-shoes could have the imagination, or the heart, to invent.

The Norwegians coast down a long, steep hill, dodge a few hundred other deluded revelers and a choice assortment of tree trunks en route, and then make it an end of a perfect day by soaring gracefully off a young cliff at the foot of the incline and doing a Steve Brodie through the adjacent ozone. Tell Paw that if he wants to get any first-hand information on just what ski-ing really feels like he can get almost exactly the same effect by strapping a barrel stave on each foot and then going out and jumping off the barn. I know from personal experience.

Because me and the leading man had our feet ski-ed, and was then parked at the top of a young mountain, with a path in front of us that was practically clear except for one or two hundred boulders, fallen trees, and other miscellaneous obstacles littering up the landscape, and received instructions to start the human bob-sled act as soon as the director give the signal. Well, he did and so did we.

Honest, Maw, there must be a special Providence or something that watches over the destinies of fools, inebriated gentlemen, and ski-maniacs! That's the only reason I can figure why we came unscathed, dodging through all that assorted flock of impediments in a tortuous path which would of ruined a snake for life if it had tried to follow us.

But we did and, by the time we had cleared the little clump of forestry and started on the last lap of our frenzied glide, we was hitting a mean speed which would of made the best efforts of an enthusiastic jack-rabbit look like the feeble attempts of an intoxicated snail. There was a juvenile cliff at the end of our run which looked five hundred feet in height and possibly was forty, and we was supposed to leave terra firma gracefully at its brink, soar all ethereal like in an angel impersonation through the surrounding atmosphere, and then alight in the same graceful manner something like a quarter of a mile or so away and continue our glide. Which all sounded very well, only it didn't go off quite according to schedule.

The principal reason for the fiasco was that our speed was such when we arrived at the cliff brink, it was impossible for us to see a large, half-submerged and very solid log buried in the snow there on the very brim, until we were almost on it, and then it was too late to do anything except mutter a short prayer and hope there wouldn't be too many white carnations among the floral offerings.

It was a beautiful example of the famous situation of an irresisitible force meeting an immovable body. In our case, the irresistible force—which is to say *us*—solved the problem very effectively by

promptly going almost straight up in the air, clearing the immovable force with some twenty feet to spare, and hurtling on over the cliff with a revolving effect far more suggestive of a demented Ferris Wheel than any angel impersonation.

Due to the fact that, for some reason unknown to science and man, I went higher than the leading man did, and stayed in the air a second longer, I had a fairly effective cushion under me to kinda break the force of the fall when I hit. But it took us two hours to dig the leading man out of the drifts again, and then he was practically useless for the rest of the day, apparently being unable to do anything but wander around the scenery in a sort bewildered way, muttering vague remarks about "an awful train wreck," and something that sounded like "the roof of the building musta fell!"

Which I guess will be all for this time,

Your loving daughter, resp'y yours,

SOPHIE POTTS,
via HAL WELLS.

We're Sorry, Bill, and We Rush Engagement Denial

(*Continued from page* 9)

Mr. Russell's. But in behalf of our own editorial position in this matter, we are going to tell the straight-from-the-shoulder story of the publication of Bill's rumored engagement and the backfire it has caused.

The story was brought into our office and accepted in good faith. It was written in good faith by a writer who garnered his information after assiduous labor.

Following the receipt of Miss Wayne's and Mr. Russell's denials, were 'phone calls from different friends.

"Miss Wayne did tell a friend of mine in my presence," said one, "that she was engaged to Bill Russell."

A well-known actress also made the same statement.

Miss Wayne quietly denounced these statements, when we passed them on to her. "It isn't so," she said.

We were placed in a somewhat novel position, therefore, as the result of the publication of this story.

In writing news stories, one item of news automatically lifts another perhaps a little older and better known. And so it was that Helen Ferguson's name came into the story. Miss Ferguson had been rumored engaged to Mr. Russell from time to time. Ergo, in rounding out the article, this bit found its place in a paragraph near the beginning.

But we are sorry Helen's name was brought into it.

Sorry Miss Wayne's was.

Ditto sorry Bill's was.

We apologize to all three. And yet, we point out again that editorially, we trespassed on no one's claim in publishing a story that had already seen the light in rumors.

Clergymen Attack Bill for Alleged Ridicule

(*Continued from page* 10)

Among other things, Hart's reply said: "I admire a man who is brave enough to go ahead with his good work, even though it may, under very unusual circumstances, mean that he feels himself impelled to rob a stage coach."

It is said that the cowboy star further pointed out that such action would have been natural to such a character as "Hi Morton" of the story was supposed to be—a former bandit who had passed through flame and travail in the winning of his own soul, and who could hardly be expected to draw fine moral distinctions and niceties in his zealous efforts to win others to God—and that surely the actions and mental processes of such an individual could not be said to be in any way a reflection on the character of the many estimable Protestant ministers in the country, and that such a thing as ridiculing pastors, either deliberately or otherwise, was the farthest possible thought from the author's mind when he produced the story.

PASTORS ADVOCATE RIGID FEDERAL CENSORSHIP

But the Presbyterian Commissioners at the Des Moines Assembly apparently thought otherwise, and the reading of the reply from the film star was the signal for a veritable tempest of protest and heated criticism.

"Show me a single film which ridicules or insults a Catholic priest or a Jewish rabbi in this manner," shouted Dr. Briegleb, as he waved Hart's letter. "Their insults (those of film producers) are aimed at us alone!"

From the fact that Dr. Briegleb's speaking time was twice extended by vote of the General Assembly, it may be inferred that the other commissioners present were heartily in accord with his views on the matter.

Later, a resolution was adopted by the Assembly, recommending a boycott of theatres showing objectionable films, and national censorship of films at the point and place of production, this latter to be accomplished by drafting a Federal law requiring it.

HAROLD LLOYD ADORES ESKIMO PIES!

I didn't know Fatty cared for tea—but bootleggers do come awfully high nowadays. Roscoe has his automobile and his beautiful home for sale. He is sad and quiet. And his reunion with his wife is quite complete. They do say that Dorothy Wallace, who used to be a great friend of Roscoe's . . .
We saw Larry Semon and Lucille Carlisle, his fiancee and leading lady. At least she is intermittently both — though they do have quarrels occasionally. Larry has kissed and made up with Vitagraph.
The Mix family is going to be all split up this summer. Tom is going up to Oregon for the annual Pendleton round-up and Mrs. Mix is going to take a trip to Panama and Cuba with a girl friend.
Mary Miles Minter has come back from Honolulu and—that Hawaiian Duke used to take her surf-board riding every morning. And there's a handsome naval officer. She says she never really loved anybody but William D. Taylor, but . . .

Under the Orange Pekoe Tree -- by Irma-the Ingenue

FAR be it from me to mention names, dearie, but it does look to me as though there were going to be some fun when a certain director and star——

"But let me tell you about it. A young actress I know called at a jewelry shop in San Francisco. She bought a set of cameos, and the jeweller informed her that a certain young director had just been there and bought a set exactly like it for a beautiful young star. Now this director is supposed to be interested in another young actress; so the girl I know just couldn't resist the temptation to send the second set of cameos to the actress the director is supposed to be interested in. She didn't enclose any name, but she had the director's initials put on them, and left it to the actress to suppose that the director had sent them. And she says she does hope she will be present when the two popular leading ladies meet and see on each other's necks identically the same kind of cameos from the same shop!"

Irma the Ingenue smiled the kind of particularly seraphic smile she uses on such occasions, and glided over to a table in the corner of the tea-garden with me following. After she had fanned herself with one of the pretty little Japanese fans on which ladies seem to be leaning against lakes and mountains that are no bigger than summer homes, she went on:

"This is certainly a day to be hacking monograms, but I must tell you that a popular star who recently married a young actress is said not to be getting on very happily with her. No, I don't think there will be any divorce. The man is a wonderfully square fellow with a keen sense of responsibility."

"Oh, dearie, aren't you looking forward to Elinor Glyn's film, 'Life in Hollywood?' I wonder if she'll tell ALL she knows! Or all she did? You know Dana Todd was awfully attentive to her. He's a handsome young actor who was completely fascinated by her. That was a triumph for her, wasn't it? She is going to play a leading role in her picture. I wonder if she will put Dana in the picture, too! And then she did have an awful flirtation with a married man, but of course she just had to have all the experiences she could, didn't she, so that she could write first hand. How could she know exactly, otherwise? Of course it must all have bored her awfully, but what can a person do?

"Mary Miles Minter has come back from Honolulu, and she had a wonderful time. That Hawaiian Duke, whose name I can never remember, used to take her surf-board riding every morning, and that is a regular thrill, she says. Oh, I mean the surf-hoard riding, of course. But still a duke is a duke, anyhow, whether he is running a regular dukedom or not. But that isn't all. She probably won't own up to it, but there's a handsome naval officer over there in whom she is much interested. She says she never really loved anybody except William D. Taylor, but she's young and pretty, and how can anybody expect her to take even a figurative veil?"

Irma the Ingenue paused to sip her tea, and just then Mabel Normand came in, clad in a perfectly darling gray sport suit and a red hat. She looked like a million dollars. We nodded, and she came over to tell us about her trip abroad.

"You know I'm looking forward to meeting a lot of authors," she explained, "but for heavens' sake don't say that, because I'm looked on as so frivolous nohody will believe it. Just the same it's the truth. Raymond Hitchcock and Flora Zabelle, his wife, are going with me, and of course my mother. So I expect to have a wonderful time. It's my very first trip to Europe, and naturally I'm not going to overlook a thing from a dreamy old cathedral in Italy to a cafe in Paris. I'm really going to keep a diary, too! People always say that and then don't do it, of course. You start out enthusiastically, and write down every least thing, from brushing your teeth to making eyes at a man in a cafe. Next day, you leave out something as unessential, or as—well, you can't even tell your diary everything—and then after that it gets slimmer and slimmer. Well, my diary isn't going to be like that. It's going to have everything in it—even though I'm dead tired at the end of the day."

Then Mabel saw somebody she knew, and was off without finishing her tea. She's always such a dynamic little being, Mabel—and like a will-o'-the-wisp.

"Mabel is brilliant; she'll do it!" acknowledged Irma.

Then we saw Larry Semon and Lucille Carlisle, his fiance and leading lady. At least she is intermittently both things, though they do have quarrels occasionally. Larry has kissed and made up with Vitagraph again.

"The Mix family is to be all split up this summer. Oh, dear, no, not in spirit! Only in body! Tom Mix is going up to Oregon for the annual Pendleton round-up, where he expects to throw a mean lasso, and Mrs. Mix is going to take a trip to Panama and Cuba with a girl friend, while baby Thomasina is to stay at home with her grandma, Vicky Mix's mother."

Just then Roscoe Arbuckle's bulk hove into sight.

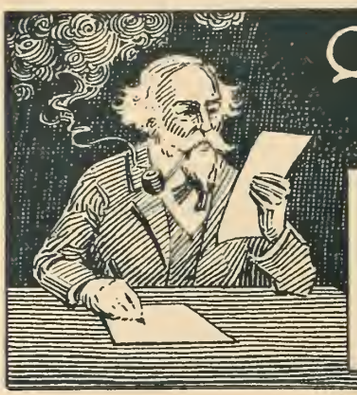
"My goodness, I didn't know that Fatty cared for tea!" exclaimed Irma, "but you never can tell! Charlie Chaplin adores ice cream cones, and Harold Lloyd can't pass Eskimo pies without buying one. Then, too, the bootleggers do come awfully high now-a-days. Roscoe has his automobiles and his beautiful home on West Adams Street for sale, and is living with friends.

"Roscoe is very much changed. He is sad and quiet. And his reunion with his wife is quite complete, they say. She had to go back to New York to attend to some business, and it is likely she may remain and go on the stage but all the same he appreciates her standing by him through his trouble. They do say that Dorothy Wallace, who used to be a great friend of Roscoe's, came back from Honolulu a few weeks ago, but the old friendship between her and Roscoe is cold. She has gone back to the Islands.

"Roscoe has written a story for Buster Keaton, and they say he may direct.

"Oh, here comes Bobby!"

And Irma tripped off to her car with one of those youths who look just like every other youth and all of whom wear Catalina Island seal hair.



Questions Answered by The Colonel

My job on "Movie Weekly" is answering questions. Wouldn't you like to know whether your favorite star is married? What color *her* eyes are, or what may be *his* hobbies? Write me, then, and I will tell you. I cannot answer questions concerning studio employment. For a personal reply, enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. All inquiries should be signed with the writer's full name and address, which will not appear in the magazine. Address me, THE COLONEL, "Movie Weekly," 119 West 40th St., New York City.

WELL, you have all been asking to see a picture of "The Colonel" that makes me look as handsome as I really am not (everyone thinks it was my uncle or someone who posed for the drawing at the top of the page) so now I am publishing a picture of me as one of my correspondents thinks I look. The drawing is hiding in the center of the page and anyone who can't find it can write to me and obtain the booby prize.

P. S.—The artist's imagination posed for the picture.

MISS C ATTLE—You'd feel pretty bad, wouldn't you, if the printers should make a mistake and print your signature Miss Cattle? Or maybe you think that would be bully. I suppose you saw the picture of Eugene O'Brien's group of features in the April 29th issue.

BILLY McLAUGHLIN—So long, oo long, how long? you ask. And the answer is Oblong. Nor will it *be* long before I answer you this time. Alice Terry was married just a year ago to Rex Ingram. Rex is the Latin word for king, and Alice is his queen. When they were married, both being bashful, there was a royal flush on their cheeks.

FRECKLES—My sister had freckles too when she was little. And one day when she was riding in a trolley car, a little boy down the aisle shouted out, "Oh, mamma, look at that girl with speckles all over her face!" So you buy "Movie Weekly" the first thing on Wednesdays? Don't you even stop for your bacon and eggs? The desert scenes in "The Sheik" were taken near Oxnard, California, about twenty miles from Hollywood. Jack Mulhall married Evelyn Winans last winter.

PUGGY—My irrepressible detectatif instinct assures me that your nickname was chosen because you have a pug nose. Am I right? Mabel Normand's brother in the picture, "Molly-O," was played by Albert Hackett, who lives at 10 W. 64th St., New York City. I think he would be glad to send you his picture.

S. O.—No; I didn't throw your letter in the waste basket until I had finished reading it; I obey your instructions. Now I am going to cast it in my wire waste basket unless I miss my aim and it falls on the floor instead. Sessue Havakawa is thirty-three. His latest picture is "The Vermillion Pencil." Incidentally, that is also his last picture for awhile, as he has left movies and will be seen on the stage next fall.

TEXAS TOM BOY—What good would it do me to come and take a look at your oil field? Now, if you had invited me to come and take a share, I might consider it. You remember the old joke about the girl and the man who stood in front of a bakery and the girl said, "My, how good that food smells." So the man answered, "Yes, let's stand here and smell it awhile." Of course I know I should be lynched for telling such an old joke. Thomas Meighan is thirty-eight and is married to Frances Ring. He is fond of all athletics. Nazimova is Mrs. Charles Bryant. She reads a great deal, and adapts a number of her pictures for the screen herself.

QUICKSILVER—Nice nickname. I once knew a man whose nickname was "Quickfingers." Poor man! He came to a sad end. He went to jail. It shouldn't require any nerve for you to write to me—just pencil and paper are quite sufficient. There is no reason why Agnes Ayres and Rodolph should not play in any more pictures together; so far it just does not happen that they have been cast in the same picture except for "The Sheik."

? ? ?—In other words, the mysterious one! How many men (women and children) are on my staff? you ask. Well, let's see—there's my aide-de-camp, and my lemonade, not to mention Ada, of the Ladies' Aid. Of your old favorites, Phillips Smalley, Francis Ford and G. M. Anderson are all directors. Sidney Drew died several years ago and Mrs. Drew is appearing in vaudeville supported by Thomas Jay Carrigan. Grace Cunard recently completed a new picture, "The Girl in the Taxi," supporting Mr. and Mrs. Carter De Haven. Victoria Forde is now Mrs. Tom Mix and has a baby daughter, Thomasina.

Haverhill, Mass.,
May 30, 1922.

Dear Colonel:

When reading your answers in the "Movie Weekly," I found out it was useless to ask you for your picture, so I made one, as you will see. I hope you won't be insulted. Does it look like you?

Sincerely yours,
LOUISE DES LAURIERS.

BABS—As you say, I have a page of my own to answer the questions of all the curious girls and boys in the United States. But I hope they all won't try to get answers in the magaine. I'd have to leave out that stunning portrait of me at the top of the page in order to find room to publish their answers, and besides, think how hard I'd have to work. Marjorie Daw is not married. She was recently reported engaged to Johnny Harron, but they both deny the engagement and they ought to know.

A SWEET SIXTEEN BROWN-EYED BETTY—Why didn't you make your signature a little longer so I wouldn't have to work so hard to fill up this page? No, I don't write and print this magazine. Think of the letters I have to write to all the fans who want personal replies. You'd be surprised at the number of things around this office that I don't do. I don't mail out the magazine every week, though you'd think so from some of the requests I get, and I don't polish the desks or install the telephones. Wallace Reid was born In St. Louis in 1892. Richard Barthelmess was born in New York in 1895. He is a brunette. He is married to Mary Hay.

R. E. G.—Bebe Daniels used to be twenty, but she had a birthday and now she's twenty-one. Alice Terry is twenty-two. Mildred Davis is no relation to Marion Davies. Notice the difference in the spelling of their names. And anyway, Marion Davies' real name is Duras. Agnes Ayres is about twenty-three; she receives her mail at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood.

HELEN M.—You bet I'm in a good humor when answering questions. I have to be or I'd get fired. Marion Davies doesn't give her age. She has golden hair and blue eyes. She lives in New York and is not married. Her picture was in the March 11th issue and in last year's June 18th number. Lillian Gish is twenty-six and is not married. Dorothy is twenty-four and is Mrs. James Rennie.

HOT DAWG—Also Tepid Canine, as someone said to me the other day. Yes, it's quite true that Tom Mix served in the Spanish-American war. I don't know just how old he is, but he's no youngster. You can always get back numbers of Movie Weekly from the circulation department for ten cents a copy. Wallace Reid's wife is Dorothy Davenport; they have one son, William Wallace, Jr. Norma's and Constance's sister is Natalie, who is now Mrs. Buster Keaton. She retired from the movies when she married last year. Madge Bellamy played opposite Jack Holt in "The Call of the North."

TWO CHARLES MEREDITH ADMIRERS—No, Eric Von Stroheim did not tell me why he thought himself good enough to play on the screen. Maybe he thinks beauty isn't necessary for screen acting. Look at Ben Turpin. Mildred Davis and Harold Lloyd have announced to the world that they are only good friends and have no intention of getting married. So you'd better lock up your hopes in your hope chest. Charles Meredith is married to Melba Meising. The attractive ones don't usually stay unattached for long. I suppose Lillian Gish has never married because a good man is hard to find. Of course she can find lots of men, but perhaps she's particular. May Allison was out of pictures for awhile, but she is now engaged on a contract to make four pictures in Porto Rico. Robert Ellis, her husband, is to be featured with her. Charles Meredith has been playing opposite Ethel Clayton; his latest picture is "The Cradle." Perhaps you can reach him at the Lasky tudio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood.

SIGNORINA—If you don't know whether to give your heart to Rodolph or Wallie, why not toss up a quarter—or haven't you one?

NICHETTE—When are you going to write this book of yours in which I am to be the hero? Are you going to call it "The Ancient Mariner?" I take it Agnes Ayres is not one of your favorites since you inquire so facetiously if she has a glass eye. She would probably give you a glassy stare if she heard you suggest such a thing.

Film-Flam

"SHOOTING" THE SHOTS

BANG! goes the revolver in a motion picture scene!

The audience gasps when the heroine pulls the trigger and the villain who had still pursued her bites the dust. The fatal shot! But if the audience only knew it—there are fifty revolver shots required to register this one! Maybe one or two more, perhaps not quite so many. But if not quite fifty, at least fifty's twin brother. Remember that, when you see Dorothy Dalton shoot in "The Siren Call."

First there was a long shot of the scene which showed Dorothy Dalton firing the revolver at Mitchell Lewis, the villain, and killing him.

Then there was a closeup of Miss Dalton's face as she fired the shot. This meant another shell so she could register the effect of the report.

Then another closeup of Lewis as the shot is fired and he drops. Then a side view of the scene and of both the players. Then a closeup of the baby as it hears the shot and starts to cry in fright.

And we mustn't forget the dog. He has a closeup, too, showing him outside the door as he hears the shot and runs out of the scene.

Perhaps all of these scenes have to be rehearsed several times; especially the dog and baby scenes, for dogs and babies are hard to direct.

So if you had been around the Lasky studio for the two or three days when these scenes were being taken, we shouldn't blame you for asking, "What's all the shooting for?"

* * * * *

THE CAT'S FUR

Some of Ruth Roland's cowboys bought a house on shares and decided to move it to another lot. But they were not so pleased with the job they had set themselves when they found out how much the old house weighed.

"I'll tell you, Miss Roland," said one of the cowboys, "that house was a sight heavier and harder to move across lots than we had any notion it would be."

"How large is your house?" asked Ruth.

"Well, I'll tell you," explained the cowboy, "it's just about big enough to cuss the cat in and not get his hair in your mouth."

* * * * *

"HA, HA!" RUTH ANSWERED

And speaking of Ruth, the other day she and her friends, Mr. and Mrs. George Larkin, went down to Venice, one of the popular Los Angeles beach resorts. Of course, being out for a good time, they decided to try all the amusements, just like regular kids.

"We must take a ride on the merry-go-round!" exclaimed Ruth. She jumped on one of the outside wooden horses and sat there sideways, her sport skirt being too scant to allow her riding side saddle.

The youth in charge of the concession looked at her in dismay.

"Say, lady," he protested, "you'll have to get on one of the inside horses if you're going to ride sideways. You're liable to fall off one of these here outside horses and break your neck."

THIS TO A DAREDEVIL SERIAL QUEEN!

* * * * *

THE SON AND AIR

Robert Z. Leonard, Mae Murray's director—and husband—thinks this spirit stuff is all "the bunk." He manufactures too many illusions himself in his screen work to be impressed by the illusions other people manufacture.

Even Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's recent experience in Cleveland when, he claimed, communication was so closely established with his son that the spirit stroked Sir Arthur's arm, Mr. Leonard thinks was only natural.

"A simple case of son-stroke," he explains it.

* * * * *

FROM THE PIER TO A PEERAGE

Mary O'Hara, the scenarist of Rex Ingram's production "The Prisoner of Zenda," knows how to write titles. It's a wonder all her friends don't insist on her selecting titles for their books. She read in the newspapers of a Californian who set sail, third class, for England to accept his inheritance of a great English estate and title.

"Why do they call it watermelon?" asks Sammy. (This is an old joke). "Because it grows in the spring."

"That's a wonderful subject for a story of the Horatio Alger type," Miss O'Hara commented. "And a good name for the book I do not intend to write is," she concluded, "'From Steerage to Peerage.'"

* * * * *

HIS REASON FOR GOING

This is supposed to be a true story, but if you doubt it, don't blame the Film Flammer.

While Richard Barthelmess was on location down in Maine, the weather man seemed to have a terrible grudge against Richard and Director Henry King and the whole company. It rained and rained, so when Sunday dawned bright and beautiful, the temptation to take advantage of the sunshine couldn't be resisted.

So the actors were assembled and they put on their makeup to register pain and pleasure and all the regulation emotions. Then along came an old-timer of the village on his way home from church. He stopped to watch the actors in their work, and if it wasn't disapproval that he registered it was disapproval's first cousin.

What's more, he wasn't content with registering his opinion. He wanted the world to know what he thought of the proceedings. As for him, said he, he had not missed divine services on Sunday for over forty years. One of the cast was a minister's son and, like the popular idea of minister's sons, was not overly impressed with reverence.

"Why heaven and hell are only what you make on this earth," he declared.

"Do you mean to tell me there is no such place as hell in the hereafter?" eagerly asked the old-timer.

The assertion was repeated, and the church member shook his head in doubt.

"I wish I could be sure there is no hell-fire," he told them.

They all were quite surprised. Surely, for such a good man——

"Why?" he was asked.

"If I were sure of that," he explained, "I would never go to church again."

* * * * *

BARGAINS!

Larry Semon just loves to read all the ads in the country newspapers. Sometimes he gets a good old laugh from the funny ones. One of his favorites is this:

"FOR SALE—Chickens, guaranteed layers, selling on account of sickness."

* * * * *

SEEN ON THE SCREEN

The cut-glass razor blade goes to the operator of the motion picture machine in one of the theatres in Columbus, Ohio. He must have been studying salesmanship and learned "the psychological moment." Or maybe he has a sense of humor.

The theatre in question has lowered its prices for the summer and every now and then reminds its patrons of the fact. So the announcement of coming attractions was flashed on the screen as follows:

"All next week. May McAvoy in 'Everything for Sale.' Summer prices."

Of course the audience laughed, but the real laugh came later between scenes of the feature picture. The picture shown was "Camille" and just as the screen "went dark" on the beautiful Marguerite, all dead and everything, the operator turned to his advertising slides. And the silver sheet reflected this:

"J. M. Katowa, 1578 Niel Ave.,
FUNERAL DESIGNS."

* * * * *

IN-DEED

Lucille Carlisle, Larry Semon's leading lady,, thinks it must be "some job" for a foreigner learning English, to discover just what our little word "in" means. For instance, look at this list:

"Drop-in" says the hostess.
"Cut-in" says the director.
"Roll-in" say the dollars.
"Rais-in" says the homebrewer.
"Spud-in" says the oil driller.
"Believe-in" says the preacher.
"All-in" says the prizefighter.
"Kick-in" says the undertaker.

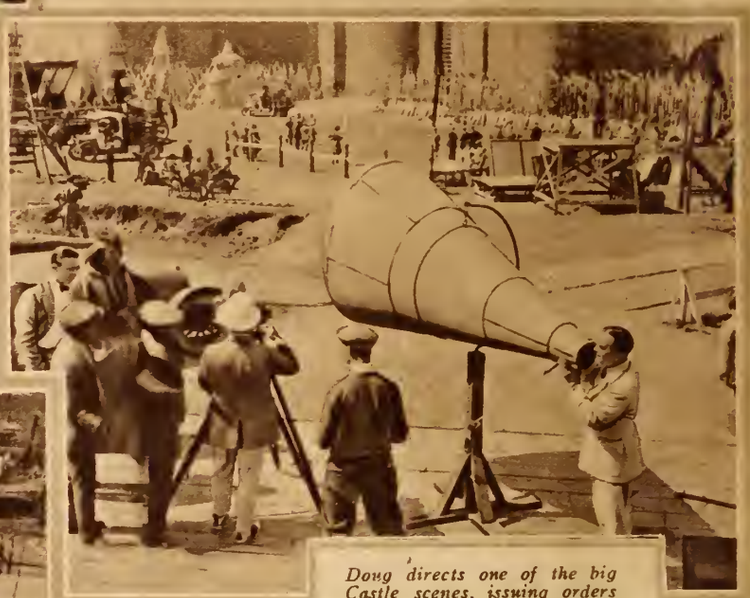
—A. M. T.

I HAD BETTER SHAKE IT UP IF I'M TO DO THAT RESCUE
REEL STUDIO
NOW WHEN YOU HEAR ME SHOUT "CAMERA" GRAB A BOARD AND PUT UP TO THE WINDOW SO KAY CAN COME DOWN
WOW!
R-R-RIP
YOU REMEMBER THAT RESCUE SCENE DONT YOU? WELL—
SAY KID WHATS WRONG WITH YOU AND KAY?
I DIDN'T KNOW THAT DARN BOARD HAD A NAIL IN IT
MORRIS

A Million Dollar Production

Thrilling Shots From "Doug"

Mary Pickford drops over to visit Doug and does a little directing herself. Doug, attired in armor of mail, is ready for the big tournament scene to take place shortly.



Doug directs one of the big Castle scenes, issuing orders through the largest megaphone ever used in picture-making.

A remarkable view of the tremendous Tournament scene in Doug's "Robin Hood."

The Justice—armed, Robin Hood fights for Right. Doug in action, scarred from a previous encounter.

A jovial scene that leads up to racy action, with Doug as the redoubtable Robin Hood forcing the issue.

That Talks for Itself

Fairbanks in Robin Hood!"

An airplane view of the Norman castle set under construction on the Pickford-Fairbanks lot. This castle is the largest structure ever built for motion picture purposes.

To portray Robin Hood, most beloved of outlaws, Doug perfected the art of using the bow and arrow. He shows Mary the first step in learning it.

Doug appears in tights in his new million dollar spectacle, "Douglas Fairbanks in Robin Hood." Here he is as that romantic outlaw of the Greenwood —Robin Hood.

Another airplane view of the enormous Norman castle set Doug erected for his new special.

Hints to Scenario Writers by Frederick Palmer

SCENARIO NOTE: *Our readers are invited to write and ask us questions they may have in mind on screen writing. Please enclose stamped and addressed envelope.*

WHAT'S BEHIND YOUR STORY?

IT is not enough that any work of art contain a moral. In all probability every true artist aims to give to the world, in the work he leaves behind him, an inspiration to live better. But without a big human motif, no art leaves an undying impression; instead, it drifts into obscurity.

Although the primitive virtues, faith, duty, affection, are deathless motives for all that is best in nature, the interpretation of all these becomes modified with every generation. Progress is never straight forward; it advances and retreats; because each generation has to learn the great lessons of life from its own experience, and still, since customs and habits leave their impress upon society, every generation fancies that it has advanced, and that the ideas of preceding ages are inferior to its own.

The screen dramatist who succeeds in conveying his lesson is invariably the one who posscsses not only the insight to divine the hunger of his fellow-beings for truth, but one who necessarily must possess sympathy with the period in which he lives, which gives him the tact to present his story so perfectly adapted to his age that it will be instantly recognized and welcomed—that it may live in the minds and hearts of those who see it.

Before beginning any work of importance a writer should ask himself whether his motif is big enough to sustain his plot; whether he has a true inspiration, and if in the development of his story he will be able to infuse into his theme that warmth of feeling and breadth of sentiment, that alone will suffice to endow any work of art with lasting value.

CHOOSE FAMILIAR MATERIAL

A great number of people believe that they do not dare to begin writing—whether for the screen or for fiction—unless they know life. And to know life they believe that they must have lived in various remote places all over the world; they think they must have gone through every walk of life, even so far as knowing the details in the routine of a millionaire's home.

It is not necessary to know everything and everybody in order to write. It is true, however, that a writer should try not to center his story upon something about which he knows absolutely nothing. How foolish for the average young woman who has never been out of California—even out of Los Angeles—to undertake a story of New York society. What does she know about Fifth Avenue and Delmonico's? What could she possibly know of the ins-and-outs of Wall Street finances except through the words of others? However, this same young woman might be able to write a splendid college story; a story of home life "just around the corner"; or a vivid drama based upon the happenings in an ordinary small-town business office. In fact, wasn't the success of the Peter B. Kyne story, "The Ten Dollar Raise," due altogether to the humanness of the poor old bookkeeper and that faithful piece of womanhood, the stenographer? "Humoresque" was laid in a Jewish pawnshop. No great experience of life, no technicalities were required there—just a delicate, although dramatic, revealing of a mother's heart, which pulled at other mother's hearts.

There is altogether too much good story material at our elbows, without having to dabble with such things as European politics, high society, scientific subjects, factional propaganda, or many other subjects that are hard for us really to understand or to dare meddle with, provided we did understand.

There may be a story in the life of the shoemaker where you get your rubber heels; the old lady who does the washing on Tuesdays may have a wonderful story—if you but knew—with more dramatic situations than you could "shake a stick at."

Producers nowadays want human stories; real stories of real life written constructively by writers trained in the fundamental rules of photoplay technique. The day of the beautiful star with the ten-thousand dollar gown is past; for we find much more entertainment in peering into the lights and shadows of honest-to-goodness people.

THE ELEMENT OF SUSPENSE

Suspense should start as near the beginning of the story as possible. There may be very little suspense while the characters are being brought into relationship, but as soon as the conflict between the "sympathetic" and the "unsympathetic" factions begins, the element of suspense should be introduced.

But remember that suspense is not necessarily dependant upon physical conflict. In fact, producers are beginning to realize that the more subtle the struggle in a story, the more successful the production is apt to be. Mental struggle should be utilized to greater advantage, the suspense arising as a result of the conflict of wills and purposes. In the case where an important decision is to be made, mental suspense can be worked up to a high pitch, provided that the writer is skilled in dramatic construction.

Questions and Answers

(Q.) Is it true that there is a prejudice against stories based upon "business deals?"—F. X. L.

(A.) There is no arbitrary prejudice against such stories. The point here is that such motivation is apt to be tiring and uninteresting to the average audience, who understand little or nothing of the intricate inner workings of business transactions. There is no reason in the world why you should not use "business" as a background for your plots, or why you should not introduce incidents and situations dealing with business questions. You must make your characters life-like and appealing. Have them really "live," by showing the reaction of business interests upon their personalities; in other words, by making the *characters* in business much more important and vivid than the business details which they are handling, you will be able to endow your story with vitality.

(Q.) Would a producer be interested in having photos or detailed accounts of places in which the scenes of a play are laid submitted with the script? —R. T.

(A.) No. Usually producers select their own "locales," because it is more convenient for them to do so. I should advise you in your detailed synopsis to give sufficient description of the locales of your story to interest the reader and to provide a vivid and appealing background for the action of the plot.

(Q.) I have been a short story writer for some time. Do you think that my work along this line will be a handicap to me in my endeavor to write for the screen?—R. T.

(A.) I think that your short story writing would be of great benefit to you in photoplay writing, because you have learned to manipulate plot values and you understand the importance of unity and logical construction, and the necessity for clear and distinctive characterization. Consequently, you start the work most advantageously.

(Q.) A good many pictures use "retrospect." Why, then, is the novice warned so strenuously to avoid it?—G. E.

(A.) It is well wherever possible to avoid "retrospect." The really dramatic structure is compact, having the action progress logically from the dramatic premise to the dramatic objective with no "cut-backs" or long time lapses. Of course, some stories cannot be told without the use of "retrospect." In this case you must use it.

Before you decide to use it, however, I wish you would try to think of your story from a different viewpoint. See if you can begin the plot further back, and give what would be the "retrospect" in terms of direct action. If you can do this, you will be able to infuse much more dramatic quality into the story.

It is true that a good many recent productions have used "retrospect," but if you will analyze them closely, you will see that it has been used in most cases only where it was absolutely necessary in the telling of the story.

(Q.) Is there any market for stories of the Civil War?—D. C. W.

(A.) Stories of this type have been screened and staged so much in the past that audiences have become tired of them.

(Q.) Would you advise me to attempt to write a satirical comedy?—C. K.

(A.) It is very difficult for the novice to write clever satires. There is no reason why you should not inject satiric elements into your comedy if you feel you would be interested in doing work of this sort.

(Q.) Is it permissible to use the subject of "sex" in screen stories?—N. C.

(A.) Yes, providing you do this in a way that will not be objectionable to the censors. If you handle the material in a realistic and wholesome way, there is no reason why your story should suffer.

(Q.) Would it be possible to use "gambling" in my photoplay?—A. D. J.

(A.) No, because it is almost impossible to introduce this motif without coming into collision with censorship regulations.

(Q.) In photoplay writing does the word "scene" denote one view or several views of a continuous section of the action?—C. H. S.

(A.) The word "scene" in its ordinary connotation means that portion of a play during which the action is continuous, or in which no intermediate entries or exits occur. There may be several "shots" of one scene, for instance, three or four "closeups," "semi-closeups," and "long shots," but the scene itself is the action at any definite point in the story where a situation is being worked out.

(Q.) Should the photodramatist furnish subtitles? —T. C. C.

(A.) The continuity writer as a rule furnishes the subtitles, and it is not necessary for the photodramatist to supply them.

(Q.) Is the third major crisis in the story synonymous with the climax of the story?—G. A.

(A.) Yes, the highest point in your story should be the third major crisis, as well as the climax.

(Q.) How soon should the suspense begin in the screen play?—P. N. T.

(A.) The suspense should start just as near the beginning of your story as possible. There may, however, be very little suspense while the characters are being brought into relationship with each other. As soon as the conflict between the "sympathetic" and the "unsympathetic" factions begins, the element of suspense should be introduced.

(Q.) A story dealing with Astronomy and the Zodiac Law has been sent back to me and simply stated "Not avalaible for use." I cannot understand why, as it is an interesting study of the marriage question.—F. H.

(A.) No doubt the story was didactic. In other words, shows charts of the Zodiac Law, and various angles of it. Maps, charts, and things of this nature are not good screen material except in educational films. A screen story must be entertaining and amusing, not a treatise.

ORPHANS OF THE STORM

(Continued from page 14)

The widow Frochard was a nightmare come to life. Harsh, masculine features, the effect of which was heightened by a fairly heavy, bristling, black mustache. She had piercing, snaky black eyes, two fang-like yellow teeth, a large wart near her cavernous mouth, huge ear-hoops in her ears—her only concession to vanity—and a black, ill-odorous pipe that scarcely ever left her lips. Added to this, her clothes were a mass of foul-smelling rags, gathered here and there from garbage piles and rubbish heaps.

It was Pierre, the cripple, the scissors-grinder, whose affliction had softened his heart to the sorrows of others, who found Louise as

Henriette

she wandered with fitful, uncertain steps along the foul alleys and noisome streets surrounding the coach house, searching, ever-searching for her beloved sister.

She was groping her way along and had reached the embankment of the Seine. Another step would have hurled her headlong into the cold, dank water of the river had not Pierre dropped his grinding machine and rushed forward to save her. Haltingly she told her sad story while the other child of misfortune listened in silent sympathy, occasionally giving the tiny hand that lay so confidingly in his own, a gentle pressure.

Frochard found her younger son idling instead of working and making money. She was furious and raised her hand to strike Pierre as she had done a short time before, but, upon seeing Louise, young, lovely and blind, she changed her intention at once and became all hypocritical sympathy. Eagerly she listened while Pierre poured the tale of the helpless orphan into her ears.

"My poor darling," she purred. "My helpless little ewe lamb. No father, no mother and your sister stolen away. No one to care for you. Then old Mother Frochard will look after you! Old Mother Frochard will take care of her ewe lamb and find her sister for her."

To blind Louise, knowing nothing of the world and its ways, the voice was that of an angel from Heaven. She hugged the old hag with convulsive joy. The latter winked at her hang-dog son, Jacques, who had just come out of a tavern and whispered:

"Friendless, pretty and blind. She will make much money begging for us. Now we can get drunk every night."

Pierre rejoiced that the lovely, hapless girl was to be so near him, yet, too, he trembled when his mother led Louise toward the vile cellar they called home, trembled at the nameless horrors to which she might be exposed, trembled, too, at the commingled look of lust and guile in the face of Jacques as he followed the hapless orphan with his calculating, cold green eyes.

La Frochard guided the trusting steps of Louise along the banks of the river deep into the heart of the lowest and vilest portion of Paris. The blind girl followed with thankfulness in her heart at having found, as she thought, a friend. Entering a side door into what looked like a rag-picker's warehouse, she opened a trap door and they descended a rickety stair to what was a walled-off excavation belonging to a pier abutting into the river. There was nothing but a few rickety stools, a dilapidated table and a few piles of frowsy rags that served as beds. Mother Frochard looked around upon her possessions proudly and remarked in a supremely self-satisfied tone:

"Now, my dove, my little ewe lamb. We are at home."

Eagerly she relieved the girl of her shawl and hat and, while Louise groped her way

SYNOPSIS

During the time of the black famine in France, a noblewoman gives birth to a child whose father is a peasant. The child is taken away from her by the nobles and left naked on a snow pile to die.

In another part of town, the Girards, a family of poor peasants, decide to leave their only child on someone's doorstep as they can no longer buy food for it.

The father, taking the baby away, sees the abandoned child on the snow pile and, repenting, takes both babies home.

Later through the black plague, Louise, the little foundling, loses her eyesight and both the elder Girards die. The two orphans decide to journey to Paris to visit their cousin and to try a cure for Louise's sight.

They are met by the Marquis de Praille on their way and he, greatly attracted by Henriette's charms, makes advances to her which she repulses. The marquis, angered, orders his servant to kidnap the girl.

The villainous servant executes his task and brings her to the marquis' home.

to a stool the hag, still a woman despite her looks, threw the girl's pretty little cashmere shawl over her vile rags and placed the wide-brimmed Norman straw hat on her blowsy head and pirouetted before the cracked mirror nailed to a post, grimacing at her self in the glass, well-satisfied at the image presented. She cast an appraising glance at Louise, sitting patiently on the stool. Her clothing, while inexpensive, was new and clean. They could be pawned for enough to buy many drams of gin and cognac.

"Little dove," she murmured wheedlingly.

Louise raised her trusting face and sightless eyes toward the speaker.

"Yes, dear friend," she answered.

"We are poor, desperately poor. There are three mouths to feed and now it will take more until you find your sister. Suppose you go out with me and sing while I beg? You'll get lots of money, oh, lots and lots of money. You're young and pretty and we'll make many francs and never know want any more."

"Beg?" cried Louise in terrified tones, tears streaming from her sightless eyes. "Dear friend, I'm sorry if you are poor, so sorry. Anything but that! Please, please do not ask me such a thing."

La Frochard was quick-tempered, added to that she had partaken deeply from the black bottle which was her constant companion. Long years of cognac and gin had deadened her to every human instinct—if she had ever possessed any. A portentious frown darkened her ugly features.

"What do you think you are?" she demanded angrily. "A damned aristocrat? You'll do what I say or it'll be the worse for you."

"But—but you promised you'd help me find my sister," sobbed the girl.

The old woman laughed sardonically.

"Yes," she cried, "and the cat promised to feed the mouse on cheese. Take off those clothes!"

For answer the girl sprang up and tried to grope her way to where she thought the door should be. With a screech of fury the heartless creature sprang upon the orphan and literally tore the garments from her back, striking and choking the frail girl repeatedly. To Louise, who had never before had a word spoken to her but in kindness, the mental shock was as great as the physical pain. She cowered and tried to ward off the blows with her hands, alternately begging for mercy and screaming for her beloved Henriette. Finally, wearied of her exertions, La Frochard tossed a bundle of old rags around Louise and then threw her on one of the piles of filthy rags that served as a bed, and the helpless blind girl sobbed herself to sleep.

The next morning she was awakened by a kick and a heavy blow.

"Get up you lazy hussy," screamed La Frochard. "Get up and help earn your salt."

"I won't beg, neither will I sing while you beg," flashed Louise with sudden fire. "As soon as I find Henriette she will have you punished."

"You'll do as I say, you pretty-faced fool," screamed Frochard, and striding forward she grabbed the girl, striking her cruelly again and again. With the courage born of desperation, Louise struggled with her captor. Pierre, though he stood in mortal terror of his terrible mother, ran to her rescue, but one blow from the equally ferocious Jacques laid

Louise

him low. The latter then caught hold of Louise and together the two Frochards dragged her to a trap door and threw her into a sub-cellar, a smuggler's rendezvous of former days.

The moment Louise recovered consciousness she sprang to her feet and began to call on her beloved sister in terms of mingled entreaty and terror. Groping along the slimy walls, her slender, sensitive fingers passed over huge, hairy spiders, which caused her to scream afresh. Suddenly her quick, acute ears caught tiny, scurrying sounds. They increased in number. She wondered with growing fear what they could be. There was a squeak, another and still another. God! Rats! The place was swarming with them. If she stood

(Continued on page 29)

Snappy Cuts from "NICE PEOPLE"

A William De Mille Production

Featuring

Wallace Reid, Bebe Daniels, Conrad Nagel.

As the flighty society girl, Bebe's aunt takes her to task for her frivolity.

Billy (Wallie Reid) wants to know if Bebe has come to her senses yet.

Trapped by a storm in the cabin of the handsome society man (Conrad Nagel)

He becomes insistent in his wooing.

Enraged by his wildness, Bebe does come to her senses with a bang.

Too bad there's no closeup. But just picture Bebe in Wallie's arms—that's the end.

Rating Movies for Interest
How Current Features Appeal to Patrons
Conducted by Our Readers

MOVIE WEEKLY'S new method of "free for all" criticism of motion pictures is now well under way.

Listed herewith are a number of recent productions, most of which you, in all likelihood, have seen.

When a new play comes to your favorite theatre, you naturally ask: Is it interesting?

In this department we intend to answer this question with the aid of our readers. We will rate all the plays that are now being shown throughout the country for their interest-holding qualities only.

Any picture contained in this list that you have seen, will you mark according to its value? In rating pictures, the following system is adhered to:

Poor	Under 79%
Fair	Between 80% and 89%
Good	Between 90% and 92%
Very good	Between 93% and 95%
Superlatively good	Between 96% and 100%

We have combined the ratings received from our readers up-to-date and publish an average rating after each picture contained in our list, which will grow from week to week. In this way you, the reader, will help other readers to estimate the worth of current productions.

Send in your ratings without delay.

Across the Dead Line	87	Hail the Woman	97	Ragged Heiress	80
Affairs of Anatol	96	Handcuffs and Kisses	87	Rainbow	86
Alf's Buttou	92	Heart Specialist	85	Received Payment	91
All For a Woman	89	Her Face Value	83	Red Hot Romance	94
All's Fair in Love	80	Her Husband's Trademark	91	Red Peacock	65
Anne of Little Smoky	85	Her Mad Bargain	79	Rent Free	88
Any Wife	70	Her Social Value	75	Reported Missiug	95
Ashamed of Parents	85	Her Own Money	90	Riding with Death	81
At the Stage Door	84	His Back Against the Wall	92	Right That Failed	89
		His Wife's Husband	93	Rosary, The	92
Bachelor Daddy	93	Hole in the Wall	80	Rough Diamond	85
Back Pay	90	Homespun Vamp	89	R. S. V. P.	80
Barnstormer	65	Huuch, The	87	Ruling Passion	97
Barricade	80	Hush Money	80		
Beautiful Liar	70			Sailor Made Man	99
Beyond the Rainbow	80	I Can Explain	73	Saturday Night	94
Beyond the Rocks	79	Idle Rich	90	School Days	90
Blind Hearts	60	Impulse	80	Sea Lion	84
Bobbed Hair	83	Invisible Power	97	Seventh Day	81
Bob Hampton of Placer	95	Iron to Gold	90	Shattered Idols	90
Bonnie Briar Bush	95	Iron Trail	96	Sheik, The	94
Boomerang Bill	95	Is Matrimony a Failure?	95	Sheik's Wife, The	71
Bootleggers	50	Island Wives	82	Sherlock Holmes	91
Bought and Paid For	88	Isle of Zorda	65	Sign of the Jack O' Lantern	89
Bride's Play	79			Silent Call, The	93
Bring Him In	90	Jackie	88	Silent Years	86
Broadway Peacock	83	Jane Eyre	93	Sin Flood	91
		Just Around the Corner	90	Single Track	86
Call of the North	83			Sin of Martha Queed	85
Cameron of the Royal Mounted	75	Knight of the West	85	Skin Deep	96
Cardigan	89			Sky High	92
Chasing the Moon	92	Ladies Must Live	92	Slippery McGee	90
Child Thou Gavest Me	92	Lady Godiva	84	Smiles Are Trumps	82
Chivalrous Charlie	74	Lane That Had No Turning	90	Smilin' Through	98
Clay Dollars	85	Last Payment	78	Song of Life	84
Come On Over	94	Last Trail	89	Stage Romance	96
Conflict	93	Law and the Woman	80	Steel Heart	80
Connecticut Yankee	95	Little Eva Ascends	95	Sure Fire	84
Couquering Power	98	Little Lord Fauutleroy	96		
Couvict 999	81	Little Minister (Paramount)	85	Taking Chances	75
Cradle, The	86	Little Miuister (Vitagraph)	94	Ten Nights in a Barroom	88
Crimson Challenge	75	Little Miss Smiles	89	Theodora	85
		Lotus Eater	93	There Are No Villains	88
Dangerous Little Demou	75	Love Charm	86	Three Live Ghosts	94
David and Jonathan	85	Love's Boomerang	87	Three Musketeers	99
Desert Blossoms	85	Love's Masquerade	73	Through a Glass Window	91
Determination	70	Loves of Pharaoh	75	Tillie	90
Devil Within	80	Love's Redemption	90	Tol'able David	99
Doll's House	89			Too Much Married	81
Don't Doubt Your Wife	80	Man From Beyond	94	Too Much Wife	79
Don't Get Persoual	82	Man From Downing Street	89	Tracked to Earth	85
Don't Tell Everything	90	Man From Lost River	81	Truthful Liar	91
Doubling For Romeo	95	Man to Man	89	Travelin' On	92
Duke of Chimney Butte	88	Man Under Cover	90	Trouble	94
		Man Who Paid	86	Turn to the Right	89
Eden and Return	89	Miss Lulu Bett	94	Two Kinds of Women	88
Elope If You Must	90	Mistress of the World	72		
Enchantment	78	Molly-O	90	Under the Lash	86
End of the World	90	Morals	92	Up aud Going	88
Every Man's Price	75	Moran of the Lady Letty	95		
Exit the Vamp	83	My Boy	93	Vendetta	77
Extra, Extra	90			Vermilliou Peucil	94
		Naucy From Nowhere	90	Virginia Courtship	89
Fair Lady	94	Nero	91	Voice iu the Dark	80
False Kisses	87	New Disciple	83		
Fascination	94	No Defense	96	Wall Flower	82
Father Tom	95	North of the Rio Grande	90	Way Down East	99
Find the Woman	87			Way of a Maid	81
Fire Bride	77	Old Nest	97	What Do Meu Want?	87
First Woman	76	Old Oakeu Bucket	91	Whatever She Wauts	85
Flower of the North	84	One Glorious Day	95	What Love Will Do	80
Foolish Wives	88	Ordeal	92	What No Mau Knows	75
Fool's Paradise	94	Orphans of the Storm	99	Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?	80
Footfalls	84	Our Mutual Friend	95	Whispering Women	83
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Double Crossed by a Friend Shatters Mabel Normand's Life

(Continued from page 8)

jollity. She has recovered somewhat from that first shock—but she will never be the same trusting, light-hearted person she was when she did her first series of comedies.

She has had another sorrow. Just recently. In fact, the assassination of William D. Taylor has left a deep impress upon her.

During the district attorney's examination of witnesses immediately after the director's murder she was a solemn, sorrowful figure. It is true that she figured prominently in the newspapers as having been one of his close friends.

He was perhaps her best friend—a platonic, fatherly pal to whom she could go when she wanted advice or new books or spiritual comfort.

And the tears that she shed over his body—at the inquest, at the funeral—were not glycerine, and today, even, she becomes choked and sorrowful when his name is mentioned.

Yet, through Fate's strange stroke, Mabel Normand continues to lead as a comedienne. On the screen she is rollicking—a fitful "Molly-O," an effervescent "Susanna." She has no end of pranks to play and capers to cut dramatically, but in her own, her real life, she is a young woman who reads serious literature and thinks serious thoughts.

Perhaps it is because she knows Life's tragic side that she can portray its comedy, for comedy is merely an exaggeration of what would otherwise be tragedy.

But Mabel has never married, nor has she ever declared her intention of marrying.

And perhaps it is because she knows too much about men ever again to fall really in love.

Another case of the disillusioned woman is Katherine MacDonald.

Perhaps her "fans" have noted a peculiar sadness lurking in her eyes, windows of the soul.

She is essentially a tragedienne.

And she, too, is skeptical of marriage, for she had an unhappy experience.

Several years ago she and her sister, Mary MacLaren, set out to make a name for themselves in theatricals. Both tried their luck in a New York chorus, and it was there that she met Malcolm Strauss, the famous artist, who at once commenced to woo her.

Eventually they were married and she settled down to life in his studio. She met his friends, and found herself peculiarly attracted by the atmosphere of bohemianism in which her husband's "set" moved.

But, eventually, came the day when Strauss' affections became dampened, commenced to tire, and again was told the story of the erstwhile carefree artist not wishing to be incumbered by marital responsibilities.

Unhappiness began for Miss MacDonald, and in her divorce complaint, filed not long afterward, she charged her spouse with mental cruelty.

It was this marriage that strengthened her belief that she was to have a career. She went to California and made the rounds of the various studios asking for "anything" to do. Finally, her beauty won her recognition, and, today she is a star.

But, just the same, there still remains in her face a wistful sensitiveness—a suspicion of pathos that is absent from the countenance of people who have always been supremely happy.

Theodore Kosloff literally learned to smile. His entire life has been o'ershadowed by a terrible catastrophe that befell it early. Its memory can never be wholly effaced from his mind.

Katharine MacDonald—her early marriage and its unhappy outcome. This stands forth her Crushing Sorrow.

Theodore Kosloff was the recipient, recently, of a letter that traveled many miles and over a year before reaching him from Russia. Here he is, with the patient traveler.

Katharine MacDonald snapped at her home by a zealous photographer.

During his childhood in Russia, Kosloff was expected to follow his grandfather and his father as orchestra leader of the Imperial Russian Opera at Moscow.

He was a rather sensitive, extremely artistic child, much engrossed in his study of music and dancing. In fact, his whole life was consecrated to his work.

His grandmother was not purely Russian. In her veins flowed a strain of Tartar blood—the blood of the barbaric, Oriental people living on the Asiatic side of the Urals—and, while she had become Russianized, she was, nevertheless, somewhat of an alien by birth.

One day—the most terrible of Kosloff's whole life—the streets of the town in which the young artist's family were living were swept with a blood-thirsty, maddened mob. Women and children were slain and tortured. Men were shot at random, and there were few persons able to escape.

It was just as the Kosloff family were making a getaway that Theodore's grandmother was hit by a bullet!

And it was before the child's eyes that she died—a martyr to Cossack tyranny!

It was thus that the boy was instantly sobered. Whenever he would ordinarily be expected to be happy it would be that the thought of the massacre would creep into his mind.

For years the horrible picture remained vividly alive. And then, as Time itself is a moderator, it became more dim and caused less constant suffering.

But even today Kosloff is a grey man. He smiles—but his smile is only momentary, and you can always feel that, back in his mind, is a horde of ultra-serious thoughts.

There have been innumerable careers on the stage and screen that have been paved, almost, with the blood of their seeker.

Not many years ago a young Italian, scion of an excellent family, came to America to seek his fortune. He could speak little or no English, and believed, like other immigrants, that American dollars grew on trees.

But New York offered him at first a chilly shoulder. The bright lights of the White Way seemed like icicles.

He had little money—and he found himself actually facing starvation.

(To be continued)

(*The next instalment will tell of Rodolph Valentino's struggle and of his great sorrow.*)

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE

"The Business of Life"

(*Continued from page* 16)

"It is—for you—to say."

"Then—good-night, Jacqueline."

"Good-night."

She turned, took a step or two—looked back, hesitated, then slowly retraced her steps to where he was standing by the flower-covered table.

From the mass of blossoms she drew a white carnation, touched it to her lips, and, eyes still lowered, offered it to him. In her palm, beside it, lay a key. But he took only the blossom, touching it to his lips as she had done.

She looked at the key, lying in her trembling hand, then lifted her confused eyes to his once more, whispering:

"Good-night—and thank you."

"Good-night," he said, "until tomorrow."

And they went their separate ways.

UNE NUIT BLANCHE—and the young seem less able to withstand its corroding alchemy than the old. It had left its terrible and pallid mark on Desboro; and on Jacqueline it had set its phantom sign. That youthfully flushed and bright-eyed loveliness which always characterized the girl had whitened to ashes over night.

And now, as she entered the sunny breakfast room in her delicate Chinese morning robes, the change in her was startlingly apparent; for the dead-gold lustre of her hair accented the pallor of a new and strange and transparent beauty; the eyes, tinted by the deeper shadows under them, looked larger and more violet; and she seemed smaller and more slender; and there was a snowy quality to the skin that made the vivid lips appear painted.

Desboro came forward from the recess of the window and whether in his haggard and altered features she read of his long night's vigil, or whether in his eyes she learned again of how she herself had changed, was not plain to either of them; but her eyes suddenly filled and she turned sharply and stood with the back of one slender hand across her eyes.

Not a tear fell; she touched her eyes with a bit of lace, drew a long, deep, steady breath and turned toward him.

"It is all over—forgive me, Jim. I did not mean to greet you this way. I won't do it again——"

She offered her hand with a faint smile, and he lifted it and touched it to his lips.

"It's all over, all ended," she repeated. "Such a curious phenomenon happened to me at sunrise this morning."

"What?"

"I was born," she said, laughing. "Isn't it odd to be born at my age? So as soon as I realized what had happened, I went and looked out of the window: and there was the world, Jim—a big, round, wonderful planet, all over hills and trees and valleys and brooks! I don't know how I recognized it, having just been born into it, but somehow I did. And I knew the sun, too, the minute I saw it shining on my window and felt it on my face and throat. Isn't that a wonderful way to begin life?"

"You haven't seen last evening's and this morning's papers," he said, amused.

"Have they arrived? Oh, Jim! I wish to see them, please!"

He went to his room and brought out a sheaf of clippings.

"Isn't this all of the papers that you cared to see, Jacqueline?"

"Of course! What DO they say about us? Are they brief or redundant, laconic or diffuse? And are they nice to us?"

She was already immersed in a quarter column account of "A Romantic Wedding" at "old St. George's"; and she read with dilated eyes all about the "wealthy, fashionable, and well-known clubman," which she understood must mean her youthful husband, and all about Silverwood and the celebrated collections, and about his lineage and his social activities. And by and by she read about herself, and her charm and beauty and personal accomplishments, and was amazed to learn that she, too, was not only wealthy and fashionable, but that she was a descendant of an ancient and noble family in France, entirely extinguished by the guillotine during the Revolution, except for her immediate progenitors.

Clipping after clipping she read to the end; then the simple notices under "Weddings." Then she looked at Desboro.

"I—I didn't realize what a very grand young man I had married," she said, with a shy smile. "But I am very willing to admit it. Why do they say such foolish and untrue things about ME?"

"They meant to honor you by lying about you when the truth about you is far more noble and more wonderful," he said.

"Do you think so?"

"Do you doubt it?"

She remained silent, turning over the clippings in her hand; then, glancing up, found him smiling again.

"Please share with me—because I know your thoughts are pleasant."

"It was seeing you in these pretty Chinese robes," he smiled, "which made me think of that evening in the armory."

"Oh—when I sat under the dragon, with my lute, and said for your guests some legends of old Cathay?"

"Yes. Seeing you here—in your Chinese robes—made me think of their astonishment when you first dawned on their mental and social horizon. They are worthy people," he added, with a shrug.

"They are as God made them," she said demurely.

"Only they have always forgotten, as I have, that God merely begins us—and we are expected to do the rest. For, once made, He merely winds us up, sets our hearts ticking, and places us on top of the world. Where we walk to, and how, is our own funeral hence-forward. Is that your idea of divine responsibility?"

"I think He continues to protect us after we start to toddle; and after that, too, if we ask Him," she answered, in a low voice.

"Do you believe in prayer, dear?"

"Yes—in unselfish prayer. Not in the acquisitive variety. Such petitions seem ignoble to me."

"I understand."

She said, gravely: "To pray—not for one's self—except that one cause no sorrow—that seems to me a logical petition. But I don't know. And after all, what one does, not what one talks about, counts."

She was occupied with her grapes, glancing up at him from moment to moment with sweet, sincere eyes, sometimes curious, sometimes shy, but always intent on this tall, boyish young fellow who, she vainly tried to realize, belonged to her.

"Men," she said absently, "are good." When he laughed, she came to herself and looked at him with shy, humorous eyes. "They are good, Jim. Even the Chinese knew it thousands of years ago. Have you never heard me recite the three-word-classic of Ean Tzu Ching? Then listen, white man!

"Jen chih ch'u
Hsing pen shan
Hsing hsiang chiu
Hsi hsiang yuan
Kou pu chiao
Hsing nai ch'ien
Chiao chih tao
Kuei i chuan——"

She stopped capriciously.

"All that is Chinese to me," he said. "You make me feel solitary and ignorant."

And she laughed and tossed the lustrous hair from her cheeks.

"This is all it means, dear:

"Men at their birth
Are naturally good.
Their natures are much the same;
Their habits become widely different.
If they are not taught,
Their natures will deteriorate.
The right way in teaching
Is to attach the utmost importance
to thoroughness——

"And so forth, and so forth," she ended gaily.

"Where on earth did you learn Chinese?" he remonstrated. "You know enough without that to scare me to death! Slowly but surely you are overwhelming me, Jacqueline, and some day I shall leave the house, dig a woodchuck hole out on the hill, and crawl into it permanently."

"Then I'll have to crawl in, too, won't I? But, alas, Jim! The three-word-classic is my limit. When father took me to Shanghai, I learned it—three hundred and fifty-six lines of it! But it's all the Chinese I know—except a stray phrase or two. Cheer up, dear; we won't have to look for our shadows on that hill."

Breakfast was soon accomplished; she looked shyly across at him; he nodded, and they rose.

"The question is," she said, "when am I going to find time to read the remainder of the morning paper, and keep myself properly informed from day to day, if you make breakfast so agreeable for me?"

"Have I done that?"

"You know you have," she said lightly. "Suppose you read the paper aloud to me, while I stroll about for the sake of my figure."

They laughed; he picked up the paper and began to read the headlines, and she walked about the room, her hands bracketed on her hips, listening sometimes, sometimes absorbed in her own reflections, now and then glancing out of the window or pausing to rearrange a bowl of flowers.

Little by little, however, her leisurely progress from one point of interest to another became more haphazard, and she moved restlessly, with a tendency to drift in his direction.

Perhaps she realized that, for she halted suddenly.

"Jim, I have enough of politics, thank you. And it's almost time to out on more conventional apparel, isn't it? I have a long and hard day before me at the office."

"As hard as yesterday?" he asked, unthinkingly; then reddened.

She had moved to the window as she spoke; but he had seen the quick, unconscious gesture of pain as her hand flew to her breast: and her smiling courage when she turned toward him did not deceive him.

"That was a hard day, Jim. But I think the worst is over. And you may read your paper if you wish until I am ready. You have only to put on your business coat, haven't you?"

So he tried to fix his mind on the paper, and, failing, laid it aside and went to his room to make ready.

When he was prepared, he returned to their sitting room. She was not there, and the door of her bedroom was open and the window-curtains fluttering.

So he descended to the library, where he found her playing with his assortment of animals, a cat tucked under either arm and a yellow pup on her knees.

"They all came to say good-morning," she explained, "and how could I think of my clothing? Would you ask Farris to fetch a whisk-broom?"

Desboro rang: "A whisk-broom for—for Mrs. Desboro," he said.

MRS. DESBORO!

She had looked uo startled; it was the first time she had heard it from his lips, and even the reiteration of her maid had not accustomed her to hear herself so named.

Both had blushed before Farris, both had thrilled as the words had fallen from Desboro's unaccustomed lips; but both attempted to appear perfectly tranquil and undisturbed by what had shocked them as no bomb explosion possibly could. And the old man came back with the whisk-broom, and Deshoro dusted the cat fur and puppy hairs from Jacqueline's brand-new gown.

They were going to town by train, not having time to spare.

"It will be full of commuters," he said, teasingly. "You don't know what a godsend a bride is to commuters. I pity you."

"I shall point my nose particularly high, monsieur. Do you suppose I'll know anybody aboard?"

"What if you don't! They'll know who you are! And they'll all read their papers and stare at you from time to time, comparing you with what the papers say about you——"

"Jim! Stop tormenting me. Do I look sallow and horrid? I believe I'll run up to my room and do a little friction on my cheeks——"

"With nail polish?"

"How do you know? Please, Jim, it isn't nice to know so much about the makeshifts indulged in by my sex."

She stood pinching her cheeks and the tiny lobes of her close-set ears, regarding him with beautiful but hostile eyes.

"You know too much, young man. You don't wish to make me afraid of you, do you? Anyway, you are no expert! Once you thought my hair was painted, and my lips, too. If I'd known what you were thinkin' I'd have made short work of you that rainy afternoon——"

"You did."

She laughed: "You can say nice things, too. Did you really begin to—to care for me that actual afternoon?"

"That actual afternoon."

"A—about what time—if you happen to remember," she asked carelessly.

"About the same second that I first set eyes on you."

"Oh, Jim, you couldn't!"

"Couldn't what?"

"Care for me the actual second you first set eyes on me. Could you?"

"I did."

"Was it that very second?"

"Absolutely."

"You didn't show it."

"Well, you know I couldn't very well kneel down and make you a declaration before I knew your name, could I, dear?"

"You did it altogether too soon as it was. Jim, what did you think of me?"

"You ought to know by this time."

"I don't. I suppose you took one look at me and decided that I was all ready to fall into your arms. Didn't you?"

"You haven't done it yet," he said lightly.

There was a pause; the color came into her face, and his own reddened. But she pretended to be pleasantly unconscious of the significance, and only interested in reminiscence.

"Do you know what I thought of you, Jim, when you first came in?"

"Not much, I fancy," he conceded.

"Will it spoil you if I tell you?"

"Have you spoiled me very much, Jacqueline?"

"Of course I have," she said hastily. "Listen, and I'll tell you what I thought of you when you first came in. I looked up, and of course I knew at a glance that you were nice; and I was very much impressed——"

"The deuce you were!" he laughed, unbelievingly.

"I was!"

"You didn't show it."

"Only an idiot of a girl would. But I was—very—greatly—impressed," she continued, with a delightfully pompous emphasis on every word. "very—greatly—impressed by the tall and fashionable and elegant and agreeably symmetrical Mr. Desboro, owner of the celebrated collection of arms and armor——"

"I knew it!"

"Knew what?"

"You never even took the trouble to look at me until you found out that the armor belonged to me——"

"That is what ought to have been true. But it wasn't."

"Did you actually——"

"Yes. I did. Not the very second I laid eyes on you——" she added, blushing slightly, "but—when you went away—and afterward—that evening when I was trying to read Grenville on Armor."

"You thought of me, Jacqueline?"

"Yes—and tried not to. But it was no use; I seemed to see you laughing at me under every helmet in Grenville's plates. It was rather odd, wasn't it, Jim? And to think—to think that now——"

Her smile grew vaguer; she dropped her head thoughtfully and rested one hand on the library table, where once her catalogue notes had been piled up—where once Elena's letter to her husband had fallen from Clydesdale's heavy hand.

Then, gradually into her remote gaze came something else, something Deshoro had learned to dread; and she raised her head abruptly and gazed straight at him with steady, unquestioning eyes in which there was a hint of trouble of some kind—perhaps unbelief.

"I suppose you are going to your office," she said.

"After I have taken you to yours, dear."

"You will be at leisure before I am, won't you?"

"Unless you knock off your work at four o'clock. Can you?"

"I can not. What will you do until five, Jim?"

"There will be nothing for me to do except wait for you."

"Where will you wait?"

He shrugged: "At the club, I suppose."

The car rolled up past the library windows.

"I suppose," she said carelessly, "that it would be too stupid for you to wait 'chez moi.'"

"In your office? No, indeed——"

"I meant in my apartment. You could smoke and read—but perhaps you wouldn't care to."

They went out into the hall, where her maid held her ulster for her and Farris put Desboro into his coat.

Then they entered the car which swung around the oval and glided away toward Silverwood station.

(Continued next week)

Orphans of the Storm

(*Continued from page 25*)

still for a moment they bit at her feet or gave quick, sharp snaps at her ankles. She sank terror-stricken to her knees. They pressed around her in increasing swarms. She fought them off with both hands, one frenzied scream after another breaking from her pallid lips.

THE SEARCH

The chevalier could scarcely keep up with Henriette. Once in the elaborate carriage of the former, however, they soon reached the stage coach tavern. A bitter disappointment met the sister, not only was there no trace of Louise, but those in the tavern had not seen her. One or two of the servitors, when questioned, had a vague recollection of having seen her waiting in front, but many from the country had to wait for their relatives to come for them, so they thought nothing of the matter.

Frantically Henriette ran up and down the narrow little streets calling vainly for her loved and lost sister, and eagerly the tender and chivalrous de Vaudrey assisted her. They ousted the night watchman from a neighboring tavern, where, true to the traditions of his ancient calling, he was fast asleep. He had seen nothing. With sinking heart Henriette drew nearer the dark and sullen river. There her heart almost stopped beating, for she found a tiny piece of the garment worn by Louise. It had caught in a jagged piece of wood. In a passion of tears and sobs de Vaudrey led her away and, by his potent influence, she secured lodgings in a desirable house with a rather grim and forbidding-looking concierge, but who, nevertheless, was kindness itself. Then the chevalier took his leave, kissing her hand at parting with a respectful gallantry that caused Henriette's little heart to flutter in a strange way.

Torn with anxiety, Henriette, who had sobbed herself to sleep, was up with the sun, but, early as it was, de Vaudrey was at her door. Together they sallied forth on the search.

"I have learned something," the chevalier said gravely. "You must be brave. Your cousin, Monsieur Martin, was found drugged in a wine shop. He died without ever regaining consciousness. No doubt but what La Fleur did the deed at the instigation of de Praille that he might impersonate your cousin and thus get you in his power. These kidnappings are of common occurrence. It is one of the worst crimes of the aristocracy and will be one of the most potent causes for their overthrow—which is not so far away, if I mistake not the mood of the people."

"Cousin Martin dead!" gasped the girl. She was appalled. Louise gone and her cousin dead. She was all alone in the world.

The chevalier had been confident that Louise would be found the first day, but days succeeded days and nothing could be learned. He and Henriette went everywhere, from the Porte St. Martin even beyond the Abbaye St. Denis and St. Germain des Champs, but no one knew or had seen anything of the lovely orphan. Henriette had but one ray of hope.

"No, no!" the chevalier had assured her again and again. "She was not drowned. Some one would have saved her. Courage! We shall yet find her. I shall invoke the aid of my uncle, the powerful prefect of police. They can find her. I should have done this before."

Leaving Henriette at his lodgings, he started, with the impetuosity of youth, toward the Maison de Linieres. Passing the court of the Tuileries palace, so called because the site was once occupied by a tile yard, to his great annoyanc, he was stopped by the ancient Marquise de Varraneuf, who had just arrived in her sedan chair. A delay that was to have a well-nigh fatal effect on his future.

(*Continued next week*)

Reel and Real

The meek and unassuming little man who portrays so well the timorous and shrinking coward in the photoplay, may in real life be a veritable pocket edition of Old Man Trouble himself, whose idea of a good time would be to stroll along the top strand of a barbed wire fence in his bare feet, with a wild cat in each hand and a rattlesnake in his teeth.

The snappy youth who appears so convincingly as the hardened soldier on the screen may in real life be a strictly non-military hombre who thinks that "Parade Rest" is performed in a reclining position, and that "picket lines" are wrapped on large spools and stored with the Quartermaster Dept.

The young woman who appears on the screen with such winsome charm as the little Irish colleen may in real life be an ex-Brooklynite of marked Swedish ancestry who thinks that "shillalah" is the name of a peasant folk dance, and who has a horrified idea that the phrase, "Erin Go Bragh," has a rather profane meaning.

The be-whiskered hombre who appears as the very rustic old farmer on the screen, may in real life be a strictly city-bred specimen who thinks that "silo" is the name of an indoor game played with cards, and who has a vague idea that peanut butter is secured by confining milch cows to a steady diet of peanuts.

A Movie Questionnaire

There are some questions I would ask, they bother me full sore;

If Douglas Fairbanks all he makes, is Hobart Bosworth more?

Could Carol Dempster up a fuss and Tom Mix in as well,

And could Louise Fazenda fight—now, really, who can tell?

Most actresses, when they arrive, put on the haughty stares—

With all her clothes and such success, why hasn't Agnes Ayres?

Should Wesley Barry very deep the hatchet sung of yore,

And end all jealousy and such, then would John Barrymore?

What power in all the heights above, or on this planet too,

Makes Clara Kimball Young again, and what makes Monte Blue?

Should Alma Tell the things she knows, and whisper to the men,

Would they respect her confidence, or would Lou Tellegen?

One question more completes the list of things I'd like to know—

If I'm in debt for three weeks' board, what does the studio?

J. LILIAN VANDEVERE.

The Movie Weekly Popular Girl Contest

(*Continued from page 2*)

It is easy to see why Miss Edna Monroe, of Ruston, La., carried off the first prize in the "Movie Weekly" Popular Girl Contest recently conducted by the Astor Theatre of that town. Miss Monroe won by a plurality of 450 votes and received a beautiful toilet set together with a free season ticket to the Astor Theatre.

MISS EDNA MONROE
Ruston, La.

The Movie Mother Goose

Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinking
It would help an awful lot
If all the censors had the sense to
Leave enough to tell the plot.

Go way down East,
Go to the West,
Go to the film you
Love the best;
If you don't fancy
Old Bill Hart,
Go take a slant at
Sennett's art!

The farmer in the dell
Likes movies very well,
He gets ten bucks for pictures of
A cow he couldn't sell.

Hickory, dickory, dock,
Will Hays has joined the flock,
The stars are hep
And watch their step,
Hickory, dickory, dock.

Mother, may I go to swim?
No, my darling daughter . . .
See Mack Sennett, talk to him,
And show him what you oughter.

Wrap up your lunch of
Bread and cheese
And hike right to
Los Angeles.
But wrap some dough
Around your calf
So you won't have to
Telegraph.

JAMES. A. SANAKER.

The Lives of TWELVE FAMOUS STARS

You Will Be Delighted With "The LITTLE MOVIE MIRROR BOOKS"

There are twelve in all—charming little books that you will treasure. They tell you the things you want to know about your favorite stars—intimate details of their lives—their loves—their work—their play—all of the things about which you so often wonder—and regarding which perhaps you sometimes write to "The Colonel" or other authority on matters pertaining to the movies—and many things that you have never thought about or possibly never felt at liberty to ask.

Wouldn't you like to have your favorite talk to you? To tell of HIS life, HIS hobbies? How SHE happened to go into the movies? The sort of person he or she really is? These little Movie Mirror Books were written by the stars themselves and when you read them it will be just as if they were talking to you face to face.

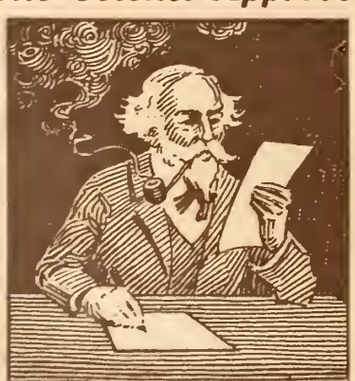
Printed on super-quality paper, copiously illustrated with intimate photographs taken in home and studio, with covers beautifully executed in four artistically blended colors made from original paintings of the stars whose lives they tell, each contains a handsome pen and ink drawing especially adapted for decorative purposes in boudoir or den, together with a letter from the star to you signed in his or her own handwriting. All photographs and drawings are exclusive and can be had from nowhere else. As souveniers nothing could be finer.

The artists whose lives are so delightfully covered by this set are Wallace Reid, Lillian Gish, Bert Lytell, Viola Dana, William S. Hart, Colleen Moore, Wesley Barry, Mae Murray, Harriet Hammond, Ben Turpin, Corinne Griffith, Doraldina.

While They Last

we will supply "Little Movie Mirror Books" to readers of "Movie Weekly" for only $1.00 per set of twelve. As soon as the present supply is exhausted this special offer closes. Secure your set at once. Fill in the coupon, pin to it a dollar bill and mail to us today.

The Colonel Approves



Say, folks, have you read these little "Movie Mirror Books?" If you haven't you don't know what you've missed. They tell you all about the lives of your favorite stars in the chattiest way imaginable. I always wondered why someone did not publish booklets about the screen celebrities. And then I discovered these and they are just what you've been waiting for. Read them and see if you don't agree with your old friend,

THE COLONEL.

SPECIAL

"The Life of Rodolph Valentino"

(written by himself)

has just been published by "Movie Weekly." In consideration of your ordering your set of twelve "Little Movie Mirror Books" at once, we will send you free of charge one of the first copies to come off the press.

MOVIE WEEKLY

119 West 40th Street New York City

COUPON

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119 West 40th St., New York City, Dept. 717.

I am enclosing $1.00, for which please send me a set of twelve "Little Movie Mirror Books" in accordance with your special offer. It is understood that in addition to the twelve "Little Movie Mirror Books" I am to receive a copy of "The Life of Rodolph Valentino" written by himself.

Name .....

Address .....

NOTE: *We are thinking of extending this small book service. Undoubtedly there are several actors and actresses whose lives you would like to have in small book form. Write their names on the following lines and when we secure them we will notify you so that you may place your order if you wish.*

.....

.....

.....

The Tragedy of Audrey Munson's Strange Life

(Continued from page 7)

be married when a cloud arose and my dream was over. It was the curse.

"But I could not believe that all my chance for happiness was blighted. I was hopeful until the last horror entered my life—the time that Mrs. Julia Wilkins was murdered at her home at Long Beach, L. I., and her husband, Dr. Walter Keene Williams, was arrested.

"My mother and I had occupied a room in the Wilkins home. I had scarcely in all the time that I stayed there, seen the doctor except to pass him in the halls and say good morning to him. One day Mrs. Wilkins came to me.

"I am sorry, Audrey," she said. "But I must ask you to leave my house as soon as you can."

"What have I done?" I cried.

"She laid her hand on my arm.

"'Poor child!' she said. 'So far as I know, you have done nothing. But I have been warned that there is a curse upon you and that if I keep you in my house, ill luck will fall upon me.'

"I had hopes of going abroad to pose for a new motion picture in England. I besought her to let me stay until I could make my arrangements to sail. She consented, but my plans fell through and mother and I went to Toronto.

We had been there only a few days when we heard that Mrs. Wilkins had been murdered and the doctor arrested.

"And the newspaper reports went on to say that the detectives were looking for me, because a picture postcard of me had been found in the doctor's rooms, and they believed that he had killed his wife in order to marry me.

"It was a lie—of course it was a lie. I had scarcely spoken to the man in my life.

"I hurried to New York and talked with the District Attorney of the county. He believed my story. He had to believe it. But the curse followed me. And when Dr. Wilkins hanged himself in his cell, many thought that I was the cause.

"One afternoon I went to the theatre. Two women came and sat in the same row, next to me. They looked at me, and one whispered to the other: 'That is Audrey Munson, the wicked woman who was the cause of the Wilkins' murder.' And they moved their seats.

"A few days later, I was waiting for a Fifth Avenue stage and I heard a girl say to the man beside her: 'That is Audrey Munson, the girl that that old man in Long Island killed his wife for.'

"I felt that I must get away from everything. I went to Chicago. I gave dancing lessons there for awhile, but my pupils fell off and I had a serious illness. I was sent to Syracuse, my old home, by charity.

"This was in the latter part of 1920. I looked for work everywhere. I tried to get a position as apprentice in the Public Library at 15 cents an hour. I asked for positions behind the counter. I tried to sell tickets on the only two treasures that were left me—a bronze statuette by Ulysse Ricci and a porrait bust by Daniel Chester French. But I asked a dollar for the tickets, so I could not sell many. And what money I got I had to spend for food.

"One day I went into a newspaper office and asked the editor to put in a report of my death. I thought that if it were believed that I were dead the persecution which had been hounding me might cease. But he only laughed at me.

"But from that fact, I received some help which made me feel for a little while as though life were not over yet. Friends heard of my plight and came to my relief, and for a little while I thought that something good might still be in store for me. There was talk of starring me in another picture and a start was made which ended in nothing.

"I went with my mother to a little place at Mexico that my father had owned. There I tried to lose myself in the pleasures of country life and to forget everything else.

"One day in talking with a newswriter of my acquaintance, I happened to remark that if I ever married I wanted to find a perfect specimen of physical manhood, so that if we were

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WRITE the WORDS for a SONG
We compose music. Our Chief of Staff wrote many big song-hits. Submit your song-poem to us at once.
NEW YORK MELODY CORP.
406 Fitzgerald Bldg. New York

blessed with children, they might be as nearly physically perfect as God meant the human race to be. The first thing I knew I saw the story in the papers. I must have had a thousand letters from all parts of the country. I never realized that there were so many men in the world who considered themselves the ideal of physical beauty.

"Some among the letters appealed to me. I answered them. They seemed simple and earnest. But like every other dream, that was cast aside.

"And then—I loved. A man came into my life for whom I felt the mad, wild adoration that only the fervid spirit of a loving woman can know. And I felt that I was loved with all the mighty strength of a strong man's nature.

His name is Joseph A. Stevenson, and his home is at Ann Arbor, Mich. For a few weeks I was madly happy—happy as I never had been and never could have dreamed of being—and then the blow fell.

"Last Saturday night a telegram was brought me. No human being shall ever know what it contained. But when I had read it, I knew that the end of life had come for me.

"I thought everything over calmly. Then I went to my room and dissolved four bichloride tablets in water and drank off the draught. I lay down—thankful—oh, so thankful to die.

"There my mother found me. She screamed and gave an alarm and doctors dragged me back to life. And I don't care now. I am dead—and, after all, what does it matter whether a corpse walks the earth or lies in the grave?

"I wanted to die. Now I don't care. For I am dead—I am dead, and neither love nor hate nor the curse that is on me can touch me any more."

(Continued next week)

He Press-Agented Himself Into the Peerage

(Continued from page 3)

money from the people at the rate of 25,000,000 pounds a week, so too much money wouldn't go out of the country at once.

"I made Kitchener's Army. (Speaking from the publicity angle.)

"The government used me on varied occasions. I was in constant call. For instance, when the munition workers went on strike, I was set down to make a plea to them.

"I staged a cinema show for the women. Three thousand attended, each the wife of a striking munition worker. I made a speech, not long; short and to the point.

"I told those 3,000 women that out on the front perhaps their boys, their husbands, were waiting for munition. Time meant life. If the munition workers went on strike, there was no hope for those boys. I told them that when they got home that night and heard the clock ticking, each tick marked the death of another soldier, perhaps their boy, their husband. If the munition workers refused to return to work, each tick meant the death of TWO boys.

"I had those 3,000 women weeping. The next day, the men returned to their jobs."

Sir Charles talks with snappy precision—short sentences that hit the nail on the head. A smile softens the intensity of his clear-cut features when his narrative has reached another "high light" in its development.

"But what won you your peerage?" we asked.

"When the war was over," he recounted, "I found my business in confusion and myself $25,000 in debt. I had to start in again. For services rendered to my country, the King was the sole recognizer. He may recognize your services by honoring you with an order of some kind. He may knight you.

"There are various orders of knighthood. The oldest is the Knight Bachelor. It was into this order I was knighted by King George."

"But what about your being in Parliament?" we persisted.

"It was in 1918. Lloyd George was running for re-election as Prime Minister and for a Coalition Government. I was in charge of the publicity, as a Coalitionist. Not only did I boost Lloyd George; I boosted myself, winning a seat in Parliament from a man who had held it for fourteen years. I was the first advertiser ever to sit in Parliament."

Sir Charles organized one of England's most successful picture companies—the General Alliance Corporation. "I sent to America for an American director to make our pictures," he said. "Harley Knoles (who left Famous Players to accept this position), made 'Carnival' for us. It was released in America and, in my opinion, is the best picture ever produced by a British company.

"I am no longer associated with General Alliance. Mr. Knoles has the position I vacated.

"And now, what is my connection with motion pictures? I have just organized the Industrial Film Corporation with Norman Wright and Coleman Goodman. I have signed 2,000 of our leading theatres to run our industrial and educational pictures of 500 feet, or one reel, each in the middle of the program. It takes ten minutes to run one of these pictures.

"It is advertising—dramatizing it. A good director, a good cast, and good scenery—the best we can get to make these pictures.

"For example. We make a picture to advertise Pink's Strawberry Jam. The picture fades in on a beautiful field of strawberries and beautiful English girls picking them. Then it shows the treatment given the berries in the factory, until the jam is finally turned out in jars. A flash of a happy family eating it. Again a picture of the strawberry field and a closeup of a lovely, smiling English girl with a basket of strawberries over her arm. As this picture fades out the name: "Pink's Strawberry Jam," fades in for a flash, and then, The End.

"I pay the 2,000 motion picture theatre owners who run our industrial films, so much for running them. The company for whom we make a picture can have it shown in any of the 2,000 cities at any time, to tie up with a sales drive, window displays, and the like."

"It's a wonderful idea," we murmured. "Will it come across the Atlantic?"

Sir Charles laughed his short laugh. "Why not!"

Amazing New Method Makes Drawing Easy

With This Wonderful New Graphic-Correction Method You Can Easily Learn Drawing In Your Own Home in Spare Time.

NO matter what your present ability may be—no matter if you feel that you have no special "talent"—by this wonder method you can quickly qualify for the fascinating and highly-paid profession of Commercial Art. Even those whose work was not as good as the figure shown here, have quickly and easily learned to qualify for big, highly paid positions in this splendid uncrowded field.

This amazing method has been developed by one of America's foremost Commercial Artists. From his years of experience as artist, cartoonist, illustrator and teacher he has evolved a system of instruction, which cuts the time usually necessary for such training practically in half. You study at home, but it is exactly the same as if you were working in his studio. He virtually stands at your elbow and guides your hand.

The whole figure is too stiff. study carefully action of dancing
study hands from model
use simple flowing line instead of indecisive scratches
avoid scratchy shading in hair and face
Too much meaningless technique in clothes, use more solid blacks with simple outlines.

How This Method Makes Big Artists Out of Those Who Think They Can't Draw

Whether you have ever drawn before or not doesn't matter. The old idea that artistic ability is a "gift" is exploded. You may never have had a drawing pencil in your hand. It makes no difference. This remarkably easy method teaches you to draw just as you learned to write. First, straight lines and curves, then shading, acting, foreshortening, etc.—it takes you step by step through all the phases of making pictures. Each step is explained in detail, and then your work is corrected and each criticism illustrated. It brings you, simply and easily, right up to the point where you are drawing pictures that bring from $25.00 to $300 a piece or higher.

You Learn to Draw Pictures that Sell!

And this is the great point. From personal experience your teacher knows what makes a picture salable. The Graphic-Correction Method, unlike so many other art courses, does not cling to the stereotyped forms of drawing, but develops your originality. This wonderful, new easy way breaks away from the old, hard-to-understand methods, which are based on "talent," and instructs you in the business of making salable pictures quickly and easily.

The fact that such famous artists as Frank Godwin and Wynn Holcomb (Wynn) have used this method proves its worth. (Mr. Godwin writes: "I feel that my present success is due in a great measure to your wonderful method of instruction.") And these are but two of hundreds and hundreds of successful students. Many have more than paid for their course even while they were still learning. And dozens of them have started at work at a high salary.

Alfred B. Flemming of Newark, N. J., writes: "Since the last lesson was returned, I have sold $85.00 worth of drawings (3)."

And another, J. B. Barwell of Staunton, Va., tells us, "Have just sold the first installment of twenty drawings on a comic series."

And again,—O. B. Blake, Old Town, Me., says: "I am certain that anyone, whether he has talent or not, cannot fail to make rapid progress under your instruction."

While J. K. Davidson, the well-known illustrator, says of this amazing method: ". . . . . can develop you into a first class commercial artist right in your own home by mail."

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Right now Commercial Artists are at a premium! Resumption of business on the old pre-war basis and new commercial expansion has caused a crying demand for them. Newspapers, advertising agencies, magazines, business concerns—all are looking for men and women to handle their art work. Designers, illustrators, layout experts are needed and needed badly. Opportunities and salaries are practically unlimited. And now, through this wonderful Graphic-Correction Method, you can qualify for one of these high-salaried jobs in "the most fascinating business in the world" with a few minutes a day study at home.

Send for FREE *Book*

Mail the attached coupon, and we will send you our handsomely illustrated book, "How To Become An Artist," by return mail. The book tells you all about the course in detail. And shows you how the wonderful Graphic-Correction Method works. Also how you, too, can break away from the old drudging routine jobs and get your start in this fascinating, big paying profession now. end the coupon TODAY.

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Address.....

WHO *is* DICK TALMADGE? *Ask Doug Fairban*

MOVIE WEEKLY

July 22, 1922

10¢

ARE YOU A BLONDE?
ARE YOU A BRUNETTE?
Do You Want a Screen or Stage Career?

MARY EATON
by White

Vol. II. MOVIE WEEKLY No. 24
PRINTED IN U.S.A.

A School for Stars

OUT in Hollywood's "Film Colony" there has recently come into existence what is probably one of the most remarkable schools in the world today. It is unique among all institutions of learning in that its pupils are made up only of men and women who have already achieved a brilliant success in the very subject whose phases they are studying.

The "School-Room" is the Lasky Studio in Hollywood, the "Faculty" is made up from the most prominent directors and artists in the entire Paramount organization, and the "pupils" are all members of the Paramount stock company, many of them already stars in their own right, and others being numbered among the most popular leading men and women on the scheen today.

Can you imagine going to school under such men as Cecil B. de Mille, George Melford and Theodore Kosloff, and having as your fellow pupils such men and women as Gloria Swanson, Rudolph Valetino, Betty Compson, Thomas Meighan, Agnes Ayres, Wallace Reid, Bebe Daniel, Jack Holt, May McAvoy, and a host of other screen celebrities?

But, unfortunately for the eager movie "fan," no amount of mere money can ever buy admission to this illustrious school-room. It is for Filmdom's elect only. Jesse L. Lasky, vice-president of the Famous Players—Lasky corporation, is in direct charge of the school and the stock company from which its members are drawn.

"In its plan of instruction," he states, "the school embraces those subjects which are calculated to develop the personalities and talents of the members of our stock company who, though men and women who have already achieved enviable reputations through their work on the screen, naturally do not wish to stand still in their artistic development."

Our students being almost entirely people who have already achieved a considerable degree of success in their life work of acting for the screen, the method of instruction is a little different from the ordinary curriculum. The purpose of this school is no to instruct in fundamentals of screen this school is not to instruct tion may correct minor faults, but to so broaden the working knowledge of our players that they may increase their versatility, and have a far wider outlook on their art."

The time and place for holding the different classes of the School is assigned by the Director, and members of the stock company may select such classes as they wish. The right, however, is reserved by the Director to asign any member of the company to any particular class, which, in his opinion, will prove of unusual benefit to that player. Cecil B. DeMille is the Director in charge of the work of the School, and his judgment in all such cases is final.

The classes and subjects covered include: The Theory and Practice of Photodrama with William DeMille as instructor; Pictorial Values wth Penrhyn Stnlaws, famous artist-director, as teacher; Dancing, Carriage and Fencing, taught by Theodore Kosloff, formerly of the Russian Imperial Ballet; General Physical Training with Norman Selby (Kid McCoy) as director; Costume Theory under Paul Iriba, former designer for Poiret; Make-Up wth Theodore Roberts as instuctor; and a host of other allied subjects, each being under the personal direction of a master in that particular field.

Discipline and compulsory attendance at the various classes are maintained as in any other University, and a rigid set of rules has been suggested and adopted by the players. A Players Board of Control, consisting of Conrad Nagel, Lois Wilson, Thomas Meighan, Sylvia Ashton, and Theodore Roberts, co-operates with the Director of the School in all matters of discipline and administration.

This Paramount "School for Stars" is a decided innovation in the picture field, but it offers a splendid example that other progressive producers might well follow.

The Girl on the Cover

"Movie Weekly's" Cover Girl this week is little Mary Eaton. Mary Eaton is the charming little dancer in Flo Ziegfeld's "Follies," this year. Furthermore, we have been told, she may transfer, for a few hours daily, anyway, her art to the silver sheet. In doing this, Miss Eaton follows the example of her sister, Doris Eaton, who has been dividing her time between the stage and the screen.

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Published weekly by the PHYSICAL CULTURE CORPORATION, 119 West 40th Street, New York City. Bernarr Macfadden, President; Harold A. Wise, Secretary. Entered as second-class matter Jan. 20, 1921, at the postoffice at New York, N. Y., under the Act of Mar. 3, 1879. Subscription, $5.00 a year. In Canada—single copy, 15 cents.

DO YOU WANT a Screen or Stage Career?

Enlist in the Blonde-Brunette Vampire War

SEIZE YOUR CHANCE

TO BE ELIGIBLE

MOVIE WEEKLY" is mustering recruits for personality opportunity on stage and screen.

There will be two winners.

Ed Wynn, "The Perfect Fool," gives one a position in his play, "The Perfect Fool." His stage director, Julian Mitchell, trains you and presents you with knowledge enough to assist you to make good—provided you have the talent.

A. N. Smallwood, vice-president of Pyramid Pictures, gives another winner a picture contract with his company at a salary of $100. Furthermore, Director Ray Smallwood, producer of "My Old Kentucky Home." "Queen of the Moulin Rouge," and other specials, will train personally the winner. Then he will cast her in a Pyramid production.

Your fare to and from Ed Wynn's show and the Pyramid Studio, here in New York, will be paid by Mr. Wynn and Mr. Smallwood, respectively.

You winners will bear no expense. Everything paid. A big opportunity for a stage and a screen career open to you under the best in the profession.

The judges: Flo Ziegfeld, Julian Mitchell, Ed Wynn, Lillian Lauferty, and A. N. Smallwood—will decide from your photographs whether or not you are beautiful. They will then select from the most beautiful photographs of contestants, the two whose hundred-word statements indicate they are the most intelligent of the beauties.

If there is anything you do not clearly understand about this *Blonde-Brunette Vampire Contest*, address your questions to the VAMPIRE EDITOR, and also enclose ten cents for back issue of "Movie Weekly" containing all details of contest. This contest closes October 7, 1922. *Rush in pictures! Read "To Be Eligible" regulations!*

NEW YORK AMERICAN

BLONDE OR BRUNETTE?

By "BUGS" BAER

SPICED society is dizzy over non-essential question relating to blondes versus brunettes.

ALTHOUGH Kaiser was run raggity in 1918, there is still war going between curly tittle blondes and brunettes. Beautiful lamps with golden wicks claim they are more true than black skulled sisters.

FASCINATING angels with brunette halos squawk plenty at this. They assert that blondes are so silly they should wear cuckoo clocks for bonnets.

BLONDES shouldn't quarrel with brunettes because most of 'em started as brunettes. If girls start argument like this it might get serious if redheads get mixed up in it.

BLONDHEADED flappers can be devoted, brunettes constant, but if you start to pick out stanch and steady wife by color of her head, you will find that baldheaded women are less fickle than any of 'em.

THAT settles that. Now, who makes most important vampires? Brunettes chirp that they have entire eastern rights to vamp business. Blondes trill that brunettes are exceeding their authority.

ONE little blonde turned Europe upside down, spilled America, and was about to go to work on Africa and Asia when her lawyers advised her that alimony crop wasn't ripe yet.

ONE little brunette wouldn't even start to work on miserable retail job like that.

IMPOSSIBLE to state what color wig entitles its owner to official vamp badge. But all types of women are sisters and shouldn't quarrel with one another when there are so many men waiting to be husbands.

MOST flappers' hair is sixty per cent combings, twenty per cent bought and two per cent authentic. Each Saturday every girl in country sends her wool to beauty shop to be permanently waved for week-end.

BUT when it comes to breaking up homes, shriller sex hasn't got government monopoly. Don't forget that there are plenty of boy citizens who are running for office on that ticket.

BLONDES and brunettes should sign pink peace treaty and consolidate against sterner vamps.

BUT it's just like trail fashion plates to argue about two questions at once. Both blondes and blackies want to be considered best vamps and best wives of season.

GIVE 'em six-ounce powder puffs and let 'em fight it out between 'em.

(1) You must be a natural blonde.

(2) You must be a natural brunette.

(3) The auburn, or red head, girls are included with the blondes.

(4) Photograph requirements:

(a) Send in a full figure of yourself clothed in an attractive frock that does you justice.

(b) Send in full figure which gives you good idea of your form. Wear, possibly, tights, or a one-piece bathing suit, this showing you off to splendid advantage.

(c) Send in closeup of your full face.

(d) Send in closeup of your profile. (*These pictures must be no larger than* 8 *inches by* 10 *inches and no smaller than* 5 *inches by* 7 *inches.*)

(5) Attached to these four photographs must be your hundred-word statement, entitled: "The Art of Luring—Why I Know How." It must be typewritten, on one side of a sheet no larger than letterhead size. Suggestions for your articles can be found in the advice columns run weekly by Miss Mooers, the blonde, and Miss Blythe, the brunette.

(6) Professional actresses are barred from the contest.

(7) Amateur players are welcome.

(8) Photographs and hundred-word statement can only be submitted once. No changes will be permitted after statement has once been received. Take your time in writing your statement. Think clearly, concisely. This is a brainy contest as well as a beauty one.

(9) Address photographs and hundred-word statement to VAMPIRE EDITOR, "Movie Weekly," 119 West 40th Street, New York City, and send it first-class mail.

MOVIE WEEKLY'S OPPORTUNITY

DE SACIA MOOERS ADVISES THE BLONDES

Girls, don't make a crass mistake. Don't dress according to colors.

Dress according to your figure.

A blonde cannot gratify her longing for "passionate colors"—deep red, green and others. Therefore, she must dress according to her figure.

Years ago, when I completed finishing school, I traveled on the Continent. In France, while visiting friends, we were invited to a week-end in the country.

Louis-Alphonse of Spain was to come, the Grand Duke of Russia, then an important figure, and other eminent men and women. The evening Louis-Alphonse planned to arrive found the girls and women all a-flutter.

I knew everyone worried over the most striking gown to wear. I worried and worried and worried. Suddenly, I put a stop to such carryings-on. Why worry? I could carry no striking colors. Therefore, I would wear the most effective contrast—**a simple gown.**

This gown was black velvet, severely cut, simple. It catered to my figure.

The evening of Louis-Alphonse's arrival fell. With it, fifty or more guests assembled in the drawing-room. The ladies were gowned in colors of every description. My black velvet gown of severe cut stood out like a silhouette against a flaming sunset.

The effect was startling. My evening a glorious success.

This little experience, marks one of my first experiences as a vampire!

(Miss Mooers will continue her advice to blondes next week.)

Ed Wynn (starred) and his "The Perfect Fool" company.

STUPENDOUS PERSONALITY CONTEST

BETTY BLYTHE ADVISES THE BRUNETTES

The most vital attribute to being a "vamp" is good taste in dress. It may not be showy dress, but it is usually a carefully studied dress. A vampire dresses to express her personality. She discovers her chief charm and accentuates it. In this case I am addressing the brunettes, and contrast to natural coloring should be the key to success.

Dull, lifeless browns can be worn effectively by blondes, but they are taboo where brunettes are concerned. More reddish tones should predominate the brown fabrics. For brunettes oyster gray, bordering on white, is wonderfully effective. The following exotic shades should be affected by the brunette: Orange, the color of the sun; purple and, at this moment, a new henna shade is the vogue for brunettes. Lavender should be avoided, as it makes a brunette absolutely anemic in appearance. White is a distinct contrast suggestive of the Da Vinci women, all of whom had black hair. Black sounds a note of mystery—a Mona Lisa appeal. Red conveys the idea of passion and accomplishes the vivid contrast and strength of color which is reminiscent of Carmen. Pink should never be worn by brunettes.

The vampire personality is put on for effect, as man may put on a new cravat; therefore, this study of dress is vital. The exact design and cut of your dress must depend upon your figure, and is a question which any good dress-maker can decide. In fact, if you have any vampish qualifications whatever, you will not have to study it much—you will know it instinctively.

(Miss Blythe will continue her advice to brunettes next week.)

BELOW:
Director Ray Smallwood (in the oval) directs the big scene in Pyramid's "Queen of the Moulin Rouge."

Who?—is Doug Fairbanks

WHO is Dick Talmadge? Ask Doug Fairbanks. He knows."

Thus the billboards have screamed ever since, a few months ago, the world first heard of the new movie star. Many were attracted to the theatres where his first film played. He proved to be an entertaining stunt actor, but neither his publicity nor his billing gave any inkling as to the answer to the question: "Who is Dick Talmadge?" And it was hardly possible to ask Doug, busy as Doug is with being Mary Pickford's husband and making two super-features at the same time.

So the answer to the question of Dick Talmadge's identity has remained a mystery until "Movie Weekly" set forth to solve it.

Dick Talmadge's real name is Metzitti, he is a New Yorker, an Italian-American, and he is--ask Doug--the best stunt actor of them all.

Back of this simple reply to the question the billboards have asked is a story of how difficulties, personal and business, may be overcome by ability. Incidentally, it embraces a tribute to Doug, who has had no little share in the making of a new star during a season when the old stars were falling by the wayside.

Dick Talmadge, when he was merely Dick Metzetti, was one of half a million youths of poor parentage who are born in New York City of immigrant parents and who are forced to struggle against the disadvantages of growing up in a country which is theirs by birth, but which is alien to their parents. And young Dick had another of the usual disadvantages of such parentage for he was plentifully blessed with sisters and brothers, eleven in all.

Neither of these handicaps bothered this young Italian lad. He had no desire to become a matinee idol; he never thought of becoming a movie star. He just grew up and enjoyed the business of growing. And with the spirit of youth that was his, he became proficient in athletics. At first it was just the ordinary games of the ordinary boy. But Dick could always defeat his opponents. He could always run a little faster, jump farther, play better than they. And naturally, as he learned the importance of being a victor, he began to develop these talents. From the impossible grime and crowded squalor of New York, there began to grow a boy who could excel those born in the out-of-doors, those who have fields and hills for their gymnasiums, and free running rivers for their swimming pools.

BELOW:

Seven leogue boots can't hold a candle to Dick's skippings over street cars into the tonneau of o topless machine.

AT LEFT:

A coseup of Dick Talmadge. Did you ever wonder who he was?

CAMPBELL STUDIOS

Doug Fairbanks, the man who gove Dick the boost that put him over the top as o picture star.

"Dick was never a professional,' says A. Radin, who has sponsored his photoplays in New York City and who has known him since the days when he was plain Metzetti. "He was active in athletic competitions, however, and became well-known to those who are interested in physical culture. But at that time it was impossible for him to show off, I mean, to demonstrate his remarkable ability as a jumper and his absolute fearlessness. Since he became a movie actor, he has naturally made use of the tricks of the camera in certain stunts, but very often he improvises just as comedy directors improvise comedy gags in the midst of a picture.

"A few months ago he was working on his second picture. The continuity contained a sufficient number of stunts, so far as the director was concerned, but right in the middle of a scene, Dick told Grover Jones, who was handling the megaphone, to stop the camera.

"'I've got an idea for a good jump,' he said. 'Put a mat under that window on the outside and when I shout, start the camera.'

"There were about half a dozen extras, supposed to be crooks, on the set; Dick got into a scrimmage with them, and then let loose a yell as he started his jump. He leaped to a table, flew off on a broad jump to the top of a door that was ajar and then, by swinging the door, caught a trapeze transom above the table. From this he swung free through a small window on the side of the set and down, a jump of at least thirty feet. The bunch on the set were too astonished to go through with their parts, but we used the shot, for we figured that the audiences, busily engaged in watching Dick, wouldn't notice the others."

But to return to Dick's story. He had made no attempt to enter pictures in New York, but, following the war, he went west, and in the course of his efforts to find fame and fortune, he came to Hollywood. There he naturally drifted to the studio of Douglas Fairbanks, whom he admired greatly, principally because of Doug's remarkable ability to perform amazing physical feats.

"A good many people have said that Dick acted as Doug's double in certain Fairbanks pictures," said Mr. Radin. "That is not so. Dick did play

Dick Talmadge Tells...

At Left:
Dick doesn't care how he bumps himself into a saddle!

in pictures with Doug, but only in minor parts. It was in that fashion that Doug became acquainted with Dick's possibilities and later was able to befriend him and to assist him in forming his own company."

Doug probably hearkened back to his own first picture, "The Lamb," made so long ago that it has been forgotten by this generation of movie fans.

Freddie Dalton who is well-known for his portrayal of half-breed Indian roles, was technical director and played a small part in that picture. "It was in the old Triangle days," Dalton relates "Doug had some reputation as a legitimate actor, but he had never tried pictures before. Griffith tried him out, but Doug wasn't camera-wise at that time, and Griffith remarked that he would never do. It was a stunt that put him over. We had a tremendous cast for that picture, a regiment of cavalry, 800 Mexicans, and a splendid cast, which included Seena Owen, Monroe Salisbury—in a bit—Joseph Henaberry—who played Lincoln in 'The Birth of a Nation,' and who later became a director, and Christy Cabanne as director.

"I was supposed to be fleeing from Doug after having kidnapped Seena Owen. But when Doug explained the stunt he wanted to do, I balked, and Red-Eye, an Indian, was employed to double for me. Fairbanks climbed a tree, and entirely within the range of the camera, he swung himself out on a branch of the tree. Then employing the branch as a lever he swung out again until he was flying as if on a trapeze. As he reached the end of a swing of the branch, he let go, leaped to the roof of a building and then jumped feet first down onto the back of Red-Eye, throwing him to the ground. Doug's legs caught Red-Eye and pinned him to the ground, after which the camera stopped and I stepped into Red-Eye's place, for a closeup."

Years have passed since that day, and in those years Fairbanks has not improved on his stunts, although he has improved greatly as an actor. During last year he first became interested in Metzetti and one afternoon he engaged him in an athletic contest on the Fairbanks' lot in Hollywood.

Young Dick was able to equal his famous mentor's stunts in the majority of cases and several times he did better than Doug. The ease and grace with which Dick executed the most difficult stunts finally induced Fairbanks to encourage Dick to enter pictures.

It was at this point that Dick met with his first obstacle. He was, as the title of his first picture indicated, absolutely unknown. And he could not afford nor could he obtain friends who would spend the amount of money necessary to spread his fame. Nevertheless, Fairbanks predicted that he would easily make a name for himself in pictures, and incidentally, Doug offered to assist him generously with publicity.

But pictures were in the midst of their worst year. Independent companies were falling by the wayside. Old-time stars were meeting with rebuffs in their search for work. What chance would a newcomer, unheralded and unknown, have?

At Left:
Who could withstand the appeal in Dick Talmadge in a situation of this sort? You can imagine what the close up of his new picture will be.

There was a conference, a notable conference so far as Dick was concerned, between his backer and the New York exchange owner who had offered to take a chance on his pictures and to make an attempt to market them. The problem before the conference was to create sufficient stir to make Dick Metzetti known to the world One plan after another was rejected. One campaign for publicity was characterized as too expensive; another as too far fetched. A stone wall had been reached. There was no egress.

At last came the suggestion from the exchange manager, Mr. Radin, who thus far had not expressed an opinion:

"Why not give Dick some well-known name, a name that will draw attention to him, something like Pickford or Talmadge?"

Talmadge it was, and Talmadge won. It may not be entirely fair to trade upon the name of another, but in the case of Dick Talmadge, there was no choice. If he had used any name less known to picture fans it is probable that he would never have had the opportunity of winning for himself the small share of fame he has already gained and which he quite honestly deserves.

Incidentally, Dick Talmadge is unmarried and despite the fact that he risks his neck every so often in jumping from one high building to another or in walking along roof ledges, he is not eccentric and is very popular among those who know him both in Los Angeles and in New York. If he ever were cornered and forced to demand some fair maiden's hand, he would be likely to ask: "Do I marry your daughter or shall I jump out of this tenth story window?" And Dad would probably agree to the marriage, even if he did know that Dick could jump out of tenth story windows and land on the concrete pavement unharmed.

But Dick will hardly marry in the near future. He is working hard to make good permanently and to bring a fortune back to New York. Some of his brothers are assisting him in his work, Leon Metzetti acting as technical director in his pictures, and Dick, with them, is solidly establishing a little nest egg for the old folks at home.

His success is a tribute to his perseverance and his constant attention to his physical welfare. That these factors have brought him fame in the movies is not remarkable, for equipped with them, he would have won fame in any other line of endeavor.

RIES & VAN ROSSEM
Below:
Dick Talmadge defies all safety in making a thrilling jump from a third story window to the top of the limousine.

QUEEN of the FOLLIES

MAC ADAM

"She (Jessie Reed) took my Dannie in," June Castleton said. "What are you doing with Dan Caswell?" I asked her. "Before I knew what had happened, she slapped me in the face."

INTERNATIONAL

Dan Caswell and June Castleton. Caswell is one of Broadway's creatures, the son of a millionaire. He made himself famous on Broadway by his lavishness in parting with his money!

INTERNATIONAL

AT LEFT:

Another photo of June Castleton, dismissed from the chorus of Ziegfeld's "Sally," who admitted her love for Dan Caswell, already married to Jessie Reed, but who is now suing Jessie for a divorce. Some mixup!

A Story of Intrigue, Love and Scandal.

UNHAPPY lies the head that wears the crown, even when the crown is of tinsel and rests upon the classic brow of a mere Queen of the Follies. Jessie Reed is once more in the limelight.

June Castleton is missing.

Mrs. George W. Glew, June's mother, disappeared a day after her chorus girl daughter.

"Dapper Dan" Caswell, the young Cleveland millionaire, and husband of Jessie Reed, is suing Jessie for divorce, and incidentally looking for June, whom he wants to marry.

And the Follies have another scandal.

Here is the how and why;

Jessie Reed has always been a more or less mythical character to the general public. She has passed serenely before them as they sat in the New Amsterdam Theatre and watched her, the show girl supreme of the Ziegfeld Follies. They have glimpsed her briefly in motion pictures. And they have heard stories of the only show girl in the world who draws a salary running into three figures weekly, who lives in extravagant apartments in New York, and who drives expensive motor cars.

The real Jessie Reed, the girl who has outlived one edition of the Follies after the other, until she has been acclaimed as the Ziegfeld type supreme, has had riches, luxury, happiness—and a life peppered with sensation.

You can't go back to beginnings in the story of Jessie Reed. She is one of the frail creatures of the Broadway that is almost gone, a girl valuable for her beauty and because of it to rise and fall.

There was a time when she was just Jessie. She married a vaudeville actor, Ollie Dobrow. They had a child. She was in a postion to carve out for herself a calm, unruffeld life. Instead she found herself sought out constantly by men. Her position in the Follies, the repute which that position gave her, all made her the goal of one spender after another. One of these men deceived her. Heh husband, enraged, attacked and killed him. Through the jaws of misery, Dobrow passed, to finally emerge successfully.

Then came Dan Caswell. Like Jessie Reed, Caswell is one of Broadway's creatures, not necessarily the Broadway of New York, but of any town which has a street of gay lights, of cabarets, dance halls and night life. Caswell comes from Cleveland. He is the son of a millionaire. He made himself famous on Broadway just as quickly as the spending of money can make anyone famous on that street. Jessie won him, then a lad of twenty-one. Dan ran away and married her, showered jewels upon her, and loved her madly.

From this point the story must be pieced together from the accusations of June Castleton,

WHITE

AT LEFT:
Jessie Reed, former motion picture actress and now acclaimed as the Ziegfeld type supreme, has had riches, luxury, happiness—and a life peppered with sensation.

ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON

AT RIGHT:
A closeup of Jessie Reed.

made before her disappearance. June Castleton is in love with Dan Caswell. Because of her love, because of the complications which his previous marriage to Jessie Reed have caused, she said that she had lost her position as a chorus girl, first in the Follies and later in "Sally."

"Sally" has had an eventful career since it moved from New York after its year's run, to Boston. Geneva Mitchell stepped briefly into the limelight as a result of her sensational elopement with a millionaire and her marriage, which was annulled a few days later. Marilyn Miller announced her engagement to Jack Pickford, and followed it with columns of praise of Mary's brother. A wild party at a private house, held by two members of the "Sally" company, caused their discharge by Ziegfeld. And then June Castleton received notice that she, too, was no longer wanted as a member of the musical comedy company.

"She took my Dannie in," June Castleton said. "She said she was only eighteen and she told him he was the only boy who had ever kissed her. And Dan believed it. He married her, paid all her bills and then, a few days later, he heard of her marriage to Ollie Dobrow, which took place when Dan was a baby, a kid in short trousers.

"Dan accused Jessie of deceiving him, and she started to drink and their honeymoon was just one long booze fight. Dan gave up, and then he met me, and we fell in love with each other. One night, we were dining at a restaurant in Chicago after the show and we saw Jessie and another girl at a nearby table. Before I knew what had happened, the other girl came up to me and asked:

"'What are you doing with Dan Caswell?' And before I could say a word, she slapped me in the face, as hard as she could. The manager wanted to put her and Jessie out, but I wouldn't let him.

"I constantly suffered from her persecution. One time in a train, she got another girl to trip me up and when I fell, she pounced on me and hit me. It was humiliating and painful, too. In the Follies she always tried to trip me with her hoopskirt, and if I had fallen, I probably would have lost my job. Once, at rehearsal she succeeded in knocking me right over.

"Finally, Danny heard of these things and of the remarks she was making about me. He came on to Boston and he decided to let everyone know that no matter what she said or did, he would marry me as soon as he had a divorce from her."

Thenceforth things began to happen to June Castleton. The management of "Sally," apparently eager to remove from the ranks of the company anyone who might be tainted with the faintest breath of scandal, gave notice to June. June did not wait for further eventualities. She immediately told the world about her troubles, blaming them all on Jessie Reed, who, she said, was the cause of her discharge.

"June left the present edition of the Follies," said a friend of hers, "not because the management was dissatisfied, or because she wanted to leave New York. She would have preferred to stay in New York, but Jessie constantly kept talking about her and made faces at her backstage. June stood as much of it as she could and then she decided to ask for a transfer to the 'Sally' company."

But June's troubles did not end with her discharge and the subsequent publicity. Jessie Reed retaliated with a statement that June was trying to steal Dan Caswell from her, whereat June replied that she hadn't stolen Dan, that Dan had left Jessie as flat as the proverbial tire.

Here the matter might have rested and would have, if June hadn't decided to hie herself away from the scandal. June's home is in Boston where "Sally" is playing. She remained at home for a few days following her discharge, and then, without informing her parents where she was going, she disappeared. Her father believes that she went away for a little rest from reporters and gossips, notifying only her mother.

But the day following June's disappearance, her mother, Mrs. George W. Glew, also disappeared. Mr. Glew is not certain whether his wife knew where June had gone and went to meet her, or whether in her worry over the disappearance of her daughter, her mind gave way. He called upon Dan Caswell to assist him, and the Cleveland millionaire, who is now connected with a chemical factory in New York, has dropped all business in an effort to find his sweetheart and her mother. Caswell has asked the police to assist him in finding June, and until she and her mother are located, he will remain in Boston.

Meantime, as in years past, Jessie Reed is still spending her summers in the magnificent ensemble of the Follies. She has denied that she had any part in the discharge of June Castleton and she looks just as serenely regal as ever as she makes her appearance richly gowned in translucent lace. Boston may be abuzz with excitement over the "Sally" scandal; June may disappear and Dan Caswell go searching for her, but Jessie Reed is as unruffled as ever.

And the Follies with their show of splendor and beauty go on without June Castleton. To her attacks, no reply has been made. To her statement that she once collapsed on the stage and that she was left lying in the wings until the company was gone, and a negro call-boy found her, weak and suffering, no word of defense has been uttered. But an inkling of the jealousies and intrigues of life behind the footlights of the world's most famous girl show has reached the public through this scandal.

EGYPTIAN Vamps Picture

Behold the Queen of Egypt, who sepuchrally droned to highbrow Boston, "Woman Lives in a Love Prison . . ."

By Frances McDonald

SLINKY silk and trailing fringe, eyes heavy with languor, breath laden with perfume, a retinue of slaves and a message of Sex Freedom for women—and all Boston fell!

Can you picture the poor old Hub, home of high necks, high standards and high brows, when the news was noised abroad that right out of the grave had come a regular who's-who Egyptian Queen with a cloth of gold train and a wow-wow past—and that she had a word to say to Boston in the cultured town arrived to pay their respects!

Not since the widely advertised Tea Party had such excitement reigned. Strong men quailed and wives sassed back. The Hub rattled. The most luxurious suite in the Copley Plaza—Boston's ultra hotel—became overnight a court of ancient Egypt. Leopard skin rugs were strewn around like Sunday papers—an air of unhallowed anticipation pervaded every corner—slaves crept about soft-footed. Nothing was mising but the Pyramids when the representatives of every newspaper in the acutely cultured town arrived to pay their respects!

If these hardened souls expected to find some female crank suffering from an over-study complex, they were due for the surprise of their lives. In place of rimmed spectacles they beheld pearls that a Rajah would have envied, eyes that any Boston man would have known enough to look away from, and a form that Helen of Troy would have made catty remarks about. The Queen of Sheba was a mere flapper, commonplace, forgotten, in the presence of the strange, full-lipped, half-woman, half-spirit who sat inscrutable irresistible, and met the fascinated gaze of hardened newspaper men with deadly unconcern.

And what do you think of this? Mayor Curley of Boston fell so for the Queen he presented her with his autographed photograph!

"Woman lives in a Love-Prison," whispered the re-incarnated Queen. "Why should one man possess all of any woman's love? How can he possess it? I, Antinea, had in Egypt when I was Queen, twenty-five husbands. I shall have more." Here the scribes edged nearer, neckties were straightened, cuffs adjusted. Interest deepened.

"Woman, unhampered, is capable of unlimited love. I, Antinea, could love a thousand." The room throbbed with the announcement. The voice, as becomes a voice after four thousand years in a damp tomb, dropped to a husky whisper. "I shall show women how to love."

"Are you going to stay in Boston?"

This crude outbreak from one of the younger scribes, edged the nerves of all present. It was like a shout in the Temple of Isis. Silence answered the sacrilege. Antinea's eyelids fluttered.

"My message is for ALL the women in ALL the world," she whispered, undismayed by so large an order. And outside, in Boston Common, microphones were being rigged up in preparation for the advertised open air lecture to be given by the re-incarnated Queen! Boston women crowded the curbs, for, daily, Antinea was driven amongst them in her heavily-guarded car, her inscrutable eyes downcast, her arms hugging her close-swathed figure.

"Twenty-five husbands!" gasped awe-stricken wives who had forgotten how to love even one. And they huddled together, thrilled with delicious terror. "What would the men folks think!" One of the men folks thought it was going to cause a bunch of trouble.

And that particular man happened to be the Mayor of Boston—good-looking Jim Curley, broad-minded as they come, but a careful boy. He had already promised a permit for the mammoth mass meeting at which for the first time a re-incarnated Queen was to address a few thousand women on the subject of what they had missed.

Mayor Curley began to think that after all perhaps there were some things women needn't know. So all of a sudden, the preparations on the historic Common ceased. The Queen said it was a shame. The men grumbled. They had seen the Queen on her daily drives and had decided there was nothing dead about her. They wanted to hear her speech. But the Mayor had spoken. The dead Queen's secret must remain dead—in Boston.

Interest mounted to fever heat. Why couldn't this lecture be held? Why must woman be ever held down by some man?
couldn't this lecture be held? Why must woman be ever held down by some man?

It looked as if Jim Curley had lost the woman vote. Couldn't he be compelled to allow this visitor to their city, this visitor from the grave, to be heard? Hadn't Boston stood for Margot Asquith? Why protect the public now? And so the staid old city—just crusted with culture, heaved at this insult to the ancient Queen. Boston loves anything ancient. And when you've got a pre-Pharaoh Queen in your midst, you've got the last word in things passe. Hence the heaves.

Then the truth came out with the appearance in Boston of the picture, "Missing Husbands," the story of what happened to some real live hubbies who happened to meet up with a little old girl named Antinea, address, The Desert.

These hubbies, according to the picture, remained missing, so far as their wives and fami-

QUEEN to Popularity

lies were concerned, and the little stepper who detained them in the land of sand, was none other than an Egyptian Queen who believed in a woman's right to a thousand husbands if she could find that many. So you can imagine Boston! And the Boston women who thought they were going to be freed from their love-prisons and live their lives completely surrounded by leopard skins and doings.

As for Mayor Curley, when told about it he only laughed and said, "I had a feeling that that meeting should not be held—but she was a Queen all right!"

Who was the girl shrouded in mystery and cloth of gold, who trailed through the lobby of the Copley-Plaza Hotel in Boston, followed by half a dozen slaves and the astonished gaze of every person within the line of vision? How did she act the part of an Egyptian Queen, for seven days, deceiving not only the hotel management, but the keen eyes of dozens of newspaper writers sent to interview her? Why was her identity and her mission not discovered?

"Metro purchased the French picture, 'Missing Husbands,' and, after its New York run, sent it to Boston. The story is about a certain Egyptian Queen whose methods were ruthless and fatal, whose one thought was to be surrounded by lovers—an inveterate vamp. Metro wanted to bring that particular point out before the public in their advertising. They conceived the idea of fooling the newspapers by having a woman suddenly appear, announce herself as an apostle

Miss Martan, who knocked Boston groggy as the Egyptian Queen, enjoys being gentle Tarzan's little playmate in a ripsnorting serial.

And then it turned out that "Missing Husbands" played a corking stunt on staid old Boston.

of Love, a re-incarnation of an ancient Love Queen, and call herself by the name of the Queen in 'Missing Husbands.'

"Then they began casting about for a girl to be the Queen. It required not only the ordinary ability to interpret a part, but the willingness to live the part in real life and the nerve to face newspaper men and interviewers and a possible audince of a thousand people and actually impersonate a woman who believed her body to be harboring the soul of another!

"She would not only have to act, but to talk, to answer questions and to know what she was talking about. It happened that I had studied Egypt rather extensively, and that I had the proper cast of features for the part. Metro approached me. I agreed to accept the part, for I felt that such an achievement would be the final test of whether or not I could really act. I knew that I would have to deceive a whole city full of people, and I knew that I could do it.

"I designed a costume which I knew would go over. I assumed a voice suggestive of days gone,

Another pose of her whom Mayor Curley of Boston laughingly admitted: "She was a Queen all right!"

lives ended. I learned to walk as one who treads softly. And I fooled them.

"Of course, it was all to advertise a picture, but—it was to me a part—and a big one. The public must be told just how certain queens in Egypt did things, and they must become interested in one Queen in particular—Antinea—the particular Queen featured in 'Missing Husbands'—and I was to be the medium through which they were to learn. It was fascinating! I studied up my history. I learned my lines. I confided to my secretary that she must stand by. Then when all was ready, just when in the studio we would say 'Shoot'—then, I left for Boston with my slaves. I shall never forget my arrival at the Copley-Plaza.

"Metro had furnished a magnificent car. I was met at the train and proceeded to the hotel—at midnight. My secretary preceded me—and registered for me as 'Antinea.' The clerk wrinkled his brow over that and inquired whether Miss or Madame. He was told that it was 'Queen Antinea.' He bowed. He had seen Queens before—though even for the Copley-Plaza no doubt I seemed rather 'more so!'

"I was shown to my suite, already reserved by wire. My slaves—all trained by Metro for their parts—were perfect. The bell boys were speechless—and so wrapt was I in my part that it never occurred to me to smile.

"From then on I WAS the re-incarnated Queen. I felt what the Queen was supposed to have felt—that women live in a prison made by MAN. I almost believed that I was to lecture throughout the country just as I told the reporters. I lived Antinea's life for seven days—and then the picture opened at ———— Theatre, Boston, and I removed my makeup and my mummy outfit and asked for my bill!

"It was a wonderful experience—and the best part of it all is that it was a supreme test of just how well I could act a real part. I am sorry it is over, but it was a great strain, for the papers were carrying daily stories and the interviews were continuous. On the whole, being a Queen isn't so bad; only, being an actress is better!"

BERNARR MACFADDEN'S

NATIONAL

Lilymac Wilkinson

PARAMOUNT

Betty Compson

A GAME so popular as golf is certain to have a great many devotees among the screen stars. Richard Dix and Owen Moore are very proud of the golf trophies they have collected, and Mae Murray, Anita Stewart, H. B. Warner, Constance Binney and Elaine Hammerstein are only a few of the group of stars who are expert golf players. It is only of recent years that golf has obtained such a following.

It is not a very strenuous game, as can readily be imagined by the number of men past middle age who keep in condition at the links. It is not necessary that an exercise be strenuous in order to be of great value. The long drives which the arm executes with a deep swing from the waist call into play all sorts of seldom-used muscles in and around the stomach —the muscles which in a great many

BEAUTY PAGES

ABBE
Mildred June

Dorothy Valerger Revier

cases are in especial need of strengthening. At the same time the muscles of the shoulders are used a great deal.

Of course golf keeps one in the open air and also makes the player walk long distances, but the walking involved is more like strolling and therefore loses some of the value that there is in a brisk walk.

Golf is an extremely sociable game, conducive to good cheer, good spirits, good health. They are all factors in the making of beauty. There is this to be said about golf, too—it seems to have a particularly great hold upon its devotees. Once you have been bitten by the "golf bug," you will find yourself practicing out on the links at every available moment. And it is this constant practice which builds up vigor and beauty.

ORPHANS OF THE STORM

A Thrilling Tale from D. W. Griffith's Latest Masterpiece Based on the World-Famous "Two Orphans"

NOVELIZED BY

JAMES GABELLE

HENRIETTE was standing with her arms outstretched toward him. He bounded back and fell at her feet. He was transported with joy. The reaction from deepest gloom to the pinnacle of success was almost too much for him. Rapturously he kissed the hem of her robe, her finger tips, her long, golden curls, crying over and over again. "You do love me! *Ma cherie*, you do love me!"

Gently Henriette kissed the glowing face lifted to hers. A thrill of fire shot through his veins. He felt that he could conquer empires for her dear sake.

"When Louise is found," she sobbed on his protecting breast. "It may be—I don't know. But first, Louise must be found."

THE CRUELTY OF LAW

Marie, Countess de Lineries, was sitting by the window overlooking the brooding Seine. She was in a pensive mood. The scene with the beautiful blind girl had touched her deeply. How lovely she was and how strangely like—— She glanced around quickly with a furtive air. Not here in the same house with the cold, self-sufficient Count de Lineries should that name be breathed. The name of her handsome, boyish lover, cut off in the pride of his youth and strength. How vivid it all was to her—as though it had happened yesterday, and it was years ago. Ah, how the years were fleeting.

The countess sighed deeply and tears bedewed her eyes. She felt that she must see this girl again—must know more about her. How cold she had been! The countess' mind was troubled. She wished that she had given her the ermine coat. It was thoughtless of her that she had not. However, she would see her again and atone for this remissness.

A knock sounded on the door. She started with sudden irritation. She wanted to be alone with her thoughts. The knock was repeated and at her crisply-worded command, the door opened and Maurice, her nephew, entered. At sight of him, the lines in the countess' face softened. He was a great favorite of hers.

"Dearest and most beautiful of aunts," he cried, kissing her long, tapering, aristocratic fingers, "you hold my life's happiness wrapped up in your own, tiny, beautiful hands."

"We are not at court, now, Maurice," she chided, tapping his arm with her ivory and lace, Watteau-decorated fan.

"For the which le Bon Dieu be praised," he retorted with a grimace. "I don't care if I never see the court again!"

"It is that girl," his aunt said with sudden apprehension. "You have never been the same since you met her."

"It is, indeed, Henriette," he replied with energy, his handsome face flushing with the pride he felt. "Oh, aunt, could you but see her, I know your heart would intercede for me. She is so young, so lovely, so pure, so good. My life will be utterly blasted without her. Oh, aunt, if you value my happiness, intercede with the count for me. He will deny you nothing. Do but this and my heart's gratitude is forever yours."

"Youth does not always know what is best," she said softly. "Age may be old, but it is wise."

"Age is not always wise," Maurice cried hotly. "Even so, wisdom does not always bring happiness."

The thoughts of the countess ran back through the years. True, she and her boy husband had been happy. Intensely happy. She had never known what happiness was since that time. A few hours of all-too-brief happiness and a lifetime of regret. It was worth it.

"No," she said softly. "No, Maurice, dear. Wisdom does not always bring happiness."

"You will intercede for us!" de Vaudrey cried, falling on his knees before the countess. "Dear, dear aunt. You hold our happiness in the hollow of your hands. Unless I can marry her I do not want to live. Say you will intercede to the count for us! Please, please, say you will!"

The countess started to her feet.

"I must see the girl first, and judge for myself," she said decisively. "I have your best interests at heart, believe that, Maurice. Therefore, I shall do nothing rashly. Tell Perreault to order my sedan. I shall see her at once."

And with this assurance, de Vaudrey was forced to be content. With all a lover's optimism, though, he felt that Henriette had but to be seen to conquer whatever prejudices his aunt might possess, or fears she might entertain of the power of the king and the count to stop the marriage.

Arriving at the humble abode of Henriette, this daughter of the aristocracy was astonished to find how poor and mean it was. Surely, she thought, Maurice might have looked higher than this? He for whom a princess of the blood royal was pining would not for long be content with a mere daughter of the people, no matter how great her charm. No, a wedding between the two would never do.

The Chevalier de Vaudrey is placed under arrest.

Henriette rose as her distinguished guest entered. Maurice had described his aunt so often and with such detail that the orphan girl had no difficulty in recognizing the countess. With a beating heart, she waited for the noblewoman to speak.

"I am the aunt of the Chevalier de Vaudrey," said the countess as she took the chair the girl tremblingly proffered her.

Henriette bowed, she could not trust herself to speak.

"He has told me of his love for you," the countess resumed. Henriette blushed, but still maintained silence. "His eloquence almost persuaded me to consent to this mad marriage and to enlist in your behalf. I do not blame him; you are very pretty and you have a good face, but if you will let reason be your guide, you will see that marriage between you and the chevalier is impossible."

"I love him, madame," replied Henriette, finding her voice at last.

"If you really love him, you will prove your love by giving him up. It is the will of the king that he wed the young, lovely and wealthy Princess of Acquitaine. She is a member of the blood royal and such a marriage assures his future for all time to come. Refuse, and it will probably be the Bastille for him and La Force for you. Do not speak just yet," continued the countess earnestly. "You may say something that you will deeply regret, later. Let me urge you not to follow your youthful inclinations. They are poor guides to happiness. I—that is—er—a friend of mine once made a marriage that has haunted her through all the years. If you do not think of yourself, think of Maurice. You would not wreck his future. Love does not do such things."

Henriette trembled and grew white. It was as though the death sentence had been pronounced upon her.

"Ah, madame," she said at last. "You are cruel, but it is the cruelty of truth. I felt all along that he should not wed with a commoner, but his words overpowered me."

"His words almost overpowered me," retorted the countess. "Maurice always had an eloquent tongue as well as a handsome face. What I ask of you I ask for his sake. You will prove your love for him by giving him up? By promising to go away and never see him again?"

Choking back a sob that strove for utterance, Henriette raised her head proudly:

"Yes, Madame la Comtesse," she replied, her voice laden with unshed tears. "I love him so that I shall gladly give him up—and then crawl away and die."

"I promise that you'll not regret it, though you must not think of dying. People do not die for love, much as they may talk about it. You will yet meet a man in your own station in life who will make you happy. My husband and I will gladly settle a handsome 'dot' on you or make you any other reward in our power."

Henriette started.

"You mean that?" she asked eagerly.

"Of course," replied the high-born lady coldly. They are all alike, she thought, these peasants.

(*Continued on page 26*)

D. W. Griffith Misses A Big Opportunity

D. W. GRIFFITH'S TRAGIC FAILURE

NOT so long ago, a terrific storm rocked New York and adjacent suburbs. Up at Mamaroneck, D. W. Griffith was working on his new society-mystery drama, "At the Grange," featuring Carol Dempster, when the storm broke.

What a magnificent sight to photograph! Old trees, rising to great heights, and with a sweeping limb spread, bowed to the ground in the path of the roaring gale.

Rushing clouts of rain, blown by the wind, pounded through space. Lowering lead-dulled clouds sped through the sky.

Truly a magnificent sight.

* * * * *

A CAMERAMAN! A CAMERAMAN!

"I must photograph this," cried Mr. Griffith, excitedly rushing around the studio in search for the proper camera to "shoot" the raging elements.

Unfortunately for the American public, the "outdoor" camera was not found, and Mr. Griffith, raging helplessly, stood by while the magnificent storm came to a cyclonic close.

* * * * *

WHICH REMINDS US

Speaking of the elements brings to mind William Cabanne Christy's splendid storm shots in his last year's feature, "The Stealers." Director Cabanne and leading members of his cast were somewhere in upper New York State when a magnificent electric storm broke, followed by a terrific rainstorm, the wind driving in ghostly sheets against an ink-black back-drop of clouds.

Cabanne and his cameraman dashed to the top of the hotel where they were stopping and, fighting the violence of the wind, finally succeeded in establishing themselves and the camera. They photographed some of the most wonderful "storm" shots ever seen on the silver sheet.

* * * * *

WHAT IS THIS TREND LEADING TO?

Mae Marsh is in England. She signed a contract with Sydney Jay to make a big special production. Mr. Jay, in lieu of this, leased Paramount's London studio. Mae's little youngster, Mary, is with her and may appear for the first time with her mother in a picture.

D. W. Griffith

Mae, according to present plans, expects to return in September, by which time Mr. Griffith will be ready to start his next picture, with Miss Marsh cast for the featured role.

But to return to Mae's English picture. Constance Binney signed an interesting contract with an English producing concern, and is now completing work on her first picture in London. Evelyn Greeley signed with the Hollandia Film Company and is working now on her initial foreign production in Haarlem, Holland.

Just what does this trend to the Continent indicate?

* * * * *

Rambling through the STUDIOS in the East with Dorothea B. Herzog

INTERNATIONAL

Mae Marsh and her daughter Mary arrive in England.

QUOTING SIR CHARLES HIGHAM

This sentence stirs to consciousness a few remarks from Sir Charles Higham at the dinner tendered him by the Associated Motion Picture Advertisers last month at the Biltmore Hotel.

Sir Charles rose to his feet amid hearty applause and a standing greeting from the hundred or so members and guests of the A. M. P. A. Then he spoke. Being fundamentally an advertising man, his speech dealt primarily with this phase of motion pictures, dwelling too, on motion pictures and internationalism.

"You advertising men," he italicized earnestly, "you are the people who MAKE pictures, because it is you who sell them. You create these posters (taking in the many posters on the walls of the dining-room, representative of the various companies' poster

Sir Charles Higham

display advertising) and bring people into the theatres. You sell them the picture.

"And when you sell them—are you sold yourself? If you are not, if you do not consider the picture one that will give something and that will be a credit to your art, to your country, then you are not fit to be advertising men!"

* * * * *

OUR PICTURES ABROAD

Sir Charles mentioned the possible effect of our pictures in foreign countries.

"When you advertise a picture," he continued to these leading representatives of motion picture advertising, "do you stop to consider that it is going to be shown in other countries? Do you stop to consider whether the picture will do justice to your country? To your customs? Your people?"

Stop and consider a few of our pictures. List them in your mind. Now! Do you "Movie Weekly" reader, consider that the major part of our pictures are suitable representatives of *yourself* — the American public —to be shown to foreign peoples who have no basis upon which to judge you except that of the picture?

Tom Meighan

* * * * *

THEY DO SAY THAT

Jack Holt is on his way to New York for a vacation, his first in many a month.

Tom Meighan is coming on to make a picture at Paramount's Long Island Studio.

Dorothy Gish may venture a stage production next year.

Lillian Gish turned down a big offer from a London producer to make pictures in England

The Triumph of Love

"The Business of Life"

By Robert W. Chambers

HE was still grinning, but his heavy lower lip twitched, and suddenly the horror of it broke on Desboro—that this, great gross, red-faced creature was suffering in every atom of his unwieldy bulk; that the fixed grin was covering anguish; that the man's heart was breaking there, now, where he sat, the "rictus mortis" stamped on his quivering face.

"Clydesdale," he said, unsteadily, "I came here meaning to say only what I have said—that you never had anything to doubt in me—but that rumors still coupled my name with Elena's. That was all I meant to say. But I'll say more. I'm sorry that things are not going well with you and Elena. I would do anything in the world that lay within my power to help make yours a happy marriage. But marriages all seem to go wrong. For years—witnessing what I have—what everybody among our sort of people cannot choose but witness—I have made up my mind that marriage was no good."

Desboro rose and stood with his hand across his forehead, as though it ached.

"You and Elena and I are products of the same kind of civilization. Jacqueline—my wife—is the result of a different training in a very different civilization."

"And the rottenness of ours is making her ill."

Desboro nodded. After a moment he stirred restlessly.

"Well," he said, "I must go to the office. I haven't been there yet."

Clydesdale got onto his feet.

"Won't you stay?"

"No."

"As you wish. And—I'm sory, Desboro. However, you have a better chance than I—to make good. My wife—dislikes me."

He went as far as the door with his guest, and when Desboro had departed he wandered aimlessly back into the house and ultimately found himself among his porcelains once more—his only refuge from a grief and care that never ceased, never even for a moment eased those massive shoulders of their dreadful weight.

He hesitated, turned irresolutely, and remounted the stairs. To a maid passing he said:

"Is Mrs. Clydesdale lunching at home?"

"Yes sir. Mrs. Clydesdale is not well, sir."

"Has she gone to her room?"

"Yes, sir."

"Please go to her and say that I am sorry and—and inquire if there is anything I can do."

Somebody knocked; he turned, and the maid came forward.

"Mrs. Clydesdale desires to see you, sir."

He stared for a second, then his heart beat heavily with alarm.

"Where is Mrs. Clydesdale?"

"In her bedroom, sir."

"Unwell?"

"Yes, sir."

"In BED?"

"I think so, sir. Mrs. Clydesdale's maid spoke to me."

"Very well. Thank you."

He went out and mounted the stairs, striding up silently to the hall above, where his wife's maid quietly opened the door for him, then went away to her own little chintz-lined den.

Elena was lying on her bed in a frilly, lacy, clinging thing of rose tint. The silk curtains had been drawn, but squares of sunlight quartered them, turning the dusk of the pretty room to a golden gloom.

She opened her eyes and looked up to him as he advanced.

"I'm terribly sorry," Clydesdale said; and his heavy voice shook in spite of him.

She motioned toward the only armchair—an ivory-covered affair, the cane bottom covered by a rose cushion.

"Bring it here—nearer," she said.

He did so, and seated himself beside the bed cautiously.

She lay silent after that; once or twice she pressed the palms of both hands over her eyes as though they pained her, but when he ventured to inquire, she shook her head. It was only when he spoke of calling up Dr. Allen again that she detained him in his chair with a gesture:

"Wait! I've got to tell you something! I don't know what you will do about it. You've had trouble enough—with me. But this is—is—unspeakable——"

"What on earth is the matter? Aren't you ill?" he began.

"Yes; that, too. But—there is something else. I thought it made me ill—but——" She began to shiver, and he laid his hand on hers and found it burning.

"I tell you Allen ought to come at once——" he began again.

"No, no, no! You don't know what you're talking about. I—I'm frightened—that's what is the matter! That's one of the things that's the matter. Wait a moment. I'll tell you. I'll *have* to tell you, now. I suppose you'll—divorce me."

There was a silence; then:

"Go on," he said, in his heavy, hopeless voice.

She moistened her lips with her tongue:

"It's—my fault. I—I did not care for you—that is how it—began. No; it began before that—before I knew you. And there were two men. You remember them. They were the rage with our sort—like other fads, for a while—such as marmosets, and—things. One of these things was the poet, Orrin Munger. He called himself a Cubist—whatever that may be. The other was the writer, Adalbert Waudle."

Clydesdale's grin was terrible.

"No," she said wearily, "I was only a more venturesome fool than other women who petted them—nothing worse. They went about kissing women's hands and reading verses to them. Some women let them have the run of their boudoirs—like any poodle. Then there came that literary and semi-bohemian bal-masque in Philadelphia. It was the day before the Assembly. I was going on for that, but mother wouldn't let me go on a day earlier for the bal-masque. So—I went."

"What!"

"I lied. I pretended to be stopping with the Hammertons in Westchester. And I bribed my maid to lie, too. But I went."

"Alone?"

"No. Waudle went with me."

"Good God, Elena!"

"I know. I was simply insane. I went with him to that ball and left before the unmasking. Nobody knew me. So I went to the Bellevue-Stratford for the night. I—I never dreamed that *he* would go there, too."

"Did he?"

"Ys. He had the rooms adjoining. I only knew it when—when I awoke in the dark and heard him tapping on the door and calling in that thick, soft voice——" She shuddered and clenched her hands, closing her feverish eyes for a moment.

Her husband stared at her, motionless in his chair.

She unclosed her eyes wearily: "That was all—except—the other one—the little one with the frizzy hair—Munger. He saw me there. He knew that Waudle had the adjoining rooms. So then, very early, I came back to New York, badly scared, and met my maid at the station and pretended to mother that I had just arrived from Westchester. And that night I went back to the Assembly. But—ever since that night I—I have been—paying money to Adalbert Waudle. Not much before I married you, because I had very little to pay. But all my allowance has gone that way—and now—now he wants more. And I haven't it. And I'm sick——"

The terrible expression on her husband's face frightened her, and, for a moment, she faltered. But there was more to tell, and she must tell it though his unchained wrath destroy her.

"You'll have to wait until I finish," she muttered. "There's more—and worse. Because he came here the night I—went to Silverwood. He saw me leave the house; he unsealed and read the note I left on the library table for you. He knows what I said—about Jim Desboro. He knows I went to him. And he is trying to make me pay him—to keep it out of the—the *Tattler*."

Clydesdale's congested face was awful; she looked into it, thought that she read her doom. But the courage of despair forced her on.

"There is worse—far worse," she said with dry lips. "I had no money to give; he wished to keep the seven thousand which was his share of what you paid for the forged porcelains. He came to me and made me understand that if you insisted on his returning that money he would write me up for the *Tattler* and disgrace me so that you would divorce me. I—I must be honest with you at such a time as this, Cary. I wouldn't have cared if—if Jim Desboro would have married me afterward. But he had ceased to care for me. He—was in love with—Miss Nevers; or she was with him. And I disliked her. But—I was low enough to go to her in my dire extremity and—and ask her to pronounce those forged porcelains genuine—so that you would keep them. And I did it—meaning to bribe her."

Clydesdale's expression was frightful.

"Yes—I did this thing. And worse. I—I wish you'd kill me after I tell you! I—something she said—in the midst of my anguish and terror—something about Jim Desboro, I think—I am not sure—seemed to drive me insane. And she was married to him all the while, and I didn't know it. And—to drive her away from him, I—I made her understand that—that I was—his—mistress——"

"Good God!"

"Wait—for God's sake, wait! I don't care what you do to me afterward. Only—only tell that woman I wasn't—tell her I never was. Promise me that, whatever you are going to do to me—promise me you'll tell her that I never was any man's mistress! Because—because—I am—ill. And they say—Dr. Allen says I—I am going to—to have a baby."

The man reared upright and stood swaying there, ashy faced, his visage distorted. Suddenly the features were flooded with rushing crimson; he dropped on his knees and caught her in his arms with a groan; and she shut her eyes, thinking the world was ending.

After a long while she opened them, still half stunned with terror; saw his quivering lips resting on her tightly locked hands; stared for a while, striving to comprehend his wet face and his caress.

And, after a while, timidly, uncertainly, wondering, she ventured to withdraw one hand, still watching him with fascinated eyes.

She had always feared him physically—feared his bulk, and his massive strength, and his grin. Otherwise, she had held him in intellectual contempt.

Very cautiously, very gently, she withdrew her hand, watching him all the while. He had not annihilated her. What did he mean to do with this woman who had hated him, and who now was about to disgrace him? What did he mean to do? What was he doing now—with his lips quivering against her other hand, all wet with his tears?

"Cary?" she said.

He lifted a pasion-marred visage; and there seemed for a moment something noble in the

(Continued on page 27)

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MOVIE WEEKLY ART SERIES

HELEN LEE WORTHING

Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

Bucking into the Movies

Hollywood, 1922.

Mr. H. O. Potts,
Hog Run, Ky.

Dear Mow and Folks:

Yours of the 27th incorrigible received "Pro Bono Publico," as the Esquimaux proverb so charmingly puts it, and you'll never know how near you come to having to send your messages to your more or less famous daugbter in future via either a Ouija Board chauffeur or a seance conductor instead of by the U. S. Mail. Because in the interim since I last wrote you I had an experience which so nearly resulted in my departure from this vale of tears and movie censors that I could almost hear the oars squeaking in the locks of that famous john-boat in which Charon is supposed to do the ferrying business for the River Styx.

It happened during the course of my day's work as an emotional actress before the so-called flickering camera, and it started when Mr. Vitagraph's casting director called me up late the other afternoon and wanted to know if I cared to do some high and lofty

emoting out on a desert location the next morning and, if I did, would I report at the studio at the unholy hour of four a. m.? Well, to make a long story short, I would, and I did.

As far as I am usually concerned, four o'clock in the morning is just about the middle of the night, but "one must make some sacrifices for one's art," as Socrates so aptly remarked when he quaffed the goblet of wood alcohol that time, so I climbed out of a very attractive bed instead of annihilating the alarm clock with a shoe like I wanted to do. I got away from the house without incident, except that when I got out into the hall I run smack into the fat gentleman who rooms just down the hall. Hearing me stirring around at such an unprecedented hour, he had thought I was a visiting representative of the Crime Wave and, attired in a Colt's .45 and a suit of pink pajamas, he was getting all set to be a hero, and acted somewhat disappointed when he found it was only me instead of a burglar.

Well, anyway, nine o'clock found our party of emotion experts and megaphone wielders parked out on location on a tract of land that looked like a cross between the Gobi Desert and the Sahara, and also had some features possessed by neither. We was supposed to be Indians of the North American variety and were accordingly equipped with complexions which looked like the morning after a sunny afternoon at Coney Island, the only difference being that they didn't peel and weren't quite as uncomfortable.

I don't know what tribe we was supposed to be members of—whether it was Navajo, Hopi, or Wig-Wam—but our costumes consisted of two feathers each, about eighty-seven assorted beads and very little else except a primitive hard-boiled facial expression. We started proceedings right off the bat by staging one of those alleged dances which, from what I saw of it, I am willing to bet was one of the factors originally responsible for making the Indian wild.

You know the kind I mean, where the combatants stampede around in a circle, indulging in an up-and-down impersonation of a pile-driver with the knees and bending over from the hips till you are in imminent danger of violently parking a knee-cap in your nose at every step. Which we accordingly did at the Director's request, emitting a war-whoop at every other step. A "war-whoop," Maw, is an Indian exclamation which sounds much like a cross between an indignant wild-cat and an intoxicated banshee trying to yodel.

The morning passed without any incident to speak of, except that I got a little careless once and violently parked a knee in a vulnerable portion of the hombre's anatomy just in front of me with results that shattered both the form and the good temper of the circle for several minutes thereafter. But in the afternoon, the real action came and with it my near escape from a river voyage on the Styx.

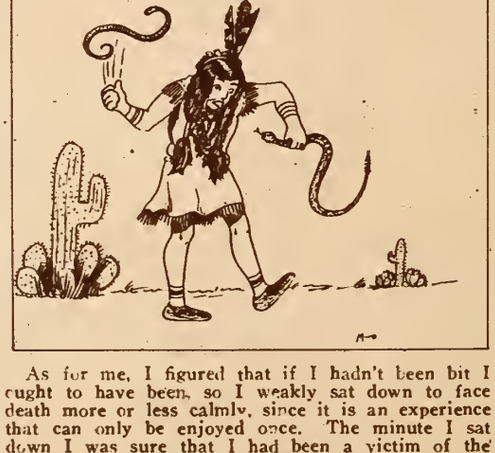
It started when, the first thing after lunch, the Director informed us that we were to go a step further in our dancing efforts and stage a Snake Dance. The Snake Dance in question wasn't one of the variety popular in society wherein the performers give an imitation of the bodily movements of the reptile family a la Shimmy, but is an Indian variety where each dancer has a live, healthy, adult snake for an actual dancing partner.

Our technique was simple enough. We were each equipped with one snake and instructions from the Director to gracefully drape said reptile around our necks lavailiere fashion, and then to repeat the circular prance of the morning's dance. Which was all well and good only unfortunately I dropped the three-foot specimen of the genus snake with which I had previously been endowed in a clump of cactus just as the dance was about to start. It was my "first fatal step," as they say in the paper-covered editions of "The Life of Boitha, the Beautiful Lady Bootlegger, or 'Twas a Rummy Affair."

Because when I fumbled around hurriedly in the vegetation, in the excitement of the moment, I clamped my hands on the first thing in the snake line they happened to encounter, and when I drew my reptilian captive out into sight, I made the startling discovery that there must of been more than one snake hibernating in that clump of cactus and that I had very decidedly got the wrong one—a six-foot diamond-back rattlesnake, to be exact. An Indian buck who was standing on one side of me at the time, and an assistant cameraman who was standing on the other, discovered my error simultaneously. Results followed!

Our little group got in violent action like a bomb had arrived in our midst. I got rid of the snake like it was a temperamental stick of dynamite, hurling it away from me with enthusiasm, but with an utter lack of knowledge where it had lit. The immediate result was that each of our trio promptly imagined that his snakeship had lit on him and had donated a mortal bite.

The Indian brave backed into the business end of a pointed yucca leaf, gave one yell of pained fright, then folded his arms stoically and began chanting a mournful Swan Song prior to his departure for the Happy Hunting Grounds. The cameraman tried to run, stepped on the leading lady's Pomeranian, promptly got bitten by the brute and, deciding to be spectacular in his decease, started throwing a flock of assorted fits and began dying all over the place.



As for me, I figured that if I hadn't been bit I ought to have been, so I weakly sat down to face death more or less calmly, since it is an experience that can only be enjoyed once. The minute I sat down I was sure that I had been a victim of the diamond-back's poisoned wisdom tooth, because I began to feel the fiery pain going all over my whole body in a flood.

"What the heck is the grand idea, sister?" yelped the Director, coming up just then. "Are you three lunatics indulging in a private opium jag, eat loco-weed, or what?"

"Go 'way and let me die in peace," I moaned weakly. "We've all been snake-bitten, and I'm burning up all over already."

"Snake-bit me eye!" the Director retorted. "That diamond-back you picked up has been dead for three hours. I killed it this morning and threw it in that clump. Also, if you'll climb out of that bed of cactus you're sitting in, you may get rid of that burning sensation!"

Which I guess will be all for this time.

Your loving daughter, resp'y yours.

SOPHIE POTTS,
via Hal Wells.

Wallie Reid's Automobile Column

He Who Hesitates is Lost When Trying to Ford a Mud Hole

II.

When you see a deep mud hole that cannot be avoided in the road ahead, just remember that he who hesitates is lost. Don't lose your speed. Keep going. Hit the soft spot as fast as you dare, remembering, however, that the hole may be a deep one and a broken spring may result if the speed is too high. If your car slows up and flounders slip into second or even to low, if necessary. Don't try to

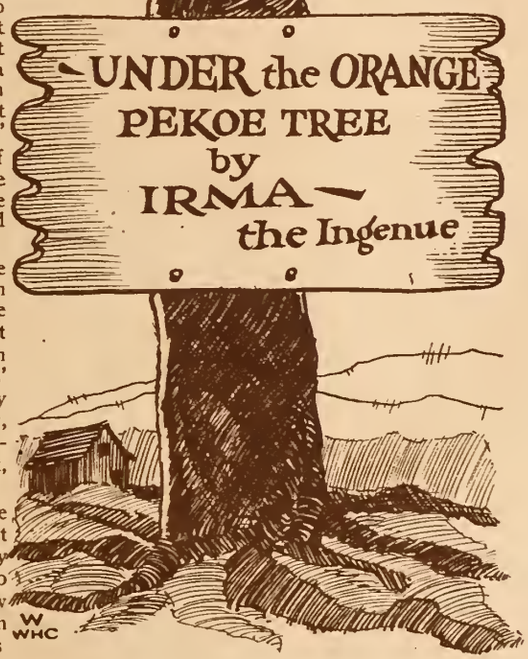
make it on high. Plenty of power is required to pull through and a few feet of deep mud is worse than a steep hill. Sometimes, by skillful steering, it is possible to pick out two comparatively shallow spots for the path of the wheels.

If you stall in the mud, do not attempt to struggle through by spinning the wheels. If the mud is very deep it is impossible to make headway, and you may have to be towed out. As soon as the wheels refuse to drive the car forward, slip into reverse instantly and back out with an easy steady pull. Slip the wheels as little as possible and at the same time do not hesitate. Make the application of power during your backward course as smooth as possible. Once out of the hole there are several courses open to you. You may be able to detour; but if this is not feasible you may discover a path through the muddy section that is more favorable, examining the course on foot; or you can hit the mud with enough speed to carry you through if the under surface is not too rough; or you can put chains or ropes on your wheels.

(*Continued next week*)

Why Did Rudy Valentino Get Permit to Carry a Gun?

"I wonder what Gloria Swanson thought when she found on her home-coming that Mickey Neilan and Blanche Sweet were married? It hasn't been so long, you know, since every one thought that Gloria was very much smitten with Mickey herself!"
"And Rudolph Valentino got a permit to carry a gun the other day. He says it's for highwaymen but, with so many stars getting threatening letters and Rudy's being so prominent lately and everything, it almost seems . . ."
"Phyllis Haver is the latest recruit to the ranks of 'Hollywood Abroad.' Phyllis is going to England to . . ."
"Even so staid an actor as Guy Bates Post has taken a flyer on the beauty stuff, and they say that he has come forth from the ordeal looking like a regular 'Apollo!'"
"Fanny Ward, I believe, started the Ponce de Leon craze among our stars a long time ago, back in the days when . . ."



DID you know that Gloria Swanson got back from her trip to Europe the other day, and brought with her several whole trunk loads of all the latest Parisian styles and a hat creation that every flapper on Hollywood Boulevard is breaking her heart trying to copy already? It's a Suzy creation with brilliant orange feathers and a perfectly darling veil that continues on over the shoulders with a sort of a modified shawl effect at the back. It goes with Gloria's peculiar type of beauty wonderfully, but I'm afraid that it won't find favor with all of us."

Irma the Ingenue and I were sitting at one of the ridiculously spindling little tables near the rear of the Japanese garden, idly listening to the barbarous strains of a Chinese orchestra that had been imported for the occasion.

"And I wonder what Gloria thought when she found on her home-coming that Marshall Neilan and Blanche Sweet had been married? Everyone thought not so very long ago, you know, that Gloria was very much smitten with Mickey Neilan herself. Now she returns from a six weeks' trip to Europe to find that in her absence Mickey has gone and wooed another lady fair. However, I must admit Gloria seems to be bearing up remarkably well under the shock—if it *was* a shock, that is.

"And wasn't the sudden marriage of Blanche and Mickey just too romantic for anything? Not a word of warning to anybody, then suddenly they packed up one day, and the next morning or so we heard the glad news. They probably knew what they were doing, of course, but why on earth anybody should go to Chicago, of all places to get married for, I'm sure I don't know! Especially as they both live right here in California where orange blossoms were invented."

"And Eva Novak and Billy Reed have gone and done it, too. Of course, they've been engaged and everybody has been expecting to hear wedding-bells for ages, but still it did seem just a bit sudden when they motored over to Riverside yesterday afternoon without telling a soul where they were going or why, and had the knot tied. Billy Reed, you know, is a cameraman at Lasky's and I suppose that's where he and Eva first met. It's almost like a magazine story, don't you think—"Humble Cameraman Wins Screen Queen," you know, and all that?"

"By the way, did you know that Rodolph Valentino got a permit to carry a gun the other day, and that he packs a revolver almost every night now when he leaves the studio? Everyone is wondering why Rudy should have taken such a sudden notion to go around armed like a pirate. Rudy says that he only wanted a permit to carry a revolver so that he would have something to defend himself with if he happened to be held up by some of our famous automobile highwaymen some night—but still I can't help wondering if that is the real reason. So many stars have received anonymous letters threatening their lives lately, you know, if they didn't send perfectly ridiculous sums of money to the senders, and Rudy has been so prominent and everything the past few months."

Irma the Ingenue interrupted her discourse for a moment to pour another cup of tea for the two of us, absent-mindedly humming "For He's Afraid to Go Home in the Dark," under her breath as she did so.

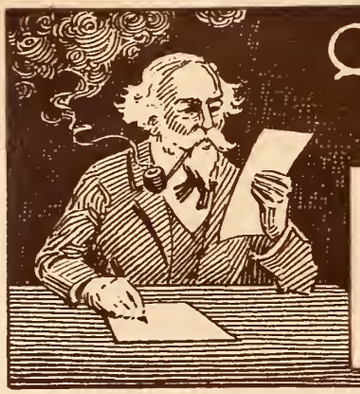
"Honestly, if any more of the stars go to Europe, somebody will have enough material to write a book on 'Hollywood Abroad!' Mabel Normand is still running around in Paris with Raymond Hitchcock and his wife, Norma and Connie Talmadge are to leave for a two months' trip some day this week, and now Phyllis Haver has also joined the globe-trotters. Phyllis is to go abroad to play a leading part in Hall Caine's 'The Christian.' Quite a promotion from dodging Ben Turpin's custard pies for so many years, isn't it?"

"And now all the stars are trying to save their faces—oh, I mean *literally*, of course. Every beauty shop along Hollywood Boulevard is doing a thriving business now, and some of their work would make Ponce de Leon's fountain of youth seem like a one-half of one per cent soft drink emporium, believe me! Fanny Ward really started the idea a long time ago, I believe, in the days when Jesse Lasky only owned one picture. It is said that Fanny had several facial operations to retain that ever-blooming youthfulness of hers. And now I understand that she is coming back into pictures and that she actually doesn't look a day older than—well, than she ever did.

"Even so staid an actor as Guy Bates Post has taken a flyer on the beauty stuff. When he was on the stage it was all right to go about with a corrugated brow and a slight rush of chin to the collar, but now he's in the movies with both feet, it's different. So they say that Guy had a slight operation performed on his features only recently, and that he came forth from the ordeal a regular fresh-loking young Apollo!"

"And then you know it hasn't been so awfully long since Kathlyn Williams retired from the public ken for a while and then returned from her vacation looking at least five years younger in her appearance.

"But who in the world would ever have thought that Rodolph Valentino would possibly have need of the services of a beauty doctor! But you may have noticed that Rudy's ears didn't use to be—well, quite in perfect harmony with his otherwise handsome features. So Rudy went away for a while and now that he's come back to the Film Colony, lo and behold! the offending ears have miraculously grown perfectly shell-like!"



Questions Answered by The Colonel

My job on "Movie Weekly" is answering questions. Wouldn't you like to know whether your favorite star is married? What color *her* eyes are, or what may be *his* hobbies? Write me, then, and I will tell you. I cannot answer questions concerning studio employment. For a personal reply, enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. All inquiries should be signed with the writer's full name and address, which will not appear in the magazine. Address me, THE COLONEL, "Movie Weekly," 119 West 40th St., New York City.

Isn't it funny that in spite of the little note at the top of the page that I cannot answer questions in regard to studio employment, people keep writing to me just the same to know how they can get into the movies! They seem to think I have some magic formula that will put them there. I'm supposed, evidently, to take aside one of the Casting Directors and say, "Please make Ahigail a star," and then the Casting Director will do it immediately. Of course, even if I did have such an all-powerful influence as that, I'm afraid it would wear out. Several dozen Ahigails and Ezekiels write me every day trying to get on the screen, and you can imagine what would happen if I went to a Casting Director with that quota of requests every morning after breakfast.

That's all, of course supposing that I have any influence with these Casting Directors in the first place. As a matter of fact, I haven't. If I tried to suggest screen possibilities, it would probably be hinted that I mind my own business. I'm a very patient person, but sometimes when I have told the tenth someone in the same day that I can't help them join the movies, my patience cracks. So please don't strain it!

MAGGIE and JIGGS—Do I get paid for answering questions? Oh, no, children, I come down to the office every day so I'll have some place to sit. And my food drops down from Heaven, so I won't have to pay for it. The school teacher in Wesley Barry's picture "School Days," was played by Margaret Seddon. The latest address I have for her is First National, 6 W. 48th St., New York. I think too much of my life to try to suggest who is the ugliest screen actress. Louise Lorraine's address is Universal Studio, Universal City.

MARIE'S FAN—I'm glad to know Marie has a fan; she probably needs one this hot weather. Marie Prevost is twenty-four and lives at 451 S. Hampshire Blvd., Los Angeles. The hero in "Enchantment" is Forrest Stanley, who lives at 207 S. Ardmore Ave., Los Angeles. Tom Lewis played the part of Marion Davies' father in this picture. Write Ralph Graves at the L. A. A. C., Los Angeles.

HONEY BECK—If I were there, you say, you'd make me a nice cherry pie. You're trying to make me feel bad, aren't you? It's too bad cherry pies can't be sent through the mails successfully, otherwise I might do some hinting. I never hint, you know. It was Lloyd Hughes who played in "Mother O' Mine" and in "Hail the Woman." Too bad he is married; he and Mrs. Hughes, who is Gloria Hope, live at 955 Micheltorena St., Los Angeles. Yes, I think he would be glad to send you one of his pictures. By the way, he is playing opposite Mary Pickford in her new "Tess." Gloria Hope is also in the cast.

KRAZY KAT—Till the red sea stops blushing! Well, now, you know I must be behind the times. I never knew the red sea was blushing; I always thought it was just too full of that nice red wine that we aren't allowed to drink. Am I very good looking? Terribly so—you've no idea. Just to look at me would knock you dead—you can take that any way you like, of course. Shirley Mason is 21; she is five feet tall and weighs 94. Wallace Reid couldn't be in the automobile race because his contract with Paramount wouldn't let him. You see, Paramount didn't want to take any chances that Wallie might be injured or disfigured. No, Will Hays apparently is not going to prohibit Rodolph from appearing on the screen.

MOLLY H.—It's nice of you to be afraid my auburn hair will turn gray, but I know a nice remedy for that. When my hair turns gray, I shall just turn the shoe polish on it. Turn about, you see. No, William S. Hart was never married before he married Winifred Westover; everyone gave him up as a confirmed bachelor, and then he up and fooled us! Nazimova is still playing in pictures; if you don't see her any more, that's your own fault. Her latest release is "Salome." Marguerite Clark has retired from the screen. House Peters' latest picture is "The Storm." You should know better than to ask for all those addresses in the magazine. Lists of addresses require personal replies.

SAINTLY FUN FAN—Thanks for the good wishes for an early increase in pay. You might suggest that to the editor. Clyde Fillmore is bashful about telling his age; I don't think he is married. He is fond of all outdoor sports. Yes, it is true that Rodolph was a landscape gardener and a dancer; it is also probably true that for a while when he was broke, he worked as a dishwasher and a bus-boy in a restaurant.

SWEET OLIVE—So you're a telephone operator; you haven't got my number, have you? Yes, I could tell you were an operator by the number of times you said please. It might be a good idea for more people to follow your profession so they could learn politeness. Lew Cody is divorced from Dorothy Dalton. He lives at 1979 Grace Ave., Los Angeles. Wallie Reid's picture was in the center of "Movie Weekly" June 11, 1921. You can get this copy from the Circulation Dept. for ten cents. Richard Barthelmess is twenty-six. His address—and Raymond McKee's—is the Lambs' Club, 130 W. 44th St., New York City.

HELEN—How nice of you to think that I am a jolly sort of duck. I'm never duckier than when it rains; I have to be ducky then and you should hear me cackle—or is it quack? My barnyard information is limited, you see. Did you see the Art Series picture of Lillian Gish in the July 8th issue? If there are any souvenir booklets of "The Birth of a Nation" left, you might be able to obtain one from the Griffith Publicity Department, 1476, Broadway, New York City.

VENUS OF NO MAN'S LAND and BLACK-EYED SUE—I'll have to run and get a Coca Cola to revive me after all that effort! Pearl White is thirty-three and is divorced from Wallace McCutcheon. Do I think the actors and actresses would answer your letters? That's hard to tell; some of them do some mighty queer things.

NETTA BROWN EYES—Since, as you say, you dropped my letter into your handkerchief box for several weeks, I expected it to be all perfumed with "Eau de——" whatever perfume is made of. But I see you don't use sachet. No, Dick Barthelmess does not direct his own company; he leaves that to Henry King. Dick's mother in "Way Down East" was played by Kate Bruce. Now you come to a moot question—"What does Rodolph put on his hair to give it that seal skin finish?" Someone suggested that he should be called "Vaselino" instead of Valentino. As to what the magic concoction really is, no one but Rodolph's hair dresser can tell you that. And he probably wouldn't. No, I don't like the patent leather polish any better than you do; Jack Holt has taken to it now, too, in his new picture, "While Satan Sleeps."

JUST A BOY NAMED HAROLD—Has anyone ever asked me how old I am? You said it, Harold; curiosity is the chief trait of people who write to me. But you see, I have to overwork my poor memory so, keeping track of the ages of the stars, that I have no mental energy left to remember my own age. May McAvoy was born in New York in 1901; she has never been married. She has dark hair and blue eyes. May McAvoy's new picture is "The Top of New York"; she is soon to begin work on "Clarence."

ANXIOUS BOBBY—So you're worried as to whether I'm young or old; please, I beg you, don't let my age distress you. At least, I'm husky and—I hope—in full possession of my senses. Viola Dana is 24, but she has never let me in on the secret of what kind of powder she uses. I do know that she uses powdered sugar in her iced tea—does that help you any? Jack Mulhall is about thirty-five. Yes, he is married. Too bad. He has been married twice before, so there are probably lots of love letters lying about the house besides the one you wrote him.

BUSTER—Of course I like Eskimo pies except when they're thrown at me. Yes, Theodore Kosloff is married; write him and Jack Holt at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. Antrim Short lives at 1771 Cahuenga Ave., Los Angeles.

N. O. LA.—You don't even know what Anolas are? They're no relation to Coca Cola, even if they do have the same last name. They're chocolate Nahiscos. There, I'd better be careful or the Advertising Dept. will get after me for giving away free ads. "Frivolous Wives" is an old picture, made about 1920, before Rodolph had been heard of. No, the Fidelity Pictures Corp. is not a new firm, but it is not well-known. Philo McCollough, Fox Studio, 1417 N. Western Ave., Hollywood.

LARRY—You do have queer tastes, since you'd rather read the letters in "Movie Weekly" than eat! You can't live on letters, you see. I'm relieved to know that you're very wise even if you are only sixteen. Now you won't let anyone sell you Brooklyn Bridge. Eugene O'Brien is thirty-eight and has never married; I think the girls have given up hope for him. He is to play opposite Norma in her next picture, "The Voice From the Minaret." Write him at 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles. Harold Lloyd lives at 369 S. Hoover St., Los Angeles.

LITTLE TEN YEAR OLD KNICKERS—If your knickers are ten years old, I should think you'd be about ready for a new pair. Rodolph's next picture after "Blood and Sand" will be "The Young Rajah." Then he will play "The Spanish Cavalier." Theodore Roberts is no relation to Edith.

SMILES—You bet I like hot dogs. Especially at the seashore in the hot dog days. Thank you for wishing me all the luck in the world, but I'm not that selfish. I'm willing to leave a little of the luck for someone else. Johnny Walker is now playing in Robertson-Cole pictures. You can get him at the studio, 780 Gower St., Los Angeles.

WONDERING—So you're tottering on the verge of seventeen. Be careful; you'll fall in. You can only be "sweet sixteen" once—not to mention the "never been kissed." Monte Blue is married, I believe; he has no children. Tom Mix doesn't give his age, but he was a Rough Rider in the Spanish-American War, so he's over twenty-one, I feel sure. Yes, Rodolph speaks English, also Spanish, Italian and French.

Film-Flam

JUST LIKE A CHICKEN

WALLACE Reid is willing to do most anything for Art's sake, but he does think that this is awful hot weather to make him play hide and seek in a trunk. And besides, it's mostly hide, and if you don't believe a trunk is a hot place to hide in, try it yourself. The picture that called for this playful action is "The Ghost Breaker" on which Wallie is now working. There is a long sequence of scenes showing Wallie's efforts to hide in a trunk. While the scenes were shot, he had to remain in the trunk, for the action of the picture called upon him to lift the lid repeatedly and see what was going on about him.

And as said before, the day was a hot one—a fine day to do nothing but lie in the shade and drink lemonade. Wallie curled up in the niee, hot trunk. This would never do, thought he. Then he had a bright idea.

He sent to the property man for the diver's air pump which Jaek Holt used in "The Man Uneonquerable," and had the hose run up, through a hole in the stage, into the trunk. With a saxaphone in one hand and a carafe of ice water in the other, he climbed in and made himself comfortable. Holding the hose under one arm, while a studio-hand below stage pumped cool air to fan him, Wallie smoked, played and sang—and lifted the lid when Director Alfred E. Green toughed the buzzer.

"I'm spending the day in the coop," says Wallie.

HOPE IS HOPEFUL

Hope Hampton is a firm believer in the W. C. T. U. motto.

"Well, Hope," said one of her friends teasingly, "don't you think something might be done about prohibition?"

"Surely," said Hope, "it is never too late to a-mend."

A HAROLD LLOYD CELLULOID

"Harold Lloyd wants a celluloid collar—hurry!" was the order that sent Robert Golden, assistant director at the Hal Roach studios, at breakneck speed into Los Angeles. The original had burned up—you know what vicious habits celluloid has! And Harold wanted some retakes for some scenes in "Grandma's Boy."

Golden went to the place where the first collar had been purchased, but "All out of celluloid collars," said the shop-keeper. Then poor Mr. Golden had a weary chase from store to store but apparently no one in Los Angeles wears celluloid collars. Finally at the fifty eighth store, Mr. Golden's tongue was worn out from repeating the same old request fifty-seven times and this time it got all "bawled up."

"I've got to have a Harold Lloyd collar for a celluloid, for the company's waiting," spluttered the weary assistant director.

"Sorry," said the proprietor, "we're out of the Harold Lloyd collar, but I can tell you who I think keeps them. But who in heck is Celluloid?"

* * * * *

LOCKS D-LOOKS

All the adorers of Rudolph Valentino might have had a shock had they seen him in Hollywood last month. He didn't look like the matinee idol he is supposed to be. Imagine the handsome Rudolph with long hair and side burns! For bull fighters have to have side burns and they also have to wear pig-tails. And since Rudolph is a bull fighter for "Blood and Sand," he grew 'em both.

Yes, girls, his hair is long enough to braid, and every morning at the Lasky studio, Hattie, the hair-dresser, (don't all rush for her job) makes his little pig tail. It is she who fixes the coiffures of Betty Compson, Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels, Agnes Ayres—and now the handsome Rudolph's.

"No," explained Rudolph, tossing baek his blaek tresses, "I'm not playing Goldie-Locks."

HIS IDEA OF SIRENS

"Well," said one Paramount rpop man to another, "I hear that Dorothy Dalton's new picture is going to be called 'The Siren Call.'"

"Yeah," grumbled the other prop man, "and I suppose that means I've got to dig up one of them blame whistles like they use on ferryboats!"

* * * * *

AS YOUNG AS SHE LOOKS

Casting directors think they know a lot—and of course they do—but once in awhile they go wrong. And Raymond Hatton, now playing in Paramount's "Pink Gods," has a story to prove this.

"One casting director," says Raymond, "sent for an actress I know, for a part he had in mind. He talked with her for some time, then told her she wouldn't do. Of course she was disappointed.

"'Why not?' she asked him.

"'You're entirely too young for the part in question,' said the casting director, 'we wanted you to play the wife of Mr. Brown.'

"'Well,' replied Miss Blank with a smile, 'that's strange. I've been married to him for five years.'"

AMONG THOSE PRESENTS, DON'T INCLUDE—

Mildred Davis warns all of her admirers that whatever else they give her, not to give her a yacht. She says a yacht is an awful thing, and she should know; she rode in one once. Not because she wanted to; she tried to beg off, but they wouldn't let her. Everyone was just heartless and insisted on her going yachting with the party.

"It was a terrible thing, that yacht," said Mildred, "we were out in the middle of the ocean when that boat went 'ugh' and 'woof.' It was supposed to be thrilling. I never knew what a yacht was like before; it wasn't still a minute. The waves were as high as mountains, and just when they were highest we had to get into a rowboat which bounced around on the ocean like a leaf. I don't like the water anyway.

"Oh," she added, "it was supposed to be a grand yacht, but let no admirer of mine ever give me one. I wouldn't have a yacht set in diamonds."

"Or even," we answered, "in gems of the ocean."

HAIL NATHAN HALE

Richard Barthelmess, wandering around City Hall Park in New York City, was attracted by the statue of Nathan Hale. He once played the part of Nathan Hale in college, so he had a real interest in the statue of the hero. The figure shows the hero with his hands and feet tied, preparatory to being executed as an American Revolutionary spy.

"That's a mighty fine statue of Nathan Hale," remarked the young screen actor to another man who stood viewing it with him.

"Nathan Hale!" was the surprised answer, "I've lived in New York for forty years, and I always thought it was Houdini, the handcuff king, getting ready to do one of his stunts."

CONNIE GROWS UP

Constanee Talmadge is up in arms and she doesn't care who knows it. She is just sick and tired of being called "Connie" and she herein gives notice to all editors, press agents, fans and everybody concerned that she has no love for anyone who calls her "Connie."

"It's all right," says Connie—beg pardon, Constanee—"when you are in short socks and baby clothes, to have people say, "Isn't she cute, our little Connie?" but when you have grown to nearly six feet and have to live down a reputation of being a tom-boy, how can you be dignified when everyone writes headlines about you, 'Connie Tells of Her Hobbies,' 'Connie Has New Leading Man,' etc.?"

Especially, thinks Constanee, now that she is going in for "serious drama," is "Connie" objectionable. You know she doesn't intend to play flirty, light-headed parts any longer. She wants to be taken seriously.

"And I am in dead earnest," she pleads, "when I ask you not to call me 'Connie. Imagine anyone addressing Norma as 'Normie,' or," she added, "Nazimova as 'Nazzie.'"

NEEDLESS TO SAY—

We're always hearing of the terrible dissipations these screen players indulge in after work. There's Viola Dana for instance. She has a little hobby all her own, and she can hardly wait for the Metro five o'clock whistle to begin her dissipation. Between seenes and often, shamelessly and in full view of everybody, Viola dissipates. She knits. She has already made fifteen sweaters this season, and she hopes to have twenty for summer wear very soon.

Of course this vieious habit of hers has possessed her for some time. Between scenes of "The Five Dollar Baby," Viola, in her twelve year old dress, sat knitting Sweater A-3.

"Well, little girl," her Director, Harry Beaumont, kidded her, "what is your name?"

Viola looked down demurely at her knee length skirt. "Oh, sir," she answered. "I'm the little girl they named Needles, California, after."

THE RED, RED WINE

"Lenin Not Paralyzed," Director Robert Z. Leonard read in the newspaper. He turned around to Mrs. Leonard, otherwise known as Mae Murray.

"Lenin's not paralyzed," he observed, "well, maybe not. But it's certain he's had one drink of Red wine too many."

—A. M. T.

Hints to Scenario Writers by Frederick Palmer

SCENARIO NOTE: *Our readers are invited to write and ask us questions they may have in mind on screen writing. Please enclose stamped and addrssed envelope.*

JUST what is drama? In the first place, drama is conflict—the conflict of duty and desires, of passion and self-restraint. Nearly all amateur writers regard drama as something apart from everyday life, something far off and unusual. They feel that they must go far afield for situations to put into a play. But drama is really with one always, in the home, on the street, in business, in the factory, wherever there is human experience. It is a poor corner of life that yields no drama. There is drama wherever there is a soul struggle. But it is not to be found for the asking. Even the person with trained observation must search for it.

Those near you may be living big drama. They may be struggling against oppressive situations, or revolting against injustices or misunderstandings or the prejudices, the follies or other influences of those who surround them. The conflict with whatever limits or belittles one is drama. The things which one *does* in such a struggle is drama put into action. And drama in action is the material for the photoplay.

"Many new screen writers fail to realize the importance of writing visual action," Mr. Carey Wilson of the Goldwyn Scenario Department said recently. "A motion picture tells its story by action, the movement of the actors," he continued. "Any story whose main significance comes from subtitles, or the printed words which intermittently appear on the screen, therefore fails to measure up to the first requirement of the screen drama.

"The first step in adapting a story into continuity at the Goldwyn Studio is to prepare what we call a 'story thread'—that is, a simple general outline of the drama, using only action or movement in pantomime to depict the story.

"From this the continuity is made. But the editorial board must first see in the story thread sufficient proof that the story is a motion picture story to warrant consideration of it as a screen drama.

"The natural tendency of the beginner is, of course, to tell his story without regard to the form thereof. Consequently, the average amateur submission contains something of the play, something of the short story, something of the actual photoplay. This is all very well when the unsuitable material is convertible to screen action. But frequently, all too frequently, it is not.

"Hence one of the foremost things to be remembered is the essential requirements of visual action. And many a promising script is rejected, although it contains splendid dramatic material, because the translation of such sub-climaxes as it possesses means the dilution of its quality into the commonplace.

"Personally, I never write a line into a motion picture story unless I have first seen in my imagination that particular thing acted out for me by the imaginary actors whom I have chosen to play my scene."

Another common fallacy in dramatic structure to be found in the work of the amateur photoplaywright is the unwarranted use of coincidence. Except in rare, absolutely unavoidable cases, motivation, which is based on coincidence, weakens the entire plot. All the action of your story should spring naturally and logically from the characters themselves; their aims, desire and ambitions, and not from the agency of any external force, such as chance or coincidence, over which they have no control.

The amateur screen writer should keep his characters active. He should make them "work out their own salvation." A great dramatic critic has wisely said that the degree to which a story is dramatic depends upon the degree to which the hero is the architect of his own fortunes. And this applies to the other characters as well.

Remember that what may be possible, or even probable, in real life, will be considered "dramatic implausibility" by the audience if it is not definitely based on the laws of cause and effect. Never resort to chance, or Fate, or Providence to bring about a certain situation, but let the initiative, and the purpose of one or more of your characters bring it about. This will make your story compact, logical, convincing.

The photoplaywright must continually seek truth in characterization. He must endeavor to place real people in real situations and then have them act as they would act in those situations in real life. Given a situation, it must grow naturally out of the characters in it, or the people, in the mind of the audience, must be remodeled until they fit naturally into the situation. This adjustment of character and situation, cause and effect, should be the continual concern of the photoplaywright.

It is always well to test the situations of a story by determining whether they might naturally occur in the life of the average spectator. If they are life-like and plausible, they will probably lead to human and poignant drama. If they in any way depend upon chance, or are sensational and implausible, the result will usually be improbable melodrama of a thrilling, but unreal kind. Dramatic effects can usually be better achieved by placing real and likeable characters in conflict than by showing a conflict between a hero and a dyed-in-the-wool villain. But there must be a marked dramatic contrast between the characters.

The trained screen writer always remembers to center the interest on his principal characters, and carefully develops and motivates those characters so that they are human. He makes them individual and distinctive. Once they are clearly established and he has laid the basis of his story by forming the dramatic triad, the characters and the fact that they are working toward a common objective, and at cross purposes, should lead to strong situations, providing the author does not develop the situations in a mechanical fashion, but permits them to develop naturally from the motives and desires of his characters.

In developing a story, the would-be photodramatist should remember the proper "movement." That does not mean the motion of the characters, but rather the constant growth of the plot through a sequence of situations and critical happenings toward the big climax. To slow up your movement is fatal. Begin by presenting your characters in action that establishes clearly their individual natures and relation to each other, then gradually develop obstacles which one faction places before another, and increase the dramatic tone and tempo as you progress.

Questions and Answers

Q. I have been told that my story has too much "scattered interest"; will you tell me what this means and how I can avoid it?

A. You have probably separated the characters in the story without any necessity for their separation and have then been compelled to develop dramatic happenings around them which have no real part in the development of the plot. Very often the cause is that you have not a clear dramatic objective in the story and if this is the case there is little to knit the story together.

Q. I sent a story called, "The Mystery of the Bar Y Ranch" to three different studios. Two of them returned it without any comment except that it was unsuitable. The third told me it was lacking in originality. My story was a typical western one about cattle rustling and it seemed to me as original as some I see on the screen. How can I go about getting originality in a western picture as everything seems to have been used heaps of times before.

A. It is not at all easy to put "originality" or as we prefer to call it, novelty of treatment, into a western picture of the type you mention. Entirely new twists can sometimes be given to old situations by an ingenious person. Another way is to develop the story with some very out-of-the-ordinary character, one whom you would not expect to find in those surroundings. Such a character must have tremendous personality and must be able to hold the interest of the audience. In this case the characterization is the making of the picture in great measure. Yet another way is to write a story, the action of which might take place anywhere and then give it the picturesque western setting.

Q. How many dramatic situations must I have for a five-reel picture?

A. Never less than three major ones and only if these are of tremendous strength will this suffice. A good five-reel picture often contains as many as six or more and many minor ones leading up to them.

Q. A critic has told me that my descriptions of scenes are "telegraphic" and too cold. How am I to get away from this when I understand the detailed synopsis should be kept as brief as possible?

A. A detailed synopsis should be kept "as brief as possible" but this does not mean that the story is to be sacrificed for the sake of brevity. Your aim should be to get the greatest power out of the scenes you are describing and if this takes a few pages more—then use the few pages. A big scene cannot be developed in a few cold blooded sentences. The emotions must be described to some extent as well as the action, for if this is not done then the characterization is lost at the moment it is needed most. Put all the feeling and power into a "big scene" that you can and if a little dialogue is necessary, use it.

Q. I want to write about some vital problems of the day but when I have it down on paper, I find that the subject is censorable, yet I cannot resign myself to writing milk-and-water stuff.

A. There is a way of going around this censorship matter. If the subject is treated delicately, if there is a moral lesson in the story, a theme based on a vital question has a chance to pass the censors, but it is a chance. Better wait until the public has shaken off the yoke of censorship before attempting such stories.

Q. I have in mind some ideas for writing educational pictures. Is there a market for that kind of material?

A. There is none. Producers of educational pictures have their own staff writers who write up any subject desired. Better stick to writing fiction, the field is unlimited there.

Q. In a story I wrote recently, I had the girl imagine herself wearing beautiful gowns. Should I write "dissolve Mary wearing evening dress," etc?

A. No, write straight narrative. If your story is accepted, the continuity writer will write in the "dissolve" whenever necessary. Do not clog up your story with technical terms, forget that they exist.

Q. Should I write the continuity of my story instead of a straight synopsis. I find that I simply cannot write a comprehensive synopsis but can write a good continuity.

A. Better practice on straight synopsis. It is very hard to read continuity and "get" the story unless the work has been done very well and a novice at the game would hardly be able to turn out a good continuity. This work requires considerable practice and experience.

Q. In writing scenarios I have been told that my style is too narrative. Will you kindly explain how this will affect my writing efforts for film plays? —F. G.

A. Narrative is the telling of a story wherein a series of events happen to your characters with which their wills may or may not have anything to do. Drama, of which the picture play is built, is the story of a *clash of human wills* in the *effort* to *obtain* some desire.

why is there so much money wasted making motion pictures?

BECAUSE— they are using the other fellow's money!

Explains a newcomer who hopes to be a Director

WHY is there so much waste in the making of motion pictures?

Because they are using the other fellow's money.

At least I believe that is the answer to the majority of cases and after all we must deal with the rule and not with the exception.

Lest the reader think that this is just another of those slams at the industry and a smart alecky attempt to belittle the personnel of that industry, let me insert here the information that the writer has recently entered the motion picture game after a period of years spent as editor and publisher of a metropolitan newspaper, as an actor and as a stage producer. Let me also assert that I hope to qualify as a motion picture director and writer and that I look upon such a qualification if I make the grade, as an accomplishment.

I am looking at the motion picture from the inside after a number of years of study from the outside, and I am writing with considerable respect for the enormous strides that it has made and with sympathy for those who have had to overcome the pioneering handicaps.

But there are a number of items of waste and lost motion which seem most obvious, and the strange part of it is that when I ask those who have considerably more experience than I in the game, they freely admit all charges, yet nothing is done to eliminate it.

Why? I can only refer you to the second sentence of this article. Perhaps I am wrong. It is but an opinion—though founded on close observation and inquiry.

Not long ago I was on a trip through a large studio with one of the most prominent directors in the business. He was explaining in detail the costs of the production he was then preparing. He told me of the salaries being paid the various actors, to the scenario writer, to the technical director, to the mechanical staff and to himself. He was receivnig $1,500 weekly.

"When do you begin?" I asked him.

"Why, we are working now," he replied, surprised at my question.

"Yet you have the time to take me on a sightseeing jaunt through your studio and with a salary list running into five figures and with no wheels turning?" I could not help but marvel at it.

He explained that he couldn't explain it so that I would understand. That this was a peculiar business. That on this particular day everything was waiting for some paint to dry on the floor of a set that had just been built.

He then told me that this particular production would cost about $300,000 when finished, yet the story, the foundation and reason for the whole affair, was costing but $5,000. There is a ratio phase there that I cannot see yet.

Then I asked him how he would like to produce pictures himself. He was enthusiastic in a minute. It was his ambition. He had given it lots of thought. He knew just how he would go about it to make the most money. And then he let me have the startling information that if he were producing on his own, he could make the production he was then working on for $60,000. In other words, *eighty per cent of the money spent on that production was being wasted.*

Why? *Because it was not HIS money.* Whose? I know the name of the producer who was signing the checks, but my guess is that it was not even HIS money, but the money of the man who buys at the box office.

But there is still a top note to this remarkable tale. I am a human question mark, due to countless reportorial days, and I asked him how he could reconcile his statements and still retain his honesty. This is his answer verbatim:

"Why if I made feature productions of this kind for $60,000 I would be a $300 a week director instead of a $1,500 one. Good directors always spend lots of money on pictures. The producer wouldn't believe I was worth my salary if I produced pictures cheaply."

Nor is this case an exception. Within the week I lunched with another director, formerly associated with one of the largest producing films in pictures. He has made pictures of the calibre that are labelled "A So-and-So Production," using the director's name. His pictures cost on an average of $150,000. That was with the other fellow's money.

Now he and a partner are forming a producing partnership. He is enthusiastic over his prospects. He assured me that he could turn out far better pictures than before and that the maximum cost of each picture would be $75,000. Just half of what it cost when using the other fellow's money. This director also told me that he could easily produce pictures in a month's shooting time, whereas formerly he took three months.

These two cases are typical and I believe they are 100 per cent true. Yet there is no technical dishonesty involved.

I recently watched the filming of a big feature made by a prominent director. I read his script, which was lying in his chair. It described in detail the action of the scene which he was shooting. The director took that scene TWELVE times, with two cameras grinding all the time. The next night I was with him when he looked at it in the projection room. The twelve versions of the scene were flashed before him. He had six different preferences and finally he became so befuddled with the numerous versions of the same scene that he selected the FIRST one he had taken as being the best of the lot. And he let me know that this was not unusual.

And he seemed very pleased with himself when he told me that he would probably shoot sixty thousand feet on this picture and then use about 4,000 feet when the picture was finally shown. "All good directors do it," he continued. And he quoted many miles of film used by Griffith in his big pictures, as if that clinched the argument.

He may be right. The system may be right. But I believe that with a story worked out in detail, a good director should be able to go out on the lot and from the time he starts shooting, finish the average feature of five reels in one month or less, and if he shoots one scene

ABOVE:
Mary Pickford in a scene from her new picture, "Tess." Mary is her own producer. She spends her own money, not a company's "cold cash."

AT LEFT:
William de Mille interrupts shooting to chat with William Tilden, tennis champion of the world.

more than three times. except for mechanical defects, he is not a good director and there is deliberate waste. And I told the same thing to the director.

But he was ready for me. "Oh, I never pay any attention to the scenario they prepare and I don't spend much time rehearsing."

His company pays a trained scenario writer a large salary to prepare a story for him, yet, instead of using that story and becoming so familiar with it that the actual shooting after rehearsals is almost mechanical, he does his experimenting on the lot and with the cameras grinding.

Now, if that scenario writer cannot prepare stories properly, it is time to get a new one, and if that director is competent or can work better with his own adaptations, he should adapt the story and get it in such perfect shape before he calls actors and cameras, that the actual shooting can easily be done in a month.

And when I quote any of the above evils, I am met with assent, but qualified with the observation that you must make allowances for the artistic temperament of genius.

Genius. That word is getting much battered in the superlative film world. Let a director use a weird light, even though it means nothing and has no excuse for being, he is hailed a genius. Let an actor achieve electric lights. He is a genius, even though he is merely interpreting some sure-fire, actor-proof part created by a writer whose name is not even mentioned.

I wish that the movies had produced more genius. They have produced a number of capable actors, some excellent directors, some master showmen, but to date, in my humble opinion, there is but one genius in all the ranks, Charlie Chaplin.

Chaplin does not nor should not be hampered by anything in the making of his pictures. And Chaplin is spending his own money. He creates, interprets and presents in a class by himself. His apparent buffoonery is classic psychology of humor.

And until someone else comes along who understands psychology rather than talks about it, Charlie is going to remain supreme in his line and with no competition.

To cite one case. Marshall Neilan produced a picture called "Bits of Life." I saw this picture and liked it immensely. I sent a number of people to see it. I made inquiries as to its success. I learned that it was not doing so good. I couldn't understand it and imagined that my judgment must be all wrong. Then I looked at some exhibitors' reports.

The average one stated that the exhibitor liked the picture personally and that the patrons seemed to like it, but it did not do business. This strengthened my faith in my own judgment, but made me more than ever determined to find the trouble, even though it meant nothing to me personally, but satisfaction.

I went to see the picture again. And I am sure that I have the right answer. Mr. Neilan can have it for what it is worth.

It is just a simple bit of psychology. In presenting the picture, Mr. Neilan wrote a letter to the public which was flashed in sections on the screen as the picture was shown, linking the various episodes together. In effect the letter said:

"Dear Public:

For some time I have been looking for a suitable story to follow my last feature. In my search I was unable to locate what I wanted, but in reading I came across these stories, which I have gathered together in one picture."

Mr. Neilan was apologizing. Mr. Neilan was telling the public that he was not giving them what they were entitled to, but was offering a substitute and begging their indulgence. And that dear old public doesn't readily accept substitutes, even though that substitute is better than the original.

And what is the result? The picture is damned—the idea is damned, and Mr. Neilan, with the courage to come forth with a new idea, is squelched simplpy because of a mistake in psychology.

I believe it is a loss to pictures. I believe that Mr. Neilan was on something live. Magazines have long since discovered the value of short stories. But I am afraid it will be a long time before we get another "Bits of Life." Producers will go on taking short stories and stretching them into five reels, wasting not only the footage, but stretching the idea until it no longer resembles anything but a lot of scenes with the thinnest of threads holding them together.

In "Bits of Life," Neilan had several stories to tell in his five reels. He had to tell them and get to it quickly. As a result they were well told.

And consciously or unconsciously, he hit upon and corrected one of the biggest faults in picture-making. This is a general indictment. Neilan had an idea. Instead of ideas, picture producers, even the most successful, have formulas.

There are big names today, capable stars and directors, who are riding on the crest of the wave appealing to an appetite. That appetite turns from satisfaction to satiation quicker than anything on earth.

Perhaps this article will rile a few directors who feel more or less indicted by some of the statements. For soothing purposes, I offer this: Get in front of a mirror and look yourself squarely in the eye. Then ask yourself what was the best picture you ever produced. How much time did it take and how many feet of film did you use? Then compare it with the pictures you are making today if you are one of those famous directors who is given carte blanche on expenses. Then ask yourself and answer it honestly, "How much would you spend on your current production if you owned it and were using your own money for the production?" Some of you will turn away from that mirror without blushing, but how many?

Charlie Chaplin is an independent producer. It is his money, and not a corporation's, that he uses in turning out his superb comedies. A scene from an earlier two-reeler.

BELOW:

Marshall Neilan, standing by the camera, decides on the action for an exterior scene in his "Bits of Life."

Priscilla Dean's two year old namesake on way to FAME

—by Constance Palmer

WHO would think a little mite two years old could not only support herself, but give her father a job?

You've heard of Baby Peggy Montgomery—three-year-old starlet of Century Comedies; of Pat and Micky Moore, and of course of Jackie Coogan. All of them are earning more money than many grown-ups, and little Jackie, for one, is independently wealthy.

And now a new star has arisen, a star with big, wondering, blue eyes and two dimpled, appealing hands. She is just as sweet a little girl as Jackie is a manly and lovable little boy.

Priscilla Dean Moran was named after her parents' favorite film star. Before she was born, her father,—L. A. Moran, an Oklahoma and Kansas City exhibitor,—wrote to Priscilla Dean: "We hope it's a girl. If it is, have we your permission to name the baby after you?" Miss Dean gladly and proudly gave her permission and sent a picture large enough for the baby to hide behind.

A few months ago, Mr. Moran was given a position as publicity director of one of the largest film corporations on the West Coast. But, upon arriving in Los Angeles with his wife and little Priscilla, he found that through studio politics the order authorizing his employment had been cancelled.

Priscilla Dean was deeply interested in the family, and most particularly interested in her little namesake. She arranged for her to be given work in several pictures, thus fattening the dwindling family exchequer.

Of course you know Wes Barry, the freckle champion. Wes still retains his popularity.

Priscilla Dean Morgan, named after the popular star, and herself well on the way to stardom!

No one knows what misfortunes and privations the Morans might have gone through in these days of scarce jobs had not Sidney and Chester Franklin arranged to produce children's comedies under the management of Joseph M. Schenck. Mr. Schenck, you know, is Norma Talmadge's husband and produces the pictures of his wife, Buster Keaton and Constance Talmadge.

Chester Franklin is well-known as a director of youngsters. He produced a series of highly successful two-reel children's comedies for Fox. He plans now to direct Priscilla Moran in pictures covering a two years' contract.

Although I do not believe in putting children into pictures for steady work as the support of a family, I do recognize the fact that this particular child is well-started on a screen career which ought some day to reach great heights.

Priscilla is beautiful and, as she grows older, will probably be more beautiful. She is intelligent and will assimillate quickly everything her director tells her. She will develope an ease of manner coming from long years of acting before the camera. And, above all, she is under the observation of one of the biggest producers in the business —Joseph M. Schenck.

While Chester Franklin alone will direct, his brother will supervise the productions. Both of them are well-known as directors of feature pictures. Sidney Franklin is now behind the megaphone on Constance Talmadge's "East is West," while his brother has directed many Famous Players-Lasky features, notably those starring Bebe Daniels.

The number of children starring in their own pictures seems to be increasing every day. Besides Baby Peggy, the Century Film Company has under contract five-year-old Jackie Morgan—who knows about every car and driver that ever raced—and twelve-year-old Johnny Fox.

Marshall Neilan, of course, has Wesley Barry, whom he is loaning to Warner Brothers for a series of five-reel pictures.

Although *to live* should mean *to work*, and although people are vastly amused by children on the screen, figure out for yourself how much good such an abnormal life does a child.

ABOVE:

Just a mite of pathos, but isn't Priscilla the most adorable little trick you ever saw?

AT RIGHT:

Another "child star wonder"—little Jackie. Jackie seems a trifle pensive. Wonder whether he's been to a circus!

ORPHANS OF THE STORM

(Continued from page 14)

They would sell their souls for a sou. "How much do you want?"

"I do not want money," Henriette cried passionately. "I count my love beyond gold and rubies. I am giving him up because I think it is best for his future happiness. I ask you nothing for myself, but, dear madame, I have a sister, a dear, sweet sister. Darling Louise——"

The countess gave a violent start.

"What! What did you say the name was?" she gasped.

When Countess de Linceries manifested such strange agitation on hearing the name of Louise, Henriette looked up in surprise tempered with respect for the lady's rank.

"Louise," she said softly. "My darling Louise. She is never absent from my thoughts. See, I have embroidered her name on this sampler so that when I meet her again I can show her how she dwelt in my heart."

"Louise? Strange! That name is very dear to me," said the countess softly. Swiftly arose a vision of the days of awful suffering when the baby Louise was snatched from her with ruthless hands. She would never forget that hour of agony if she lived to be a thousand years old.

"Louise is my dear little sister—she is lost. I know not where she is. Oh, you are rich and powerful. Help me find her and I shall do anything you say. Even to giving up the man I love more than life itself."

Nature could bear no more. She broke down and wept. The countess, too, was touched in spite of herself.

"She is blind, le pauvre Louise," continued Henriette, when in a certain measure she had gained control of herself, and touching her eyes to portray her sister's misfortune. "She was so helpless, without me she could do nothing." With many sobs she told the story of her abduction, and the loss of her sister and the efforts of the chevalier to aid her in the search.

The countess leaned forward with a tense eagerness in her face that was almost agonizing. She seemed to sense a premonition of the revelation that was coming. Outside a file of soldiers came into view, but no attention was paid to them, that was a common occurrence in those days.

"I call her my sister," continued Henriette, "though she is really no relation to me. My father found her on the steps of Notre Dame Cathedral one wintry——"

A low cry of commingled joy, grief and pain escaped the countess. Her lips grew bloodless and wildly she clutched at her heart.

"What—what did you say?" she gasped.

"She is not my sister," Henriette repeated, wondering at the agitation of the great lady. "Father found her half-buried in the snow in the parvis before the cathedral. He had gone there to leave me, as there was neither food nor fire in our own wretched home. The suffering of Louise abandoned there made him change his mind and he returned home with us both. Wrapped in the baby's clothes was a large 'rouleau' of gold, and around her neck was this jeweled locket——"

Picard, the chevalier's valet

After all these years! A gasp that was almost a sob broke from the lips of the wretched woman, so erect and proud when she entered the chamber, now so wretched and broken. With a shaking hand she took the miniature Henriette handed her. She recognized it at once, and opened a bit of yellow paper that fell out on which was written, "Her name is Louise. Save her!"

"My child!" she cried in heart-rending accents. "My own darling little Louise! Lost, blind, all alone in this wicked, cruel city. Oh, my God, my God! How could you? How could you?" Tears choked her utterance. Henriette, all awe of her high rank lost in the common sisterhood of sorrow, placed her arms around the stricken woman and whispered words of solace, though she, herself, was almost at the breaking point.

Suddenly, in the midst of their grief, rose a pure, sweet, mezzo soprano voice. It was a simple, pathetic Norman melody such as the two orphans had often sung in the dear days now forever dead. That voice! Henriette stiffened suddenly, straining every nerve. Again sounded the sweet, sad strain. The two sprang to their feet. "Louise!" cried Henriette. Her heart leaped for joy; she was a being transfigured. Breathless, she dashed to the window, closely followed by the countess. In the narrow street she beheld her beloved sister alone, clad in beggar's rags, singing with a quivering pathos in her tones that spoke only too eloquently of her sorrow, a sorrow that tore at Henriette's heartstrings.

"Louise!" she cried. "Oh, my God! Louise! Louise!"

"Henriette! Oh dear, dear Henriette!"

SYNOPSIS

During the time of the black famine in France, a noblewoman gives birth to a child whose father is a peasant. The child is taken away from her by the nobles and left naked on a snow pile to die.

In another part of town, the Girards, a family of poor peasants, decide to leave their only child on someone's doorstep as they can no longer buy food for it.

The father, taking the baby away, sees the abandoned child on the snow pile and, repenting, takes both babies home.

Later through the black plague, Louise, the little foundling, loses her eyesight and both the elder Girards die. The two orphans decide to journey to Paris to visit their cousin and to try a cure for Louise's sight.

They are met by the Marquis de Praille on their way and he, greatly attracted by Henriette's charms, makes advances to her which she repulses. The marquis, angered, orders his servant to kidnap the girl.

The villainous servant executes his task and brings her to the marquis' home where she is rescued by the Chevalier de Vaudrey, who kills de Praille in a duel.

In the meantime, Louise, left wandering alone, is picked up by a villainous old hag called Madame Frochard and is taken to her home, where she is told she must beg for a living.

This she refuses to do and is thrust into the dark cellar in spite of the pleadings of her crippled son, Pierre, who is laid low by a blow from his foul-hearted brother, Jacques.

Frochard takes Louise out into the streets to beg and is met by the Comtesse de Vaudrey, who is attracted to Louise, but does not know that she is the child taken from her at birth.

The Chevalier de Vaudrey is ordered by the king to marry the Princess of Acquitaine, which he refuses to do; being in love with Henriette.

Transfigured with joy the blind girl ran groping and stumbling in the direction from which she thought the voice came, holding out eager arms for the embrace of the sister so dearly loved, calling wildly in a fervor of agony lest La Frochard should come and carry her away. From the window Henriette encouraged her with loving counsel:

"Stand still, Louise dear, I'm coming!

"Don't get excited!

"Wait right there!

"It is your loving Henriette that calls!

"I'll be down right away!

"I'm coming, darling, I'm coming!

Suddenly Mother Frochard, who was never far away from her property, it was too valuable, darted from a nearby dram shop. She took in the situation at a glance. The thing she had feared most had happened: the two sisters had met. With a venomous snarl she seized Louise by the arm and began to drag her hurriedly away. Louise gave one terrified scream. "Henriette! Oh, Henriette! Hurry! Do hurry! She——" Frochard clapped her dirty claws over the girl's mouth and she could say no more. Frantic with fear at the sudden danger to her beloved and with happiness in her grasp, Henriette rushed past the countess, flinging aside the door—and was confronted by a file of soldiers.

"Henriette Girard?" queried the corporal of the guard.

"Stand aside," she implored. "My sister—they are carrying her away. Let me pass! Oh, please, please, let me pass!"

The soldiers stood immovable. The shrieks, heart-rending in their intensity, grew fainter and fainter. They were dying away in the distance. Maddened, beyond herself, Henriette dashed against the gunstocks of the soldiers, beating the breasts, the arms, the faces of the wall-like men with her tiny fists; then, as suddenly turned and dashed to the window, stretching out her arms imploringly; crazed beyond the power of endurance by the sight of her dear Louise dragged along and beaten by the furious old harridan. The countess had fainted and so could be of no use to her.

"Arrest her!" ordered the corporal.

Henriette did not hear the cruel command. She mounted the window sill and would have jumped to the stone pavement below had not the soldiers seized her and dragged her back.

"Have pity!" she implored, falling on her knees before those rough, silent men. "Oh, for God's sake, have mercy! Let me save my sister, my dear, sweet blind sister! Ah, messieurs! If you have hearts in your bosoms, let me save my dear Louise and then take me where you will."

Despite her pitiful pleadings and frantic struggles, she was hurried away to La Force, the formidable prison that killed all hope and every spark of humanity. As the huge, grim iron door closed with a clang, the vile inmates crowded around the lovely orphan with hideous, leering faces. One, crazed by torture and years of prison, rushed forward, arms upraised to strike the newcomer so suddenly torn from all she loved.

FATE AND THE CHEVALIER

"You sent for me, sir?"

The chevalier stood erect, proud, handsome and happy. There was not a cloud in his sky. He had just gained the love of the girl he worshipped and felt as though he could conquer fate. Comte de Linceries looked at him in grudging admiration. Ah, what it was to be young! An unavailing sigh of regret for his own lost youth came from the powerful prefect.

"Yes, I sent for you, Maurice," he replied in a conciliating tone, seating himself at a mother-of-pearl inlaid escritoire, taking up a quill pen and signing warrants with a deftness that bespoke long practice. "I hope that now, since you have thought the matter over, you are cured of your infatuation for that slip of a girl and are willing to unite yourself with the proud house of Acquitaine."

"Never!" was the emphatic reply. "Henriette has just admitted that she loves me and I shall know no rest until we are man and wife."

The prefect looked at his nephew coldly. However, he did not lose his temper. He meant to win, peaceably, if possible, if not—well, win he would.

"You prate of love like a schoolboy," he sneered. "The princess loves you. What more do you want?"

"I want the girl I love and that loves me," was the instant rejoinder. "As soon as we gain your consent our life-long happiness will begin."

The prefect grew ashen with anger. He rose to his feet, his face like a thunder cloud.

"Give up this girl," he thundered, "and at once!"

The chevalier drew his slender, muscular form to its full height. Proudly he looked de Lineries in the eye and proudly he flung back the answer:

"Never! I will die first."

If the chevalier expected an angry outburst, he was mistaken. The count looked at him, and there was unmistakable admiration in his gaze.

"I was young once myself," he said in softened tones. "The love that you feel for this nameless nobody I felt and have always cherished for your dear aunt. Her love has been an inspiration to me, but, and this is important, Maurice: she was of my own station in life or the love could never have remained. Think, dear Maurice, you can never be happy with this girl. The house of Acquitaine would never forgive you. You would be pursued with implacable fury and not only yourself, but the girl, your aunt and myself would all be involved in the general ruin. Give up this passing fancy and make us all happy."

"You are mistaken, sir," the chevalier replied firmly. "It is not a passing fancy, but the one and only love of a life-time. I shall never give her up."

The count's face grew purple with passion. Once, twice, three times he strove to speak, but anger choked his utterance. Finally, in a voice hoarse with emotion, he asked:

"Is that your last word?"

"It is," the chevalier replied firmly. "I have no other."

The Comtesse de Lineries

"Then your fate be upon your own head," said the prefect solemnly.

Sharply he tapped a gold bell on a nearby table. His hand trembled so that he knocked it over. Before the vibrations died, a file of soldiers marched in, saluted, then stood stiffly erect. The prefect once more turned to his nephew. His tones were cold and menacing.

"You know the power of 'lettres de cachet,'" warned. "I have one here sending you to the ro[illegible] fortress of Caen, another consigning this peasant to Salpetriere. Do you give her up?"

"Never!"

(Continued on page 28)

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE

"The Business of Life"

(*Continued from page* 16)

high poise of his ugly head. And, without knowing what she was doing, or why, she slowly lifted her free hand and let it rest lightly on his massive shoulder. And, as she looked into his eyes, a strange expression began to dawn in her own—and it became stranger and stranger—something he had never before seen there—something so bewildering, so wonderful, that his heart seemed to cease.

Suddenly her eyes filled and her face flushed from throat to hair and the next instant she swayed forward, was caught, and crushed to his breast. . .

"Oh!" she wept ceaselessly. "Oh, oh, Caryl I didn't know—I didn't know. I—I want to be a——a good mother. I'll try to be better; I'll try to be better. You are so good to me—so kind—so kind—to protect me—after what I've done—after what I've done!"

DESBORO passed a miserable afternoon at the office. If there had been any business to take his mind off himself it might have been easier for him; but for a long time now there had been nothing stirring in Wall Street; the public kept away; business was dead.

After hours he went to the club, feeling physically wretched. Man after man came up and congratulated him on his marriage—some whom he knew scarcely more intimately than to bow to, spoke to him. He was a very great favorite.

In the beginning, it was merely a stimulant that he thought he needed; later he declined no suggestion, and even made a few, with an eye on the clock. For at five he was to meet Jacqueline.

Toward five his demeanor had altered to that gravely urbane and too courteous manner indicative of excess; and his flushed face had become white and tense.

Cairns found him in the card room at six, saw at a glance how matters stood with him, and drew him into a corner of the window with scant ceremony.

"What's the matter with you?" he said sharply. "You told me that you were to meet your wife at five!"

Desboro's manner became impressively courteous.

"Inadvertently," he said, "I have somehow or other mislaid the clock. Once it stood somewhere in this vicinity, but——"

"Damn it! There it is! Look at it!"

Desboro looked gravely in the direction where Cairns was pointing.

"That undoubtedly IS a clock," he said. "But now a far more serious problem confronts us, John. Having located a clock with a certain amount of accuracy, what is the next step to take in finding out the exact time?"

"Don't you know how to tell the time?" demanded Cairns, furious.

"Pardon. I know how to tell it, provided I once know what it is——"

"Are you drunk?"

"I have never," said Desboro, courteously, "experienced intoxication. At present I am perfectly cognizant of contemporary events now passing in my immediate vicinity——"

"Where were you to meet your wife?"

"At the depository of her multudinous and intricate affairs of business—in other words, at her office, dear friend."

"You can't go to her this way."

"It were unwise, perhaps," said Desboro, pleasantly.

Cairns gripped his arm: "You go to the baths; do you hear? Tell Louis to massage the edge off you. I'm going to speak to your wife."

So Desboro sauntered off toward the elevator and Cairns ealled up Jacqueline's office.

It appeared that Jacqueline had left. Should they switch him on to her private apartments above?

In a moment his call was answered.

"Is this Mrs. Desboro?" he asked. And at the same instant recognized Cynthia Lessler's voice.

She returned his greeting briefly.

"Jacqueline thought that perhaps she had misunderstood Mr. Desboro, so she has gone to the station. Did he go there?"

"N—no. He had an appointment and——"

"Where?"

"At the club—the Olympian Club——"

"Is he there?"

"Yes——"

"Then tell him to go at once to the station, or he will miss his wife and the 6:15 train, too!"

"I—he—Jim isn't feeling very well——"

"Is he ILL!"

"N—no. Oh, no! He's merely tired—overworked——"

"What!"

"Oh, he's just taking a cold plunge and a rub-down——"

"Mr. Cairns!"

"Yes."

"Take a taxi and come here before Jacqueline returns."

"Did you wish——"

"Yes. How soon can you get here?"

"Five minutes."

"I'll wait."

"A rotten piece of business," muttered Cairns, taking hat and stick from the cloak room.

The starter had a taxi ready. Except for the usual block on Fifth Avenue, they would have made it in four minutes. It took them ten.

Cynthia met him on the landing and silently ushered him into Jacqueline's pretty little parlor. She still wore her hat and coat; a fur boa lay on a sofa.

"Now," she said, leaning forward in her chair as soon as he was seated, "what is the meaning of this?"

"Of what?" he asked, pretending mild surprise.

"Of Mr. Desboro's behavior! He was married yesterday to the dearest, sweetest, loveliest girl in the world. Today, I stop at her office to see her—and I find that she is unhappy. She couldn't hide it from ME! I LOVE her! And all her smiles and forced gaiety and clever maneuvering were terrible to me—heart-breaking. She is dreadfully unhappy. Why?"

"I didn't know it," said Cairns honestly.

"Is that true?"

"Absolutely."

"Very well. But you know why he didn't meet Jacqueline at five, don't you?"

He looked at her miserably: "Yes, I know. I wouldn't let him."

"Is he intoxicated?"

"No. He has had more than he should have."

"What a cur!" she said between her teeth.

Cairns bit his lip and nervously twirled his walking stick.

"See here, Cynthia, Jim isn't a cur, you know."

"What do YOU call a man who has done what he's done?"

"I—I tell you it has me guessing. Because it isn't like Jim Desboro. He's never that way—not once in years. Only when he's up against it does he ever do that. And he's perfectly mad about his wife. Don't make any mistake there; he's dead in love with her—crazy about her. But—he came into the office about one today, looking like the deuce—so changed, so white, so 'all in,' that I thought he had the grippe or something."

Cynthia said: "They've had a quarrel. Oh, what is it—what could it be, Jack? You know it will break her heart. It's breaking mine now. I can't bear it—I simply can't——"

"Haven't the least idea what's wrong," said Cairns, leaning forward, elbows on his knees, and beating the hearth with his walking stick.

"Can't Mr. Desboro come here pretty soon?"

"Oh, yes, I think so. I'll go back and look him over——"

Cynthia's eyes suddenly glistened with tears, and she bowed her head.

"My dear child," expostulated Cairns, "it's nothing to weep over. It's a—one of those things likely to happen to any man——"

"But I can't bear to have it happen to Jacqueline's husband. Oh, I wish she had never seen him, never heard of him! He is a thousand, thousand miles beneath her. He isn't worth——"

"For heaven's sake, Cynthia, don't think that!"

"THINK it! I KNOW it! Of what value is that sort of man compared to a girl like Jacqueline! Of what use is that sort of man anyway! I know them," she said bitterly, "I've had my lesson in that school. One and all, young and old, rich or poor—comparatively poor—they are the same. The same ideas haunt their idle and selfish minds, the same motives move them, the same impulses rule them, and they reason with their emotions, not with their brains. Arrogant, insolent, condescending, self-centered, self-indulgent, and utterly predatory! That is the type! And they belong where people prey upon one another, not among the clean and sweet and innocent. They belong where there is no question of marriage or of home or of duty; they belong where lights are many and brilliant, where there is money, and plenty of it! Where there is noise, and too much of it! That is where that sort of man belongs. And nobody knows it as well as such a girl as I! Nobody, NOBODY!" Her lip quivered and she choked back the tears.

"And—and now—such a man has taken my little friend—my little girl—Jacqueline——"

"Do you think he's as rotten as what you say?"

"Yes. YES!"

"Then—what must you think of me?"

She glanced up, bloting her wet lashes with her handkerchief.

"What do you mean, Jack?"

"I suppose I'm included among the sort of men you have ben so graphically describing?"

She did not answer.

"Am I not included?"

She shook her head slightly.

"Why not? If your description fits Jim Desboro and Reggie Ledyard, and that set, it must naturally fit me, also."

But she shook her head almost imperceptibly.

"Why do you exclude me, Cynthia?"

But she had nothing to say about him. Long ago—long, long since, she had made excuses for all that he should have been and was not. It was not a matter for discussion; she and her heart had settled it between them without calling in Logic as umpire, and without recourse to Reason for an opinion.

"The worst of it is," he said, rising and picking up his hat, "some of your general description does fit me."

"I—did not mean it that way——"

"But it does fit, Cynthia; doesn't it?"

"No."

"What!" incredulously.

She said in a low voice: "You were very kind to me, Jack; and—not like other men. Do you think I can ever forget that?"

He forced a laugh: "Great actresses are expected to forget things. Besides, there isn't anything to remember—except that—we were friends."

"REAL friends. I know it now. Because the world is full of the other kind. But a REAL friend does not—destroy. Good-bye."

"Shall I see you again?" he asked, troubled.

"If you wish. I gave you my address yesterday."

"Will you really be at home to me, Cynthia?"

"Try,' she said, unsmiling.

She went to the landing with him.

"Will you see that Mr. Desboro comes here as soon as he is—fit?"

"Yes."

"Very well. I'll tell Jacqueline he was not feeling well and fell asleep at the club. It's one of those lies that may be forgiven—" she shrugged "—but anyway I'll risk it."

So he went away, and she watched his departure, standing by the old-time stair-well until she heard the lower door clang. Then, grieved and angry, she seated herself and nervously awaited Jacqueline's reappearance.

The girl returned ten minutes later, pale and plainly worried, but carrying it off lightly enough.

"Cynthia!" she exclaimed, smilingly. "Where do you suppose that husband of mine can be! He isn't at the station. I boarded the train, but he was not on it! Isn't it odd? I—I don't suppose anything could have happened to him—any accident—because the motor drivers are so reckless——"

"You darling thing!" laughed Cynthia. "Your young man is perfectly safe——"

"He IS! He's at his club."

"What!"

"It's perfectly simple," said Cynthia coolly, "he went there from his office, feeling a bit under the weather——"

"Is he ILL?"

"No. no! He was merely tired. I believe. And he stretched out and fell asleep and failed to wake up. That's all."

Jacqueline looked at her in relieved astonishment for a moment.

"Did he telephone?"

"Yes—or rather, Mr. Cairns did——"

"Mr. Cairns! Why did Mr. Cairns telephone? Why didn't my husband telephone? Cynthia—look at me!"

Cynthia met her eye undaunted.

"Why," repeated Jacqueline, "didn't my husband telephone to me? Is he too ill? Is THAT it? Are you concealing it? ARE you, Cynthia?"

Cynthia smiled: "He's a casual young man, darling. I believe he's taking a cold plunge or something. He'll probably be here in a few minutes. So I'll say good-night." She picked up her fur neckpieee, glanced at the mirror, fluffed a curl or two, and turned to Jacqueline. "Don't spoil him, ducky," she whispered, putting her hands on the young wife's shoulders and looking her deep in the eyes.

Jacqueline flushed painfully.

"How do you mean, Cynthia?"

The latter said: "There are a million ways of spoiling a man beside giving up to him."

"I don't give up to him," said Jaequeline in a colorless voice.

Cynthia looked at her gravely:

"It's hard to know what to do, dear. When a girl gives up to a man she spoils him sometimes: when she doesn't she sometimes spoils him. It's hard to know what to do—very hard."

Jacqueline's gaze grew troubled and remote.

"How to love a man wisely—that's a very hard thing for a girl to learn," murmured Cynthia. "But—the main thing—the important thing, is to love him, I think. And I suppose we have to take our chances of spoiling him."

"The main thing," said Jacqueline slowly, "is that he should know you DO love him; isn't it?"

"Yes. But the problem is, how best to show it. And that requires wisdom, dear. And where is a girl to acquire that kind of wisdom? What experience has she? What does she know? Ah we don't know. There lies the trouble. By instinct, disposition, natural reticence, and training, we are disposed to offer too little, perhaps. But often, in fear that our reticence may not be understood, we offer too much."

"I—am afraid of that."

"Of offering too much?"

"Yes."

They stood, thoughtful a moment, not looking at each other.

Cynthia said in a low voice: "Be careful of him, ducky. His is not the stronger character. Perhaps he needs more than you give."

"What!"

"I—I think that perhaps he is not the kind of man to be spoiled by giving. And—it is possible to starve some men by the well-meant kindness of reserve."

"All women—modest women—are reserved."

"Is a mother's reserve praiseworthy when her child

(*Continued next week*)

SYNOPSIS

James Desboro, noted idler and man about town meets Jacqueline Nevers, who is carrying on her dead father's antique business. He becomes interested in her and engages her to catalog his famous collection.

After a week of this work she decides that they are both more interested in each other than is well and decides not to go to Silverwood Desboro's home, again. Desboro, finding her absence intolerable, calls up and begs her to come again, and after much pleading she consents.

Desboro engages a Mrs. Hammerton as social chaperone for Jacqueline that she may join the class of people in which he moves.

He then plans a house party to which he invites her, and all the guests fall very much under the charm of Jacqueline.

Jacqueline, in a moment of weakness, confesses her love for Desboro, and is overheard by Mrs. Hammerton, who warns Desboro to keep away from Jacqueline.

They are married secretly with only Jack Cairns and Cynthia Lessler as witnesses. Mrs. Hammerton, knowing nothing of the marriage, writes to Jacqueline warning her against Desboro.

Jacqueline also receives a call from Mrs. Clydesdale who admits having an intrigue with Desboro as Mrs. Hammerton has stated in her letter.

Desboro suspects that his wife has been told something of his lurid past, and goes to Mrs. Hammerton, accusing her of causing trouble.

She refuses to answer him and he then decides to go to Elena Clydesdale to find out. Elena is not in, however, and he sees her husband and comes to a new understanding with him.

Elena meanwhile has gone to her doctor's, where she is told that she is about to become a mother

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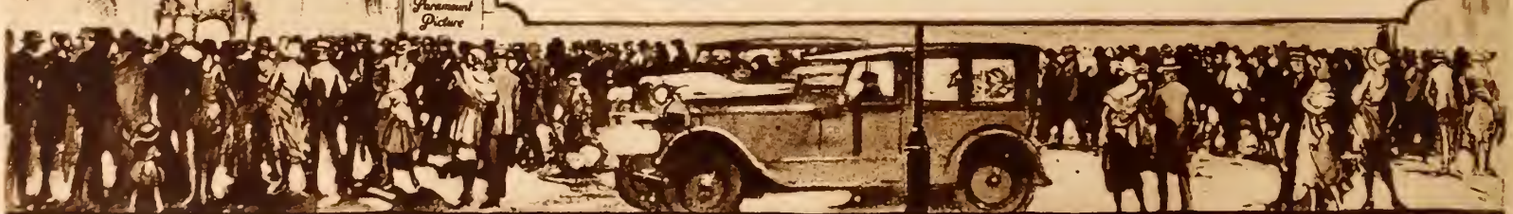

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in "If You Believe It, It's So"
by Perley Poore Sheehan
Directed by Tom Forman
Scenario by Waldemar Young

BETTY COMPSON
in "The Bonded Woman"
From the story "The Salvaging of John Sumner"
by John Fleming Wilson
Directed by Philip Rosen
Adaptation by Albert Shelby LeVino

MAY McAVOY
in "The Top of New York"
by Sonya Levien
Scenario by Julia Crawford Ivers

"THE LOVES OF PHARAOH"
with Emil Jannings, Dagny Servaes, Harry Liedtke and Paul Wegener
An Ernest Lubitsch UFA Production

GLORIA SWANSON
in a Sam Wood Production
"Her Gilded Cage"
Scenario by Elmer Harris and Percy Heath
Based on the play by Anne Nichols

A William deMille Production
"NICE PEOPLE"
with Wallace Reid, Bebe Daniels, Conrad Nagel and Julia Faye
From the play by Rachel Crothers
Scenario by Clara Beranger

RODOLPH VALENTINO
in "Blood and Sand"
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From the novel by Vicente Blasco Ibanez and the play by Tom Cushing
Adaptation by June Mathis

"THE VALLEY OF SILENT MEN"
with Alma Rubens
From the story by James Oliver Curwood
Directed by Frank Borzage
A Cosmopolitan Production

"THE SIREN CALL"
with Dorothy Dalton
An Irvin V. Willat Production
Supported by David Powell and Mitchell Lewis
By J. E. Nash
Adaptation by J. E. Nash and Philip Hurn

JACK HOLT
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From the novel "The Parson of Panamint"
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"PINK GODS"
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By Cynthia Stockley
with Bebe Daniels, James Kirkwood and Anna Q. Nilsson
Adaptation by J. E. Nash and Sonya Levien

"THE OLD HOMESTEAD"
with Theodore Roberts
Adapted from Denman Thompson's play
by Perley Poore Sheehan and Frank Woods
Scenario by Julien Josephson Directed by James Cruze

"THE FACE IN THE FOG"
By Jack Boyle
A Cosmopolitan Production

"BURNING SANDS"
with Wanda Hawley and Milton Sills
A George Melford Production
By Arthur Weigall
Adaptation by Olga Printzlau

WALLACE REID and LILA LEE
in "The Ghost Breaker"
by Paul Dickey and Charles W. Goddard
Adaptation by Jack Cunningham
Directed by Alfred Green

"THE COWBOY AND THE LADY"
with Mary Miles Minter
and Tom Moore
A John Robertson Production
By Clyde Fitch
Adaptation by Josephine Lovett

A George Fitzmaurice Production
"TO HAVE AND TO HOLD"
with Betty Compson and Bert Lytell
Supported by W. J. Ferguson and Theodore Kosloff
By Mary Johnston
Scenario by Ouida Bergere

THOMAS MEIGHAN
in "The Man Who Saw Tomorrow"
by Perley Poore Sheehan and Frank Condon
Directed by Alfred Green

"ON THE HIGH SEAS"
with Dorothy Dalton and Jack Holt
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by Edward Sheldon
An Irvin V. Willat Production

RODOLPH VALENTINO
in "The Young Rajah"
Adapted from the novel "Amos Judd"
by John Ames Mitchell
Directed by Philip E. Rosen
Adaptation by June Mathis

ALICE BRADY
in "Anna Ascends"
by Harry Chapman Ford
Directed by Joseph Henabery

A William deMille Production
"CLARENCE"
By Booth Tarkington
with Wallace Reid, Agnes Ayres and May McAvoy
Adaptation by Clara Beranger

GLORIA SWANSON
in a Sam Wood Production
"The Impossible Mrs. Bellew"
by David Lisle
Adaptation by Percy Heath

"ENEMIES OF WOMEN"
by Vicente Blasco Ibanez
Directed by Robert Vignola
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A George Melford Production
Robert Louis Stevenson's
"EBB TIDE"
with Lila Lee and James Kirkwood
Cast includes George Fawcett and Raymond Hatton
Adapted by Lorna Moon

"THE PRIDE OF PALOMAR"
From the story by Peter B. Kyne
Directed by Frank Borzage
A Cosmopolitan Production

ELSIE FERGUSON
in "Outcast"
by Hubert Henry Davies
A John Robertson Production
Adaptation by Josephine Lovett

"SINGED WINGS"
with Bebe Daniels
A Penrhyn Stanlaws Production
by Katherine Newlin Burt

THOMAS MEIGHAN
in George Ade's
"Back Home and Broke"
Directed by Alfred Green

AGNES AYRES
in "A Daughter of Luxury"
Adaptation by Beulah Marie Dix
Directed by Joseph Henabery

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"KICK IN"
with Betty Compson and Bert Lytell
by Willard Mack
Scenario by Ouida Bergere

WALLACE REID
in "Thirty Days"
by A. E. Thomas and Clayton Hamilton
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MARION DAVIES
in "Little Old New York"
by Rida Johnson Young
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RODOLPH VALENTINO
in "A Spanish Cavalier"
Based on the play "Don Cæsar De Bazan"
Scenario by June Mathis

JACK HOLT
in a Peter B. Kyne Special
"Making a Man"
Directed by Joseph Henabery
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The Popular Girl Contest at the Lincoln Theatre, Fulton, Ill., created a lot of excitement among the patrons of that theatre. Ten girls entered the contest, five of them running very close for three weeks when the friends of the two leading girls, Miss Elizabeth Frasier and Miss Edith Walter got busy and narrowed the contest down to these two girls. Finally the contest closed with Miss Frasier at the head having received a little over 6,000 more votes than Miss Walter. Miss Frasier was awarded a valuable cut glass water set and a season's pass to the Lincoln Theatre.

Miss Isabelle Hartley, Ill.

The most popular girl in Macomb, Ill., is Miss Isabelle Hartley, at least we are led to believe that, from the report we have just received from the manager of the Illinois Theatre where a Popular Girl Contest has closed. The manager of this theatre, Mr. Hainline, was very generous, giving other contestants a chance to show their particular degree of popularity for besides Miss Hartley, the first winner, four other girls standing next highest in line were awarded respectively passes good for two months, one month, two weeks and one week to the Illinois Theatre. Miss Hartley received a beautiful white ivory toilet set and a season's pass to the theatre. Besides these five prizes, the next ten girls were invited to attend the showing of a big feature picture.

Miss Leila Sapp, Starks, Fla.

Miss Leila Sapp, a high school student was the winner of the Popular Girl Contest conducted by the Gaiety Theatre at Starks, Fla. The contest at this theatre was a huge success—125,000 votes were cast and of these Miss Sapp received over 46,000, thanks to her school-mates who worked eagerly for her. Miss Sapp was presented with an exquisite white ivory manicure set and a season's pass to the Gaiety Theatre.

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Orphans of the Storm

(*Continued from page 26*)

"Away with him!" cried the count in a rage. "We'll break your proud spirit yet."

As the chevalier gave up his sword with a military salute and then marched proudly out, the prefect sank into a chair with a hollow groan.

So engrossed was he in contemplating the ruin of all his dreams of greatness that he did not hear a timid rap on the door. After a short interval it was repeated.

"Jean!" called the voice of the countess faintly. "Dear Jean! May I enter?"

At the sound of the beloved voice, the count sprang to life. He reached the door and was kissing the hand of his wife with youthful fervor. Whatever he might be to others, the grim prefect was always the devoted lover to this wife he worshipped. She was ghastly pale as she entered.

"Come into the garden, Jeau," she begged. "I—I have something I must tell you—somethiug I should have told you long ago."

"Always at your service, dearest," he responded, his cares temporarily forgotten in her presence. "But do not look so serious, my beloved, we have no weighty secrets from one another."

She shivered as with a sudden chill, then, together, they went into the spacious grounds surrounding the Hotel de Lineries. Seating herself on a marble bench and drawing her husband beside her, she plunged at. once into the pitiful story of her past.

He listened, not once interrupting, his face growing whiter and whiter as the story progressed.

"You see," said the countess pathetically, at the close of her narrative, "our marriage was blessed by the church, but banned by my family, the proud de Vaudreys. They would not permit me to tell you then and I was afraid to broach it afterwards. This blind girl is my daughter and the girl whom you have sent to Salpetriere is her foster-sister. Put me away if you will. I will retire to a convent—do anything you wish, but please, please forgive them."

The wretched woman fell on her knees and clasped his feet in her hands. With tears streaming down his face, he raised her in his arms and kissed her again and again.

"If you had only told me before," he sobbed. "Ah, if I had only known."

"And you will not give me up?" she asked, scarcely believing her owu happiness.

"Give you up!" he echoed, kissing her passionately. "I love you more than ever. Now we must undo the ill that has just been done. I shall send pardons at once to dear Maurice and this girl he loves, and as for your daughter, Louise, she shall be my daughter, too. She shall be in your arms before nightfall and her captors on their way to the galleys."

What pranks Fate plays! Even as the count spoke there rose a wild tumult that grew in volume every moment. Suddenly a solitary soldier ran past. Seeing them, he slackened speed for a second and called:

"Run! Run for your life! Revolution has broken out and aristocrats are being murdered wherever they are found!"

A NATION INSANE

HENRIETTE recoiled from the expected blow which never fell, for one of the inmates sprang forward, caught the lunatic by the elbow and with a quick twist sent her spinning into a corner.

"Don't be afraid, little dove," counseled the woman in broad Norman dialect. "She is out of her wits, but I'll protect you. Why are you here? You don't look like one of us."

Briefly Henriette told her pitiful story. The inmates gathered around in deepest interest. Imprecations upon the king and the aristocracy fell like autumn hail, as the harrowing recital progressed. These were redoubled when she ceased.

"Their time is coming," warned one woman, tall, gaunt, hollow-eyed and with long, stringy hair almost hiding her face. "They have fattened on our flesh for years, soon we shall drink their blood. Ah-h-h!"

She cupped her hands, held them to her lips with such a fiendish expression that Henriette involuntarily shuddered and turned her face away. Woe to the luckless member of the nobility that ever fell into her clutches!

To the pure, noble-minded country girl, the sights and sounds of that awful place were soul-searing. Time-hardened criminals and first offenders, the insane and idiotic, were all thrust together promiscuously. She was as a lily among nettles. She longed to be by herself, away from the torrent of blasphemy and obscenity, away from the vile odors and the horror of it all. Narrowly dodging the cruel arms of a chained, frenzied maniac, she retreated into a corner and gave way to tears.

"What is it, child?" asked a clear, sweet voice, and Henriette looked up to see a nun standing before her.

For the second time since her entry into that awful place, Henriette told her story. Sister Genevieve, of the Order of Charity, who tried to lead the unfortunates to a better life, listened with grave interest.

"I believe your story," she stated. "One look into your eyes convinces one of its truth. Do uot be downcast, my dear. I shall do all in my power to help you. I feel confident that you will not be here long."

When she left, Henriette felt greatly comforted. Then, too, she knew nothiug of de Vaudrey's imprisonment and felt sure that, when he learned of it, he would move Heaven and earth in an effort to obtain her release. Her only fear was that he would not be able to learn where she was jailed.

Sister Genevieve told the story of the new girl to the doctor. She was greatly moved.

"What a shame!" she cried. "The poor girl's only crime is that she has no friends. Her one great desire in llfe is to find her bliud sister that some old woman has carried away and forced to beg."

The doctor was lost in thought for a moment.

"Let me see, let me see," he cogitated. "I did see a blind girl with an old hag somewhere. Yes! Yes! I remember now. It was in front of Notre Dame. A very pretty girl. Her trouble is cataracts of the eye that I feel sure an operation will cure. She was with the notorious Frochard. They live in the Rue de Brissac."

Before Sister Genevieve left to return to her convent, she again sought out the still weeping girl and told her of what she had learned, gathering the girl to her bosom, despite the injury to her coif and wimple.

"Courage," she whispered, stroking the girl's long, golden hair. "The doctor has promised to interest himself in your case. He has tremendous power and influence. The hour will soon arrive when you will be freed."

Henriette went as far as the barred gate with the sister. She was about to turn back to the dismal, crowded cell, when she saw a man whose face was vaguely familiar to her.

"Hist, mademoiselle!" he whispered when the guard's back was turned from him for a moment. "Slip this paper in your bosom and read it when no one can see."

"Who are you?" she asked in a tense whisper, fear of the unknown gripping her heart.

"Sacre nom. du chien! Do you not know me?" the fellow demanded in a chagrined tone. "I am Picard, without whom Comte de Vaudrey would not be able to breathe. It is true that I sold little secrets to the prefect, but the secrets I sold to de Lineries I resold to your lover. What would you? A man must live and the price of pate de foi gras is going up all the time. Farewell."

With eager, trembling fingers, Henriette read the note as soon as she could find a place where she could do so with safety. There was a quarrel between two jezebels which degenerated into a free-for-all fight. Under cover of this Henriette was free to read her precious missive. It ran as follows:

"Dear and very dear:

Shortly after you were arrested, I was sent to the fortress at Caen, but I shall never marry anyone but you, heart of my heart. I have a chance to escape, but must not speak of it as yet. Trust Picard. He is devoted to me as long as I pay him well. I long to clasp your dear form in my arms. Athousand, thousand kisses.

Your loving,
MAURICE.

So Maurice was also in duress. There was sadness in the thought, terror, too. But also there was comfort in his loyalty. Over and over again she kissed the paper that had felt the imprint of his dear fingers.

The hour grew late, but sleep in such a den was impossible. Henriette paced backward and forward in the confines of that filthy and noisome dungeon, where the most abandoned creatures in all Paris slept the sleep of utter exhaustion. She was glad to be alone, to hold communion with her thoughts and the man she loved, whose missive she pressed tightly to her heart. What would be the outcome of that beautiful love of hers? Ah, who could say? The present was so dark, surely there must be sunlight somewhere?

In the distance an ominous sound, like the growl of a wild beast, was heard. It grew louder and louder, swelling to the dimensions of a wild uproar. Henriette strained her ears in vague terror of the unknown. The wretched creatures, aroused from forgetfulness, sprang to their feet in wild alarm, looking at each other with questioning eyes. A rumor spread throughout the length and breadth of Salpetriere. It reached the inmates of Henriette's dungeon and was repeated with bated breath at first, as something too good to be believed, and then, when repeated, greeted with a wild huzzah.

"The people have risen! The people have risen!" shrieked Leontaine, the Norman woman, in her broad dialect. "The Bastille has fallen and the prisoners released! Now they are coming to set us free. Oh, thanks be to the Virgin and all the blessed saints!"

(*Continued next week*)

BETWEEN REELS

A young woman recently gained some considerable fame for making a swim completely around Manhattan Island, but Wesley Barry, better known to film fans as "Freckles," has a pet that recently hung up a record that would make this young woman's aquatic effort look like mere local traffic. The pet in question is a small alligator, and the blooming thing swam all the way from New York to Los Angeles. Oh, yes, it did! You see, Wesley kept the little beast in the wash-bowl of the Pullman all the way over.

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4X99—Smart Sport Sweater made of lustrous block-patterned fibre-silk mignonette (a material closely resembling tricolette but of finer texture). All around fringe of silk floss conveys a particularly dressy effect. It is a really remarkable value at the price asked. Sizes—34 to 46; also 16 to 20. Colors—Black, Navy or Med. Shade Red. Price, postpaid, $4.99. State color, size, and Catalog No., and send, with name and address, to

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CLARA BERESBACH
Ziegfeld Follies. See "Beauty and Brains Go hand in Hand," by Ziegfeld. "Beautiful womanhood" for September.

EDWARD THAYER MONROE

Beautiful Womanhood

is something for which American women have waited many years—a personal problem magazine dealing only with womanhood in its finest, truest sense—helpful, intimate and above all absorbingly interesting.

It will help you to be a better sweetheart, a better wife, a better mother, and to enjoy a fuller, sweeter, happier old age.

Not like any other woman's magazine.

It will be a sincere friend to every woman in time of need and a source of keenest pleasure in her lighter moments. The first issue, dated September, will be published on August 10th. 25 cents a copy at all newsstands.

Four Great Features

The following description of four of the features appearing in the September issue of *"Beautiful Womanhood,"* which, while picked at random, are as widely separated in their interest as the poles. They will give you some idea of the scope and policy of this powerful newcomer among the Macfadden Publications, Inc. The dozen or more other articles and stories comprising the September number are as widely separated as regards subject matter and as universally interesting to women.

"Can a Woman Tell the Truth?"

A serious problem ably discussed in the form of a gripping fiction story. One small fib almost wrecks two lives.

How many women fib to their husbands because they are afraid to tell the truth?

How many fib rather than endure the unpleasantness of reproach?

How many fib to shield the children from punishment at the hands of their father?

How many tell the baby "It's all gone" rather than listen to him howl for more cake?

The fib is an insidious evil that weakens moral fibre. Are you entirely free from it?

This story will make you think.

"What Makes a Man Fall in Love?"

How does it happen that so many homely men marry beautiful women and so many homely girls mary handsome men—or for that matter, are able to marry at all with women so greatly in the majority over men? You are supposed to think that good looks play an important part, but when you stop to think about it you wonder if good looks play any part at all as against the more mysterious factors of attraction.

The subject is admirably handled.

"Salome of the Tenements"

The epoch-making novel by Anzia Yezierska, of "Hungry Hearts" fame, will begin in the September issue of *"Beautiful Womanhood."* Because of her almost uncanny power to put into words the innermost yearning of the feminine heart, to express the inner beauty of the soul of womanhood, Anzia Yezierska blazed unheralded into the firmament of modern literature—a genius theretofore unknown. As you read "Salome of the Tenements," you will recognize her thoughts, her feelings, her emotions, expressd in words of unmatched power, as the same thoughts and longings that have always struggled in your own heart for expression. "Salome of the Tenements" strikes the keynote of the true inner beauty of womanhood. It will make a profound impression on every woman reading it.

"Beautiful Hands"

Here is the record of a young woman who does work in house and garden which, according to all popular conceptions, should make her hands rough, red and unsightly. Yet a prominent New York artist uses them as models of the perfect female hand, and claims they are the most beautiful specimens he has ever seen. It will mean a great deal to you to know the story of this woman who has accomplished the seemingly impossible.

Special Notice

In a former announcement of the coming of *"Beautiful Womanhood"* we stated that the first issue would appear on July 15th. Later, after the first number was completely planned, we secured some new and wonderful material that will delight the heart of every woman reading it. Rather than not have it in the first issue we postponed the publication date. Above all, do not miss the first number of *"Beautiful Womanhood"* (dated September), on sale at the newsstands August 10th. 25 cents per copy; $3.00 per year.

Macfadden Publications, Inc.

119 West 40th Street, New York

CUPID WINGS BILL HART

MOVIE WEEKLY

December 31, 1921

Price 10¢

The True Story About Myself -Roscoe Arbuckle

Theda Bara's Life Romance

Volume I
$5.00 *a year*

MOVIE WEEKLY

Number 47
10 *Cents a Copy*

Published weekly by the PHYSICAL CULTURE CORPORATION, 119 W. 40th St., New York City. Bernarr Macfadden, President; Harold A. Wise, Secretary.

DECEMBER 31, 1921

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The $5,000.00 Popular High School Girl Contest

Facts About the Contest for New Readers

"Movie Weekly" wants to know who is the Most Popular High School Girl in the United States and is going to give $5,000 in prizes to find out.

The five prizes are divided equally between the winning girls and the school athletic funds as noted in the schedule on this page.

A voting coupon will appear in every copy of "Movie Weekly" until February 1st. Each coupon is good for one vote for one high school girl.

Every girl attending High School during the months of October, November, December and January is eligible to enter. No formality is necessary other than to send in your votes with the assurance that you or the person you vote for is a High School girl.

If you are a High School Girl sign your name and the name of your High School on the voting coupon at the foot of this page and mail it to us to-day and then proceed to send in every vote you can possibly secure until the end of the contest.

If you are not a High School Girl you are still entitled to use the vote for some girl friend, relative or acquaintance who is regularly attending High School between the months of October, 1921, and February 1, 1922. Be sure and use your votes—do not waste them.

Some one is going to win this money. It may be yourself or your favorite high school girl.

Write us for full and detailed particulars regarding the contest and how to go about winning it.

Margaret Stein, Mt. Vernon H. S., Mt. Vernon, Ill.

Carol Willits, Ball H. S., Galveston, Tex.

Standing of the Leading Contestants As of December 8, 1921

1	**Marie Linahan,** Binghamton, N. Y., Binghamton H. S.	2,421
2	**Olive Frazer,** Oyster Bay, N. Y., Oyster Bay H. S.	1,342
3	**Yetta Seinfeld,** Brooklyn, N. Y., Eastern District H. S.	1,228
4	**Hannah Joseph,** Austin, Tex., Austin H. S.	875
5	**Loretta Wagner,** Cincinnati, Ohio, St. Boniface H. S.	730
6	**Betty Bendit,** New York City, Washington Irving H. S.	559
7	**Ruth Nehring,** Brooklyn, N. Y. Erasmus H. S.	437
8	**Mabel Pollock,** Ada, Okla., E. C. S. N.	342
9	**Georgia Marmorina,** Brooklyn, N. Y., Manual Training	284
10	**Adele Sturgill,** Baker, Oreg., Baker H. S.	266
11	**Alleata Johnson,** Fond Du Lac, Wisc., McKinley H. S.	255
12	**Helen Rose Blank,** Toledo, Ohio, Scott H. S.	236
13	**Lillian Rittenband,** Newark, N. J., South Side H. S.	204
14	**Margaret Rice,** New Orleans, La., St. Mary's H. S.	153
15	**Pearl Kostin,** Hartford, Conn., Hartford H. S.	132
16	**Vera Greenberg,** Philadelphia, Pa.	130
16	**Blanche Freeman,** Brooklyn, N. Y., Girl's H. S.	130
17	**Leta Verne Johnston,** Birmingham, Fla., Paul Hayne H. S.	124
18	**Susie Scruggs,** Lynchburg, Va., Lynchburg H. S.	119
19	**Helen Horowitz,** New York City, Haaren H. S.	111
20	**Sophie Knopinski,** St. Joseph, Mo., Robidoux, H. S.	84
21	**Rose Rubin,** Boston, Mass., Girl's H. S.	82
22	**Carrie Swain,** Peekskill, N. Y., Drum-Hill H. S.	71
23	**Mary Jane Sanderson,** Johnstown, Pa., Johnstown H. S.	59
24	**Dorothy Randle,** Jacksonville, Ill., Jacksonville H. S.	49
25	**Isabel Culross,** Portland, Oreg., Franklin H. S.	48
26	**Polly Du Brow,** Chattanooga, Tenn., Chattanooga H. S.	37
27	**Charlotte Kyle,** New York City, Hunter H. S.	32
28	**Harriet James,** Two Harbors, Minn., Two Harbors H. S.	31
28	**Delia Osterholtz,** Centralia, Ill., Centralia H. S.	31
29	**Edith Berg,** Brooklyn, N. Y., Bushwick H. S.	30
30	**Vaudine Bickford,** Hornell, N. Y., Hornell H. S.	24
30	**Bertha Ostrander,** Yonkers, N. Y., Yonkers H. S.	24
31	**Lucy Atkinson,** Palmyra, N. J., Palmyra H. S.	23
31	**Wealthia Gaddy,** Austin, Tex., Austin H. S.	23
32	**Selyea Gardner,** Jackson, Mich., Jackson H. S.	20
33	**Edna Mayer,** New York City, Hunter H. S.	19
33	**Pauline Richardson,** Springfield, Ohio, Springfield H. S.	19

Mildred Leedy, Rayen H. S., Youngstown, O.

PHOTOGRAPHS ARE STILL WELCOME

Resides publishing three or four pictures each week on the regular contest page, we are planning to have several more full pages similiar to the one which appeared in the December 3rd "Movie Weekly." If you have not already sent us your picture, do so at once. If you have, send us another and we may be able to use it.

Don't Let This Coupon Go to Waste

Clip it and vote for your favorite high school girl. It may start her on her way to winning for herself and school the big prize of $3,000 or one of the smaller prizes. Do it now!

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The girl securing the second greatest number of votes will win.....$1,000.00
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The girl securing the third greatest number of votes will win..... $500.00
($250.00 *for herself and* $250.00 *for the athletic fund*)

The girl securing the fourth greatest number of votes will win..... $300.00
($150.00 *for herself and* $150.00 *for the athletic fund*)

The girl securing the fifth greatest number of votes will win..... $200.00
($100.00 *for herself and* $100.00 *for the athletic fund*)

ALL VOTES MUST BE IN THE MAILS NOT LATER THAN FEBRUARY 1, 1922
In case of ties for any of the prizes, each tying contestant will receive the full amount of the prize tied for.

Cupid Wings "Bill" Hart

I WAITED A LONG TIME, BUT I HAVE GOT A WONDERFUL GIRL.
BILL HART.

YOUTH must have returned to Bill Hart the other day, when he paused, just before leaving Los Angeles on his wedding tour, to wire a New York friend news of his happiness, and Bill Hart's faith in the girl whom movie fans know as Winifred Westover seems to be justified. Wonderful in the sense that she is universally respected by all who know her, and universally popular among screen fans who are acquainted only with her shadow self, is Winifred Westover.

Only a few months ago, a New York producer who wanted to make an "all-star" picture visited an agent in search of a leading woman. This has been a dull year in pictures, as everyone knows, and the agent was able to furnish his client with a formidable list of possible candidates for the role, all of whom were blonde, beautiful, and who measured somewhere in the vicinity of five feet three inches.

"Bill"

The producer looked at the list and scratched his head. "I'll be hanged if I know which one to choose. Let's throw the names of all those who want the salary I intend to pay into a hat, and draw."

"No, don't do that," the agent replied, "call up Marcus Loew's office and ask them which one is the most popular in his theatres."

A moment later, the producer queried one of the Loew officials: "Who is the most popular leading woman among your theatre patrons?"

"Winifred Westover," came the reply. "She's one of the very few whom we always feature in the lights with the male star who is playing opposite her."

And Winifred Westover was engaged. She will not play in this picture, however, for a few weeks ago she cancelled all her engagements and boarded a train for the West, with her purpose secret even to her friends. In fact, it was only when the wires bore news of her marriage to Bill Hart that it became known that the reason for her departure was an engagement to Bill. On December 7th, she signed a life contract, becoming Bill Hart's lawfully married wife.

New York friends of Winifred might have guessed, however. An acquaintance of her Selznick days met her on Broadway during Bill Hart's visit to the metropolis in November.

"How's Alice?" she asked him, Alice being a cousin of the actor.

"Alice is quite well," he replied, "but why inquire about Alice?"

"I meant, how is she enjoying married life?"

"Oh, she's very happy. But why the interest in married life, Winifred?"

"Well, I've been thinking seriously . . ." she laughed.

"And the lucky man?"

"If I told you, Jack, you wouldn't believe me, and you'd probably pass the story on until all Broadway knew it."

All Broadway and all Hollywood knows it now, and members of both motion picture sets are mightily pleased. First, because Bill Hart is a regular fellow, and secondly, because Winifred Westover is a "regular fellow."

Bill Has a Heart

Bill Hart, despite the fact that he is probably the most awkward and ingenuous of screen lovers, has a heart. Actor though he be, he is more nearly like the types he portrays on the screen than the average actor. He is direct, forceful, a man of the out-of-doors, capable of fingering the trigger of a revolver with all the love of a desperado. And like the heroes to whom he gives life, he has always secretly nurtured the idea of carrying off some blonde goddess to his heart and home, there to pursue with her the elfin bearers of eternal happiness.

His screen friends, so completely sophisticated, used to smile at his old-fashioned ideas of love. "Bill," they would say, "gets a crush on every leading woman he plays with." But Bill was merely eager to know the joys of wedded bliss, and, all reports to the contrary, he has laid suit to the hand of Winifred Westover ever since he met her, while playing with her in "John Petticoats," several years ago.

His press agent probably has been the unconscious initiator of such rumors as have made him the fiance of this or that screen player. Inquiries directed to the Hart Studio in Hollywood, regarding Bill's marital intentions, would never receive a direct denial. It probably was considered good publicity material to let such rumors simmer. The truth is more nearly that Bill came to New York this fall to see Winifred, and enjoyed her company so hugely that he determined that she ought to come to Hollywood with him. When his time came for departure, the old shyness, so evident in his screen love-making, made him hesitate. He just couldn't get the proposal across. But when he was once more in the Golden West, and when telegraph wires could send his urgent long distance summons to her, he put his message over with all his typical forcefulness.

And Winifred succumbed.

Quietly Married At Home

Bill Hart married Winifred Westover in his home on De Longpre Drive, Beverly Hills. The Rev. Neal Dodd, pastor of Hollywood's famed "Little Church Around the Corner," where so many famous screen marriages have taken place, was the officiating pastor, and the only witnesses present were Mary Hart, Bill's sister; Mrs. Sophie Westover, mother of the bride, and County Clerk Lampton.

Secrecy, a much desired quality in the marriage of notables, was made impossible, owing to the policy of Mr. Lampton, who, although a friend of the bridegroom, decided that the complications caused by secret marriages, such as characterized those of Charlie Chaplin and Douglas Fairbanks, made it imperative that the public be "let in" on future marriage contracts issued by his office. So Bill and Winifred, keeping a promise made to Mr. Lampton, announced their wedding themselves.

Mrs. "Bill"

After the wedding, they vanished. "Going somewheres up north," was the laconic explanation made to their friends. But "up north" meant a first stop at San Francisco; the usual honeymoon trip for Californians in the Yoesmite, and the marvelous hill country of California.

Winifred Westover is a Californian herself. Her father, Clyde Westover, is a San Francisco newspaper man. She was born in San Francisco and educated at the Dominican College and the convent at San Rafael. Her first screen engagement was with D. W. Griffith, for whom she played a small part in "Intolerance." She has played leads with De Wolf Hopper, Wilfred Lucas, Charlie Ray and Bill Hart, and spent a year in the Selznick studios in the East.

Winifred is of Scandinavian extraction, and although she is very popular among American screen fans, her greatest fame is among the people of the north countries of Europe, whom she visited, to play a role in a special company. Her trip to Sweden gave her a popularity in that country enjoyed by no other American actress, and her frequent pictures in the Scandinavian fan magazines attest to the interest taken in her by the screen lovers of the north.

Among the better known pictures in which she has played are "This Hero Stuff," a Pathe release; "Hobbs in a Hurry," "All the Word for Nothing," "Forbidden Truth," which she made for Fox; and "The Village Sleuth," that enjoyable Charlie Ray production, one of the last he made for Paramount.

As for Bill Hart, you know him. You may not know, however, that personally he is quite the most sincere and the least talked about of screen players. Bill has been playing, on both the stage and screen for so many years that even the old-timers do not recall when he made his first

appearance. Not that he is old, except in the art of acting, for Bill possesses eternal youth. His sincerity was proved when he remarked to newspaper interviewers during his recent New York visit, apropos of his acting in "Three Word Brand":

"Don't I get away with murder?"

Bill has no facility for pantomime. He excels in broader action, and if love came to him late, it is because he was unable to co-ordinate his own free conception of life, bred under sun and stars, with the petty romances and still pettier intrigues which seem to characterize the average marriage of the average player.

And so there is something of the spirit of the true romance in this wedding of the taciturn two-gun man of sombrero and chaps and the winsome Winifred. It is no marriage of celestial divinities, no Parnassian love-affair, but rather a marriage of the simpler sort, earthly, and of interest only because its principals are esteemed and honored by all those who knew them.

You can visit any studio in the world, and among the attaches, the studio manager, the chief electrician, the carpenter, you will find types created by the studio itself, raw cynics who pour out their tales of this player or that, who trace for you the devious paths taken by man and woman to win transient fame on the screen. The very best that can be said for Bill Hart and his wife, is that no one, among the many who know them, has more to say of them than that they are true, honorable, and fine.

Those who know Bill from the days when he came down from Poughkeepsie to the Big City, recall that even as a youth he was "one of the finest." No other actor bore such a splendid personal reputation. Bill's success, in his profession, and now in marriage, is a tribute to the perspicacity of a Broadway theatrical agent, who, in Bill's early days, remarked that "his work was excellent," as the mountaineer, Judd Tolliver, in Eugene Walter's play, "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," a role which he created, and who added, "a very dependable actor," in his personal observation of Bill.

The future screen star also created the role of Patrick Henry, in "Hearts Courageous"; played a character role in "The Silent Call." His most famous stage part was that of Cash Hawkins, in Edwin Milton Royle's, "The Squaw Man," but that role most interesting to playgoers who later became devotees of the photo-drama, was that of Dan Stark, in "The Barrier," in which Theodore Roberts also was cast.

The past has been very gentle to Bill. He can still shoot as straight and ride as swiftly as of yore, and the even lines of his mouth and the glint of his fine eyes, are quite as characteristic as ever. The past has also spared Bill's heart, and his present happiness is a token of a splendid future, which none who know him will hesitate to grant to himself and his bride.

The much beloved Bill, hero of many a young "would-be Wild-Wester," is now launched on a different story—*real* rather than reel—of "Hearts Courageous."

Already fans are wondering whether Bill Hart's leading woman in his next photoplay will be the erstwhile Winifred Westover. They hope so, and incidentally there is much speculation as to whether Bill will be as hesitant as ever, when, in the final closeup, he gulps a little, blinks a little, stammers silently, and then with a final lunge, grabs a little blonde woman about the waist and holds her tight, while he waits to make sure that the cameraman is fading out before he begins a rather feeble attempt to make the necessary kiss seem like an honest-to-goodness salute to the woman of his choice.

—Lewis F. Levenson.

A Crack at "The Nut"

Even "The Nut" had a crack taken at it. Doug. Fairbanks, identified with the title role, has a hilarious time of it trying to win the girl of his heart. Remember? All goes well until the picture is about half run, then comes mention to the artificial sleep producing qualities of Mrs. Winslow's Syrup for Children, the syrup you see sprawled all over car signs, posters and the like.

The Anglo-American Drug Company, makers of this syrup, took up their weapons, declared war against Doug., and the United Artists' Company and sued them for $100,000 libel. The drug concern pointed out that their remedy, as it contained no narcotics, produced sleep only by the natural means of aiding the child's digestive tract.

There were hot doings, with United Artists and Doug. lined up on one side with their lawyer, Mr. O'Brien, and the Anglo-American Drug Company lined up on the other with their lawyer, Mr. Quimby. Each and every one took a crack at "The Nut."

Being a picture, it didn't crack, but the strain was commencing to tell, when a compromise was effected between the two warring powers. The sub-title in question was withdrawn from the picture, and a statement issued on the part of the United Artists Corporation that the motive inspiring the use of the caption was merely one of innocent fun.

Nearly $100,000 worth of fun!

▫ ▫ ▫

A $50,000 Fire Loss

Over in New Jersey, where motion picture studios crop up with the thickness of mushrooms, once stood the Kalem studio. But it stands no more, for a fire, starting in a way unknown to anyone, swept through the vast structure, making a spectacular blaze plainly visible from the New York shore, from about 90th Street and Riverside Drive on up. The loss amounts to $50,000.

This studio was once the "work-a-day home" of Herbert Brenon, and it was here he made "The Lone Wolf" with Bert Lytell, and other big specials, before going abroad to devote time to the art there.

Burning up $5.00 a minute

New slants on Charlie Ray — by Ye Interviewer

DID you know Charlie Ray has been ideally married for seven years? Perhaps you did. But there are few who know that the man who has cornered the screen on "shy boy parts" once paired off with Chester Conklin in a vaudeville act.

That was before he went into pictures. He left his home in Illinois to go to the Coast, about twelve years ago, and "served time" in stock. Then came some vaudeville experience, and Charlie paired off with a partner playing the "straight man."

"The 'straight man,'" Charlie told us, "doesn't have much to do except feed the questions to the fellow who cracks the joke. I got good observation experience in those days, and I often draw upon it."

Charlie "happened" in pictures. Thomas Ince gave him a small part: saw the picture on the screen, and said to an assistant: "Keep your eye on that boy. He's a comer." Charlie saw the picture and groaned a finale. But it was only the beginning.

It was in "The Coward," starring Frank Keenan, that Charlie really won his way over to the critics and was boosted sky high. Then came stardom, and he's been entrenching himself more strongly with the public year by year.

"Are you going to continue directing your pictures, Mr. Ray?" Ye Interviewer fired at him, when we saw him in the New York offices of Charles Ray-Arthur Kane Productions.

"Yes."

"Well," uncertainly, "how do you keep an eye on things when you are playing in a scene?"

"I have an assistant," he explained, turning sideways to gaze for a fleeting second at the sky-line. "My cousin, Albert Ray. Yes, he was a featured player in pictures himself, before he came with me.

"You remember 'Scrap Iron?'" We nodded. "The fight scene?" Again we nodded. When we were reay to take that scene, I drew it out on paper in diagram form. I knew where the five cameras were to be set up. Within that space I had to work.

"You see," he shifted in the chair, playing with a pen holder. "When I decide on a story and give it to a continuity writer, I never go ahead making it until my staff and I hold three or four meetings discussing it. Inevitably the continuity is enlarged upon.

"We must not waste any time. Time is money. I figure that when I work, I spend three hundred dollars an hour. I get that approximation by figuring in the cost of carpenters—they get eight dollars a day—the cost of players, and all the other heavy overhead expenses.

"It usually costs me on the average of $150,000 to make a picture. That is exclusive to the 30 per cent of this sum spent in exploitation. You would be surprised," Charlie leaned forward to declare seriously, "to read the letters I receive, singling out minor faults in my pictures."

"Isn't it a human weakness to pick flaws?" we murmured.

"Perhaps. But I wonder if those people stop for a moment to consider the whys and wherefores of the so-called fault. I remember one picture. The man leaves his home for the office. He has on a black derby hat. Another sequence follows. After this comes a scene where again he goes to the office—in a soft felt hat.

"Now, in cutting this picture, we considered the sequence between the two scenes where the man arrives at his office—once in a black derby; the other time in a soft felt hat. It was a drag to the picture. We decided to cut it—it was too late to do any re-taking, and take a chance on the action holding the people's attention.

"But it didn't. The critics pounced upon this defect and blamed it on the director and the star. Letters from the fans poured in, pointing out this error.

"There is a great deal back stage that doesn't come to light. Exactly why so little patience is exercised in view of a shortcoming like the one I just mentioned, I suppose."

You'd like Charlie Ray. He's really lovable—everything he appears to be on the screen plus Greater praise Ye Interviewer cannot bestow

FEAR

CONCENTRATION

JOY

UNCERTAINTY

New Year Reso

MARY MILES MINTER: *I'm having a gosh darn hard time sorting out my resolutions, but I'll get a good one yet.*

BEBE DANIELS: *I might do a little speeding in 1922, but I'll keep a watchful lookout for a stray motorcycle cop. No more ten day sentences for mine!*

BULL MONTANA: *I'll wring his neck and THEN turn over a new leaf.*

BUSTER KEATON: *If I hang on 'till Bill makes a good 1922 resolution, I'll haul off and bounce him one on his slender jaw.*

CHARLIE CHAPLIN: *If I ever get out of the merciless clutches of these question-firing interviewers—the Lord be my witness—I'll never get in again.*

BABY PEGGY: *I'm a-goin' to keep my face dirty just as long as I dast. And I dast 'till my daddy sees it. And he aren't a-goin' to see it for hours yet.*

lutions of the Stars

DORIS MAY: *If a modernized version of Sir Walter Raleigh only helps me across this once, I'll vow never to go exploring in dampish places again. NEVER!*

JACKIE COOGAN: *I'll catch two more fish and then never play hookey again. (Wow! what a whopper!)*

DOROTHY GISH: *I'll get a slant on scientific up-in-the-air stuff, or know why. Must fly. New Year resolution.*

SHIRLEY MASON: *I gotta get up! I gotta get up!! I gotta get up in the morn—in'!!! Between you and me, aren't New Year resolutions the limit?*

COLLEEN MOORE: *Just once I'll Pat O'Malley gently over the dome, and thereafter conduct myself with demure demeanor.*

D. W. GRIFFITH FINDS A NEW JEWEL

Rambling Through the Studios in the East

With Dorothea B. Herzog

Meet a New Griffith Find

AN eighteen year old girl—petite, brunette, vivid—boarded a noon train to D. W. Griffith's Mamaroneck Studio last June, arriving there at a little past two. The casting director was categoring types for D. W.'s next big production: "The Two Orphans."

This little girl had a letter of introduction to D. W. In mildly modulated tones she informed the c. d. as much, but the c. d. was entirely too busy and harassed with cares to pause over such a mere trifle.

Mae Murray—as a pert little Parisian

Accordingly, he told the eighteen year old girl to call again Wednesday. Now when a casting director makes such statement the principal is the same as in lone gun play in the middle of the Sahara Desert. Nothing hit; nothing doing.

The girl seated herself calmly and proceeded to wait. In due course, D. W. came rushing out of the studio, and paused in his flight at the sight of the demure little trick in the uncomfortable straight back chair.

At this indication of attention, the girl rose with alacrity and approached Mr. Griffith, handing him the letter. He accepted it, but failed to open it.

"What's your name?" he inquired.

"Betty Jewel."

"Ever been in pictures?"

"No, sir, but . . ."

"Mr. ———," called D. W. And then as Mr. ——— came over. "Take Miss Jewel upstairs and make her up. "I'll make a test of her at once."

* * * * *

The Test

Betty Jewel didn't disappoint. She screened like a "million dollars," with the income tax all paid. Whereupon D. W. engaged her at once for the most important feminine role in "The Two Orphans," next to the Gish girls—Lillian and Dorothy. To him, thereafter, she was "the third orphan," Lillian and Dorothy being the original first and second.

Just before "The Two Orphans" opened on Broadway, the picture was given a pre-showing in Bridgeport, Conn. Mr. Griffith invited Betty along, and she, in addition to Dorothy and Lillian, was the only member of the cast present.

Her work was highly complimented by D. W., Mr. Gray, his business manager, and members of the United Artists Corporation.

Not so bad for an eighteen year old who is just starting out. A D. W. Griffith find can always be counted on to do big things. Keep your eye cocked on little Betty Jewel. She's a comer de luxe.

* * * * *

Pearl Shepard in New Serial

Pearl Shepard, formerly in Vitagraph comedies and a young lady of interesting ability, is having a sky-larking time of it flitting about with Charles Hutchinson in his latest serial, "The Record Breaker," directed by George Seitz for Pathe. Miss Shepard, up-to-date, has no broken sections of anatomy annoying her, although for the life of us we don't see how she stands the terrific pace set by that dare-devil of serials, "Hurricane Hutch."

* * * * *

A Funny Life?

It's a funny life, is it not? One reads and hears so often of the importance of stories and adaptations to the success of a picture. And yet, Edmund Goulding told Ye Rambler the other day that he had not yet seen "Tol'able David," a picture which he wrote in collaboration with Henry King, adapted for Richard Barthelmess. Practically everyone Eddie knew has told him what a wonderful picture it is, Ye Rambler being one of 'em. There have been several semi-private pre-views of the picture, but, apparently producers are of the opinion that the scenario, and the individual who burns the midnight oil in preparing it is like the plumber. Not wholly necessary in the house when his work is completed!

Eddie served in the war for a long time, and the optimism learned there now stands him in good stead. So with a characteristic smile, he turns to Mae Murray's new script, glad to hear that "Tol'able David" is a good picture and unruffled by the fact that some reviewers forgot him altogether in their general statement of people concerned with this production and the producer's oversight. Goulding does not blame Dick Barthelmess; Dick is one of his best friends. He doesn't blame anyone at all, but we feel that the conversation, indirectly reported herewith, is significant enough to print, giving the fan, as it does, an insight into production that isn't always to be had.

Betty Jewel—Griffith's new find, in a scene from "The Two Orphans"

How deep do you see, gentle reader?

* * * * *

Mae Murray Begins New Picture

Mae Murray has begun work on her new picture. It's titled all right. But that's a dead secret. We hear tell it's a splendiferous knock-out. Eddie Goulding, in conjunction with the star and her director-husband, Bob Leonard, prepared the story. The setting is Spanish, and the Murray-Leonard company have braved the terrors of sea sickness and set sail for Cuba, where they will capture the colorful settings required for the story. Mae's cast is crackerjack, we were told, including Monte Blue, Montagu Love, Conway Tearle and others of proven ability. Incidentally, Metro is going to release this second independent picture of hers, the first, "Peacock Alley," being all set for the public to see.

* * * * *

About Whiskers and Charlie

Maybe you know. Maybe you don't. We didn't. We do now.

How Charlie Ray acquired his famous dog, Whiskers.

"I needed just an ornery canine," enlightened Charlie. "Mostly cur. So I searched high and low, until one day, a thoroughbred terrier was brought in to me. There was my dog. I called him Whiskers at once. And we took to each other at once. I knew Whiskers would fill the bill all right if I let his hair grow.

"After the picture, he was mine for good; there could be no thought of separation."

"Sometimes," a friend put in at this stage, "Whiskers will deign to notice another when Charlie is in the room. But that doesn't happen often."

So you see, Charlie has friends and friends, but Whiskers is as true as they make 'em.

* * * * *

Never Too Busy

RITA WEIMAN, Saturday Evening Post writer and author of William de Mille's "The Stage Door" and Goldwyn's "The Grim Comedian," is one of those indefatigable souls who work five or six hours a day and then go about working for others. Miss Weiman gathered her energy together to brighten the Christmas of the boys who went overseas and who returned in a deplorable condition, and are now housed in a Government hospital in Staten Island. She was very successful. We take this opportunity of telling our friends about a woman who is terrifically busy with her literary work and who yet finds time to make others happy. Are there others in our midst?

* * * * *

Ernest Truex Says

Pearl Shepard

Ernest Truex is the pint-sized—or should we say gill-sized — comedian playing in a series of two reel Pathe comedies and also the star in a successful Broadway play, "Six Cylinder Love." Mr. Truex was speaking about himself the other day and centered attention on his eyebrowish moustache.

"Regardez vous," quoth Ernest. We regardez. "This is significant of my arrival to man's estate," he enlightened. "When I was a boy, I played grown-up parts on the stage. Once I grew up, I started to play boy parts. Then I married. Then there were children—two of them. I had to graduate from the boy stage quick. How?

"A brilliant idea. I'll grow a moustache. So with assiduous care, I did. Graduated with high honors. Simple?" and he swung his arms and strolled across the room with keen appreciation of his methods!

THE GROWTH OF A GREAT LOVE

"The Younger Set"

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

CHAPTER II

CHILDREN WANTED

WHILE Mrs. Gerard turned her attention to the cluster of clamouring younger children, the boy vanished only to reappear a moment later, retreating before the vengeful exclamations of the lately imprisoned nurses who pursued him, caps and aprons flying, bewailing aloud their ignominious incarceration.

"Billy!" exclaimed his mother, "*did* you do that? Bridget, Master William is to take supper by himself in the schoolroom—and *no* marmalade! —No, Billy, not one drop!"

"We all saw him lock the door," said Drina honestly.

"And you let him? Oh, Drina!—And Ellen! Katie! No marmalade for Miss Drina—none for any of the children. Josie, mother feels dreadfully because you all have been so naughty. Winthrop!—your finger! Instantly! Clemence, baby, where on earth did you acquire all that grime on your face and fists?" And to her brother: "Such a household, Phil! Everybody incompetent—including me; everything topsy-turvy; and all five dogs perfectly possessed to lie on that pink rug in the music room.—*Have* they been there to-day, Drina?—while you were practising?"

"Yes, and there are some new spots, mother. I'm *very* sorry."

"Take the children away!" said Mrs. Gerard. But she bent over, kissing each culprit as the file passed out, convoyed by the amply revenged nurses. "No marmalade, remember; and mother has a great mind *not* to come up at bedtime and lean over you. Mother has no desire to lean over her babies to-night."

To "lean over" the children was always expected of this mother; the direst punishment on the rather brief list was to omit this intimate evening ceremony.

"M-mother," stammered the Master of Fox Hounds, "you *will* lean over us, won't you?"

"Mother hasn't decided——"

"Oh, muvver!" wailed Josie; and a howl of grief and dismay rose from Winthrop, modified to a gurgle by the forbidden finger.

"You *will*, won't you?" begged Drina. "We've been pretty bad, but not bad enough for that!"

"I—Oh, yes, I will. Stop that noise, Winthrop! Josie, I'm going to lean over you—and you, too, Clemence, baby. Katie, take those dogs away immediately; and remember about the marmalade."

Reassured, smiling through tears, the children trooped off, it being the bathing hour; and Mrs. Gerard threw her fur stole over one shoulder and linked her slender arm in her brother's.

"You see, I'm not much of a mother," she said; "if I was I'd stay here all day and every day, week in and year out, and try to make these poor infants happy. I have no business to leave them for one second!"

"Wouldn't they get too much of you?" suggested Selwyn.

"Thanks. I suppose that even a mother had better practise an artistic absence occasionally. Are they not sweet? *What* do you think of them? You never before saw the three youngest; you saw Drina when you went east—and Billy was a few months old—what do you think of them? Honestly, Phil?"

"All to the good, Ninette; very ornamental. Drina—and that Josephine kid are real beauties, I—er—take to Billy tremendously. He told me that he'd locked up his nurses. I ought to have interfered. It was really my fault, you see."

"And you didn't make him let them out? You are not going to be very good morally for my young. Tell me, Phil, have you seen Austin?"

"I went to the Trust Company, but he was attending a directors' confab. How is he? He's prosperous anyhow, I observe," with a humorous glance around the elaborate hallway which they were traversing.

Copyright 1907, by Robert W. Chambers.

"Don't dare laugh at us!" smiled his sister. "I wish we were back in Tenth Street. But so many children came—Billy, Josephine, Winthrop, and Tina—and the Tenth Street house wasn't half big enough; and a dreadful speculative builder built this house and persuaded Austin to buy it. Oh, dear, and here we are among the rich and great; and the steel kings and copper kings and oil kings and their heirs and dauphins. *Do* you like the house?"

"It's—ah—roomy," he said cheerfully.

"Oh! It isn't so bad from the outside. And we have just had it redecorated inside. Mizner did it Look, dear, isn't that a cunning bed-room?" drawing him toward a partly open door. "Don't be so horridly critical. Anyway you're going to stay here."

"No, I'm at the Holland."

"Of *course* you're to live with us. You've resigned from the service, haven't you?"

He looked at her sharply, but did not reply.

A Burning Love Story

This is one of Chambers' most fascinating stories. As a writer of love scenes he has no equal. His word pictures are delicately painted and yet so realistic that you can imagine yourself in the midst of the passionate scenes he flashes before you. This story picture what we have termed the gradual growth of a great love. It doesn't open with "fire and thunder." That is not Chambers' style. The interest in his stories grows greater chapter by chapter. If you take the trouble to become acquainted with the characters as presented, we are sure you will follow them with the keenest possible interest to the very end.

Captain Selwyn, army captain, returns from the Phillipines to find his wife—who has divorced him—received everywhere in society, while many of his friends have forgotten him. He finds solace among his nephews and nieces and meets with a fascinating girl stopping at the home of his sister, where he is guest. This chapter presents in interesting detail the beginning of the hero's fascination for this young lady. The story will grip you.

A curious flash of telepathy passed between them; she hesitated, then: "You once promised Austin and me that you would stay with us."

"But, Nina——"

"No, no, no! Wait," pressing an electric button; "Watson, Captain Selwyn's luggage is to be brought here immediately from the Holland! Immediately!" And to Selwyn: "Austin will not be at home before half-past six. Come up with me now and see your quarters."

Smilingly protesting, yet touched by the undisguised sincerity of his welcome, he suffered himself to be led into the elevator—a dainty white and rose rococo affair. His sister adjusted a tiny lever; the car moved smoothly upward and presently stopped; and they emerged upon a wide landing.

"Here," said Nina, throwing open a door. "Isn't this comfortable? Is there anything you don't fancy about it? If there is, tell me frankly."

"Little sister," he said, imprisoning both her hands, "it is a paradise—but I don't intend to come here and squat on my relatives, and I won't!"

"Philip! You are common!"

"Oh, I know you and Austin *think* you want me."

"Phil!"

"All right, dear—I'll it's awfully generous of you—so I'll pay you a visit—for a little while."

"You'll live here. that's what you'll do—though I suppose you are dreaming and scheming to have all sorts of secret caves and queer places to yourself—horrid, grimy, smoky bachelor quarters where you can behave *sans-facon*."

"I've had enough of *sans-facon*," he said grimly. "After shacks and bungalows and gun-boats and troop-ships, do you suppose this doesn't look rather heavenly?"

"Dear fellow!" she said, looking tenderly at him; and then under her breath: "What a ghastly life you have led!"

But he knew she did not refer to the military portion of his life.

He threw back his coat, dug both hands into his pockets, and began to wander about the rooms, halting sometimes to examine nondescript articles of ornament or bits of furniture as though politely interested. But she knew his thoughts were steadily elsewhere.

Sauntering about, aware at moments that her troubled eyes were following him, he came back, presently, to where she sat perched upon his bed.

"It all looks most inviting, Nina," he said cheerfully, seating himself beside her. "I—well, you can scarcely be expected to understand how this idea of a home takes hold of a man who has none."

"Yes, I do," she said.

"All this—" he paused, leisurely, to select his words—"all this—you—the children—that jolly nursery—" he stopped again, looking out of the window; and his sister looked at him through eyes grown misty.

"There is no reason," she said, "why you should not call this house home."

"N-no reason. Thank you. I will—for a few days."

"*No* reason, dear," she insisted. "We are your own people; we are all you have, Phil!—the children adore you already; Austin—you know what he thinks of you; and—and I——"

"You are very kind, Ninette." He sat partly turned from her, staring at the sunny window. Presently he slid his hand back along the bedcovers until it touched and tightened over hers. And in silence she raised it to her lips.

They remained so for a while, he still partly turned from her, his perplexed and narrowing gaze fixed on the window, she pressing his clenched hand to her lips, thoughtful and silent.

"Before Austin comes," he said at length, "let's get the thing over—and buried—as long as it will stay buried."

"Yes, dear."

"Well, then—then—" but his throat closed tight with the effort.

"Alixe is here," she said gently; "did you know it?"

He nodded.

"You know, of course, that she's married Jack Ruthven?"

He nodded again.

"Are you on leave, Phil, or have you really resigned?"

"Resigned."

"I knew it," she sighed.

He said: "As I did not defend the suit I couldn't remain in the service. There's too much said about us, anyway—about us who are appointed from civil life. And then—to have *that* happen!"

"Phil?"

"What?"

"Will you answer me one thing?"

"Yes, I guess so."

"Do you still care for—her?"

"I am sorry for her."

After a painful silence his sister said: "Could you tell me how it began, Phil?"

"How it began? I don't know that, either. When Bannard's command took the field I went with the scouts. Alixe remained in Manila. Ruthven was there for Fane, Harmon & Co. That's how it began, I suppose; and it's a rotten climate for morals: and that's how it began."

"Only that?"

"We had had differences. It's been one misunderstanding after another. If you mean was I mixed up with another woman—no! She knew that."

"She was very young, Phil."

He nodded: "I don't blame her."

He turned and started out of the window, dropping his sister's hand. "She couldn't stand me, she couldn't stand the life, the climate, the inconveniences, the absence of what she was accustomed to. She was dead tired of it all. I can understand that. And I—I didn't know what to do about it. . . . So we drifted; and the catastrophe came very quickly. Let me tell you something; a West Pointer, an Annapolis man, knows what sort of life he's going into and what he is to expect when he marries. Usually, too, he marries into the Army or Navy set; and the girl knows, too, what kind of a married life that means.

"But I didn't. Neither did Alixe. And we went under; that's all—fighting each other heart and soul to the end. . . . Is she happy with Ruthven? I never knew him—and never cared to. I suppose they go about in town among the yellow set. Do they?"

"Yes. I've met Alixe once or twice. She was perfectly composed — formal but unembarrassed. She has shifted her milieu somewhat—it began with the influx of Ruthven's friends from the 'yellow' section of the younger married set—the Orchils, Fanes, Minsters, and Delmour-Carnes. Which is all right if she'd stay there. But in town you're likely to encounter anybody where the somebodies of one set merge into the somebodies of another. And we're always looking over our fences, you know. . . . By the way," she added cheerfully, "I'm dipping into the younger set myself tonight—on Eileen's account. I brought her out Thursday and I'm giving a dinner for her to-night."

"Who's Eileen?" he asked.

"Eileen? Why, don't you—why, of *course*, you don't know yet that I've taken Eileen for my own. I didn't want to write you; I wanted first to see how it would turn out; and when I saw that it was turning out perfectly, I thought it better to wait until you could return and hear all about it from me, because one can't write that sort of thing—"

"Nina!"

"What, dear?" she said, startled.

"Who the dickens *is* Eileen?"

"Philip! You are precisely like Austin; you grow impatient of preliminary details when I'm doing my very best attempting to explain just as clearly as I can. Now I will go on and say that Eileen is Molly Erroll's daughter, and the courts appointed Austin and me guardians for her and for her brother Gerald."

"Oh!"

"Now is it clear to you?"

"Yes," he said, thinking of the tragedy which had left the child so utterly alone in the world, save for her brother and a distant kinship by marriage with the Geralds.

For a while he sat brooding, arms loosely folded, immersed once more in his own troubles.

"It seems a shame," he said, "that a family like ours, whose name has always spelled decency, should find themselves entangled in the very things their race has always hated and managed to avoid. And through me, too."

"It was not your fault, Phil."

"No, not the divorce part. Do you suppose I wouldn't have taken any kind of medicine before resorting to that! But what's the use; for you can try as you may to keep your name clean, and then you can fold your arms and wait to see what a hopeless fool fate makes of you."

"But no disgrace touches you, dear," she said tremulously.

"I've been all over that, too," he said with quiet bitterness. "You are partly right; nobody cares in this town. Even though I did not defend the suit, nobody cares. And there's no disgrace, I suppose, if nobody cares enough even to condone. Divorce is no longer noticed; it is a matter of ordinary occurrence—a matter of routine in some sets. Who cares?—except decent folk? And they only think it's a pity—and wouldn't do it themselves. The horrified clamour comes from outside the social registers and blue books; we know they're right, but it doesn't affect us. What does affect us is that we *were* the decent folk who permitted ourselves the luxury of being sorry for others who resorted to divorce as a remedy but wouldn't do it ourselves! . . . Now we've done it and——"

"Phil! I will not have you feel that way."

"What way?"

"The way you feel. We are older than we were—everybody is older—the world is, too. What we were brought up to consider impossible——"

"What we were brought up to consider impossible was what kept me up to the mark out there, Nina." He made a gesture toward the East. "Now, I come back here and learn that we've outgrown those ideas——"

"Phil! I never meant that."

He said: "If Alixe found that she cared for Ruthven, I don't blame her. Laws and statutes can't govern such matters. If she found that she no longer cared for me, I could not glame her. But two people, mismated, have only one chance in this world—to live their tragedy through with dignity. That is absolutely all life holds for them. Beyond that, outside that dead line—treachery to self and race and civilization! That is my conclusion after a year's experience in hell." He rose and began to pace the floor, fingers worrying his moustache. "Law? Can a law, which I do not accept, let me loose to risk it all again with another woman?"

She said slowly, her hands folded in her lap: "It is well you've come to me at last. You've been turning round and round in that wheeled cage until you think you've made enormous progress; and you haven't. Dear, listen to me; what you honestly believe to be unselfish and high-minded adherence to principle, is nothing but the circling reasoning of a hurt mind—an intelligence still numbed from shock, a mental and physical life forced by sheer courage into mechanical routine. . . . Wait a moment; there is nobody else to say this to you; and if I did not love you I would not interfere with this great mistake you are so honestly making of your life, and which, perhaps, is the only comfort left you. I say, 'perhaps,' for I do not believe that life holds nothing happier for you than the sullen content of martyrdom."

"Nina!"

"I am right!" she said, almost fiercely; "I've been married thirteen years and I've lost that fear of men's portentous judgments which all girls outgrow one day. And do you think I am going to acquiesce in this attitude of yours toward life? Do you think I can't distinguish between a tragical mistake and a mistaken tragedy? I tell you your life is not finished; it is not yet begun!"

He looked at her, incensed; but she sprang to the floor, her face bright with colour, her eyes clear, determined: "I thought, when you took the oath of military service, you swore to obey the laws of the land? And the very first law that interferes with your preconceived notions—crack!—you say it's not for you! Look at me—you great, big, wise brother of mine—who knows how to march a hundred and three men into battle, but not enough to know where pride begins and conscience ends. You need fresh air—and I'm going to see you have it. You need new duties, new faces, new problems. You shall have them. Dear, believe me, few men as young as you—as attractive, as human, as lovable as affectionate as you, wilfully ruin their lives because of a hurt pride which they mistake for conscience. You will understand that when you become convalescent. Now kiss me and tell me you're much obliged—for I hear Austin's voice on the stairs."

He held her at arms' length, gazing at her, half amused, half indignant—for a moment he seemed to have a brief glimpse of the truth.

"There is no reason," she said, "why you should not call this house home."
Posed by Earle Williams and Elinor Fair, Vitagraph

Remember that the interest in Chambers' story is cumulative. It grows greater issue by issue. Follow the story until you are thoroughly acquainted with his characters and then you will be richly rewarded.
DON'T FAIL TO READ THE NEXT INSTALMENT!

(Continued next week)

Turning a Cold Shoulder

"Fair as the shimbraw sunniness of a happy June day is the blonde beauty of Anna Q. Nilsson.

Jaqueline Logan wields a wicked pair of gray eyes— Now, Jaqueline!

"Why so up-stagest Ruth Roland?" quoth Joe, taking careful note of those expressive eyes....

Doris Kenyon scouts the bitter cold of New York blasts—hence the cold shoulder—n'est ce pas?

BERNARR MACFADDEN'S

A BEAUTIFUL, healthy complexion is often due to an understanding of how to breathe properly.

I study the women now-a-days and notice the short, chesty breaths they draw. I glance at their complexions; they are rosy, but not with the robustness of health—rather with the concoction of a trade marked cosmetic.

And I wonder why women, whether they be on screen or stage, in business or in the home, neglect their bodies when their other interests are cared for.

Breathing exercises will pave the way to good health. And only a comparatively brief time before rising and before retiring is necessary.

Devote at least five minutes each morning immediately after rising and ten minutes each evening just before getting into bed to a complete series of deep-breathing movements.

Also, it is possible in beginning the exercises to breathe in such a manner as to completely inflate the very lowest portions of the abdomen. The chest is only elevated after the lower portion of lungs has been completely inflated and by this means the complete filling of the lungs is assured. The ability to breathe more and more deeply

BEAUTY PAGES

day by day as proper exercises are regularly performed can be developed.

Observe the beautiful chest expansion of singers. They practice breathing exercises daily. Even stage players do, in the beginning of their training. Good lung power sustains the even tempo of speech.

How many after dinner speakers, or speakers belonging in the neophyte class, have found it slightly difficult to speak evenly? Many is the time I have noticed a person suffering from the embarrassment resulting from such a situation.

I recall the case of a woman I recommended the aforementioned simple breathing exercises to. She was in a run down condition and exceedingly listless. It was not many days before she returned to see me again, with an improved color and a freedom from the exhaustion and lislessness that she had previously attributed to the performance of household duties.

It would behoove the motion picture player not merely to perform these breathing exercises at specified times daily, but to resort to them whenever she feels any lassitude or lack of energy. I know that this feeling comes from a lack of oxygen. I pass this on to my friends.

Charlie Chaplin Writes $57,500 Check to Ex-Wife

Our Weekly Hollywood Letter from Hal Wells

Rudolph Valentino

Sights Along Hollywood Boulevard

A SMALL motor van drawn up to the curb and, lashed along its top, two figures whose stark immobility and weirdly contorcd positions raised grave doubts within the apprehensive mind of the spectator as to whether the breath of life still existed within the inanimate bodies. It did not, but not because of foul play—said breath had never existed therein. The figures proved to be merely stuffed "dummies," and were presently to play their roles with the comedy company who were shooting exteriors at the time in front of the Hillview Apartments, just across the Boulevard from the motor van.

Three a. m., and a weary and bedraggled little band of "principals" just emerging from "John's," the famous all-night cafe in Hollywood, where they had been taking interior "night shots" for the last four hours.

A tall, gaunt, hard-boiled looking individual in leather chaps and a sombrero with rattlesnake-skin band, sporting a large, blue, and very business-like Colt's .45 in a holster on each hip, loitering on a street corner, and occasionally studying a nearby bank building in a dispassionately calculating manner. But he wasn't planning to stage a bold daylight robbery. He was only a "Western" extra in costume, patiently waiting for the bus to come along and take him out to the Lasky Ranch for his day's toil.

Hollywood seems at present to be going after the long-distance, no-holds-barred, divorce championship of the known world. In the Film Colony to-day the motto, "In Union there is strength" is becoming as obsolete as the once-classic query, "What'll yuh have?" Courting the unfair sex is still popular, but the "Courting" is of the reverse English variety with the accent on the "Court," a judge presiding instead of a minister, and a flock of lawyers taking the place of the bridesmaids.

Nowadays it has almost reached the place that if you chance to meet an acquaintance along Hollywood or Sunset Boulevard and query, "Is Reginald Whoozis married?" your informant is apt to answer, "Darned if I know! He was last week, but I haven't seen Reggie for a couple of days now, and I wouldn't say for sure!" Oh well, to paraphrase a movie title, "Lawyers Must Live."

Mrs. Donald Crisp Sues for Divorce

Donald Crisp started the ball rolling, or rather his charming wife did. Crisp returned to the States recently from several months' work in Lasky's London Studio and arrived just in time to get on the receiving end of a rather violent divorce suit. Among other numerous accusations made by the indignant Mrs. Crisp was that Donald was a trifle too absent-minded to make for a really peaceful home life.

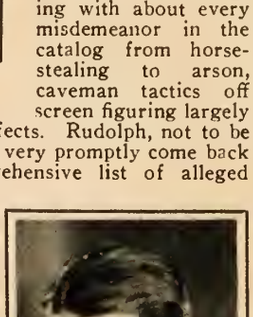
He just couldn't seem to remember that when he was at home he wasn't supposed to be acting before the camera, and insisted on carrying on his screen caveman tactics in the bosom of the home regardless. Mrs. Crisp's plaint was apparently that what she wanted was a home, not an opportunity to try her hand at taming wild cavemen. Incidentally, if Donald wasn't wild at the time, he very probably will be if the judge grants the alimony that his wife is modestly asking. A mere thousand dollars a week—that's all.

The second candidate for second bachelorhood is Abe Stern, treasurer of the Universal Film Corporation and widely known theatrical man-Only in his case, "it's all over—and there isn't any more." Mrs. Stern has been granted a decree on grounds of cruelty—largely based on a claim that Mr. Stern allowed her the magnificent sum of ten dollars a week to squander as she saw fit—and when Stern pays his ex-wife the trifling sum of thirty thousand dollars, he will be again a free agent.

Charles Chaplin

Rudolph Valentino, Too!

The third aspirant for a return of single bliss is none other than Rudolph Valentino. Mrs. Valentino, known to the screen world as Jean Acker, has brought suit against her handsome star-husband, charging with about every misdemeanor in the catalog from horse-stealing to arson, caveman tactics off screen figuring largely in the list of alleged defects. Rudolph, not to be outdone in any way, has very promptly come back with an equally comprehensive list of alleged failings on the part of his pretty actress-wife, and the case promises to be, to say the least, interesting.



Jack Pickford

The Chaplin Check

Charles Chaplin one day this week affixed his signature to a check made out to Mildred Harris Chaplin for the trifling sum of $57,500. By so doing, he made the final payment on the tidy little allowance given his ex-wife in the divorce courts some time ago, and rang the final curtain down on this ill-fated romance. Affairs in the Chaplin-Windsor-Collins triangle remain very much as they have been. Charlie tells the world that he is wedded to his art only; solicitous interviewers trying to get statements from Miss Collins or Miss Windsor on the subject of an engagement are greeted with naive exclamations, "How absurd!" "Perfectly ridiculous!" et cetera, and yet—quien sabe?

Jack Pickford Engaged?

In spite of the fact that Marilyn Miller has emphatically denied the report of her engagement to Jack Pickford, the belief persists among well-informed members of the Film Colony that Jack has really won in the game of hearts recently waged with the popular Marilyn as the prize. Just what means young Pickford used in gaining victory over George Stewart, Anita's brother and his closet rival, are unknown, but it is hardly thought likely that Jack won Miss Miller because of his distinguished war record. In the meantime, George Stewart is said to be trying to solace himself in the vivacious company of Mildred Harris.

Viola Dana and Alice Lake are inseparable friends, both on and off the lot. Among other things that the two Metro stars have in common, is a strong mutual dislike for anything in the form of a horse. Where most members of the Film Colony rave over the joys of horseback riding, and indulge in the pastime at every possible opportunity, Alice and Viola frankly admit to the world in general that they, personally, would feel no regrets whatever if the horse as a species were to become extinct over night.

New Year Resolutions—In PRINT!

Wallace Reid—"I resolve to abandon acting before the camera some day and become a director behind it."

Al Greene—"I resolve to retire from directing in a year or two and take some advanced collegiate work at either Yale or Princeton."

Agnes Ayres—"I resolve hencefortth in picture work never to be another 'Sheikess'; the life is too strenuous."

Gloria Swanson—"I resolve to learn at least two new French words every day of the year."

Lila Lee—"I resolve to ostracize, if not annihilate, the first reporter who again announces that I am engaged to be married to anyone."

Bert Lytell—"I resolve to beat Lionel Belmore at tennis if I have to train all year to do it. He isn't so good; he's just lucky!"

Viola Dana—"I resolve to be happy in my new home and not want to move again for at least six months."

Mack Sennett—"I resolve when telling stories of my fishing trips to Catalina Island to tell the truth, and nothing but the truth, even though it breaks my heart to do it."

Ben Turpin—"I resolve to look the world straight in the face."

Bebe Daniels—"I resolve to treat all traffic officers and speed cops with the humble and reverential deference due their exalted offices."

Ruth Roland—"I resolve to engage in no more wrestling matches with serial villains who wear hob-nailed shoes."

Theodore Roberts—"I resolve each day to smoke only one cigar—at a time."

Walter Hiers—"I resolve to do nothing that might cause me to grow thin; if I did I might have to go to work for a living."

Viola Dana

DO YOU THINK YOU LOOK LIKE ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN?

Contests involving published photographs have an interest all their own. The two contests already started by "Movie Weekly," last week and the week before in which we are searching for doubles of Mary Pickford and Norma Talmadge, have certainly hit a responsive chord in the hearts of "Movie Weekly's" readers.

This week we are searching for doubles of Elaine Hammerstein.

If you think you look like Elaine Hammerstein or if you know somebody who does, send in your picture or your friend's picture, without delay.

The Ten Best Photographs Will Be Published in Movie Weekly

Three judges, selected from the Physical Culture Corporation, will select the best ten resemblances from the photographs that come in and we will publish these ten photographs in "Movie Weekly."

The readers will then vote on the best likeness and send their votes in to the judge on the coupon that will be attached to the corner of the page devoted to that purpose in the February 4, 1922 issue of "Movie Weekly"

Prizes for the Winners

The LUCKY GIRL getting the greatest number of votes will receive the first prize of twenty-five dollars. The second prize will be two subscriptions to "Movie Weekly"—one to the winner and the other to anyone she may want to give it to.

Send In Your Photo At Once

All photographs must be in by January 7, 1922 in order to receive consideration.

The voting contest closes on February 12, 1922. All votes must be in by that date.

In case of ties for either of the prizes in the final voting, each tying contestant will receive the full amount of the prize tied for.

Here is Elaine Hammerstein's picture

ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN

Elaine Hammerstein is one of the most popular of the quiet, restrained actresses on the screen today, and it is perhaps largely because of this charm that she has achieved firm hold on the picture-going public.

A brunette, with regular features, there must be many of our readers who resemble this star.

Address PRIZE EDITOR, MOVIE WEEKLY

119 West 40th Street NEW YORK CITY

MOVIE WEEKLY ART SERIES

NORMA TALMADGE

Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Roscoe Arbuckle Tells His Own Story

THE hardest thing I have ever done in my life was to keep still for the twelve weeks between September 10th, when I heard that Virginia Rappe had died in a San Francisco hospital, and November 28, when I went on the witness stand to tell my story for the first time.

As soon as I was told that I was being held responsible for Miss Rappe's death and that I would have to clear myself in the eyes of a jury and of the world, I wanted to tell the truth. No one but myself could tell the whole truth of the affair, for no one else knew. Other people knew part of the story, and some of them thought that they knew a great deal more than they really did, but I alone could tell everything.

However, I realized that my attorneys knew best and that if I spoke too soon there would be danger of hurting my case and that the wisest thing would be to keep silent until the right time came to speak. So, although I did not look forward with any pleasure to going on the witness stand—no man likes to have to defend himself against charges that he knows are unjust—I was really glad that at last the chance had come to let the whole world know that I was not guilty of the crime charged against me.

"I Did Not Hurt Virginia Rappe"

I did not hurt Virginia Rappe in any way whatever. I never had any intention of hurting her. I would not hurt any woman.

Whatever motive inspired the people who accused me, it was not knowledge that I had done the thing they said I did. It seems almost impossible to me that anyone could be so cruel and malicious as to make such terrible charges against a man without the most postive proof to support those charges, and yet that is what happened.

I was accused of saying and doing things that never entered my mind, and not only that, but things I did say and do were twisted and misinterpreted until they sounded very different from the truth.

People have talked about me as entertaining a gay party in my rooms at the hotel that day. It has been referred to again and again as the "Arbuckle party."

It wasn't my party at all. The only person who came to those rooms that day at my invitation was Mrs. Mae Taube, with whom I had made an engagement to go driving in the afternoon.

Other people invited all the other guests. Most of the guests I had never seen before that afternoon. Miss Rappe came at the invitation of Fred Fishback, and he invited her at the suggestion of Ira Fortlouis, who had seen the girl and thought she would do for a model. Mrs. Delmont came with Miss Rappe. I really don't know how the others happened to come. The first thing I knew, they were there, and that was all there was to it.

Uninvited Guests

I had arisen that morning about 11 o'clock, and had put on my pajamas, bathrobe and slippers. If I had had any idea that people were coming to the rooms, I certainly would have changed my clothes, but, as I say, the people simply walked in. When they were there, they made themselves at home, went back and forth between the rooms, and I had no time to dress. I hadn't invited them, but they were in my rooms, and I couldn't be rude.

There were three rooms in the suite, 1219, 1220 and 1221. The sitting room was 1220, and the other two were bedrooms, one on each side of the sitting room. Most of the time the people stayed in 1220, but they went into the other rooms whenever they wanted to.

An emotional scene with his mother-in-law and wife—"My greatest helps all these long, hard weeks." *Photo International*

Early in the afternoon I saw Virginia Rappe go into Room 1221. I did not see her come out again. It was almost time for my automobile to arrive, and so I went into Room 1219, which was my bedroom, intending to dress. I had no idea that there was anybody in the room.

I closed the door into 1220 and locked it, because the people were going back and forth between the rooms, and I wanted to keep them out while I was dressing.

I went straight to the bathroom, and as I opened the door, it struck against something. I pushed in, and saw Miss Rappe lying on the floor, clutching her body with both hands and moaning. Of course, I thought right away that she was ill, and my first thought was to help her.

The Discovery

As quickly as I could, I picked her up from the floor and held her while she suffered an attack of nausea. She seemed to be very sick, but she had been drinking some liquor, and I thought that was the trouble.

And by the way, the liquor which was served that afternoon was not mine. All I know about it is that Fred Fishback went to the closet in Room 1221 and brought out a couple of bottles of Scotch whiskey and a bottle of gin. Some orange juice and seltzer were sent up from downstairs, and everyone helped himself to drinks. Miss Rappe drank gin and orange juice, about three drinks.

As soon as Miss Rappe was able, I helped her out into the room. She said something about wanting to lie down, and I set her on the edge of one of the beds. She lay down, and I lifted her feet to the bed and left her there for a minute, as I thought that she was simply ill from too much liquor and would be all right if she could lie quietly.

I stepped out of the room for a minute, and when I came back, Miss Rappe was lying on the floor between the two beds, again clutching her body and moaning. All this time she said nothing that I could understand, just moaned and seemed to be in pain.

I picked her up and laid her on the bed. Then I went out into 1220, and found Zey Prevost there.

"Virginia Is Sick"

I said: "Virginia is sick" and Miss Prevost went into Room 1219.

Mrs. Delmont was not in 1220 when I came out. I know that she has said and Miss Prevost has testified that they knocked at the door from 1220 into 1219, and Mrs. Delmont has insisted that she kicked as well as knocked, but I never heard a sound, and when I came out to get somebody to help Miss Rappe, Mrs. Delmont was not in sight.

She came in a moment later from Room 1221, and went into Room 1219 with Miss Prevost.

I followed them into the room, and saw Miss Rappe sitting on the bed, tearing at her clothing. She had both hands gripped in her waist, and was ripping it to shreds, gritting her teeth and making noises. She tried to tear the green jacket she was wearing, but she could not tear it. Then she took hold of her stockings and garters and ripped them off.

I told Mrs. Delmont and Miss Prevost to make Miss Rappe stop tearing her clothing, but she wouldn't stop. She acted like a person in a terrible temper, almost beside herself. She didn't scream or say anything, just moaned and tore at her garments.

Sleeve Hanging By Thread

One sleeve of her waist was hanging by a thread. I thought perhaps the best thing would be to try to quiet her instead of opposing her, so

I went over to her and took hold of the sleeve, and pulled it off, saying: "All right, if you want it off, I'll help you." All I meant was that she seemed in an uncontrollable spasm of some kind, and I was afraid that if we tried to argue with her, she might hurt herself.

After that I went out of the room, and when I came back a little later, Miss Rappe was lying unclothed on the bed and Mrs. Delmont was rubbing her with a piece of ice. I picked up a piece of ice that was lying on Miss Rappe's body, and asked Mrs. Delmont what was the idea. It seemed to me pretty dangerous treatment for anybody but a doctor or a nurse to try.

Mrs. Delmont turned on me angrily and told me to shut up and mind my own business—that she knew how to take care of Virginia. It made me angry, for all I wanted to do was to help the sick girl, and Mrs. Delmont was talking to me in a way I didn't like, so I told her to shut up or I would throw her out of the window. Of course, I wouldn't really have done it; it was just one of those things one says in a moment of anger without any idea of literal meaning.

Remarks Turned Against Him

That is an example of how things I really did say have been twisted and turned against me. It has been made to sound as if I had said that to Virginia Rappe while she lay there suffering and ill. I said it, but I certainly did not say it to Miss Rappe, nor did I mean her when I said it. I would have been a brute to have spoken to a sick girl like that.

I realized by that time that Miss Rappe was probably more seriously ill than I had thought, and should have a room to herself, so I went back into the other rooms and asked Mrs. Taube to telephone to the manager of the hotel and ask for another room. The manager came up in a few minutes, and told us where we might take Miss Rappe.

We rolled her up in a bathrobe—she had been lying nude on the bed all this time, and uncovered except after I had managed to pull the spread out from under her and cover her with it. Then I took her in my arms and started down the hall toward the other room. When I was nearly there, she started to slip from my arms; she was limp and half-conscious, and very hard to hold. I asked the hotel manager to lift her up a little, but he took her in his arms and carried her into the room.

After she was put to bed, I told them to get a doctor, and then I went back to my rooms.

Ignorance of Girl's Condition

I did not know that Virginia Rappe was even seriously ill until I got word of her death. I went back to Los Angeles the next day, because I had reservations on the steamer for my party and my car. There was never any thought in my mind that Miss Rappe was suffering from anything more than the effects of too much liquor or an attack of slight illness. The news of her death was my first intimation that it was serious.

The State's witnesses have testified that they heard screams coming from my rooms. I know that all that afternoon the window was wide open, and any sound louder than an ordinary conversation could have been heard without any difficulty; and people who occupied adjoining rooms have declared that they heard nothing.

They have made a great deal out of some finger prints that were found on the door of Room 1219—the door that led into the hallway. Experts have tried to show that the prints must have been made by Virginia Rappe's fingers and mine, and that when they were made, her hand was against the door and I was trying to drag it off.

I don't know where they get such ideas. There seemed to be marks on the door when it was brought into the courtroom, but I certainly did not put them there. I am positive that I never touched that door with my hand all day, as I had not gone out into the hallway, but only into the other rooms of the suite. Certainly I never touched it in the way they said I did. It's a mystery to me.

Jesse Norgaard, who said he was a janitor at the Culver City studios when Miss Rappe and I were both working there, testified that once I asked him for the keys to her rooms, saying that I wanted to play a joke on her. I suppose the ida was to show that I had tried to force myself into her room when she didn't want to let me in.

Photo International

"I would not hurt any woman"

Refuting a State Witness

That is absolutely false. I never made any such request of Norgaard, nor did I offer him money for the keys, as he said I did. In fact, when I saw Norgaard on the witness stand, I couldn't remember ever having seen him before. He may have been at the studios, but there were so many people there that I couldn't remember them all.

All this talk of my having been infatuated with Miss Rappe or trying to "get her," is absurd. I knew her for several years; we had worked at the same studios, and I had met her in other places, but that was absolutely all.

I knew when I went on the witness stand that my cross-examination was going to be as rigid as it could be made, but I had no fear, for I was telling nothing but the truth. I know that the lawyers tried many times to catch me on details, but they couldn't, because everything I said was true, and there was no need to remember what I had said the first time.

No man can do any more than to tell the truth, and it was the truth I told on the witness stand.

A great many very harsh and unjust things have been said about me since this affair began, and they have hurt me very much. I have always had many friends, but I found when this trouble came, who my real friends were.

It has hurt me deeply to think that the people to whom I have tried to give good clean enjoyment for so many years could turn on me and condemn me without a hearing. I suppose every man accused of crime must expect that, but it didn't make it any easier for me.

I have been very grateful to the other people who refused to believe that I was guilty merely because I was accused of crime. There have been many of them. I have received many many letters and telegrams from people all over the country, assuring me that they believed in me, and I am glad to know that I have these real friends.

An Appeal to the Public

If everything is straightened out at last and I am cleared of all the charges, I hope that these friends will be as ready to welcome me back on the screen as I shall be glad to get back. I like to make people laugh and enjoy themselves. It pleases me because children are amused at my pictures, and I have always tried very hard not to do anything in any picture that would offend or be bad for the children.

One really good thing has come out of all this trouble. It has been the means of reuniting my wife and myself after five years of separation. We are happy to be together again, and we have discovered that the things that kept us apart were very unimportant after all.

Mrs. Arbuckle has been wonderfully loyal to me during all this trouble. She came all the way across the continent to be with me, and every minute she has stuck by me. Her faith and love, and the faith and love of her mother, who is like a mother to me, have been my greatest helps all these long hard weeks.

A Later Statement

While, through the technicalities of the law, I have not been legally acquitted of the charge of manslaughter in connection with the death of Virginia Rappe, I have been morally acquitted.

After the organized propaganda, designed to make the securing of an impartial jury an impossibility and to prevent my obtaining a fair trial, I feel grateful for this message from the jury to the American people. This comes, too, after hearing only part of the facts, as the efforts of the District Attorney succeeded, on technical objections, in excluding from the jury the statements from Miss Rappe to several people of high character, completely exonerating me.

The undisputed and uncontradicted testimony established that my only connection with this sad affair was one of merciful service, and the fact that ordinary human kindness should have brought upon me this tragedy has seemed a cruel wrong. I have sought to bring joy and gladness and merriment into the world, and why this great misfortune should have fallen upon me is a mystery that only God can, and will, some day reveal.

I have always rested my cause in a profound belief in Divine justice and in the confidence of the great heart and fairness of the American people.

I want to thank the multitude from all over the world who have telegraphed and written to me in my sorrow and expressed their utmost confidence in my innocence. I assure them that no act of mine ever has, and I promise them that no act of mine ever shall cause them to regret their faith in me.

(*Continued on page* 31)

MOVIE WEEKLY EDITORIAL

A Deplorable Misunderstanding

IN recent editions of the daily newspapers throughout the country, there were front page splurges relative to a mythical "GIGANTIC MOVIE ASSOCIATION," that was to include practically all the vast motion picture industry.

"The companies whose executive officers signed the statement," according to one paper, "are Vitagraph, Pathe, Goldwyn, Fox, and Universal.

"The statement," the account went on to say, "said that the following companies had indicated willingness to join the proposed association: Metro, Famous Players, First National, Triangle, United Artists, D. W. Griffith, Realart, and Robertson-Cole."

This "gigantic movie association" was the evident joining of hands of all the companies into a "communist organization." In other words—exit the smaller company; exit the organized executive departments; exit individual personalities. Enter a Lenin-formed concern — to draw upon the name of the leader of Bolshevik Russia.

How this report seeped into the regime of the newspapers is not known to this day. But in some way it did, and the result is a deplorable misunderstanding.

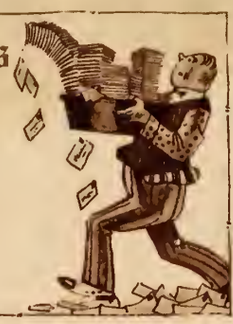
Those who have read what has come before: dismiss it from your minds. The real truth of the matter is this:

There has been a re-organization of the present National Association of the motion picture industry. It is seriously being considered that Postmaster General Hays be asked to head it "for the very same reasons," to quote William A. Johnston of the Motion Picture News, "that the name of ex-President Taft was mentioned at the Cleveland convention last year as a possible head of the Exhibitors' League."

"The object of the re-organization," Mr. Johnston continues, "so far as we know, is simply to make the present Association more comprehensive as to membership, more active and more influential. Its aims remain unchanged. They are, as before, to promote the good of the industry at large and defend it against unjust legislation, the same kind of organization in scope and principle as is had by every other industry in the country."

So do not be puzzled by the scarehead: "GIGANTIC MOVIE ASSOCIATION." There is to be no such organization. The heads of the motion picture industry who have formed an organization whereby to meet and discuss ways and means of advancing the motion picture industry, simply want to advance it more by soliciting the services of a widely known figure such as Postmaster General Hays, who would lend added prestige to the industry and its combined endeavors.

Queries and Answers



This department will answer inquiries regarding stars, studios and other aspects of the film industry. Address all communications to Motion Play Editor, MOVIE WEEKLY, 113-119 West 40th Street, New York. Write only on one side of the paper and sign your name. Owing to lack of space it is impossible to reply to each letter. The information you want may be contained in the reply to another letter.

GREEN EYES—You are perfectly right about the picture "The Chorus Girl's Romance." Viola Dana was the star and Gareth Hughes her leading man. You're very welcome.

DIMPLES—So you think you are qualified to become a motion picture actress because your uncle played the trombone in a moving picture theatre for four years. I dare say your uncle's experience wouldn't do you a bit of harm.

COLLY—It is most difficult to gain admission to a motion picture studio. If there is some very good reason why you should be allowed to visit the studio, all well and good, the privilege would no doubt be given you.

PETER—The actor who played opposite Norma Talmadge in "Daughter of Two Worlds," was Jack Crosby. I do not know that he has been her leading man since that picture. Henry Walthall is married. I do not know his wife's maiden name.

OSSY—Frank Mayo was born in New York City in 1886. He is married. His latest picture is "The Fighting Lover."

BABETTE—"Silas Marner" has been adapted for the screen. George Fawcett, well-known stage actor and equally popular on the screen, will have the leading role.

BOBBIE—Madge Kennedy has been starring in the stage play "Cornered." She has made no pictures for a year. She has brown hair and eyes and is married to Harold Bolster.

WALTER—"Idle Hands" is the name of the next picture on which George Arliss is working. It is a short story which appeared recently in one of the magazines. Doris Kenyon has the leading feminine role.

VANITE—May McAvoy is not in New York just now, although her home was formerly in this city. She is making pictures for Realart in California. She is 5 feet and no inches in height and weighs 90 pounds. As far as I know she is not engaged to be married.

FLAPPER—The young lady to whom Ralph Graves was recently married is Marjorie Seeman. Mildred Harris will play opposite Thomas Meighan in "A Prince There Was."

ESTHER—"Excuse My Dust" is the picture in which the young son of Wallie Reid appears. Mary MacLaren, and not Katherine MacDonald, appears in "The Three Musketeers." The latest pictures of Katherine MacDonald are "Her Social Value" and "Stranger Than Fiction." She will soon be seen in "The Woman's Side" and "Yours Truly."

HAROLD—Louise Lovely is married. I do not happen to recall the name of her husband. Mona Lisa is not married.

STANTON—Who is the greatest serial actress? That is surely a difficult question to answer, for there have been and still are very good ones. Ruth Roland and Juanita Hansen are about the best known and liked since Pearl White gave up making serials. Antonio Moreno has always been popular in serials, also George Seitz.

ANGEL FACE—I take it from your letter, your brother is a very normal youngster. They all delight in a big noise. Herbert Rawlinson is married. He is 36 years old. I do not know the O'Brien you mention. Could you mean Eugene O'Brien? Address him at the Selznick Corp., New York City.

BOBBIE—Bessie Eyton is still playing in pictures. Some of her latest are "Men of Honor," "A Lady in Love," and "The Usurper." As far as I know Madge Kennedy is not making a picture at present. The stage is claiming all of her attention this fall, but cheer up, she will no doubt make more pictures in the future.

BIRDIE—Asta Neilsen, the Danish actress is not in America, you know. Write to her at Denmark. No doubt she will receive your letter, for she is very well-known. Pola Negri has recently become a Paramount star. I suppose you know that she is on her way to America. Address her c-o Famous Players, Hollywood, Calif. Also address Gloria Swanson c-o Famous.

MABLE—William S. Hart will send you his photograph for one quarter. Address him at Bates & Effie Sts., Los Angeles, Cal.

DOROTHY WHITE—Johnie Hines was born in Golden, Colo., July 25, 1895. Don't know if he's married.

W. C. KAELLOR—Address William S. Hart at Bates & Effie Sts., Los Angeles, Cal.

JEANNE McC—Your letter sure was pleasing. Rudolph Valentino was born in Castellaneta, Italy. He was educated in Italy. He was on the vaudeville stage for three years with Bonnie Glass and Joan Sawyer, and two seasons in musical comedy. He has played with such well-known actresses as Mae Murray, Dorothy Gish, Clara Kimball Young, and Dorothy Phillips. Thanks for the blessings you "shoved" on my head.

WOOD ALCOHOL—Somehumor! Tickle my whiskers? I should say they did. Address Mary Miles Minter, c-o Realart, Los Angeles, and Elaine Hammerstein, c-o Selznick, East 48th St., New York. Neither of these stars are married.

RED DEVIL—Rather dangerous, I should say. The following stars appeared in "The Affairs of Anatol:" Wallace Reid, Gloria Swanson, Elliott Dexter, Bebe Daniels, Monte Blue, Wanda Hawley, Theodore Roberts, Agnes Ayres, Theodore Kosloff, Polly Moran, Raymond Hatton and Julia Faye. Address Marguerite De La Motte, at 1918 Pinehurst Road, Los Angeles, Cal.

WANDA—No, you're letter was not too long. It was real nice. Nazimova is pronounced with the accent on the "i", which is sounded short as in "sit." Valentino, accent on first syllable, "i" sounded like long "e". Mahlon, accent on first syllable, short "a," as in "at." Schenck, "Skenk." Hope these will satisfy.

J. D. R. Jr.—Ethel Barrymore is a sister to John. There is another brother, Lionel. Ben Wilson is producing pictures. Address him at 219 So. Harvard Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. Mabel Julienne Scott was the star in "No Woman Knows."

H. W. BARROWS—So you are a friend of Jack Perrin. I can't tell you much about him except that he appeared in "Pink Tights," "Big Bob," "The Outlaw," "Double Crossed," "Partners of the Tide," and other pictures. Address him c-o Universal, Universal, Cal.

R. E.—Jack Perrin played opposite Gladys Walton in "Pink Tights."

GEORGE S.—Jane and Eva Novak are sisters.

P. J. RODRIGUEZ—Address Ralph Ince, c-o Lamb Club, New York.

INTERESTED—Address Buck Jones at 1954 Crescena Drive, Los Angeles, Cal.

EXRXES—Jane Novak was born in St. Louis, Mo. She is in her early twenties. She is 5 feet 7, weighs 135, has blond hair, blue eyes. Address her at 6629 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal.

GERTRUDE E.—Address Rudolph Valentino at the Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Cal.

EDITH—Yes, Maurice Costello is married. He has two grown daughters. Address him at Bayside, Long Island.

MAYBELLE—Gareth Hughes has brown hair and blue eyes. Address him at the Metro Studio, Hollywood, Cal.

BRUCE—Norma Talmadge has gone to the coast to make pictures. Her first will be "The Duchess de Langeais," a story from Balzac. Judging from "The Conquering Power" which was taken from "Eugenie Grandet," one of Balzac's best known stories, "The Duchess de Langeais" should prove an admirable vehicle for Norma. "Smilin' Through" will be released after "Love's Redemption." I do not think Jack Holt has ever played in the cast with Norma.

ALVIN—John Harron is a brother of the late Robert Harron. Yes, it was he whom you saw in "The Grim Comedian."

CLINTON, N. Y.—"The Doll's House" is to be adapted for the screen. Nazimova will be seen in this picture. Some years ago she olayed the lead in the stage version. The chief characters in "Poverty of Riches" are Leatrice Joy, Richard Dix, John Bowers, Irene Rich and Louise Lovely.

EUNICE—Dorothy Phillips will soon be seen in a new picture called "Soul Seekers" an original story under the direction of Allen Holubar. John Bowers is to appear in the title role of "Jim," a Thomas H. Ince production.

GEORGE PICOL—Don't you mean Harry Todd? He was born in 1865. He is 5 feet 9, weighs 160, has brown hair and blue eyes. Address him at 5736 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

SCOUT—What has become of Alma Rubens? Surely she is still appearing in pictures. Her most recent is "Find the Woman." No, she is not married. Her hair is not red but very dark brown. Again that question, "what is Charlie Chaplin's real name?" I answered another inquirer only a short time ago. It is Charles Spencer Chaplin, as it has always been.

CORINNE—Ina Claire is not making pictures. Her latest was "Polly with a Past." She is appearing in a stage play, "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife." "The Gold Diggers" was never adapted for the screen.

NEELEY—Agnes Ayres plays opposite Rudolph Valentino in "The Sheik." Rubye De Remer was born in Denver, Colorado. Her address is 33 West 67th St., New York City.

O. R.—Betty Ross Clarke does not tell her age. She believes that a woman who will tell her age will tell anything. Anyway her age isn't much. She has light hair and dark gray eyes. Her address is Savoy Hotel, Los Angeles, Cal.

HOMER—Gloria Swanson has dark brown hair with a reddish tint and blue eyes. She is married, and has one small daughter. Richard Barthelmess is working on his second starring picture, which is called "All at Sea."

H. J. S.—Yes, Jack Holt is now a star. His first starring vehicle will be "The Call of the North." Fritz Leiber plays the role of King Solomon in "The Queen of Sheba." He is a well-known Shakespearian actor.

MERNIE—"The Lotus Eater" is adapted from a story by Albert Payson Terhune. John Barrymore plays the lead. Other well-known players are Colleen Moore, Anna Q. Nilsson, Wesley Barry, J. Barney Sherry and Frank Currier.

CLAIR W.—Enid Bennett is appearing on the speaking stage in Los Angeles. She will return to picture making shortly. "De Lux Annie" is an old picture now being re-issued. Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien are the two leading characters.

LOUISE C.—You are right, Marcia Manon played the lead in the picture "Maggie Pepper." She will soon be seen in a Frothingham production entitled "The Man Who Smiled." She is married, but I do not know her age.

LEONARD C.—Shirley Mason can be reached at the Fox Studios, Los Angeles, Cal. Janice Wilson is the girl who played in "The Mask."

MAYME—Claire Windsor has blond hair and blue eyes. Address Pearl White, Fox Film Company, New York City. Kenneth Webb is her director.

SIDNEY—"The White Eagle" is the name of Ruth Roland's latest serial. I never heard of the screen you mention. Harrison Ford is still playing with Norma Talmadge. He will be seen in "Love's Redemption" and "Smilin' Through."

CHARLES RAY FAN—As far as I know Charles Ray has no brother. He has a cousin, Al Ray, but I never heard of a brother. Of course, you know that he is visiting New York at present for the first time in his life.

DUKE—Buster Keaton is 26 years old. Montague Love is playing in "Shame of Society." Bessie Love plays the leading feminine role in "The Sea Lion." She was recently seen with Sessue Hayakawa in "The Swamp."

ADMIRER—"Hamlet" is a European picture. To be exact, it comes from Denmark. "Hamlet" is portrayed by Asta Neilsen. She is said to be one of the foremost actresses of the world, and is a celebrated Danish tragedienne. I am so glad to know you liked it. New York critics gave very favorable reports on it. No, I am sorry I cannot tell you whether any more of her pictures are coming to this country.

MARIE BURTON—Yes, Niles Welch is in town at present. He made several personal appearances in connection with "The Way of a Maid," in which he played opposite Elaine Hammerstein. That is probably where you got your pen name from.

CORINNE—Marguerite Clark is 34 years old. Her latest picture is "Scrambled Wives." Rudolph Valentino and Agnes Ayres have the leading roles in "The Sheik." Agnes' first starring vehicle is called "The Lane That Has No Turning."

OPHELIA—Wallace Reid and Elsie Ferguson are co-starring in "Peter Ibbetson." It is at present playing on Broadway. Yes, Norma and Constance Talmadge are in California to make pictures. Constance is making a picture, the working title of which is "The Divorcee" while Norma is getting ready to film "The Countess de Langlaise."

SUNSHINE SALLY—Richard Barthelmess is at present working on "All At Sea," his second First National production. His first one, "Tol'able David" is soon to be released. Mary Miles Minter is 19 years old. She was the star of "Her Winning Way."

(Continued on page 29)

Film Flam

Tom, Dick and Hairy

ALL the actors at the Hal Roach studio have sworn never to turn Bolshevik nor to wear whiskers—if one can do the first without the second.

Yes sir, they're off whiskers for life! They had to be Bolsheviks in a Snub Pollard comedy while their enemies had to say it with flour and coal dust and whiting. And they had to say it not once but twice, because the camera didn't hear them say it the first time—at least it forgot to register.

"Well, it's all in the day's work," sighed a temporary Bolshevik, "but it took me three hours to get my face clean! And as for those whiskers——"

In fact, so great is the aversion to beards around that studio that all the actors carry Gillettes with them, and the moment one feels a hair grow on his chin he snips it off quick.

* * * * *

Oh My! Omar!

The Topics of the Day films were being shown, including the following joke:

A—Do you like Omar Khayyam?

B—I never drank it.

B's wife to her husband—You ought not to have said that, dear; it's a kind of cheese.

A girl in the audience laughed. "Ha, Ha, that's a good one."

"Well," asked her companion, "what is Omar Khayyam?"

"Why it's a cigarette, stupid," said the girl.

* * * * *

Rather Cylindrical

ERNEST TRUEX is playing on Broadway in a popular hit called "Six Cylinder Love." One of Ernie's friends is an automobile salesman who takes all his prospective customers to see this show. It's a great ad, he thinks, for motor cars.

"But," the salesman told Ernest,, "I invited a man from Rochester to see 'Six Cylinder Love' and he wouldn't go. He said he had an eight cylinder car and he wasn't interested in anything of less power."

"Well," retorted Truex, "tell him to see it twice. That'll make it a twin six for your eight cylinder man."

* * * * *

A Lamb's Gambol

The lamb who plays in "Three Live Ghosts" will be deported to Russia if he isn't careful; he's suspected of having Bolshevik tendencies. He went up to the very exclusive baby carriage used in the play, with its ermine robe and ducal crest and all the hall marks to show that its occupant was born with a golden spoon, and he licked off the ducal crest.

* * * * *

Lots of Poor Fish Go to School

"That must be a school of fish over there," remarked Ruth Roland, pointing out a spot on the Pacific over which hovered hundreds of sea gulls.

"Well, Ruth," asked one of the cowboys, "what kind of school do fish attend,—High School, Grammar School, or Primary?"

But Ruth was right there with her answer. "Why a poor fish that would let a bird catch him surely has never gone much further than kindergarten."

Birds of a Feather

Herewith we present to you two Australian birds, Billy and Emily. Billy is Billy Bevan, who flys about the Sennett studio, and Emily is Ethiopian for Emu, the kind of bird Emily is.

Here she is asking Billy for a supper of nails, cobblestones and rubbers, which the comedian will give her to make her fat. He says boiled emu is a great Australian delicacy, and so about Christmas time, Emily will be hard boiled.

* * * * *

More Fish Stories

ONE of the boys in Ruth Roland's "The Timber Queen" company, caught a huge jewfish. "Ah, ha, a gafilta fish!" he exclaimed.

"But if it's a jewfish," said another wit, "then it must be a shark."

"Yes," added Ruth demurely, "a loan shark."

* * * * *

The Tail of a Dog

Paul Terry's cartoon dog was scampering about the screen in Acsop's Film Fables one night. It was a snappy fox terrier with scarcely tail enough to wag.

"Say mamma," chirped Tony in the audience, "lookit the dog's tail—was it bit off or drove in?"

* * * * *

Change of Diet

"Rastus was given a part in a comedy," says Major Jack Allen, "where he had to act a scene with a lion.

'You get into this bed,' ordered the director, 'and we'll bring the lion in and put him in bed with you. It will be a scream.'

'Put a lion in bed with me!' yelled Rastus in dismay. 'No sah! Not a-tall! I quiets here and now.'

'But,' protested the director, 'this lion won't hurt you. Nero was brought up on milk.'

'So was Ah brung up on milk,' wailed Rastus, 'but Ah eats meat now.'"

* * * * *

This Wit Blinds Us

BLIND HUSBANDS,' 'Blind Wives,' 'Blind Hearts,' and 'Blind Prejudice' arc recent film titles," comments Larry Semon, "what could be more popular and more timely than photoplays called 'Blind Pigs' and 'Blind Tigers'?"

* * * * *

The Further the Better

Dapper Dick Barthelmess stepped into the creaky elevator.

"Vich floor you vant?" asked the operator in an unmistakably Teutonic accent.

"Sixth," answered our hero.

"And vich floor you vant?" queried the elevator runner, turning to another passenger.

"Fourth," said the other man.

"Vell," said the operator to Mr. Barthelmess, "I take you up first. You go further than the other fellow."

* * * * *

A Matter of Looks

The homely, freckled faced youngster wiggled his head back and forth in a vain endeavor to see the movie over the elaborate headgear of the girl in front of him. A thrilling film was in progress, showing Major Jack Allen capturing lions via aeroplane.

"Say, miss," said the youngster finally in desperation, "I want to look as well as you."

The young woman in front gave him a scornful glance.

"Oh, do yer," she replied with sarcasm, "then you'd better run home and change yer face."

* * * * *

What Did They Mean By That?

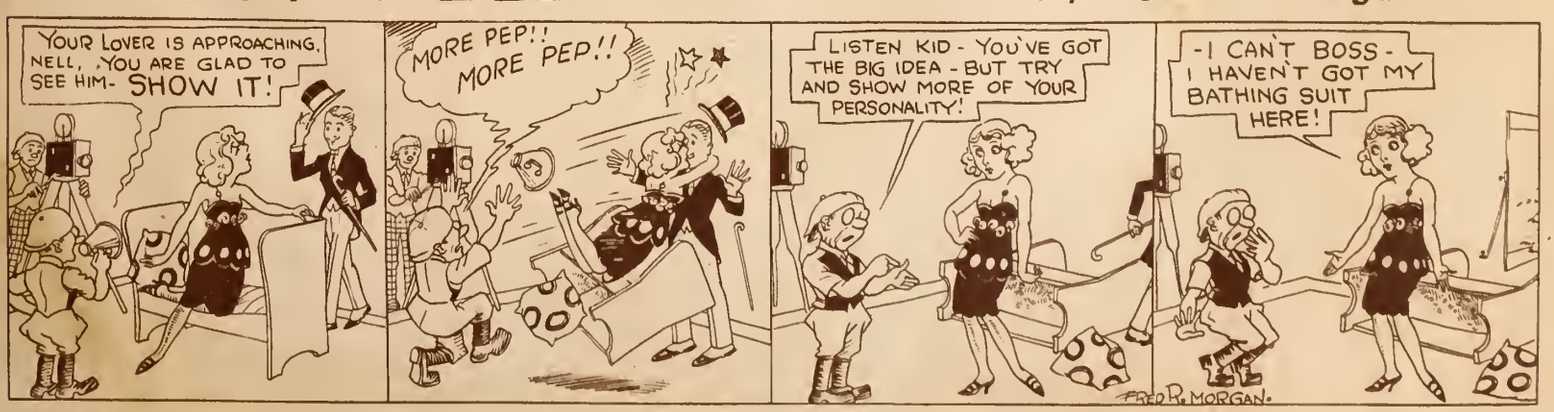
Director William D. Taylor clipped this from a British film publication.

"In private life, Miss X is the wife of Mr. Z., who has directed her in many of her screen successes.

By the way, Mr. Z is a great collector of curios."

A. M. T

NIFTY NELL---------- by Fred R. Morgan


YOUR LOVER IS APPROACHING, NELL, YOU ARE GLAD TO SEE HIM- SHOW IT!
MORE PEP!! MORE PEP!!
LISTEN KID - YOU'VE GOT THE BIG IDEA - BUT TRY AND SHOW MORE OF YOUR PERSONALITY!
-I CAN'T BOSS - I HAVEN'T GOT MY BATHING SUIT HERE!
FRED R. MORGAN

A Star Chaser

Lowell Sherman

Champion heavy

With Mae Murray in "The Gilded Lily"
Lillian Gish succumbs in "Way Down East"
After Mabel Normand in "Molly O"
Norma Talmage in "Yes or No" before his arrival

Sensational Life of One of World's Greatest Crooks

* * *

$200,000 Paid By European Royalty and Nobles For Worthless Arizona Gold Mine Stock to Notorious Swindler, Now In Prison

By Convict 10482
Now Inmate of Maryland State Prison, Baltimore, Md.

Second Instalment

THERE was no time to start creating thoughts of skepticism, failure and regret. I had to get away from my mental negative attitude for I knew that it would militate against the successful consummation of my swindle. I knew that these things had no place in the repertoire of the master criminal. In those days my philosophy of life was decidedly materialistic. Money and the luxuries were my gods, the only gods to whom I paid tribute. The God of the Bible, in my opinion, was a myth. I was a follower of the teachings of Darwin and Huxley. I was an Agnostic. Therefore, I did not realize that these visions of doubt, failure and regret that were flittering through my mind were the products of my conscience.

I have heard it said somewhere that conscience is nothing more than accumulated experience. I am not so sure about that. I don't think I am able to define just what conscience is, but I know that it is something more than accumulated experience, a something, whatever it is, that tells us not to do the wrong thing, the something that enables us to discriminate between right and wrong. After a long criminal career, I am now convinced that conscience is a God-given attribute. I am sure of it. I extend the hand of commiseration to the man or woman who believes otherwise.

Discovery of Crime Feared

Of course, these were not my theories at Nice. These thoughts of failure, French prisons and dear old Broadway that were running through my mind day in and day out finally reflected themselves in my talk and my general demeanor to such an extent that the keen, discerning eyes of "Al" observed that all was not well. A day or two before the dinner he grabbed me and said:

"Say, you look like something that was sent for and couldn't come. What the hell is the matter with you. Are you in love with one of these titled squaws you have met since you have been here? You look more like a burglar than a high class "con" man. I have a hunch that you are worrying about something."

I laughingly replied: "Why no, Senator, why do you ask?"

"You are acting queer, I'll gamble that my hunch is right."

"Your hunches are all wrong, Al."

"Well, then, for ——— ——— get away from that morgue stuff, light up and be your old natural self. We are up against big game here and it is going to take the best we have got to swing it."

"For once in your life you're right," I replied.

"And," he exclaimed, "there is one very important detail that we have overlooked, the most important of all."

"What is that?"

"A sample of the mine's product, the old phoney gold brick. And that isn't all either. What about the cablegram from the engineers stating that a rich vein has been discovered?"

Ready for the "Big Job"

"You are all wrong again, Adonis, asleep at the switch as usual. I haven't forgotten any of those very important factors. They have been attended to, my dear pal. The gold brick is now on its way across the Atlantic. The cablegram will be sent out of New York to-night and will no doubt arrive in Nice to-morrow sometime."

"When are you going to spring the cable?"

"At the dinner to-morrow evening. At the proper time, Eddie (Al's secretary and one of the gang), will hand it to me. I will read it, smile, make some comment that the "boobs" will hear, and then pass it to you. When you get it you do the same thing. Is there anything else that you can think of now?"

"Not a thing, Harry, except this, just as soon as this deal is cleaned up I am on my way back to God's country. I would much rather be a farmer on Long Island than a celebrity in France."

"All right, old boy," I said to him, "you may have your wish. I, too, prefer the good old U. S. A. We shall go back together. But please be on your good behavior to-night. Keep the spoon out of your cup, don't yodel the consomme and if you have an occasion to pick your teeth, don't forget the napkin, and don't grab the fork for the toothpick." I was kidding him. These admonitions were unnecessary because he was the embodiment of propriety, cultured and polished beyond any possibility of expression in words. He was the ideal man for the part that he was playing, both in his appearance and his ability.

A Criminal Par Excellence

He was fundamentally educated, spoke French, German, Italian and Spanish fluently. I entertained absolutely no fears as to his being able to dominate the situation from any and every standpoint. Before I go into a description of what occurred at the dinner, a word picture of "Al" might not be amiss.

He was about forty-two. He reminded me of a Roman Emperor; he stood six feet one inch in height, weighing about two hundred and twenty pounds. His florid complexion set off to good advantage the Van Dyke beard that was well tinged with gray. His eyes were really the outstanding appealing part of his personality, great blue eyes that were finely expressive; in turn vivacious, laughing, sympathetic, always beautiful. The finely arched brows and long black lashes gave them a brilliancy of expression that beggars description. When he talked there was a silvery musical ring to his voice, tenor-like and filled with graceful inflections and significant pauses. He was indeed what the French would call a Charmeur. While he was not exactly vain, he knew that he was unusually good looking. There was the air of the aristocrat about him.

The women adored him. He never lost a decision, never tasted the bitter gall of love defeat. He gave them the gold of his thought, the gems of his humor and played on their emotions with a subtle, master-like touch, the more he played the better they liked it, and he never tired of playing, believe me. If they were lovers of poetry he quoted Swinburne, Keats, Milton, Homer, Virgil. The great masters of literature and art were open books to him, he knew them all. He seemed to understand women better than any man I have ever known, therefore I classify him as a scientist. He did understand them, I know, at least to the extent of knowing what to say to them, the things they liked to listen to and hear, which in itself is an art. Personally, I have never been able to "dope" out what women are, what they want or what they like. Life is too short for such puzzles. This is the opinion of most of my sex, I believe.

"Al" Sure of Himself

His demeanor at all times was that of the man who is sure of

A Gripping Story of "High" Crime

The Confessions of Convict 10482 present in vivid, illuminating fashion all the crafty, underhand tricks and the clever, highly polished "splurge" of character, which "confidence" men have found a necessary part of their game. The details as worked out in this true story not only furnish interesting reading, but describe somewhat fully the manner of crooks with which Justice has had to deal. Subsequent instalments of this narrative will prove even more informative and fascinating.

Photo Goldwyn

"At last dinner was ready . . . the 'noted American financier' was going along in fine shape . . ."

himself. I knew that he would acquit himself creditably at the reception. I knew that he would not profess love to the ladies and then forget to pass the salt. There was more finesse to him than that. He could never be guilty of this unpardonable breach.

As we dressed for dinner the evening of the reception, he was optimism personified, talkative, merry.

"I have an intuition, Harry," he said, "that this proposition is going to be an eighteen-karat howling success."

"I hope so, Al."

"You know we are the first 'con' men to operate in this country. How about the ladies to-night, any works of art among them, old boy."

"The Princess," I replied, "is wonderful, a gorgeous beauty, she looks like a new sin."

"A new sin," he echoed, "then she surely must be a dream, for new sins are indeed rare things. I have been looking for a new sin for the last twenty-five years. You give me a thrill. I'm all upset The thought of meeting her fascinates me."

"Calm yourself, old Bluebeard."

"What manner of person is her husband, the Prince," he inquired.

"The Prince," I said, "is quite an ordinary fellow who has been over-educated, over-fed and is usually over-dressed, a girl-like sort of chap, tender and impressionable, a human flower. I don't anticipate a damn bit of trouble handling him."

"He must look like an old idea if he is anything like you say he is. How can the Princess love such a curio?"

"Women always like the irrational; that's the reason why science has never been able to explain them. Never listen to them if you want to understand them, just look at them. They are creatures of impulse and emotions. They never think, it's too difficult."

Lambs Led to Slaughter

Dressing finished we had the butler serve a cocktail or two while we waited for the coming of the lambs. They began to arrive about seven-thirty. The Prince and the Princess were among the first to put in an appearance. She was the loveliest thing I had ever seen in my life. Clever, but yet with it all there was a child-like simplicity in everything that she did or said.

The Princess was stunningly dressed in a low-necked sea green evening gown that harmonized with her queen-like beauty. She wore no jewels except one diamond solitaire and a string of pearls that were suspended from her shapely, ivory-like neck. She moved with the stateliness of a Greek Goddess, she was all grace and charm. In the language of the underworld, "she was a riot," a modern Cleopatra.

Introductions over, Al got busy right then and there with the Princess, whisking her away from the Prince and me to the porch, where they sipped a glass of wine, chatted and smoked cigarettes while awaiting dinner. I had one hell of a time with the Prince after he got a few drinks. I had but a smattering of French, his Royal Highness had just a little less than that of English. He could just about make himself understood. Fortunately one of his friends arrived who talked English fluently, so I relayed my chatter to the Prince through him. His friend, Mr. De Montreville, was immensely wealthy, I learned; a retired Parisian merchant. I managed to separate Al from the Princess so that he could go to work on him.

Objects to Having His Name Used

There were four healthy looking prospects in the party, the Prince, the Duke, Mr. De Montreville and a Mr. David. The latter was a retired wine merchant. He was to the wine industry what our own John D. Rockefeller is to the oil industry. He owned, I was told, more vineyards than any ten men in France. He looked very "takable."

At last dinner was ready, and a sumptuous feast it was. In every detail it was a feast fit for the gods. My friends were profuse in their expressions of delight.

Al, as *Mr. John Kenly*, the noted American financier, was going along in fine shape. His knowledge of French was an invaluable asset. There was much talk across the table on the subject of business. Both Mr. David and Mr. De Montreville had heard of Mr. Kenly and his financial activities. (He was impersonating, of course, a well-known American captain of indus-

Photo Paramount

"We are from Detective Headquarters and have a warrant for your arrest."

try whom we knew to be in China on a trip around the world). We said nothing about gold mines or investments. We let the "saps" do all the talking. Our sole purpose at first was to obtain their confidence.

Just before the coffee was served I gave Eddie the "high sign" to deliver the cablegram. He "delivered" it "beautifully," interrupting me in the middle of a conversation with Mr. De Montreville. Just what I wanted him to do. However, I appeared to be annoyed, bawled Eddie out, made some side remark to Mr. De Montreville about the horrid stupidity of servants, opened the cablegram and read it, after offering my apologies for doing so.

> "Big Bear mine a tremendous success. Now producing at the rate of $275.00 to the ton. This is probably the greatest mine discovery in years. Have located a new vein which runs in direction of our other properties. Sample of gold being shipped today to you at Nice. Letter covering details follows.
>
> BEAUMONT AND HASTINGS, *Engineers.*

My expression, of course, was all feigned surprise, admiration and astonishment. Finally Al caught the cue and cut in with the following remarks which were very appropriate and timely:

"Well, Harry, why don't you let us in on the good news, or is it bad news? Come, come, old fellow, what is it?"

Then he very cleverly directed his conversation to the guests, saying:

"You will pardon me, ladies and gentlemen, for discussing business at the table, but our mutual friend, Mr. Harrington, has been having such phenomenal success with his gold mine ventures that he is about to become a modern Croesus. It seems that everything he touches is an instantaneous success."

I noted the effect of these remarks on the Prince and the rest of the guests. I could see that they were tremendously interested. Particularly His Royal Highness.

"Yes, Al," I said, "it is good news; the engineers have discovered a rich vein in the Big Bear mine in Arizona."

I then passed the cablegram to him, the reading of which he concluded by saying:

"I should like a chance to go in on this mine. What say you, can you find room for a two hundred thousand dollar investment?"

"I don't know about that, John, I am afraid that I have promised the Big Bear capitalization. It is impossible for me to say at this time what the opportunities for an investment are."

Then the Princess spoke:

"Now, really, Harry, I shall feel terribly disappointed if you do not offer the Prince and me a chance to invest some of our money in this mine. I am immensely interested in such investments. I think they are the most substantial ones that one can make. I am really serious about it. As an old friend you should do that for me."

"If it can be arranged you may be sure that I will be glad to accommodate you and the Prince and your friends also. It is impossible for me to make any promises until I get in touch with my New York office to-morrow. By the way, may I ask just what amount you would care to invest?"

She and the Prince conferred for a moment, then replied:

"At least fifty thousand dollars, possibly more."

Al in the meantime was having a chat in French with the Duke, Mr. David and Mr. De Montreville. I got the import of it when he spoke up saying:

"The Duke, Mr. David and Mr. De Montreville would appreciate an opportunity to put some money in your Big Bear mine, Harry. If you can find room for them you can leave me out of it."

"Now understand, gentlemen, I am not making any promises. If I am in a position to let you all in I shall be delighted to do so. If I can't, I will keep you in mind for future investments. You see, I have had such unusual, uncanny luck in my mine business that my friends are constantly after me to buy stock for them in the various companies in which I am interested. You will realize, I am sure, that it is an impossibility for me to help all of them, much as I should like to do so. It frequently happens that my inability to do so is misunderstood and interpreted by them as a lack of desire on my part to do what they ask. That's the penalty that I have to pay for being successful. I sometimes wish that I were a mediocrity, a person of no importance. I am of the opinion, however, that this is the experience of most of you gentlemen." I was appealing to their personal vanity now and I could see them swelling up with importance as I talked. Then, directing my remarks to Al, I said, "Our friend Mr. Kenly knows something about these matters and if I am not very much mistaken, he made this trip to Europe primarily for the purpose of getting away from just these very things. Is not that so John?"

(*Continued on page* 28)

Every Little Movement Has a Meaning of Its Own

As Drawn by Pat Sullivan In Making Animated Cartoons

DO you like the animated cartoon? Do you know that these animated characters go through a series of dramatic movements, sketched out in a sequence of positions on separate sheets of paper, before they are caught by the camera?

The length of such a feature is usually five hundred feet. To get across the illusion of action, everyone of the spaces in this film—and there are sixteen spaces to a foot, making it a grand total of 8,000 to five hundred feet—should be different. Theoretically this is true. But the animator has boiled his art down to a fine science.

After he has the story for a cartoon clear in his mind, he creates his character and writes a scenario. After thus deciding upon his characters and his action, the artist is ready to "animate" them.

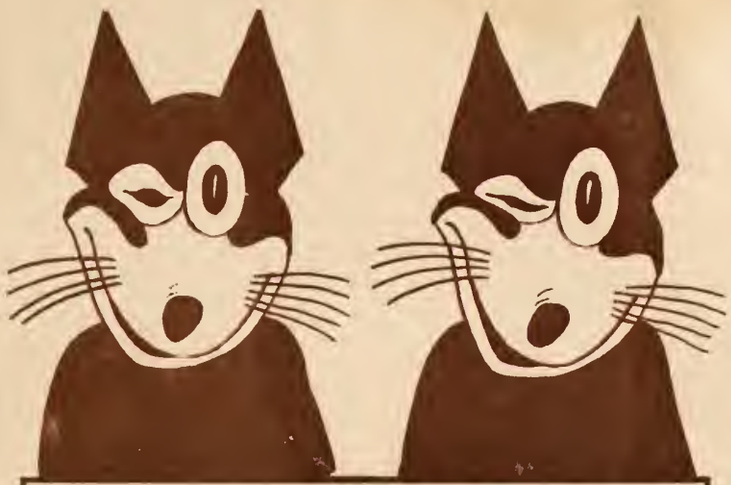
This is a very simple statement, but it involves a most complex and intricate sketching out of the walking, running, gesturings, and acrobatic stunts of the actors on separate sheets of paper with their proper settings.

These sheets of paper are placed under a moving picture camera, one at a time, and photographed. This is a terrifically intricate task, but the animator has it down to a fine science.

Did the prospect of making thousands of drawings daunt the pioneer worker in this special field? Indeed, not. Some of the first animated cartoon artists did actually make such great numbers of drawings complete in every detail. But nowadays, many expedients, tricks and short cuts are used to obviate the necessity of making a multitude of drawings. Nevertheless, a reel of five hundred feet—taking only seven or eight minutes to run off—requires a huge pile of drawings, say two or three thousand.

The one expedient in the art, and the one that saved its life, and made it possible to continue the work profitably, was the use of transparent sheet celluloid. This material, cut to the size of the paper, is used to hold the quiescent parts of the figure or the background.

The method is to draw the figures in their different positions in each drawing, and then place the transparent celluloid with the still part inked on its surface under the camera in conjunction with each of the series of drawings of the action as they are photographed.



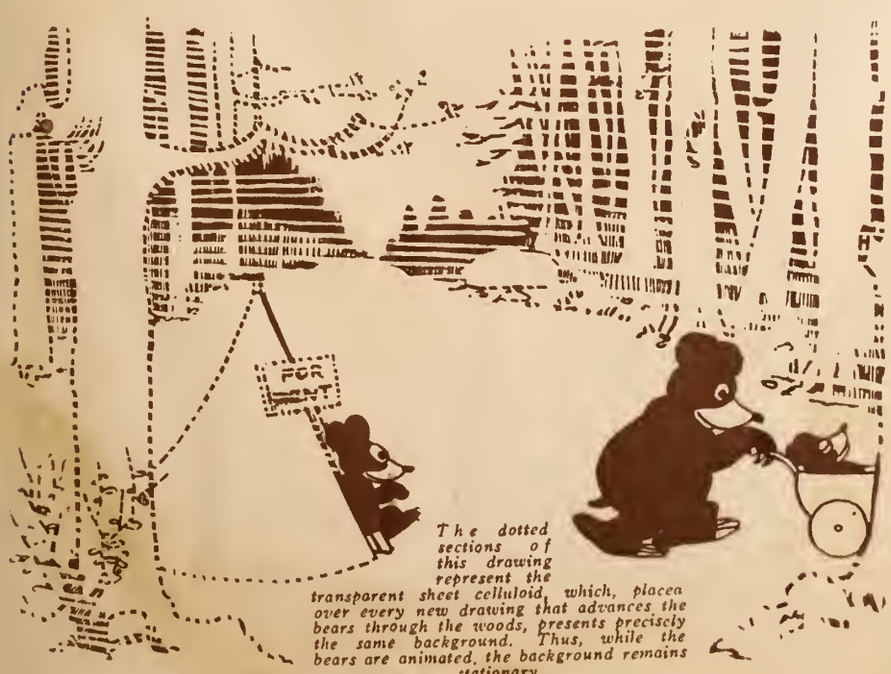
Here are two cats ready to be animated. Off hand, they look alike. But peer close—The second one is different. The mouth is open a little more; the whiskers are cocked at a higher angle; the eye is closed a little more. Thus painstakingly are animated cartoons made. Read the article for more details.

This manoeuvre sometimes creates a peculiar situation in the matter of drawing procedure. For instance: A continuation of an action requires that a whole series of drawings—fifty to a hundred, show a black mark, say the tip of a tail, in a diversity of positions. The rest of the creature, a funny monkey perhaps, is inked on celluloid. When this is the case, the artist usually makes hundreds of drawings a day.

But oftentimes it isn't so simple. Perhaps the artist will have to draw a full figure, or a pair of them, alternating in movements and gesticulations. Such work requires delineation of the figure in every conceivable position.

Tumbling objects, pyrotechnique effects, falling and splashing water, volatile smoke and cloudy forms, all must be studied—not in easily sketched graphic forms, but in all phases of motion.

It is a study of motion that keeps the "animator artist" busy, for every form of it keeps within the scope of his attention. Of a truth, to him, "every little movement has a meaning of its own."



The dotted sections of this drawing represent the transparent sheet celluloid, which, placed over every new drawing that advances the bears through the woods, presents precisely the same background. Thus, while the bears are animated, the background remains stationary.

Theda Bara's

THEDA BARA, woman of mystery.

Theodosia Goodman, woman.

Between these two definitions lies the true story of one of the most fascinating figures created by the motion picture, a figure about whom is cloaked even now a mystery which no amount of explanation can destroy. To-day, when everyone knows that Theda Bara is really Mrs. Charles J. Brabin, and that she was once Theodosia Goodman, even now, she is an enigma.

And because she is an enigma, the web of romance is busy weaving tales about her. It is hard to live down the reputation of being the prototype of all the vamps of modern times. Say "vamp" and you think immediately of Theda Bara. Or rather you did, until you read one day in 1917. that the queen of vamps had appeared in court and had been granted a change of name from Goodman to Bara, and that her family consisted of Bernard Goodman, her father; Pauline L. Goodman, her mother; Esther Goodman, her sister; and Marcus Goodman, her brother.

Illusions are the saving grace of humanity. The illusion that there are vampire women was created first by Rudyard Kipling in his famous poem, and it was a picturization of that poem which first gave Theda Bara her fame. Two fatal steps were required to destroy that illusion. First, the announcement that Theda Bara had been born a Goodman, and second. her public appearances in the play which is said to be of her own writing, "The Blue Flame." Between the release of "A Fool There Was" by Fox, some eight years ago, and the presentation of "The Blue Flame," a year and a half ago, as pretty a tale of the theatre as was ever told by any story-teller was unfolded by those who created Theda Bara. Indeed, writers of fiction have already used material supplied by the facts of Theda Bara's life. Rita Weiman's "Footlights," in which Elsie Ferguson appears, bears a striking resemblance to the story of the arch-vampire. "The Love Dream," a musical comedy which had a brief Broadway run this fall, also drew upon the same source.

To understand the beauty of this story, you have to know a little of the personality of Theda Bara. That personality was revealed strikingly on the first night of "The Blue Flame," at the Shubert Theatre, New York. The Talmadges were there. Florence Reed was there. Down front you could see the gold of Mae Murray's hair and the drab of her husband's, Bob Leonard. Massed in the front row were the critics, and throughout the house were the curiosity-seekers, the intelligentia of play-goers, the cynics and the sneerers. It was a difficult audience before which to play.

The curtain rose upon the usual drawing room of the theatre. Then with a jerking suddenness, a lightning bolt—off-stage—struck down the heroine.

That blasé, sophisticated New York audience was then asked to believe that she could be restored to life by a marvelous machine, created by her scientist fiance; that as a result of the renewal of her life, she would live henceforth a woman without a soul, who ruined men and women ruthlessly. A burlesque it was, a mad, riotous disregard of the realities of life.

Mr. and Mrs. Brabin working over a script

Through it all, through a voluptuous boudoir scene, staged with an abandon of color that shocked good taste, through impossible Chinatown adventures, the play went, to a stilted ending. And through it all played Theda Bara, with a sincerity that was amazing.

But when she took her curtain calls, to the polite demand of her friends and rivals of the stage and screen, the audience, or rather that part of it which did not know her, saw a new Theda Bara. There was nothing of the bold self-assured woman in her. She even seemed a little uncertain of herself. rather timid, shy. Graceful, small of voice, conscious, apparently, of the shortcomings of her play, she uttered a quiet "thank-you," and you could tell by her demeanor that she was anything but the bold, bad woman of the films, who had left in her trail a wreck of lives and homes. It was as if she were saying: "I'd like to play Mary Pickford parts, but *they* won't let me."

Who were "they?" Stories conflict on this point. Miss Bara once told Karl Witchen a little of her true self. Perhaps, for the sage of her screen reputation she should not have been so frank. But she spoke straight from her heart.

"I don't want to vamp anyone," she said. "This vamp stuff was started by a press agent called Goldfrappe, when I made my first appearance in 'A Fool There was.' He called me 'The Soulmate of the Devil,' and the title stuck. He started a flock of lies about me. Told how I was born within two blocks of the Sphinx, when I was never nearer Egypt than an Egyptian cigarette."

Then the fatal confession.

Life Romance

"I was born in Cincinnati, into a perfectly good Jewish family. But I have read so many lies about myself that I hardly know the truth any more. My manager and my press agent have treated me like a freak in a circus side-show."

Before telling the true story of Theda Bara, and revealing the simplicity and sincerity of the extraordinarily misrepresented woman, a tribute is due the fantastic mind which wove that fabric of fallacies. The attempt to make stars has been a popular pastime in the movies, but it was never so successful as in her case. When "A Fool There Was" was made, motion pictures were just clambering upon the ledge between the crnditis of the early single reelers, and the splendid patomimic spectacles of to-day. "A Fool There was" drove its point with a firmness and directness which surprised picturegoers. Furthermore, it was a play appealing to the passions, in direct contrast to the present photoplay, which has veered straightly from such crude efforts to win popular success.

Fans will recall the curiosity they evinced as to the origin of this new star—for Theda Bara played with force and sincerity in that old picture. They were told, and they believed, that she had been an actress at the Theatre Antoine, in Paris. They wanted to know more of her and into the crucible of the press went many statements, none of which bore the slightest resemblance to truth. Nor was an attempt made to stick consistently to untruths.

The public was told, for instance, that Theda Bara's mother was an Italian, and that she had married an Arabian sheik, who had carried her off in her youth, and that Theda was born on the desert, whence she was transported to France. On another occasion, an interviewer remarked that Theda possessed a Bourbon nose.

"Ah, yes," Theda was said to have replied, "my mother is descended from the Bourbons."

Then Theda's mother became a Swiss woman, of royal blood, a refugee from justice. Or, when Theda was discussing antique Italian jewelry, an Italian woman, who possessed jewels from the days of the Venetian Doges. Nationality meant nothing so far as that fiendish press agent was concerned. One press notice declared that Theda was the daughter of a beautiful Russian woman, and the grand-daughter of a charming Russian actress whose fame had been borne through the courts of Europe.

To try to delve beneath this mass of fantasies is a tremendously difficult task. Those who were involved in the creation of this tissue of fancy will not relate their tactics.

As Theda herself admitted, she soon came to believe the fallacies about herself. She had to play the game. On the occasion of her return from Europe recently, a reporter followed Theda into the customs house, where a declaration was required.

"Any jewels?" asked the inspector.

"I really don't know," Theda languorously replied. "You'll have to look in my jewel box."

Charles Brabin

Similar mystery has attended her marriage. The public hardly knows whether to believe that she is married to Charles J. Brabin or not. The truth is that she is now Mr. Brabin's wife, and has been for some time. But mystery seems to envelope Theda as if she really was a daughter of the Sphinx. Perhaps the public preferred to believe the story of a few years ago, when it was said that Theda had signed a contract which forbade her to marry during its duration of three years, that she was always to appear veiled in public, that she was never to use the street cars, elevated or the subway, etcetera.

But Theda is married and happily married. Such has been the evident truth to those who attend the Metropolitan opera season, where she and her husband are often to be seen.

The stories of Theda Bara's childhood are equally shrouded in mystery. One tale relates that her father was honorably employed in the central railroad station in Cincinnati, over a period of years. Another tells that he was a tailor by trade, and that his daughter, now the famous Theda Bara, was a milliner's assistant in the department store known as Pogue's, at the corner of Fifth and Race Street. According to this ccount, Theda lived in a suburb of Cincinnati, between Ivorydale and Wyoming, and she worked in the same store from which Trixie Friganza graduated into stagedom and fame. Theda has been in this case endowed with a family which included Dora, who was a saleslady, Harry, a brother, who was a paperhanger hy trade, and a father, named Benjamin. The court records at the time of her family change of name, as reported above, disagree with this story, bnt a disagreement over questions of fact apparently is inconsequential in the life history of Theda Bara.

Similarly, as to how Theda Bara became a picture actress, controversy exists. How did she? Likewise about her husband. Who is her husband, Charles Brabin? And why has she forsaken the screen? These and other questions will be answered in the concluding article of this story, next week.

CONFESSIONS OF CONVICT 10482

(*Continued from page 24*)

"Quite correct, my dear Harry, quite correct. It was becoming so intolerable that I had to come to Europe to get a rest. Wealth has become a most impossible burden to me. The reputation of being a captain of industry entails many irritations and worries. I almost wish I were poor and compelled to labor for a living."

The "royal donkey pikers" (the "con" man's definition of a boob) were swallowing this bunk and gulping for more. They were enthused beyond expression. They were hungry for a chance to invest their money with the two "American Financial Wizards."

Several days after the dinner the "brick" arrived in the form of five or six nuggets that were supposed to have come out of the Big Bear mine in Arizona. At a dinner in the apartments of the Prince in the Hotel De La Mediterranean some time after, the nuggets were exhibited to the prospects. They were thrilled. They had never seen anything like it before. Pure, raw gold—right from the mine. It was all over but the shouting. They wanted to give me their checks right then and there.

"No," I said, "my dear friends, I am not able to take your money just yet awhile. I haven't heard from my New York office. I do not know the status of the Big Bear investments to date. You will have to wait a few days longer. Be patient for a few days, please. Possibly I shall be able to do something for you. I am leaving for Paris in the morning to be gone for a few days. When I return I may have some real news for each and every one of you."

Ready for "Blow-Off"

The next day Al and I went to Paris, where he had in a safety deposit box some phoney (no good, fictitious) Big Bear bonds. After spending a day or two hitting the high spots in the night life of Paris, we returned to Nice prepared to make the "blow off" (the finish, collecting the dough).

I organized a party of the suckers for a trip to Monte Carlo, on which I told them that I had received word from my New York office that two hundred and fifty thousand dollars of the Big Bear stock was ready for sale.

They couldn't restrain themselves; they were overjoyed. I told them they could settle for the stock at their leisure, knowing, of course, that they would pay for it when I delivered the bonds. Had they taken me at my word and deferred payment, I should have thrown a Brodie. This is one of the things that the "con" man must do to instill confidence in his "marks." Any anxiety to collect the "dough" might arouse suspicion. This is what is known as the "clincher," it never fails to work and it didn't fail in this case, for the Prince spoke up, saying:

"Not at all, Meester Harrington, you shall have your money at once." They all echoed his sentiments, God bless them, and upon our return to Nice they all presented their checks—the Prince for fifty thousand, and Mr. David, Mr. De Montreville and the Duke for the same amount. Two hundred thousand cold berries.

After I had the checks in my pocket I said to them: "Now, gentlemen. it will probably be two months or more before I get back to New York. In the meantime, I want to take a run over into Switzerland for a few weeks. From there I think I'll go to Italy, or possibly Spain. It has occurred to me that it would be a mighty nice thing if you all could arrange to join me as my guest on the return trip back to the United States. I should be delighted to have you and if you say the word I will make the reservations, but, understand me, only on the condition that you go as my guests, I foot all the bills." Of course I had no intentions of doing such a thing. This was merely a "con" routine to bolster up their feeling of absolute security.

"Lovely," said the Princess.

"Wonderful," said the Duke.

"That is too much," said Mr. David.

"I shall be charmed to make the trip," said Mr. De Montreville.

"Not at all, Mr. David," replied Al, "we shall be very glad to have you with us. You have treated us quite charmingly during our stay here. I only hope that I shall be able to reciprocate half as charmingly when you come to our country. France is certainly the home of hospitality."

"Then it is agreed, gentlemen," I asked, "that you are going to make the return trip with me?" They all consented. We lingered around Nice four or five days longer, then pulled out after the Princess had given a farewell reception in our honor which was attended only by our "investors." It was understood that we were to return to Nice three or four days before sailing time.

We went direct to Paris, where we put the checks through the bank and collected on them.

Our next stop was London. I wanted to see how the Aurophone was doing. It was not "doing" at all. It had developed into a complete "frost," and in addition to that I learned that Scotland Yard was looking for Al and me. Exits were in order so we beat it back to Paris again.

"Listen to me," said Al, "you can do as you like, I am on my way out of this country for good. It's time to go to the hay when those dicks (detectives) from Scotland Yard get on your trail. Those birds will follow you until they go stone blind. Come on, let's go, pal, while the going is good."

"Don't get excited, Al," I replied, "you've got 'dicks' on the mind. Let's play around Paris for a few days, then we will hop a boat for home."

There is no city in the world that compares with Paris. There is something in the Parisian atmosphere that seems to grip one's very soul and precipitate one into the bowels of riotous debauchery. This something, whatever it is, gets in one's blood and then there is no rest.

The English have realized this for years and years, and it has been a common belief among the women of England that a married man should not be permitted to go to Paris without his wife. Some few have tried it, so I am told, with a fair degree of success. I know of one man of fine repute who was a model husband in every sense of the word and in whom his wife had infinite faith, who did go without her much to his subsequent regret. His wife's intuition told her all was not well so the third night after his departure for purely precautionary purposes she sent him the following telegram: "Remember you are a married man," and the answer she received was: "Your wire received, dear, but it came too late."

Three weeks of it nearly killed Al and me. I got enough and saw enough in those three weeks to do me for the rest of my life. "Enough of what?" you may ask. Enough of everything. Sin, color, romance, sensation, revelry, mirth, dissipation, wine, song. Heaven Hell and Purgatory!

Paris gives you anything that you may ask for. It has no limitations. The sky is the limit. Go as far as you like the higher you go, the better they like it. You pay when you go up and pay when you come down. *Comprenez-vous?*

"By God," said Al, "I've got to get away from this burg before I go daffy? Isn't this a terrible city? It furnishes everything from soup to nuts. On the level, Harry, I am a wreck."

Warrant for Arrest

We sailed from Havre a few days later for New York. The voyage straightened us up after the Paris siege.

A few hours after we landed in New York I ascertained that the Post Office Inspectors were on my trail for using the mails for fraudulent purposes. The Aurophone offices in Broad Street had been closed by the Police and the Post Office Department. Among the two months accumulation of mail at the Hotel Knickerbocker was a letter from Toronto announcing the death of my mother. She had been buried while I was abroad.

I was heartbroken, stunned beyond description, life now seemed empty and meaningless.

As I sat in my luxurious apartment at the Knickerbocker in a dumb reverie of deep sorrow and poignant anguish, there came a knock on my dor. "Come in," I shouted. Two men entered and exclaimed:

"We are from Detective Headquarters and have a warrant for your arrest. Put on your coat and come with us."

(*Continued next week*)

MOVIE NOOZ IN A NUTSHELL
EDITED BY-Politzer
CECIL B. DE MILLE IS PRODUCING PICTURE CALLED "SATURDAY NIGHT." - YOU'RE WRONG! — NO BATHING BEAUTIES IN IT!!
WELCOME TO BROADWAY!
VIVIAN MARTIN
ELSIE FERGUSON
WILL ROGERS
LOWELL SHERMAN
OLGA PETROVA JOINS THE GALAXY OF SCREEN CELEBRITIES APPEARING BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.
CAUGHT YER WITH TH' GOODS!!
EDNA WHEATON, PRIZE WINNER OF A RECENT MOVIE CONTEST IS SUED FOR DIVORCE.
BETTY COMPSON IS PRACTICING JUGGLING FOR HER NEWEST STARRING VEHICLE, "THE NOOSE"
'MEMBER ICHABOD CRANE & THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN?"
"THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW" IS COMING TO THE MOVIES. YEAH!, RECALL READIN' IT AT SCHOOL?

"Marriage and Movies Do Not Mix," Says Ruth Roland

Heart To Heart Talks With Men

UPON reading this title, many blase persons whose literary diet includes as an entree the daily press, will snort derisively and query, "Do oil and water mix?" or "Are dynamite and a lighted match regarded as a safe and sane combination?" Yet to say that in all cases marriage and movies dot not mix is untrue and quite absurd. Quite the contrary, many such marriages are very happy affairs.

But it must be admitted that there are also many, many cases where the condition is decidedly the reverse. With a fan-fare of trumpets, a movie star advances to the altar, and the newspapers carry a charming story embellished with photographs of a church interior. Then, perhaps only a few months later, the same star advances to the public gaze—but this time the trumpets play "Taps" over another good romance gone wrong, the pictures in the daily press are of the interior of a courtroom, and the accompanying story is not quite so idyllic.

What is responsible? The question may best be answered by asking another one—"Why is a star?" In the case of feminine stars, we usually find unusual beauty and grace, of course, but also a strong and distinct personality—a personality that embraces intense feelings, a vivid ego and high artistic temperament. These are the very characteristics which attracted the husband in the first place. Yet, failure to understand them usually results in these very same qualities being the cause of marital unhappiness a short time later.

One reads almost daily of the mating of cinema, opera or dramatic stars with staid business chaps who are fascinated and dazzled with their good fortune in winning such "dreams" of youth, grace and beauty—not to mention their world-wide fame. The majority of these matches fail and, though he may not realize it, the fault is usually with the husband.

The star returns home from the studio or "location," or maybe from a long weary rehearsal of opera or drama. The husband may be tired too, but his is more the regular commercial regime which, no matter how arduous, cannot possibly make such terrific demands on his emotions and nerves as does the work of his star-wife. However, he expects when he gets home to be welcomed with sparkling vivacity—the sort that won his heart, forgetting that acting is not play—

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In her latest "Heart to Heart Talks With Men," Ruth Roland discusses matrimony and motion pictures. It is a subject of peculiar interest to "Movie Weekly" at this time. In our December 17th issue, we published an exclusive story of Constance Talmadge's forthcoming divorce. Next week we print the story of Alice Brady and James Crane. Neither of these articles is analytical, except to show the stamina of the character of the stars. Miss Roland's article analyzes matrimony and the movies from the viewpoint of the cool, matter-of-fact single-bliss star. She emphasizes several negative facts, with which our readers may not agree. We invite comment on this article. The outstanding letters from our readers, expressing their opinion of Miss Roland's article, will be run in a forthcoming issue of the magazine. Come one, come all.*

and does he get it? Well, not so that you could notice it!

Even a star, you know, cannot always scintillate to order. Consequently, the tired business man eventually decides that "marriage is a failure." And it *is* a failure in his case, simply because he has chosen a wife with intense interests of her own which are difficult for him to understand and appreciate. Nine times out of ten, possibly, such alliances end unhappily. The occasional exceptions only go to prove the rule.

But why, then, are marriages often a failure when both husband and wife are picture players? Because of anyone of a number of reasons.

A couple of ambitions youngsters, both "in pictures," get married. At first, the rose-covered bungalow, the household pets and the real garden, with its strawberries and orange trees, make their little home seem a veritable "Heaven on earth" sort of affair. Then, inevitably, one or the other of the newlyweds is sent away "on location" for certain scenes, to be gone for weeks in many instances.

It may be only up in the high Sierras or out on the desert for a few weeks, or again it may entail a trip of several months' duration to the South Sea Islands or abroad—it is just as the producers and director may decide, and the player can never be sure one week even the country which may harbor him the next. These inevitable long separations begin at length to pall on the young couple. Absence is said to make the heart grow fonder—but, after all, *does* it?

The husband or wife who is unavoidably left behind, becomes lonely—terribly lonely—and to seek amusement and consolation is only human, particularly in the case of youth. Then, first thing they know, what started out as merely a harmless pastime to while away the tedious hours of waiting, has gone too far, and presto!—the divorce courts.

Or again, the happy pair may seem at first to be about on the same level intellectually. However, time proves that one of the two is too easeloving and indifferent to study to advance very far in his or her chosen art, while the other is working passionately and striving ever for a splendidly successful career. Such loss of ambition is all too common among young people in the picture game whose start has given every hope for a brilliant success. In California, it seems often to be a case of "too much sunshine"—or even "moonshine" occasionally.

The inevitable result is that the worker goes ahead in great strides, getting better contracts and winning bigger successes all the time, while the drone stands still. Petty jealousies and endless bickerings enter, and again the divorce courts receive an addition to their clientele.

Happy marriages among film folk *do* exist, but it is usually found in such cases that the wife has retired from the screen, or that the husband has given up his acting activities and become a director. In the few instances where both continue before the camera and yet manage to preserve a happy home life, it is usually found that both are stars of equal rank; that they are both so sincerely in love with their profession and each other that petty quarrels are almost an impossibility.

Personally, I have always believed and maintained that Marriage is an Art, and that the Movies are also an Art. I may be wrong, but I do not believe that a star can mix the two arts and attain any very great success in either. If a woman is to make her marriage a real success to it must go most of her time and thought—and the same is no less true of a motion picture career of the highest type. Consequently, in my opinion, Marriage and Movies do *not* mix.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS

(*Continued from page* 20)

BILLIE R.—Charles Ray is 30 years old. He is six feet in height and weighs 170 pounds. Eugene O'Brien celebrated his 37th birthday November 14th. He claims the best birthday present he received was some jelly which came from his mother in Iowa. No, he is not married. He says his mother is his sweetheart. And we'll say he's some devoted son.

EDITH CLEVELAND—Justine Johnstone was a Ziegfeld Follies beauty before she entered the land of films. She played in "A Heart to Let." Harrison Ford played the lead opposite her. Yes, Ralph Graves is married. Crawford Kent was born in London. Address him at Lambs Club, N. Y.

PINTO—No doubt you know that that is the name of Wm. S. Hart's horse. Ralph Lewis is very well-known on the screen as the irate father. He played in "The Conquering Power." George O'Hara is the young man to who you refer. He has had quite a number of roles in Mack Sennett comedies.

DELMAH—Jack Mulhall is 5 feet 11 inches in height. Priscilla Dean is married to Wheeler Oakman. George Stewart is Anita's brother. Douglas Fairbanks is 38 years old.

CLARA G.—Charlie Ray's latest picture is "Two Minutes To Go." Oh, speaking of Charlie he has arrived in New York. It is the first time he has ever been here. Alice Brady's latest production is "Hush Money." Niles Welch is 32 years old and is married to Dell Boone, has medium brown hair and blue eyes.

BARBARA W.—Leatrice Joy played Bunty in "Bunty Pulls the String." Dorothey Dalton's next picture will be "Lost Valley."

BEATRICE LEE—Bryant Washburn was born in Chicago, 1889. Mildred Harris is 20 years old. She has not married since her divorce from Charles Chaplin. Thomas Meighan's latest picture is "A Prince There Was." His leading lady was Mildred Harris. Alice Terry of "Four Horsemen" fame is 19 years old.

HAPPY—I really can't tell you whether Pearl White is going to make any more serials, but it is said that Ruth Roland is taking her place in that line. Ruth is very daring and has recently been hurt twice while in the acting of filming a scene from her latest serial.

BAYSIDE—Yes, Douglas Fairbanks has decided to let his mustache stay on. He does look nice with it, don't you think? Florence Vidor is the wife of King Vidor. They have one daughter. Florence is 26 years old. Her latest picture is "Hail the Woman." Gladys Walton is 5 feet ½ inches in height and weighs 113 pounds.

GILDA BERESTYNE—Yes, "The Two Orphans" is still in the making. The Gish sisters have the two leading roles.

DICK—Ann May is 20 years old. She played opposite Charles Ray in "Peaceful Valley." Wanda Hawley's latest picture is "Her Face Value." Hawley is her marriage name. Her name before she married I. B. Hawley was Wanda Petite. Conrad Nagel is married to Ruth Helms.

GLORIA—Norma Talmadge's latest production is "The Wonderful Things." She is 24 years old. Here are the addresses you ask for Edward J. Burns, 1835 Whitley Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.; Rudolph Cameron, Anita Stewart Productions, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles; Sorry I do not know Pola Negri's address, but send your letter to Berlin and the post office official there will undoubtedly find her. Charles Ray, Charles Ray Productions, 1425 Fleming Street, Los Angeles, Cal.; Marjorie Daw, 6609 St. Frances Court, Los Angeles, Cal.; Katherine MacDonald Film Corporation, 904 Girard Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

CONNIE TEMPLE—Charles Murray has red hair. He is 49 years old. Wheeler Oakman is married to Priscilla Dean. Eugene O'Brien is 37 years old. Phyllis Haver is 22 years old. She is still in Mack Sennett comedies.

LESLEY CARTER—Kenneth Harlan is again leading man for Constance Talmadge in her latest picture "Good For Nothing." No, he did not appear opposite her in "Wedding Bells." That was Harrison Ford.

G. B. T.—Certainly I shall be delighted to end the argument in your family. Eric Von Stroheim and Wallace Beery are not the same. They are two distinct, separate individuals, and as far as I can see, they do not even resemble each other. However, you are right about "The Golden Snare." Wallace Beery played an important role in this picture.

ARTHUR B. C.—Edward J. Burns is 26 years old. He has brown hair and blue eyes. His latest appearance is with Katherine MacDonald in "The Woman's Side." He has an important role in "Idle Hands," the picture in which George Arliss will soon be seen.

HARRIETT—Richard Barthelmess and Marjorie Daw had the leading roles in "Experience." As far as I know, this is the only picture in which Edna Wheaton appeared.

PHILLIP—The girl who played the lead in "What Do Men Want?" is Claire Windsor. Yes, I agree with you, she is very attractive. They do say that Charlie Chaplin also agrees with you and me in thinking her quite enchanting.

ERNO—Irene Rich plays the part of Mrs. Holt in "Poverty of Riches." Grace Donaldson is played by Louise Lovely. Mabel Normand has returned to the screen in a Mack Sennett comedy drama "Molly O" in which picture she does some of her best work on the screen.

MABEL Y.—David Winter made his screen debut in "Trust Your Wife" opposite Katherine MacDonald. Wyndham Standing was born in London, England, in 1880. He has been making pictures since 1899. He is 6 feet 1 inch in height, has brown hair and gray eyes.

LEONORA—James Kirkwood is in London at present. He is shortly to appear in "The Man From Home," most of the exteriors of which are being made in Italy. You have a treat in store for you if you have not seen "The Three Musketeers," as it is said to be the best picture ever made by Douglas Fairbanks.

WALENTA—Norma Talmadge's next picture will be "Love's Redemption" most of the scenes of which are in Jamaica. Mabel Normand has brown hair with decided reddish tints, and big brown eyes. Her latest picture is "Molly O."

CADET—It is Mrs. George Arliss who plays the role of the wife of "Disraeli" in the famous picture of that title. She played the role in the stage presentation of "Disraeli."

SPARKS FROM THE STARS — ENTER, LEADING LADY — By Hubbell Reed McBride

Snappy Comment on Current Plays

"The Lotus Eater" (*Marshall Neilan Production—Associated First National*)
John Barrymore has done many better pictures, but this one is pleasing in a popular style. Although it abounds in trite situations, they are put together in a way that makes the whole picture rather novel. Some of the satirical bits are delightful. The star is ably supported by Colleen Moore, Anna Q. Nilsson and Wesley Barry.

"Our Mutual Friend" (*Wid Gunning, Inc.*)
If you are a lover of Dickens, you will like this picture; if not, you may like it anyhow. It is Dickens' own characters brought to life by the most finished directing; the director, however, is anonymous. Catherine Reese as the heroine, takes one's breath away with her beauty.

"For Those We Love" (*Goldwyn*)
Betty Compson and Lon Chaney head a good cast in this human story of small-town life. The theme is the redemption of four crooks by a girl who also covers her brother's theft. Director Arthur Rosson makes this a most convincing story with an emotional appeal and real people straight from life.

"Molly O" (*Mack Sennett—Asso. First Nat'l*)
Mabel Normand is again "at bat" in this latest Mack Sennett comedy-drama. The comedy is good, the drama unreal, but the laughs cover up the plot absurdities. The film is weakened by its failure to end when the ending has logically been reached. The story is a variation of the Cinderella theme, wherein Molly, the washwoman's daughter, finds her wealthy prince. Mabel Normand is delightful as Molly and Jack Mulhall is a too sedate hero.

"The Bonnie Brier Bush" (*Paramount*)
Donald Crisp is a great director—he can take a plot as time-worn as this and make of it a pleasing picture! Here we have all the old hokum: the earl's son who loves the shepherd's daughter, the high-born lady he is expected to marry, with all the customary complications. But this picture, made in England, is so redolent of heather and Scotch atmosphere that it seems both refreshing and new.

"Ladies Must Live" (*Mayflower—Paramount*)
George Loane Tucker's last production was ished under the stress of illness, so it is not surprising that it should fall short of "The Miracle Man." The story, by Alice D. Miller, presents the lives of four women and proves the falsity of marriage for money. Betty Compson is featured, with a strong supporting cast.

"Cheated Hearts" (*Universal*)
Herbert Rawlinson's newest film is explained by the title. Two sweethearts are kept apart for four reels by various devices and brought together for a final clinch. All Director Hobart Henley's ingenuity cannot suffice to make a convincing film of such absurd situations. Its only punch lies in a thrilling fight scene. Marjorie Daw is an appealing heroine.

"The Call of the North" (*Paramount*)
Jack Holt's first stellar picture does not give him the best material to work with. It is extremely conventional, the love affair between a man and a girl whose fathers had quarreled. The motivation is poorly worked out. Joseph Henaberry directed the production, from a story by Stewart Edward White.

"School Days" (*Harry Rapf—Warner Bros.*)
Wesley Barry does his best work in this picture—and it's *some* picture. No plot, just a series of incidents, with Wesley to put them across. William Nigh directed the picture, which Gus Edwards wrote. Hurrah for both of them—and Wesley!

"Trailin'" (*Fox*)
Tom Mix fans will enjoy him in this, a slightly different role as an Eastern millionaire's son. But he goes West and has plenty of chance to perform all his tricks in his pursuit of the man who killed his father. Eva Novak has an exciting time as the leading lady.

Faults in Films $1 Prize Contest

In "The Wonderful Thing," featuring Norma Talmadge. Harrison Ford writes a note to the inn-keeper and dates it Friday, June 13, 1921. June 13, 1921 fell on a Monday in Maryland, and not on a Friday.

GERTRUDE HOLLMAN,
115 N. Luzerne Avenue,
Baltimore, Md.

In the picture entitled "The Man Who," with Bert Lytell, I notice that after the Armistice is signed Bert returns to his position in the bank. He counts the days on the calendar on which was the month of March, 1918. And the Armistice was signed on November 11, 1918.

SIDNEY B. KATES,
135 Pine Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

In "The Girl From Nowhere," Elaine Hammerstein goes to a fancy dress ball and wears a white wig. She arrives home before her husband, and goes to her room. He comes home later and catches a burglar, who has stolen something from another house. Elaine hears the noise, and runs out of her room still wearing the white wig. She goes downstairs, and as soon as she reaches the hall, her hair is as black as the ace of spades and perfectly arranged.

G. M. JONES,
1728 West 12th Street,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Disraeli" is supposed to be a story of the nineteenth century, yet, Margaret Dale, who plays the part of a spy, wears a pair of 1921 style sandals.

ROSE GOTTLIEB,
609 Oak Terrace,
Bronx, New York.

In "The Golem," the Rabbi is seen praying without wearing a hat. One of the rules of the Jewish religion is that all men praying must wear hats or skull caps. Also in this same picture the Rabbi is seen closing the prayer book from left to right instead of right to left, which is the correct way.

LILLIAN WINNER,
768 Tinton Avenue,
Bronx, N. Y.

Between Reels

No, Aloysius, J. L. Frothingham's "The Ten Dollar Raise" isn't an epic concerning the great American pastime of Poker.

* * *

Nor has Goldwyn's "Wet Gold" anything to do with the activities of the bootlegging fraternity.

* * *

And now Paramount presents the delightfully paradoxical title, "The Wise Fool." What next—"Dry Water," or "Silent Thunder?"

* * *

Universal announces that Eric Von Stroheim's "Foolish Wives" has cost a little over a million dollars so far. Many American husbands of said F. W.'s will glance mournfully at their depleted check books and tell the world that Eric got off cheap at that.

* * *

In a recent magazine article, Katharine MacDonald advises all budding Venuses to follow her example and never have artificial heat in the room, regardless of what the temperature may be. Which sounds very Spartan and heroic until one remembers that Katharine is a year-round resident of Southern California.

* * *

Universal is going to present Marie Prevost in "The Girl Who Knew All About Men." After Von Stroheim's "Foolish Wives" and Maurice Tourneur's "Foolish Matrons," it's high time some chivalrous producer was coming to the defense of the feminine intellect.

* * *

Inspired possibly by Rex Ingram's "Hearts Are Trumps," Goldwyn promptly came out with "The Ace of Hearts." Sydney Chaplin is already showing "King, Queen and Joker," Charles Ray has made "The Deuce of Spades," Vance presented "The Trey of Hearts" some little time ago, and now Metro announces May Allison in "The Last Card." Well, we ought to have a full deck pretty soon.

* * *

It has reached the place where when we see a dam on the screen now, we at once cast an eye around for the dynamite which we know must be somewhere handy. The reason for such a condition is entirely beyond our struggling intelligence, but there is apparently something about the very sight of a dam site which inspires villainous actors with an awful and uncontrollable desire to blow it up—an urge much like when you see a dog you involuntarily pat it on the head. Oh, well, the explosion gives the hero a little excitement during the last reel.

* * *

Nor yet again is Paramount's "Extravagance" a sequel to Carter De Haven's "The Girl in the Taxi."

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I want to tell you how delighted I am to have found a way to learn music. I shall sing the praises of your school to every one I meet.—*Susan J. Almy, 500 W. 144th St., New York.*

I am more than satisfied with the lessons. They are much better than a private teacher. I certainly admire the way you take pains to explain everything in them. I wouldn't go back to my private teacher if I were paid to.—*Julian L. Piccat, Stepney, Conn.*

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Hints to Scenario Writers

by Jeanie Macpherson

Special Scenario Writer for Cecil De Mille.

STUDY your subject before you start to write!

This is just as important if you are writing about a matrimonial problem as it is if you are writing an historical drama.

A surprisingly large number of the scenarios submitted to scenario editors every day show an alarming ignorance of the subject about which the writer has constructed a story. This ignorance is due in a large measure to the attitude of so many amateur writers who believe that scenarios can be written by anyone with the minimum amount of work.

That's why study of methods and technique is so important. And granting these details are mastered there comes the further need of familiarizing oneself with the subject matter about which you plan to write.

I have never written a screen story that has not required more time for the acquisition of data than it did to write. In some instances twice or three times as much time was devoted to mastering the facts before I set pen to paper.

An instance of this is to be found in "Joan the Woman." We—Mr. De Mille and I—have been criticized many times for the alleged liberty with fact which we are supposed to have taken. These charges are untrue. There is not a single incident in the story of "Joan the Woman" that isn't backed up by historical fact. I know because I spent months reading every line that has been printed regarding the famous Maid of Orleans.

Critics pointed out that Joan never had a love affair; that no man ever loved her. If these same critics had taken the same trouble to learn the facts they would not have made that criticism. As a matter of fact, Joan had a boyhood lover whom she considered marrying before she was called to her greater mission.

Nor is the necessity for a complete knowledge of the facts restricted to the historical drama. The need is just as great or greater in dealing with matters of everyday occurrence. Nine out of ten people may not be in a position to question the facts regarding the life of Joan d'Arc, but a full ten out of every ten people will be able to criticize modern problems and facts because all the world is familiar with these facts.

Therefore, it behooves the writer to have these facts correct and beyond criticism. To be a really successful scenario writer it is almost necessary to be a jack of all trades and a walking encyclopedia of information. But it will suffice if the writer makes it his or her business to really know what is being written at that particular moment.

The most interesting question of the week answered by Jeanie Macpherson

Question: (1) Is there any responsible party to whom I can go for help with my scenario, or is it feasible to send an unfinished story to a pro-

Roscoe Arbuckle Tells His Own Story

(*Continued from page* 19)

A Statement From August Fritze

Foreman, Arbuckle Jury

I believe it is foly ever to have women and men on the same jury, as there is no justice for the people, the defendant in the case, of the jury.

The ten members of the jury who voted on the last ballot for acquittal felt that they voted on the evidence, fully considering it all. One of the two in the minority, Mrs. Hubbard, refused to consider the evidence from the beginning and said, at the opening of the proceedings, that she would cast her ballot and would not change it until hell froze over. The other, Thomas Kilkenny, was fluctuating, sometimes casting a blank ballot, sometimes voting for the defense, and sometimes for the prosecution.

Considering all the evidence, it seemed to us that the prosecution's case was an insult to the intelligence of the jury. It asked us to substitute conjecture for facts, without showing what has been done, and asked us to guess what might have been done and to guess only one way.

Human liberty and American rights should depend, not upon guesses of anybody, but upon evidence.

The one feature of this case that filled some of us with disgust and surprise was that the presiding judge, Judge Harold Louderback, refrained from action or direct disapproval of Assistant District Attorney Milton U'Ren's address to the jury. Its language and instructions were indecent.

Why cannot a case be tried without shocking the proprieties? Morals surely should have some recognition in the courts, and certainly in the District Attorney's office, which is supposed to represent the people. There can be no excuse for coarseness and vulgarities verging on obscenities. This is particularly applicable where women sit upon juries.

MOVIE-IZED CLASSICS

Had Patrick Henry been a masculine movie star: "Give me my name in big type, or give me death!"

* * *

Had General Grant been employed in Century Comedies: "I intend to fight it out with this lion if it takes all Summer!"

* * *

Had Barbara Frietchie been a movie queen: "Shoot if you must this old gray head—but for the lovva Mike, make it a closeup!"

WHEN MOVIES ARE TALKIES

Pat: Sure an' you're laughin' at thim "Topics of the Day" Films on the screen. I thought you couldn't read.

Mike: Right you are, me boy, but the guy next to me is reading thim out loud.

* * *

"The Sheik" attracted so much attention in Chicago that a professor of psychology at Northwestern University requested his classes to visit the photoplay.

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* * *

... has no yearning.

* * *

... better than no eats.

* * *

...ber about conceit is the truth-... with defeat.

* * *

...k-up" often blow-up.

* * *

... things too quickly aspire fall ...to the fire.

* * *

... watch their step.

* * *

...e the quicker the hanging.

—Aesop's Film Fables."

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Helen Chadwick
PHOTO by CLARENCE S. BULL

THE EDITOR'S VIEWPOINT

Democrat Pleads for Federal Censorship

IN Washington, D. C., the question of Federal Censorship of motion pictures is one of the foremost now before the legislature.

There are many senators who do not want Federal censorship; there are many who do. Among the pros is Senator Myers, Democrat, from Montana. Perhaps there are those who will say that naturally a Democrat would work against pictures, inasmuch as the new head of the industry, Will Hays, is a Republican. However, let that be as it may.

Senator Myers harps on the fact that "we must protect our children from salacious pictures that are being shown on the screen today. Statistics gathered by the educators of the country show that while 17,000,000 boys and girls attend school, 20,000,000 attend the movies every day

". . . I am for the movies," the Senator concludes, "but I want good movies. I want the children of the country protected from these salacious scenes that poison their minds with mysterious passions. The only way to clean up the movies is to establish a Federal censorship."

WHICH IS THE WORST?

Which reminds us that over in Ohio the State Board of Censorship has banned the $1,000,000 Universal production of Von Stroheim's "Foolish Wives," from being shown in the State.

While here in New York, from published correspondence in the "Billboard" between Miss Marion Russell and Governor Miller, we glean interesting information concerning the way the New York censors went about making "Foolish Wives" the essence of purity for the New York public.

It seems that there was so much cutting to do on this picture that the censors found it impossible to accomplish the necessary slashing before the picture's widely advertised opening at a Broadway theatre. Miss Russell complained to the Governor that several objectionable scenes remained in the picture, even though it had the official seal of approval from the Board of Censorship.

The Governor immediately communicated with his Board and received a prompt reply from Commissioner Mrs. Helen May Hosmer explaining that they permitted the picture to run because "the opening had been widely advertised and at much expense."

She goes on to say that six days after the picture's Broadway opening "all eliminations had been made as ordered by the commission."

Whereupon Miss Russel expostulates with the Board's methods to ask: "Why should the commission grant favors which interfere with the proper performance of duty? And by what right does the censor consider the expense of any producer?"

Personally, we are prone to pat these censors on the back for so concretely evincing humane traits!

But don't you see, Friend Reader, what a producer is up against when his pictures must be shown to various State Censorship Boards before he is permitted to release them to theatre managers in the States where Censorshp is established?

In our opinion, Federal Censorship is the least of the two censorship evils. A producer who turns his pictures over to a Federal Board of Censorship will be happy in the knowledge that at all events they will be slashed only once, not continually by different State Boards.

What do you think?

EDUCATION VIA THE EYES

Along comes a statement from an educational expert claiming that eighty-seven per cent of the average person's education is acquired through the eyes.

Until recent years, the expert narrates, knowledge could be transmitted to the brain through the sense of sight only by reading printed type, traveling, or watching instructive happenings.

In possibilities, the movie is scores of times more powerful than any of these. The possibilities so far have been largely neglected. A sign of progress is the growing demand that movies be made instructive as well as entertaining.

Moving picture films, prognosticates the educational expert, will be the slates, blackboards and textbooks of future schools.

And remember the statistics already quoted on this page: there are 20,000,000 children going to motion pictures; only 17,000,000 going to school.

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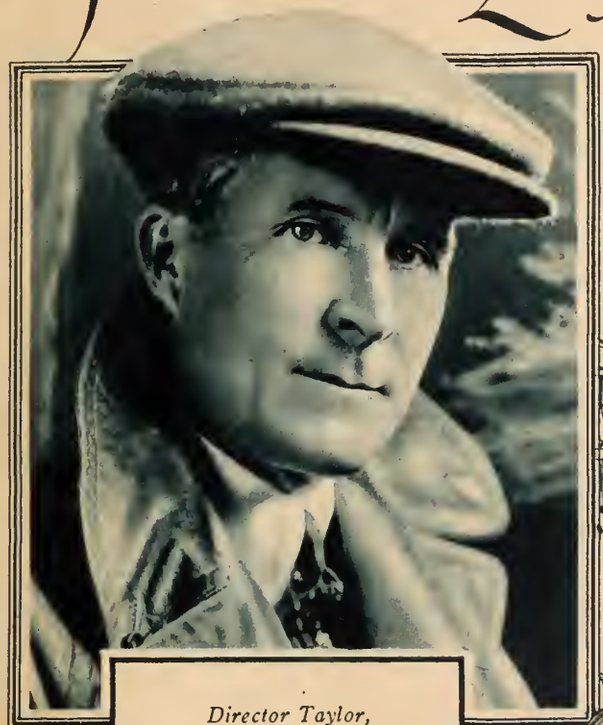
The Colorful and Romantic Story of Wm. D. Taylor's Remarkable Life



Director Taylor, featured Paramount director

Ex-Captain Taylor just before sailing for service overseas with the Canadian Army.

Written exclusively for Movie Weekly by a man who knew Taylor well.

by Truman B. Handy

Ready to start for work at the Lasky Studios

ONE of the most colorful, romantic careers in the motion picture colony—a life as redolent with "atmosphere," brilliance and adventure as that of any novelistic hero—was cut short when an assassin's bullet ended the life of William Desmond Taylor, the director.

Irish student, actor, engineer, Kansas ranchman, Klondike miner, art store proprietor, sportsman, director of photoplays and soldier in the World War was he.

He dared the deepest, fullest experiences of life. Profound in its searchings, broad and sweeping in its range, courageous in its intimate contacts, his life history recounts the free, glorious adventures of a crusader in quest of an ideal—romance.

And yet, while Taylor lived, he remained a grey man who subdued the brilliant color of his career into the most somber of hues. He was not a so-called man of mystery, yet even his friends cannot remember having heard him sing of the glories of the past.

For he lived quietly, without affectation; steeped in the study of books; engrossed in the art of his work at the film studio. His desire to bury the dim shadows of his early life seemed paramount.

He had even changed his name. And, taking no one into his fullest confidence, he lived in semi-reclusion.

Yet he stands as romantic a character as either D'Artagnan or Napoleon, although when he lived he was a second *John Ferguson*—a man of dignity, integrity and careful self-repression.

Even Taylor's childhood was surrounded with romance, although at such a time he was not known as Taylor. It was a pseudonym that he adopted some years later—his stage name. He was born a Deane-Tanner.

The Deane-Tanner family is famous in Ireland. And, over it the hand of Fate seems to have hung heavily for generations. Records show that tragedy, violence, mystery followed the Deane-Tanners with peculiar uncanniness and marked each of the sons indelibly.

The Los Angeles director—murdered in his bachelor apartment—was the son of Major William Deane-Tanner, of County Cork. In the father there was the same gallantry, the same desire for adventure that epitomized the life of the son. He was a constant, strong opponent of Irish home-rule—an old-line aristocrat—and many were the speeches he made from Unionist platforms.

Yet, while his father was an aristocrat, Taylor—or, William Cunningham Deane-Tanner, as he was then known—was temperamentally a democrat.

As a child he was severely reprimanded by his father once for advocating democracy among the employees of Maj. Tanner's estate at Mallow, and when the stern parent once imposed a hardship upon young William's personal groom the youth surprised his family by announcing that hereafter he would attend to the full care of his horse himself.

Family tradition decreed that William would study either medicine or law or engineering. The youth, on the other hand, secretly rebelled. Once he threatened to join a company of strolling players. His father's influence was brought to bear, however, and he was returned to school.

Again, when Maj. Tanner discovered that his son was sponsoring an amateur theatrical "repertoire" company which comprised a group of Mallow's humble peasantry, he threatened to disinherit William if such unwonted actions were continued.

Then, for the first time, young Deane-Tanner tried to enlist in the British army. He was not exactly robust, however. The surgeons returned him to his home and told him he had a bad heart, and he secretly rebelled again and determined to live his own life as he chose.

(*Continued from page 8*)

An Intimate Story of the Gish

KENNETH · ALEXANDER PHOTO · ·

"Movie Weekly" presents herewith an authentic story of the fascinatingly interesting lives of the Gish sisters, Lillian and Dorothy. Theirs is a true romance of the stage, a tale of how two little children, who made their own way as child actresses, blossomed into talented motion picture stars. Of interviews with the Gishes there have been many. But of genuinely informative and detailed stories of their careers there have been none, heretofore. Few novels have had a theme so powerful as this tale of real life, in which two frail girls win honors and riches for themselves, unaided.

TO appreciate Lillian and Dorothy Gish, you have to meet them. And to appreciate their life stories you must hear it from their lips. Imagine then that you are sitting on a lounge in a sunny apartment room, facing Park Avenue, in New York. At your right, perched on a little chair is Lillian, just as slender, as wistfully beautiful as in any of the pictures in which you have seen her play. Opposite you, seated in a rocker, is Dorothy, vivacious, spirited Dorothy, who has made you laugh so many times with her quaint mannerisms. Lillian is poised, her voice clear, her speech even, balanced. Dorothy is too filled with exuberance, too nervously active, to be satisfied with saying one thing at a time. Words spurt from her, bump into one another. She laughs infectiously. She likes to tell stories, and tells them, one after another. Lillian supplies the details.

In the background stands Mrs. George Klatch, their lifelong friend, a widowed school teacher from Massillon, Ohio, their old home town. In an adjoining room lies their beloved mother, seriously ill. A tea-wagon stands before you. Mrs. Klatch pours. Lillian sips. Dorothy brings in some ice cream which she purchased at the corner drug store.

And they tell you their tale.

"We were born in Ohio, but I suppose you know that," Lillian begins. "I was born in Dayton . . ."

"And I was born in Springfield," Dorothy chimes in.

"But we always consider Massillon our home town. Ohioans always stick together. They have a sort of state consciousness. You never meet anyone you know in New York. And I don't know many people in Dayton. But when we walk down the street in Massillon, everyone speaks to us. That is why we always think of it as our home town.

"Mamma was a widow at twenty-three. It's pretty hard to be left alone in the world, with two small children, when you are only twenty-three, but that is the job that mamma had to undertake. So we were whisked off and out of Ohio and went on the stage, and that is all there is to it."

And that, in a few words, is all there was to it. But back of that brief statement lies the story. Lillian went to school for a while in Ohio, but when the possibilities of earning a livelihood by means of the stage had been explored, good fortune enabled the girls to make their start. That start is misty now with time, for they were very small children when they first appeared before the footlights.

"Let's see . . . My first play was 'In Convict's Stripes.' You know, that was the day of the good old melodrama, and every melodrama, no matter what it's story was about, had to have a stage child in it. So, by visiting the agents' offices often enough, we always had engagements."

"Tell the story about the dummy, dear," Dorothy suggested.

"Oh, yes, that's a good one. You see, I had never been on the stage before and I guess that was responsible for what happened. According to the story, I was supposed to be taken by the villain into the bottom of a well, and a fierce struggle was to take place between the villain and the hero on the stage. In the middle of the struggle, a charge of dynamite was to go off (supposedly, of course), and a dummy was to have been cast up out of the well.

"The stage director didn't want to frighten me, so in the rhearsals before the show opened, the dynamite was left out. But at the first

DOROTHY GISH AS SHE IS TODAY.

LILLIAN GISH and HER BELOVED MOTHER DEAR & PRECIOUSLY DEAR PICTURE to LILLIAN & the FIRST TIME IT HAS EVER BEEN PUBLISHED.

MATLINS PHOTO

Girls Triumphant Careers

performance the play went on, I was put in the well, the villain and the hero started to fight it out. And then the dynamite went off. Up went the dummy, and out went the child, both at the same time. I was so frightened by the unexpected explosion that I forgot all about cues, instructions and everything else. The audience had a hearty laugh, and the scene was the hit of the show."

But all was not humor in those days. Weeks and weeks of one-night stands made life interesting but arduous for the children. They slept wherever sleep overtook them. Lillian related how she once tumbled off to dreamland on a telegraph counter. But always, through all those years when they should have been playing, their mother watched over them.

"There never was such a mother before or since," Lillian put in. "When she fell ill last year we just didn't know what to do. She never quite realized that we had grown up. And it seems as though Mrs. Klatch was sent to us to take her place while she is ill."

"Yes," Dorothy added. "Mrs. Klatch needed us, and we needed her. Her life was broken up. Her husband, who was a lawyer in Massillon, died, and she had no one in the world to look to except ourselves. Since we asked her to come to us, she has been with us everywhere, on our trips, at our home. We just couldn't get along without her."

Dorothy pondered. "But we were always treated splendidly by the stage folks who knew us when we were children," she continued. "No matter how much they wanted to curse, they always kept profanity corked up when we were around. I remember one actor in whose company I played, who also acted as manager for the company. He had a furious temper and would often fly off into tantrums. I would hear him yelling at someone in his dressing room. Then I would knock. He would shout: 'Come in!' and although he would be boiling over he wouldn't say a word until I left. And as I walked away, I would hear him boiling over again.

"My particular sweetheart in those days was Fiske O'Hara, in whose company I played. He would always take me out to dinner on my birthday, and he promised he would marry me when I grew up. And I believed him. Then one day I learned he had been married. Mamma said I should go up to him and congratulate him, and I did. But you can imagine me going up and saying:

"'Mr. O'Hara, I—I wish you many happy returns of the day!' with tears in my voice. I really was all upset when he got married."

"You'd better say how old you were, Dorothy," Lillian suggested.

"Well," Dorothy confessed, "I was just seven years old then."

The girls were bubbling now with reminiscences of their days on the stage.

"I remember when mamma brought me a clipping in which they called me a clever little comedi-*an*," she said. "I didn't like that a bit; in fact, I cried about it."

"The funny thing about Dorothy is that she never was a comedienne," Lillian explained. "We used to call her 'Grandmother Gish' when she was a little tot, because she was so prim."

"Yes, folks think that I must be a funny person because I always play humorous roles," Dorothy went on. "But I'm not a bit like that in real life."

(*Continued on page 22*)

LILLIAN GISH DECLARED by MANY PEOPLE to BE OUR GREATEST EMOTIONAL ACTRESS

LILLIAN AS A WEE BIT OF A TOT SNAPPED IN HER NURSERY at MASSILLION OHIO

EVEN at THE AGE OF FIVE DOROTHY HAD A CERTAIN IMPISHLY SERIOUS EXPRESSION in HER EYES and AROUND HER MOUTH

ROCKWOOD PHOTO

LILLIAN and DOROTHY TWO VERY GROWN-UP YOUNG MISSES

Chewing Gum—Is It

The stars put the "spear" in the "mint", but

Wrigleyized by

FOREWORD:

"A man may have no bad habits—and have worse!"

That's what Mark Twain said once. So in this serious and penetrating investigation as to whether our favorite film stars have fallen victim to the great American vice, please bear kindly in mind the charitable reflection of the famous Twain.

MERCY! What a terrible question! Why, I wouldn't think of doing such a thing! Absolutely no class! Will you have a cigarette?"

That's what Nazimova said, when I inquired about the chewing gum habit and whether she ever indulged.

"No, absolutely no." declared Pauline Frederick. "I don't suppose chewing gum would ruin one's soul, but I don't think it's done by anybody with pretensions to refinement."

So that's that.

"Only when I go to a circus!"

That's the extent of Bebe Daniels' indulgence, according to her word. "With the pink lemonade and soda pop and the peanuts and everything all 'round, with the smell of the circus animals in the air, and the sawdust under foot—well, it just wouldn't be curious without chewing gum, that's all. Now, would it?"

"When I sink to the depths of shooting the chutes and rolling on the roller-coaster, as I occasionally acknowledge I do, then, indeed, the lowly chewing gum appeals to me, I admit. Then—sh!—I chew up a whole package in an evening. But I hide the evidences of my crime! I swallow it!"

Ruth Roland sparkled her eyes at me as she made the admission. Then she put on her best interviewee manner. "But it's a dirty habit!" she said severely. "Don't ever let me catch you, a dignified writer, doing it!"

So I hastily parked my own professional chewing gum in a waste-basket and went my way.

"What kind of a devil do you think I am, anyhow?" demanded Katherine MacDonald.

"No," she went on. "I don't chew gum. It never seemed necessary to me, somehow, strange as that may seem to you. To tell you the truth, I think it's the very most revolting habit in the world. How any sweet, nice, dainty girl can——"

That would be about all. (Editorial follow-up from headquarters: A prop boy says Katherine MacDonald only stops chewing gum when she's actually working before the camera. ? ? ?)

"Why, of course not!" cried Claire Windsor indignantly. "Think how awful it makes a girl look!"

"Lips that touch chewing gum shall never touch mine!"

That's how Constance Talmadge feels about the chewing gum habit. "I hate to see a man chewing gum even more than I hate to see a woman," went on Connie. "Somehow it makes a man look even more coarse and common than a woman."

"I'll tell you a story that entirely illustrates my viewpoint on the gum-chewing habit," answered the always rather cryptic Norma Talmadge.

"The other day my car broke down, and I boarded a street car to go a remaining block or two, as I was in a hurry to do some shopping. A woman and a little girl sat near me. The little girl was chewing gum audibly and uproariously. Her mother grabbed her and shook her. 'Here,' she exclaimed to the child, 'Stop making that noise! Can't you chew your gum like a *lady?*'"

"Would you really like to know how I came to be dragged down, down to Wrigley, Spearmint, Blackjack depths?" asked Priscilla Dean. "Well, I'll tell you. My traducer was a fan. He sent me, one day last winter, a huge box of assorted gums. I had a long evening alone before me, my husband, Wheeler Oakman, having gone to the prize fights. I took one piece—ah, had it but been my last! But it wasn't! Next evening I took another.. Now I'm a slave!

"Seriously," went on Miss Dean, "I don't think it's a very nice habit. But when one is alone and the night is dark, well, may one not occasionally take a little nip of 'Juicy Fruit' or something?"

"I think the habit is just too disgusting for anything! Please don't talk to me about it! No

"I CHEW UP A WHOLE PACKAGE AN EVENING," CONFESSES RUTH ROLAND

"WHY, OF COURSE NOT!" CRIED CLAIRE WINDSOR

NOW, JUST WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE CONNIE THINKS ABOUT IT.?

PRISCILLA DEAN CHUCKLES AT HERSELF ——.

A PICTURE OF GLORIA SWANSON WHEN SHE GAVE HER OPINION OF CHEWING GUM.

NAVIMOVA EXCLAIMS "MERCY, WHAT A TERRIBLE QUESTION."

NORMA HASN'T MUCH USE FOR CHEWING GUM

Being Done in the Best Film Circles

most of them do it with unkindly intent!

Grace Kingsley

lady would chew gum. I wonder how a magazine ever sent out such an absurd question."

It was Gloria Swanson speaking.

"The film actress," she went on, "above all should set an example of daintiness, refinement, good manners; for the young girls with whom she comes in contact always use her as an example."

"A lady," said the gentle Madge Bellamy, "is born a lady. I think that even if a lady did happen to chew a piece of gum once in a while, she would be ashamed of herself. Personally I don't like gum. I'm a Southerner and I reckon maybe I'm a bit too lazy to chew gum even if I did like it."

"I'll tell you something. I don't think you ought to print it, but I suppose you will. Sometimes when I have a whole bushel of play manuscripts to read, I send Rudey, my husband, out to get me a stick of chewing gum. Those manuscripts make me so nervous! If you had to read some of them, you would agree the stories in them are enough to drive a person to drink, let alone innocent chewing gum!"

That's how Anita Stewart disposed of the question. "Have you any about?" she added.

Of course such a stately lady as Alice Terry never would chew gum!

"There's just one occasion when I do, though," she admitted. "That's sometimes when I get a new role to read over, and I'm trying to characterize and visualize. Chewing a bit of gum seems to help one to concentrate."

"I suppose all athletes chew gum," said Mabel Normand. "Occasionally in doing an athletic stunt, like riding the bicycle in 'Molly-O,' or running a long distance to keep in training, I chew gum. I have been offered a good deal of money to stand for chewing gum ads, but so far I've stood out against them. Not that I think chewing gum is going to destroy one's soul or anything like that."

Tsuru Aoki, the wife of Sessue Hayakawa, and herself a noted player, said: "Of course chewing gum is an American habit, pure and simple. I'm proud to be an American—but I don't chew gum!"

Who says the Japanese are not masters of diplomacy?

"If I liked chewing gum, I should doubtless chew it, let the wrappers fall where they might! But, as it happens, I don't."

So said Helen Ferguson, one of the stars of "Hungry Hearts."

"How these odd Americans do eat gum!" exclaimed Enid Bennett. "Dear me, no, I should say I don't eat it!"

"I can't chew gum calmly and unimpassionedly so I don't chew it at all," contributed Jane Novak.

"Well, I've been interviewed on every subject under the sun except chewing gum," exclaimed Doris May. "Why this holding out of the chewing gum subject on us until now? No, my conscience is clear. I don't chew gum. But let me tell you something: my little brother does! He seems to enjoy it, too."

Betty Compson is dreadfully set against the awful habit.

"My goodness, no, I don't chew gum!" exclaimed Betty. "Why should I?"

Well, there's no answer to that. But she softened it a little:

"I suppose I might just as easily have become a gum chewer as not, though. We never know what might happen to us, do we? Seriously, I think chewing gum detracts so greatly from the prettiest girl's appearance that I wonder how in the world any girl with a mirror in her possession could do such a thing."

"Of course I'm not going to say I don't know what chewing gum feels like," declared Colleen Moore, "in some weak moment, all of us have fallen for it. But I must say it isn't at all a nice thing to do, and I hope in time to be able to say proudly, holding up my right hand, 'No, I never taste the vile stuff!'"

"Do you want to know what I think?" asked Leatrice Joy. "I think Will Rogers is the only person in the world who can chew gum and get away with it!"

AND THREE CHEERS FOR MABEL NORMAND, SHE TENDERS *the* SUGGESTION — "CHEWING A BIT OF GUM HELPS ONE TO CONCENTRATE".

ANITA STEWART DECLARES SHE'S ONE WITH *the* MOTLEY CROWD

BEBE DANIELS CHEWS GUM ONLY WHEN SHE GOES TO A CIRCUS

MADGE BELLAMY, WHO, ADMITTING SHE IS A SOUTHERN GIRL, SAYS "MAYBE I'M A BIT TOO LAZY *to* CHEW GUM, EVEN IF I DID LIKE IT"

"IT ISN'T A NICE THING TO DO", GRITTED COLLEEN MOORE, *in* DENOUNCING THE CHEWING GUM HABIT.

"WELL, LAUGHED LITTLE DORIS MAY, "I'VE BEEN INTERVIEWED ON EVERY SUBJECT UNDER *the* SUN, EXCEPT CHEWING GUM BUT, LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING . . . . ."

"MY GOODNESS NO," EXCLAIMED BETTY COMPSON, "I DON'T CHEW GUM, WHY SHOULD I?"

The Colorful and Romantic Story of Wm. D. Taylor's Remarkable Life

(Continued from page 3)

Stars Directed by Taylor

For some months thereafter he lived separate from his family in a small caretaker's house on the Tanner estate where he alternately studied and wrote and completed a play which, however, never saw the light of production.

It is traditional for sons of upper-class England to be educated at the classical colleges, therefore the lad was sent to Clifton College for preparatory work in engineering.

"But I don't wish to be an engineer!" he kept protesting. "I would rather——"

He was never allowed to utter the word. It galled his family to think that he should look forward to the stage as a career. His mother was afraid he would marry an actress; his father revolted at the thought that anyone of his heritage should wear grease paint and crepe hair.

In accordance with the utmost wishes of his parents William enrolled in college—but not under the family name.

"I have changed my name," he wrote his mother, "because I do not wish to be shown any favoritism on account of my family. I want to rely on myself—my own exploits—the same as any other man who does not happen to be backed by family."

It was then that he assumed the name of William Desmond Taylor. And, strange to say, the family did not register objections, recognizing for the first time this manifestation of his indomitable spirit.

At college Taylor conducted himself very much after the fashion of Tom Brown at Oxford. During his first year he was a "fag" for a coterie of the older students, to whose whims he catered faithfully. His second year, however, showed him to be a champion of his under-classmates, and his democratic utterances on various occasions caused a sensation in the school.

"I hate this life," he wrote to his family. "It is one of prudery—silly snobbery and mawkish sophistry."

Even the rigid routine of Clifton failed to kill his ambitions for theatricals. He became acquainted with various actors. Their life appealed to him. Not being a rampant idealist he did not particularly believe in the so-called "romance" of the theatre, for, to him, it was a business-like venture in which he found himself tremendously interested.

Between his courses at Clifton he sojourned on the Continent. For a time he was a resident of the student *quartier* of Paris, the life of which, however, did not particularly appeal to him.

Elsie Ferguson

Mary Miles Minter

"I am not a good Bohemian," Mr. Taylor reminisced, one evening shortly before his death, "I'm too practical."

And, to change his venue, he crossed the border into Germany, wandered for a time through the Teuton cities of Munich, Leipsic and Berlin—and finally settled himself for a term in Heidelburg with his studies.

Shortly after his eighteenth birthday he was again in Manchester, working on an engineering project. Maj. Tanner, his father, urged him to join the engineering forces of His Majesty's army. And again came the examiners' report that, physically, he was unfit.

To please his family and to satisfy himself that he *could* master a vocation even though it were unpleasant for him, the young Taylor continued engineering. One evening, at a supper party, an actor friend of his suggested that Taylor accompany him to a performance of "The Private Secretary," a popular stage success in which the English star, Sir Charles Hawtrey, was *en tour*.

Mary McIlvoy

Between the acts, his friend took Taylor back stage. It was his first time "in the wings" of a really first-rate company. He was interested in everything he saw, and finally, when he was presented to Sir Charles, he asked for employment in the company.

He was inexperienced, vastly verdant, in the ways of the theatre. Yet he had the appearance and mannerisms of a born actor. Hawtrey subjected him to a somewhat critical test and made him read lines from a play he had never seen before.

When he had finished, however, the star complimented him—and agreed to take him to London with the company. After a series of arduous rehearsals, Taylor finally stepped onto the stage of the Avenue Theatre in his makeup. He played two parts. In the first act he was an old man and wore a heavy, grey beard. During the second act, however, he had a romantic, juvenile role—a mere bit.

This London engagement was almost a success. It would have been if Taylor had not relinquished his first act beard. After the performance one night visitors to his dressing room were announced—friends of his family. He had qualms, for he realized what their discovery meant.

He entertained them. They promised to say nothing to his father about his stage appearance. In another week, however, Maj. Tanner himself arrived at the theatre, violently angry. When he asked for his son, William Cunningham Deane-Tanner—a member of the company—the doorkeeper shook his head and refused him admittance because, he said, there was no such actor in the cast.

"But he's my son!" roared the irate parent, "and you'll let me see him or I'll have the King's army blow this place to pieces!"

A merry scene took place, with the doorkeeper holding the stage entrance reverently. For once in his life Maj. Tanner found himself successfully opposed. Presently the stage door opened and Taylor emerged.

The remainder of the great life story of William D. Taylor will appear in next week's issue.

Norma Talmadge—FORTUNE TELLER

Read Your Fortune in the Tea Cup

THE TEA LEAVES TELL TALES

THE ritual to be observed is very simple. The inquirer should drink the contents of her cup, leaving about a teaspoonful of fluid in the bottom. With the left hand, she must take the cup and swing it round three times from left to right inverting the cup on the saucer and thus allowing the liquid to drain off. After a minute the cup is lifted, and the leaves will be found dispersed over the inside surface of the cup in curious mystic formations.

The handle of the cup is held by the diviner. The bottom, being farthest away, represents the remoter future, the sides, events not so far distant, and matters symbolized near the rim, those that may occur soon. The nearer the character approaches the handle the nearer to fulfillment are the events they portend.

Look at the cup from all angles when reading. In this way a greater number of figures will be seen. When the symbols are standing by themselves, the omen is favorable, but when they are surrounded by thick grounds or dust, the contrary is sometimes indicated, or at least disturbance and delay in the fulfilling.

Sticks represent people, their color and length indicating whether fair or dark, tall or short. If they lie upright, they are friends, but if crosswise, they are enemies. If thick grounds are round or near the figure, bad news may be expected. Grounds bunched together without being near a figure or symbol indicate that money may be expected.

Small specks in the old days meant news, and in these times represent letters by post, varying as regards time, length and importance, according to the position and size of the speck. If the letter is in a clear part of the cup, the news will be friendly and pleasant, but if in a misty part, beware of lawyers' letters and unfortunate news.

Initials, of course, hold much meaning, and when deciphered may be taken to refer to a person or place in connection with the nearest symbolized picture in the cup. Numbers are also to be read in conjunction with the nearby symbol.

A LOVELY PHOTO OF NORMA by POPPER

WHAT THE SYMBOLS MEAN

Abbey—Future ease and freedom from worry.
Acorn—Improvement in health, continued health, strength and good fortune.
Aeroplane or Aircraft—Unsuccessful projects.
Anchor—A lucky sign; success in business and constancy in love.
Angel—Good news, especially good fortune in love.
Arch—A journey abroad.
Axe—Difficulties overcome.
Bat—Fruitless journeys or tasks.
Birds—A lucky sign; good news if flying, if at rest, a fortunate journey.
Boat—A visit from a friend.
Bouquet—One of the luckiest of symbols; staunch friends, success, a happy marriage.
Bridge—A favorable journey.
Bush—An invitation into society.
Cannon—Good fortune.
Car (Motor) *and Carriage*—Approaching wealth; visits from friends.
Castle—Unexpected fortune or a legacy.
Cat—Difficulties caused by treachery.
Cattle—Prosperity.
Charabanc—Prosperity in all undertakings; if empty, a present of silver.
Church—A legacy.
Circles—Money or presents.
Clouds—Serious trouble; if surrounded by dots, financial success.
Coffin—A sign of death of a near relation or great friend.
Dog—A favorable sign; faithful friends.
Dove—Progress in prosperity and affection.
Elephant—A luck sign; good health.
Fish—Good news from abroad; if surrounded by dots, emigration.
Flowers—Good fortune, success; a happy marriage.
Gallows—A sign of good luck.
Goat—A sign of enemies, and of misfortune to a sailor.
Gun—A sign of discord and slander.
Hammer—Triumph over adversity.
Hand—To be read in conjunction with neighboring symbols and according to what it points.
Harp—Marriage, success in love.
Hat—Success in life.
Heart—Pleasure to come; if surrounded by dots, through money; if accompanied by a ring, through marriage.
Horse—Desires fulfilled through a prosperous journey.
Horshoe—A lucky journey.
House—Success in business.
Ivy—Honor and happiness through faithful friends.
Jug—Good health.
Kettle—Death.
Key—Money, increasing trade, and a good husband or wife.
Knife—A warning of disaster through quarrels and enmity.
Ladder—A sign of travel.
Lines—Indicate journeys and their direction, read in conjunction with other signs of travel; wavy lines denote troublesome journeys or losses therein.
Lion—Greatness through powerful friends.
Man—A visitor arriving.
Mermaid—Misfortune, especially to seafaring persons.
Mitre—A sign of honor to a clergyman or through religious agency.
Monkey—The consultant will be deceived in love.
Moon—Prosperity and fortune.
Mountain—Powerful friends; many mountains, equally powerful enemies.
Mouse—Danger of poverty through theft or swindling.
Mushroom—Sudden separation of lovers after a quarrel.

(*Continued next week*)

THINGS you wouldn't suspect coming straight from the Stars

MME. ALLA NAZIMOVA

I'm not an outdoor girl. Don't you ever dare say I am. I pose for pictures for this sort of thing, of course, for publicity, but I loathe the outdoor stuff. I like a comfortable library and music room and lots of people around me. As for solitary walks I wouldn't take them as gifts. I couldn't sail a boat to save my life, and I don't want to. But the deadliest bore of all is golf.

ANTONIO MORENO

I suppose I'm what you call one of those red-blooded actors. But I get enough of it in pictures. When I'm not working, I like the theatre. And I must admit I like a good boxing bout. But I don't go in for athletics myself any more than I have to to keep in trim. I like to dance, but I hate sailing a boat. I want somebody else to do it for me. I'm not one of those people who think work is more fun than fun is.

BEBE DANIELS

I like children well enough, but I'm not crazy about them. I take a great fancy to a youngster once in a while, to be sure, but I suppose everybody does that. I don't read highbrow books all the time when I'm not working. In fact, I'd rather flirt any time.

NORMA TALMADGE

No, I don't cook. What's more I don't want to. If ever you see me with a kitchen apron on, posing as cooking, you're to realize from this time thenceforth that it's pure hokum—one of the things the publicity man makes me do.

And I don't care a cent about what the highbrows think of me. I want the real love of real folks down in the tough wards.

THE GROWTH OF A GREAT LOVE

"The Younger Set"

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Captain Selwyn, retired, returns from the Philippines to find his divorced wife received everywhere in society, while many of his friends have forgotten him. He finds solace in the love of his sister's children. His sister sings the praises of Eileen, her husband's beautiful ward.

Selwyn gives Eileen's brother a check which Gerald makes over to Selwyn's divorced wife. Eileen tells Selwyn that his sister is anxious to have her marry, but announces her determination of never becoming a bride. At his sister's request, Selwyn dines with Eileen and Nina's daughter, Drina. After dinner he stays to talk with Eileen. The two discuss their manner toward each other, and Selwyn discovers more than a child in Eileen. At his roms, he is visited by Mrs. Ruthven, his former wife. They discover they still care for each other, despite divorce; but agree that there is no hope in the situation.

Winter fades away. Spring blossoms into being. The Gerard family go to Silverside. Eileen and Selwyn drift apart from the rest to go fishing. They speak of marriage and Selwyn vows Eileen shall not wed without his consent. The girl twists the talk so that Selwyn is forced to propose that she wed him.

Selwyn demonstrates his new explosive which is successful. He refuses an offer for it, preferring to offer it to the Government. Later he goes canoeing with Gladys Orchil and Eileen becomes jealous.

Nina tells Selwyn that Mrs. Ruthven, his former wife, is being divorced from her husband. Later he talks with Eileen and tells her that he loves her. She repulses him gently and asks that they remain friends. They are found by Nina who carries Eileen off to dress.

EVEN before Neergard's illness Ruthven's domestic and financial affairs were in a villainous mess. Rid of Neergard, he had meant to deal him a crashing blow at the breakaway which would settle him for ever and incidentally bring to a crisis his own status in regard to his wife.

Whether or not his wife was mentally competent he did not know; he did not know anything about her. But he meant to. Selwyn's threat, still fairly fresh in his memory, had given him no definite idea of Alixe, her whereabouts, her future plans, and whether or not her mental condition was supposed to be permanently impaired or otherwise.

That she had been, and probably now was, under Selwyn's protection he believed; what she and Selwyn intended to do he did not know. But he wanted to know; he dared not ask Selwyn—dared not, because he was horribly afraid of Selwyn; dared not yet make a legal issue of their relations, of her sequestration, or of her probable continued infirmity, because of his physical fear of the man.

But there was—or he thought that there had been—one way to begin the matter, because the matter must sooner or later be begun: and that was to pretend to assume Neergard responsible; and, on the strength of his wife's summer sojourn aboard the *Aiobrara*, turn on Neergard and demand a reckoning which he believed Selwyn would never hear of, because he did not suppose Neergard dared defend the suit, and would sooner or later compromise. Which would give him what he wanted to begin with, money, and the entering wedge against the wife he meant to be rid of in one way or another, even if he had to swear out a warrant against Selwyn before he demanded a commission to investigate her mental condition.

Ruthven was too deadly afraid of Selwyn to begin suit at that stage of the proceedings. All he could do was to start, through his attorneys, a search for his wife, and meanwhile try to formulate some sort of definite plan in regard to Gladys Orchil; for if that feather-brained youngster went abroad in the spring he meant to follow her and not only have the Atlantic between him and Selwyn when he began final suit for freedom, but also be in a position to ride off any of the needy household cavalry who might come caracolling and cavorting too close to the young girl he had selected to rehabilitate the name, fortune, and house of Ruthven.

This, in brief, was Ruthven's general scheme of campaign; and the entire affair had taken some sort of shape, and was slowly beginning to move, when Neergard's illness came as an absolute check, just as the first papers were about to be served on him.

There was nothing to do but wait until Neergard got well, because his attorneys simply scoffed at any suggestion of settlement *ex curia*, and Ruthven didn't want a suit involving his wife's name while he and Selwyn were in the same hemisphere.

But he could still continue an unobtrusive search for the whereabouts of his wife, which he did. And the chances were that his attorneys would find her without great difficulty, because Selwyn had not the slightest suspicion that he was being followed.

. . . . . .

In these days Selwyn's life was methodical and colourless in its routine to the verge of dreariness.

When he was not at the Government proving grounds on Sandy Hook he remained in his room at Lansing's doggedly forcing himself into the only alternate occupation sufficient to dull the sadness of his mind—the preparation of a history of British military organization in India, and its possible application to present conditions in the Philippines.

He had given up going out—made no further pretense; and Boots let him alone.

Once a week he called at the Gerards', spending most of his time while there with the children Sometimes he saw Nina and Eileen, usually just returned or about to depart for some function; and his visit, as a rule, ended with a cup of tea alone with Austin, and a quiet cigar in the library, where Kit-Ki sat. paws folded under. approving of the fireside warmth in a pleasureable monotone.

On such evenings, late, if Nina and Eileen had gone to a dance, or to the opera with Boots, Austin, ruddy with well-being and shamelessly slippered, stretched luxuriously in the fire warmth, lazily discussing what was nearest to him—his children and wife, and the material comfort which continued to attend him with the blessing of that heaven which seems so largely occupied in fulfilling the desires of the good for their own commercial prosperity.

Too, he had begun to show a peculiar pride in the commercial development of Gerald, speaking often of his gratifying application to business, the stability of his modest position, the friends he was making among men of substance, their regard for him.

"Not that the boy is doing much of a business yet," he would say with a tolerant shrug of his big fleshy shoulders, "but he's laying the foundation for success—a good, upright, solid foundation—with the doubtful scheming of Neergard left out"—at that time Neergard had not yet gone to pieces, physically—"and I expect to aid him when aid is required, and to extend to him, judiciously, such assistance, from time to time, as I think he may require . . . . There's one thing——"

Austin puffed once or twice at his cigar and frowned; and Selwyn, absently watching the dying embers on the hearth, waited in silence.

"One thing," repeated Austin, reaching for the tongs and laying a log of white birch across the coals; "and that is Gerald's fondness for pretty girls. . . Not that it isn't all right, too, but I hope he isn't going to involve himself—han a millstone around his neck before he can see his way clear to some promise of a permanent income based on——"

"Pooh!" said Selwyn.

"What's that?" demanded Austin, turning red.

Selwyn laughed. "What did you have when you married my sister?"

Austin, still red and dignified, said:

"Your sister is a very remarkable woman—extremely unusual. I had the good sense to see that the first time I ever met her."

"Gerald will see the same thing when his time comes," said Selwyn quietly. "Don't worry, Austin; he's sound at the core."

Austin considered his cigar-end, turning it round and round. "There's good stock in the boy; I always knew it—even when he acted like a yellow pup. You see, Phil, that my treatment of him was the proper treatment. I was right in refusing to mollycoddle him or put up with any of his callow, unbaked impudence. You know yourself that you wanted me to let up on him—make all kinds of excuses. Why, man, if I had given him an inch leeway he'd have been up to his ears in debt. But I was firm. He saw I'd stand no fooling. He didn't dare contract debts which he couldn't pay. So now, Phil, you can appreciate the results of my attitude toward him."

"I can, indeed," said Selwyn thoughtfully.

"I think I've made a man of him," persisted Austin.

"He's certainly a manly fellow," nodded Selwyn.

"You admit it?"

"Certainly, Austin."

"Well, I'm glad of it. You thought me harsh—oh, I know you did!—but I don't blame you. I knew what I was about. Why, Phil, if I hadn't taken the firm stand I took that boy would have been running to Nina and Eileen—he did go to his sister once, but he never dared try it again!—and he'd probably have borrowed money of Neergard and—by Jove! he might even have come to you to get him out of his scrapes!"

"Oh, scarcely that," protested Selwyn with grave humour.

"That's all you know about it," nodded Austin, wise-eyed, smoking steadily. "And all I have to say is that it's fortunate for everybody that I stood my ground when he came around looking for trouble. For you're just the sort of a man, Phil, who'd be likely to strip yourself if that young cub came howling for somebody to pay his debts of honour. Admit it, now; you know you are."

But Selwyn only smiled and looked into the fire.

After a few moments' silence Austin said curiously: "You're a frugal bird. You used to be fastidious. Do you know that coat of yours is nearly the limit?"

"Nonsense," said Selwyn, colouring.

"It is. . . . What do you do with your money? Invest it, of course; but you ought to let me place it. You never spend any; you should have a decent little sum tucked away by this time. Do your Chaosite experiments cost anything now?"

"No; the Government is conducting them."

"Good business. What does the bally Government think of the powder, now?"

"I can't tell yet," said Selwyn listlessly. "There's a plate due to arrive to-morrow; it represents a section of the side armour of one of the new 22,000-ton battleships. . . . I hope to crack it."

"Oh!—with a bursting charge?"

Selwyn nodded, and rested his head on his hand.

A little later Austin cast the remains of his cigar from him, straightened up, yawned, patted his waistcoat, and looked wisely at the cat.

"I'm going to bed," he announced. "Boots is to bring back Nina and Eileen. . . . You don't mind, do you, Phil? I've a busy day to-morrow. . . . There's Scotch over there—you know where things are. Ring if you have a sudden desire for anything funny like peacock feathers on toast. There's cold grouse somewhere underground if you're going to be an owl. . . . And don't feed that cat on the rugs. . . . Good-night."

"Good-night," nodded Selwyn, relighting his cigar.

He had no intention of remaining very long; he supposed that his sister and Eileen would be out late, wherever they were, and he merely meant to dream a bit longer before going back to bed.

He had been smoking for half an hour perhaps, lying deep in his chair, worn features dully illuminated by the sinking fire; and he was thinking about going—had again relighted his partly consumed cigar to help him with its fragrant companionship on his dark route homeward, when he heard a footfall on the landing, and turned to catch a glimpse of Gerald in overcoat and hat, moving silently toward the stairs.

"Hello, old fellow!" he said, surprised. "I didn't know you were in the house."

The boy hesitated, turned, placed something just outside the doorway, and came quickly into the room.

"Philip!" he said with a curious, excited laugh,

(*Continued from page* 18)

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How to Get Into the Movies

by Mabel Normand

V. *The Best School for Screen Study.*

MANY girls have written to me about schools for motion picture acting. Several have had unfortunate experiences with persons who offered to teach them "the secrets of acting."

In the first place there are no "secrets" that I know of. And so far as I know there are no real schools for instructing in the art of screen technique.

In time, there may be such schools, but I doubt it. At present, there are none that I can recommend, and none that are endorsed by leading directors or stars of the industry. Therefore, beware of them.

If you have plenty of money, you may find it profitable to take a course at one of the reputable schools of dramatic art. There are two of three schools which have been established for a number of years and which can point to students who have gone from them to successful careers on the stage.

The same acting ability is required for the stage as for the screen except that the stage requires vocal training while the screen requires more facial expression. But both of them require the development of imagination, the ability to feel and to express feeling in an accurate and effective manner.

Most aspirants for screen careers have not the money, however, to spend on special training courses. For the few schools of dramatic art that are worth while are very expensive.

Experience is always a recommendation, and if a person can find an opening in a stock company or any other theatrical organization he should make the most of it. Work on the stage gives one poise and self-assurance. A great many successful screen stars have started on the stage—Mary Pickford, Lillian Gish, Dorothy Gish and others.

Still there are other stars who have gone directly to the studios and gained success.

Because the screen is developing a separate and distinctive art, I believe that the best way is to start as an "extra" in a studio.

But there are several courses which you may develop for yourselves in preparing for a career.

The best textbook of screen acting is the screen itself. By studying the work of leading players you can learn a great deal. I know that I can. If observing, you can learn what not to do as well as what to do.

Naturalness is the most important element in acting. To develop naturalness you must develop understanding of human nature. You must be able to determine just what a certain type of person would do in a certain situation.

In "Molly-O," for instance, I was given the situation of a girl from the slums entering a beautiful and luvurious mansion. What would my feelings be as a washerwoman's daughter coming into a beautiful kitchen? I would be curious, of course, and very intent upon the surroundings. I must not *affect* curiosity, I must really *feel* curious. Then I saw the serving man taking cakes from a box and placing them on a plate. They were very good looking cakes, and naturally I developed interest in them. I wanted one terribly. For a moment my conscience argued with my appetite. I argued the thing over to myself. Then, suddenly, my hand shot into the jar and I

Mabel Normand in a scene from "Molly-O"

took one and stuffed it into my mouth as though doing it while my conscience wasn't looking. After the first cookie, the process was easier. I couldn't get enough of them. There were several emotions in conflict even in such a little scene.

The conflict of conscience and appetite, the fear of being apprehended, the delight at the first taste of a delicious cake such as I'd never tasted before, and the feverish haste with which I secured more of them and secreted them about myself.

It is very easy to do such things after the business has been thought out by the star and the director, but the important thing is to *feel* the impulses that prompt the action. You must place yourself entirely in the character's place and feel exactly what she would feel in such a situation, otherwise your expresions would fall short of realism and be nothing but "mugging." While watching an actress going through a scene on the screen, ask yourself whether or not you would do the things that she does. If not, what would you do? How would you improve on her work? Wherein does her work ring false and why?

Reading is also a great aid toward developing an understanding of character. Endeavor to be the character that an author is depicting, to feel as such a character would feel, to express, if possible, the thoughts and sensations which she would express.

Reading also familiarizes you with the mental processes of people with whom you might never come in contact. And it may help you to understand those with whom you do come in contact.

Haven't you often found a character in fiction that reminded you of someone whom you know? Perhaps through that character you understood more clearly the sort of person your friend is, the reasons she does certain things which you would not do and the effects she creates by so doing.

Psychology, of course, is one of the most profitable studies for a person who would be an interpreter of human nature. It is the key by which you enter the characters of others and experience their emotions.

A writer once said that to be an artist you must become a fluid through which other lives may be pictured. In order to do this you must lose yourself in thinking of others, in contemplating them and striving to understand them.

A selfish person never could be a great artist because his thoughts turn inward and he loses sight of the things which he must see in order to portray.

A ceaseless pursuit of information and a constant observation of all that pertains to life—to such must you dedicate yourself if you are to become an artist.

Robert Louis Stevenson in his little book on how to write tells how he used to sit down on a curb and jot down sudden immpressions or descriptions of objects which struck him as unusual.

An artist—Charlie Chaplin, for instance—is constantly absorbing. He sees the elaborate electrical equipment in a modern hotel which supplies you ingeniously with all sorts of service, and suddenly he conceives a comedy built about a world that runs entirely by electricity, where your every desire is satisfied by pressing a button. The idea is good. He puts it away in a corner of his mind. Perhaps he will use it later, or perhaps it will lead to other ideas for comedy business.

To prepare for a career in motion pictures you must develop your powers of observation, sensation and understanding. The schools that I endorse are the screen—the library—and life.

SECRETS OF THE MOVIES - - *The First Motion Picture*

VIII

THE first motion picture as we know it today was projected at Richmond, Ind., but it was not much of a success. They walked out on it.

A red-haired boy from Richmond had gone down to Washington and got a job as a clerk. He was also a camera-fiend and liked to tinker with tools. In the backyard of his boarding house he conducted experiments along the line of "animal locomotion" and when vacation time came he went back to his old home in Richmond, sending in advance a mysterious box.

When he arrived he got his father and mother, a few neighborhood friends and the editor of the Richmond paper and asked them to come to his cousin's jewelry store. When they did they found the curtains drawn and a general air of mystery. The mysterious box was opened, a contact made with a passing trolley wire and suddenly the people gasped—a girl was dancing on the wall. And there wasn't any trick door to the wall, either. She was doing the then famous "Butterfly Dance," with the draperies of her attire fastened on the end of a stick that she could move more nearly approximate the movements of a butterfly should it suddenly feel that it must dance. Before the eyes of the good people the girl's skirts began going higher and higher. The good sisters looked at their husbands—but the men folks were crowding forward on their seats. And the skirts went higher! The women nudged their husbands and nodded toward the door, but the husbands only moved slightly nearer. And the skirts continued their upward course. With this the good women, who had always known that Francis would come to some bad end down in the wicked city of Washington, got up and marched out—thus leaving the first motion picture exhibition in the history of the world.

The red-haired boy was C. Francis Jenkins, now a resident of Washington, D. C., and the time was June 6, 1894.

BERNARR MACFADDEN'S

DO any of us really wish to be at our worst?

Not if it can be helped—of course not.

To look fit and trim and vigorous requires more than a good supply of the best cosmetics. The fundamental necessity is personal efficiency which springs from good health. The first requirement of personal efficiency is normal weight.

There is only one sure test of normal weight: the state of energy and vitality that one enjoys. If you have strength and endurance, can work long and hard and never get sick, the chances are that your weight is practically right.

Still, the fact unfortunately remains that only a small percentage of people maintain their correct weight. Most of us are either too thin or too fat. Being too thin is safer and better than being too fat, but at the same time it often indicates a state of exhaustion and a lack of energy and efficiency.

The thin person sometimes—not so frequently these days as formerly—makes the mistake in thinking she wants more "fat," but the truth is that what she wants is more health.

Normal health will give her normal weight.

Instead of putting on ten pounds of fat, you should put on twenty-five pounds of health.

To attain normal weight and the best of personal efficiency,

Selymar Wilkinson, Pathe

ABOVE—
Mack Sennett Bathing Girl

BELOW—
Fox Sunshine Girls

BEAUTY PAGES

you must have a general physical culture program, an all-round health-building program.

In many instances the prime essential is not food, but sleep. Remember that what you most need is vitality and energy.

Sleep out-of-doors if you can; otherwise in a room with all windows open and preferably under conditions of quiet.

The next requirement is outdoor life—walking, gardening, chopping wood, piling wood, playing golf, or motoring. Don't say you have no time to spend outdoors. *Take* time. The outdoor exercises and air will enable you to sleep better.

Exercise is another essential to gain weight. We know of any number of instances in which those in poor health have taken up systematic exercise and have promptly gained in weight.

The fact that an all-around system of physical culture will build one up to normal weight is very well proven by the experience of the United States Army.

Army training is intended not to increase weight but to give men strength, endurance and general fitness.

In next week's article, I will give you in detail a physical culture system which I am sure will do you good if you follow it out.

(*To be concluded*)

Gladys Walton, Universal

ABOVE—
Marie Prevost, Sennett

Fox Sunshine Girls

Hints to Scenario Writers by Frederick Palmer

SCENARIO NOTE: *Our readers are invited to write and ask us questions they may have in mind on screen writing. Please enclose stamped and addressed envelope.*

Concerning Love Interest

A CONSTANTLY recurring question in photoplay writing is: "Must a photoplay contain a love affair to be successful?" The answer is: "Yes; excepting in rare instances."

The student of photoplay writing, however, must remember that while love is the greatest principle of life, it is not necessarily the fulcrum with which a dramatic plot is always directly motivated. Many of the greatest pictures produced have not contained the accepted "love story," yet at the same time have subtlely conveyed a vital love theme.

There are as many kinds of love as there are persons in this world. The love of Anthony and Cleopatra, for instance, is not to be compared to the love that prompted Leander to swim the Hellespont that he might keep a date with his sweetheart, Hero. The love for Helen of Troy that caused Agamemnon to go forth with his legions to do battle in a war that well nigh brought to destruction an ancient race, is not comparable to the love that Louis XV had for Madame Pompadour, no more than would it be analagous with the faithful devotion of Mrs. Penelope Ulysses who waited so patiently for her travelling husband.

There is a popular belief that true love is generally to be found in the affaire-du-cœur between Sadie, the beautiful shop girl, and Percy, the millionaire's son. As a matter of fact, excepting in comedy-drama, this sort of love affair is decidedly lacking in dramatic possibilities. The love theme upon which is built a story of sacrifice, of misunderstanding, of simple devotion, is the one which will have the greatest appeal to an audience, no matter how greatly sophisticated. This fundamental was the secret of the success of "Humoresque," of "Way Down East," and a number of other powerful photodramas. In fact, it would be hard to name a really successful dramatic motion picture that has been constructed around a "flapper" romance.

"Mother love" is probably the strongest theme in dramatic construction, although one of these days some sincere screen dramatist is going to come along with a story of "father love" that will prove a smashing financial and artistic success. There is also a great unexplored field that may be termed "sister love"—the self-sacrificing love of one sister for another, or, for that matter, of one woman for a woman friend.

The screen dramatist who aspires to success will be very chary of the light, superficial adolescent love affair. It is a theme that has been greatly overworked, and only a well-established writer would be able to develop an angle thereof sufficiently novel to give it appeal.

Racial Prejudice

The wise photoplay writer of today will be exceedingly wary of anything that deals with foreign races. The big studios have from time to time rejected a large number of well written dramas, merely because they have placed Mongolians, or those of other races, in too close juxtaposition with Caucasians. It is regrettable, of course, that there should be such a thing in this world as racial prejudice, but it cannot be denied that there is something inherently repulsive to the average American audience in stories wherein other races are placed on equal footing with characters of their own nationality.

There are exceptions to this rule, of course. Some very beautiful romances may be woven about the "Land of the Cherry Blossoms," or the steppes of Asia, but care should be taken that the atmosphere be in keeping with the subject matter at hand, and that if Caucasians are introduced into the drama they not only hold their own with those of other races, but emerge triumphant from whatever vicissitudes they encounter during the action of the play.

Western Stories

From time to time the cry goes forth that the day of the Western story is over. But despite this constantly recurring wail, the fact remains that a large number of them are being produced and that they invariably find an audience. Just so long as young Americans grow from boyhood and girlhood to maturity, just so long will there be a demand for virile, swiftly-moving, adventurous, out-of-door stories; and there is no better form in which to satisfy this demand than through well-done dramas of the picturesque West.

There are probably two Western plays produced today to one of any other variety. This brings before the writer a very difficult problem: How is he to find new ideas and new ways of treating them in a field that has apparently used up every situation and variation of the same that may be conceived?

I grant that this is indeed a hard question to answer. I believe, however, that Western stories that are "different" may still be written, and that the best way of obtaining this novelty of treatment is to be found in characterization. If you are about to write a drama of the West, look about you for some new character, invest him with a different personality from any Western hero that you have yet seen, place him in strong situations, and you will find that he will act differently than his predecessors. Considerable success has been achieved in this manner by a number of writers. There was nothing, for instance, startlingly new in the plots of "Sundown Slim" or "Overland Red," but at the same time the very unusual traits of character to be found in the leading role stamped both of these pictures as out of the ordinary, and, in consequence, they were financially and artistically successful.

Questions and Answers

Question: Is it plagiarism to use historical incidents in my story?—B. L.

Answer: The use of historical incidents constitutes a form of plagiarism. If acknowledgment is made of the source, however, the author is exonerated from this charge.

Question: How far may an author deviate from history in writing historical incidents?—S. R.

Answer: An author may deviate from strict historical requirements only to a slight degree, if he wishes to keep his material plausible and truthful. The historical story which is exaggerated or false does not find favor with either producer or audience.

Question: What is a "scene?"—M. R.

Answer: A *scene* is that part of the action taken without moving the camera. Every time the camera is moved, it constitutes a new scene.

Question: In describing a character is it necessary to explain about his facial expression, etc.? —T. S.

Answer: In describing a character so as to make him appear real to the reader it is not necessary to give his facial expression, except in unusual instances. Ordinarily it is plain from the action just how the character feels, and in writing of their feelings, their dress, etc., it is customary to use a narrative style similar to short story form, except that all descriptions should be extremely brief.

Question: How is it possible to find a novel situation?—Q. E. R.

Answer: Since there are only thirty-six dramatic situations, it is obvious that these are used time and time again. It would not be wise, however, for you to take a situation out of a story you have read and use it in the same way, so that it would be apparent to one who had read the same story. When you see a situation that appeals to you, reduce it to its basic principles and you will find it possible to develop new and unusual twists to it, which may make a novel appeal.

Question: How may shadows or spirits be projected on the screen?—M. N.

Answer: It is possible to project shadows or spirits on the screen by means of double exposure, but this is a very arduous process from the studio standpoint. Such stories are not very popular with producers because of the difficulties encountered in filming them, and anything of this kind must be of unusual quality and have a strong appeal.

Question: Almost every screen story makes some use of "coincidence." Why, then, is coincidence considered to be an evidence of weak construction?—E. T.

Answer: Regarding the advisability of using coincidence or chance, it is perfectly true that many pictures have been produced that do not conform to all of the rules, and sometimes these pictures are good, sometimes bad. A really good picture may violate certain rules, if it is sufficiently strong and appealing. But also, it is apparent that often the violation of rules makes a picture inferior in quality.

Question: How much explanation, or sub-titling, is permissible in a detailed synopsis?—R. H. N.

Answer: A certain amount of explanation is of course necessary to make a story clear and understandable, and from this material sub-titles are often gleaned by the continuity writer, or the title writer, as the case may be, but this material should be restricted and not allowed to run away with the story, making it fictional narrative.

Question: My story contains incidents—for instance, a fight—that could be strung out for a full half reel, but the editor says it is lacking in action. Why?—L. V.

Answer: The reason is that you are studying photoplay writing, and you are not a known author as yet. For beginners, it is best to write stories replete with action that will not have to be "strung out" to make footage. The less effort a beginner's story causes the producers and the continuity writer, the more chance you have of selling it.

Question: My story contains a short prologue. Is this desirable?—R. U.

Answer: As a rule, the prologue should not be used. There is too much danger of confusion of characters, especially if there is a lapse of time. It is better to use a short "cut back," or retrospect, to establish the point in mind, unless the length of the prologue consumes too much time or contains lengthy action. Then, and only then, should the prologue be used.

Question: My story has as its lead a female impersonator. Why was it rejected?—S. D.

Answer: In our recollection there have been but a few of these pictures produced, and then only by nationally known stars. Unless the star is a real artist, these pictures fall very flat. When a story is desired for an impersonator, it is written around the star, consequently a free lance writer has slight chance of disposing of a story of this character.

Rambling Through the Studios in the East

With Dorothea B. Herzog

'Gene O'Brien Dramatizes the Yawn

'Gene O'Brien Stifles a Yawn

IT was rather warmish and the Kliegs and Cooper-Hewitts were eating up what little oxygen remained in the air at the Selznick studio.

'Gene O'Brien emoted through the big scene in his new mystery picture, temporarily entitled "John Smith." Director Herman rehearsed the action with tireless persistency.

'Gene O'Brien

Ye Rambler, sitting on the sidelines, commenced to yawn. 'Gene exited from the range of the camera and took this opportunity to come over and say hello.

"Do you ever feel like yawning in the midst of an exciting scene?" we wondered.

"In between them," 'Gene elucidated. "In between — while the action is going on it's exciting enough to keep you on the alert." Whereupon he demonstrated what he meant by yawning!

* * * * *

From "Way Down East"

We saw another familiar figure on the set. None other than the pert little Vivian Ogden of "Way Down East" fame. Miss Ogden plays the humorous role of the cook, in 'Gene's picture. Incidentally, she and the butler, William Ferguson, supply most of the comedy. They're always fighting or arguing over—oh, anything said by the one is sure to be disagreed to by the other, and then the fun begins.

* * * * *

Off Stage Drama

We were talking to a prop man, when suddenly Miss Ogden came bustling over toward us. Picture her stalking down the street in "Way Down East." That's her natural walk.

"My glasses," she wailed, "where are my glasses? I just paid seventeen dollars for them. Where are they?"

It was a dramatic moment.

"Aren't they on the table?" suggested the prop man.

She stalked over to the table, and a seraphic smile succeeded the distressed one. "Here they are," she stroked them caressingly, put them down, and marched back to the set.

Off stage drama, we'd say.

* * * * *

Mary Astor Leading Lady

That charming little lady who has been playing leads in the Triart productions of stories of famous paintings—Mary Astor—is now 'Gene's leading lady.

She's a charming little person, is Mary Astor—slender, medium height, with glowing brown eyes that can laugh one moment and weep the next, silkened auburn hair of that exquisite sheen that frisks the light about in rustic channels.

And Frankie Mann, Too

As Ye Rambler prepared to leave the set, who should come dashing up, with murder in her eye, but Frankie Mann. "You never recognize me," challenged Frankie.

We thought we had, but we weren't sure, so we took no chances. Frankie looks as chippy as ever, and in the trim maid's outfit she wears in the picture, she is pretty enough to be the president of any Maids' Union.

And by the way, 'Gene will be through with his new picture soon, and then Frankie will play with Owen Moore when that droll Selznick comedian starts in with a new production.

* * * * *

A Line From Dore Davidson

In the leading male role of "The Good Provider," Fannie Hurst's new picture produced for Cosmopolitan by Frank Borzage, Dore Davidson is said to do some of the best work of his long and eventful career.

Indeed, so excellent is his work as the old-fashioned Jewish father, that Miss Hurst has written him:

Hope Hampton

"Dear Mr. Davidson:

I have seen 'The Good Provider.' Please accept my congratulations.

It is a great picture and your art has helped make it so, your fidelity of interpretation, humor, pathos, and intelligence are rare. Thank you!

FANNIE HURST."

Mr. Davidson feels that if he has merited this praise from the author, that public appreciation is assured. We agree with him.

* * * * *

More About Fannie Hurst

Fannie Hurst was not satisfied with just writing a letter to Mr. Davidson. For once, she is highly pleased with the picturization of one of her stories, the one in question being the aforementioned "Good Provider."

You probably recall Miss Hurst's bitter attitude toward "Humoresque," before it met with universal public acclamation. She was frightfully overwrought about it and in no mild terms demanded that her name be omitted from all copy, et cetera.

Well, you know what happened. "Humoresque" became one of the pictures of the ages. The prejudice of the author melted to approval, and everybody was happy.

* * * * *

And Then "Star Dust"

And then along came "Star Dust," starring Hope Hampton. This was an adaptation of Miss Hurst's novel by that name. Hope's production was only *based* on the author's story; Paul Anthony Kelly, in adapting the story, changed it considerably.

The result: When Miss Hurst viewed the production in the projection room, she was inspired to a sustained pitch of fury. In which state she wrote to the various newspapers denouncing "Star Dust," et cetera.

Well, the long and short of this was taking the matter to court and the Hope Hampton Productions suing Miss Hurst to the tune of $250,000 for her excoriating denouncements.

The matter now, insofar as the public is concerned, has been dropped. It was apparently settled peacefully.

* * * * *

Finally "The Good Provider"

BUTalong comes Frank Borzage's production of Miss Hurst's story, "The Good Provider." The scene is changed, and instead of beholding Fannie Hurst bursting with anger, you see her at her desk writing a letter to the Cosmopolitan company, saying:

"I am sailing away an extremely happy lady writer.

"There is a law of compensation at work somewhere in this old scheme of things. The screen version of my story, 'The Good Provider,' which was run off for me in your projection room is, in my mind, a supreme example of how a story may be successfully and sincerely transferred to motion pictures without throwing the narrative version out of the window before starting to photograph.

Dore Davidson

"Not only because of its fidelity to the theme do I regard the screen version of 'The Good Provider' as a beautiful piece of work, but in those instances were it was necessary to develop, or subtract from the theme it has been done with the artist's understanding.

"I want personally to congratulate Frank Borzage (the director), Vera Gordon, Dore Davidson, William Collier, Jr., and every other member of that cast, not to overlook John Lynch (the scenario writer) and the man behind the camera.

"It is a fine, honest piece of work, which enhances and does honor to my story.

"Brava!"

MOVIE WEEKLY ART SERIES

JULIA FAYE

Paramount Pictures

THE GROWTH OF A GREAT LOVE
"THE YOUNGER SET"

(*Continued from page* 10)

"I want to ask you something. I never yet came to you without asking something and—you never failed me. Would you tell me now what I had better do?"

"Certainly," said Selwyn, surprised and smiling; "ask me, old fellow. You're not eloping with some nice girl, are you?"

"Yes," said Gerald, calm in his excitement, "I am."

"What?" repeated Selwyn gravely; "what did you say?"

"You guessed it. I came home and dressed and I'm going back to the Craig's to marry a girl whose mother and father won't let me have her."

"Sit down, Gerald," said Selwyn, removing the cigar from his lips; but:

"I haven't time," said the boy. "I simply want to know what you'd do if you loved a girl whose mother means to send her to London to get rid of me and marry her to that yawning Elliscombe fellow who was over here. . . . What would you do? She's too young to stand much of a siege in London—some Englishman will get her if he persists—and I mean to make her love me."

"Y-es. . . . You know how young girls are. Yes, she does—now. But a year with that crowd—and the duchess being good to her, and Elliscombe yawning and looking like a sleepy Lohengrin or some damned prince in his Horse Guards' helmet!—Selwyn, I can see the end of it. She can't stand it; she's too young not to get over it. . . . So, what would you do?"

"Who is she, Gerald?"

"I won't tell you."

"Oh! . . . Of course she's the right sort?"

"Perfectly."

"Young?"

"Very. Out last season."

Selwyn rose and began to pace the floor; Kit-Ki, disturbed, looked up, then resumed her purring.

"There's nothing dishonorable in this, of course," said Selwyn, halting short.

"No," said the boy. "I went to her mother and asked for her, and was sent about my business. Then I went to her father. You know him. He was decent; bland, evasive, but decent. Said his daughter needed a couple of seasons in London; hinted of some prior attachment. Which is rot; because she loves me—she admits it. Well, I said to him, 'I'm going to marry Gladys'; and he laughed and tried to look at his moustache; and after a while he asked to be excused. I took the count. Then I saw Gladys at the Craig's, and I said, 'Gladys, if you'll give up the whole blooming heiress business and come with me, I'll make you the happiest girl in Manhattan.' And she looked me straight in the eyes and said, 'I'd rather grow up with you than grow old forgetting you.' "

"Did she say that?" asked Selwyn.

"She said, 'We've the greatest chance in the world, Gerald, to make something of each other. Is it a good risk?' And I said, 'It is the best risk in the world if you love me.' And she said, 'I do, dearly; I'll take my chance.' And that's how it stands, Philip. . . . She's at the Craigs'—a suit-case and travelling-gown upstairs. Suddy Gray and Betty Craig are standing for it, and"—with a flush—"there's a little church, you know——"

"Around the corner. I know. Did you telephone?"

"Yes."

There was a pause; the older man dropped his hands into his pockets and stepped quietly in front of Gerald; and for a full minute they looked squarely at one another, unwinking.

"Well?" asked Gerald, almost tremulously. "Can't you say, 'Go ahead!'?"

"Don't ask me."

"No, I won't." said the boy simply. "A man doesn't ask about such matters; he does them. . . . Tell Austin and Nina. . . . And give this note to Eileen." He opened a portfolio and laid an envelope in Selwyn's hands. "And—by George!—I almost forgot! Here"—and he laid a check across the note in Selwyn's hand—"here's the balance of what you've advanced me. Thank God, I've made ir good, every cent. But the debt is only the deeper. . . . Good-bye, Philip."

Selwyn held the boy's hand a moment. Once or twice Gerald thought he meant to speak, and waited, but when he became aware of the check thrust back at him he forced it on Selwyn again, laughing:

"No! no! If I did not stand clear and free in my debts do you think I'd dare do what I'm doing? Do you suppose I'd ask a girl to face with me a world in which I owed a penny? Do you suppose I'm afraid of that world?—or of a soul in it? Do you suppose I cant take a living out of it?"

Suddenly Selwyn crushed the boy's hand.

"Then take it!—and her, too!" he said between his teeth; and turned on his heel, resting his arms on the mantel and his head face downward between them.

So Gerald went away in the pride and excitement of buoyant youth to take love as he found it and where he found it—though he had found it only as the green bud of promise which unfolds, not to the lover, but to love. And the boy was only one of many on whom the victory might have fallen; but such a man becomes the only man when he takes what he finds for himself—green bud, half blown, or open to its own deep fragrant heart. To him that hath shall be given, and much forgiven. For it is the law of the strong and the prophets: and a little should be left to that Destiny which the devout revere under a gentler name.

. . . . .

The affair made a splash in the social puddle, and the commotion spread outside of it. Inside the nine-and-seventy cackled; outside similar gallinaceous sounds. Neergard pored all day over the blue-pencilled column, and went home, stunned; the social sheet which is taken below stairs and read above was full of it, as was the daily press and the mouths of people interested, uninterested, and distinterested, legitimately or otherwise, until people began to tire of telling each other exactly how it happened that Gerald Erroll ran away with Gladys Orchil.

Sanxon Orchil was widely quoted as suavely and urbanely deploring the premature consummation of an alliance long since decided upon by both families involved; Mrs. Orchil snapped her electric-blue eyes and held her peace—between her very white teeth; Austin Gerard, secretly astounded with admiration for Gerald received the reporters with a countenance expressive of patient pain, but downtown he made public pretence of busy indifference, as though not fully alive to the material benefit connected with the unexpected alliance. Nina wept—happily at moments—at moments she laughed—because she had heard all about the famous British invasion planned by the Orchils and abetted by Anglo-American aristocracy. She did not laugh too maliciously; she simply couldn't help it. Her set was not the Orchils' set, their ways were not her ways; their orbits merely intersected occasionally; and, left to herself and the choice hers, she would not have troubled herself to engineer any such alliance, even to stir up Mrs. Sanxon Orchil. Besides, deep in her complacent little New York soul she had the faintest germ of contempt for the Cordova ancestors of the house of Orchil.

But the young and silly pair had now relieved her as well as Mrs. Orchil of any further trouble concerning themselves, the American duchess, the campaign, and the Horse Guards: they had married each other rather shamelessly one evening while supposed to be dancing at the Sandon Craigs', and had departed expensively for Palm Beach, whither Austin, grim, reticent, but inwardly immensely contented, despatched the accumulated exclamatory letters of the family with anintimation of his own that two weeks was long enough to cut business even with a honeymoon as excuse.

Meanwhile the disorganization in the nursery was tremendous; the children, vaguely aware of the household demoralization and excitement, took the opportunity to break loose on every occasion; and Kit-Ki, to her infinite boredom and disgust, was hunted from garret to cellar; and Drina, taking advantage, contrived to over-eat herself and sit up late, and was put to bed sick; and Eileen, loyal, but sorrowful, amazed at her brother's exclusion of her in such a crisis, became slowly overwhelmed with the realization of her loneliness, and took to the seclusion of her own room, feeling tearful and abandoned, and very much like a very little girl whose heart was becoming far too full of all sorts of sorrows.

Nina misunderstood her, finding her lying on her bed, her pale face pillowed in her hair.

"Only horridly ordinary people will believe that Gerald wanted her money," said Nina; "as though an Erroll considered such matters at all—or needed to. Clear, clean English you are, back to the cavaliers whose flung purses were their thanks when the Cordovans held their horses' heads. . . . What are you crying for?"

"I don't know," said Eileen; "not for anything that you speak of. Neither Gerald nor I ever wasted any emotion over money, or what others think about it. . . . Is Drina ill?"

"No; only sick. Calomel will fix her, but she believes she's close to dissolution and she's sent for Boots to take leave of him—the little monkey! I'm so indignant. She's taken advantage of the general demoralization to eat up everything in the house. . . . Billy fell downstairs, fox-hunting, and his nose bled all over that pink Kirman rug. . . . Boots *is* a dear; do you know what he's done?"

"What?" asked Eileen listlessly, raising the back of her slender hand from her eyes to peer at Nina through the glimmer of tears.

"Well, he and Phil have moved out of Boots's house, and Boots has wired Gerald and Gladys that the house is ready for them until they can find a place of their own. Of course they'll both come here—in fact, their luggage is upstairs now—Boots takes the blue room and Phil his old quarters. . . . But don't you think it is perfectly sweet of Boots? And isn't it good to have Phllip back again?"

"Y-es," said Eileen faintly. Lying there, the deep azure of her eyes starred with tears, a new tremor altered her mouth, and the tight-curled upper lip quivered. Her heart, too, had begun its heavy, unsteady response in recognition of her lover's name; she turned partly away from Nina, burying her face in her brilliant hair; and beside her slim length, straight and tense, her arms lay, the small hands contracting till they had closed as tightly as her teeth.

It was no child, now, who lay there, fighting down the welling desolation; no visionary adolescent grieving over the colorless ashes of her first romance; not even the woman, socially achieved, intelligently and intellectually in love. It was a girl, old enough to realize that the adoration she had given was not wholly spiritual, that her delight in her lover and her response to him was not wholly of the mind, not so purely of the intellect; that there was still more, something sweeter, more painful, more bewildering that she could give him, desired to give—nay, that she could not withhold even with sealed eyes and arms outstretched in the darkness of wakeful hours, with her young heart straining in her breast and her set lips crushing back the unuttered cry—

Love! So that was it!—the need, the pain, the bewilderment, the hot sleeplessness, the mad audacity of a blessed dream, the flushed awakening, stunned rapture—and then the gray truth, bleaching the rose tints from the fading tapestries of slumberland, leaving her flung across her pillows, staring at daybreak.

. . . . . .

Nina had laid a cool smooth hand across her forehead, pushing back the hair—a light caress, sensitive as an unmasked question.

But there was no response, and presently the elder woman rose and went out along the landing, and Eileen heard her laughingly greeting Boots, who had arrived post-haste on news of Drina's plight.

"Don't be frightened; the little wretch carried tons of indigestible stuff to her room and sat up half the night eating it. Where's Philip?"

"I don't know. Here's a special delivery for him. I signed for it and brought it from the house. He'll be here from the Hook directly, I fancy. Where is Drina?"

"In bed. I'll take you up. Mind you, there'll be a scene, so nerve yourself."

They went upstairs together. Nina knocked, peeped in, then summoned Mr. Lansing.

"Oh, Boots, Boots!" groaned Drina, lifting her arms and encircling his neck, "I don't think I am ever going to get well—I don't believe it. no matter what they say. I am glad you have come; I wanted you—and I'm very, very sick. . . . Are you happy to be with me?"

Boots sat on the bedside, the feverish little head in his arms, and Nina was a trifle surprised to see how seriously he took it.

"Boots," she said, "you look as though your last hour had come. Are you letting that very bad child frighten you? Drina, dear, mother doesn't mean to be horrid, but you're too old to whine. . . . It's time for the medicine, too——"

"Oh, mother! the nasty kind?"

"Certainly. Boots, if you'll move aside——"

"Let Boots give it to me!" exclaimed the child tragically. "It will do no good; I'm not getting better; but if I must take it, let Boots hold me—and the spoon!"

She sat straight up in bed with a superb gesture which would have done credit to that classical gentleman who heroically swallowed the hemlock cocktail. Some of the dose bespattered Boots, and when the deed was done the child fell back and buried her head on his breast, incidentally leaving medicinal traces on his collar.

Half an hour later she was asleep, holding fast to Boots' sleeve, and that young gentleman sat in a chair beside her, discussing with her pretty mother the plans made for Gladys and Gerald on their expected arrival.

Eileen, pale and heavy-lidded, looked in on her way to some afternoon affair, nodding unsmiling at Boots.

"Have you been rifling the pantry, too?" he whispered. "You lack your usual chromatic symphony."'

"No, Boots; I'm just tired. If I wasn't physically afraid of Drina, I'd get you to run off with me—anywhere. . . . What is that letter, Nina? For me?"

"It's for Phil. Boots brought it around. Leave it on the library table, dear, when you go down."

Eileen took the letter and turned away. A few moments later as she laid it on the library table, her eyes involuntarily noted the superscription written in the long, angular, fashionable writing of a woman.

And slowly the inevitable question took shape within her.

How long she stood there she did not know, but the points of her gloved fingers were still resting on the table and her gaze was still concentrated on the envelope when she felt Selwyn's presence in the room, near, close; and looked up into his steady eyes. And knew he loved her.

And suddenly she broke down—for with his deep gaze in hers the overwrought spectre had fled!—broke down, no longer doubting, bowing her head in her slim gloved hands, thrilled to the soul with the certitude of their unhappiness eternal, and the dreadful pleasure of her share.

"What is it?" he made out to say, managing also to keep his hands off her where she sat, bowed and quivering by the table.

"N-nothing. A—a little crisis—over now—nearly over. It was that letter—other women writing you. . . . And I—outlawed—tongue-tied. . . . Don't look at me, don't wait. I—I am going out."

He went to the window, stood a moment, came back to the table, took his letter, and walked slowly again to the window.

After a while he heard the rustle of her gown as she left the room, and a little later he straightened up, passed his hand across his tired eyes, and, looking down at the letter in his hand, broke the seal.

(*Continued next week*)

Sh-h-Under the Orange Pekoe Tree
by Irma, the Ingenue

HOW I love these tea gardens, don't you, dear? So much nicer than stuffy old tea rooms! Always gives a person such a feeling of being an outdoor person; without the trouble of putting on those awful-looking hiking clothes and walking and walking, in that stupid way!"

Irma the Ingenue settled down in a wicker chair and inquired solicitously as to my taste in tea, after which she went on chatting, with ever and anon a perfectly justified glance at her fair face in the burnished gold of her vanity case mirror.

"Have you heard about how all the girls in Hollywood are rushing madly to get their letters back from their sweethearts old and new? Why, sweethearts away back as far as the third before the last are being begged for their letters!

"Just perfectly nice girls are as anxious as can be. Because, as one of them said to me—she's engaged to a film star—no matter how innocuous your letters may be, if you're in love with a man you're just bound to write mushy stuff that would look awfully silly in print.

"I'm getting all my letters back from Bob myself. I love him madly, but who can tell when something might happen to him, and they might be using that goo stuff of mine as evidence!

"One girl I know says she copied four pages of 'Three Weeks' into one of her letters—not the extremest stuff, you know—just some beautiful, sweet stuff—and now she's so scared it might somehow get itself into the papers! She's getting her letters back from Jim—I should say so! And she says she's going to write hereafter in a kind of ink that fades within a few days, that she's heard of. She says it always seems to be old letters that make the trouble—not fresh ones.

So that's that. Irma paused to order a bit of preserved ginger—said she thought that the preserved ginger alone, not to mention silk at reasonable rates for silk lingerie, was enough reason for our being friendly to the yellow races, and then went on to emulate the well-known brook.

"Poor Pauline Starke! The course of her true love isn't running smoothly at all. You know she's engaged to Jack White. Well, one day after she came from New York, she brought with her out to White's set, where he was directing, a man from New York. The man is wealthy and claims he wants to learn about making pictures, but Jack mistook him for a rival, and afterward there was an awful scene between him and Pauline. However, she didn't break the engagement, even if he did behave something lik a caveman. She's really devoted to him.

"Everybody is feeling just awfully about poor Cecil de Mille, coming home from Europe suffering from inflammatory rheumatism. It does seem as though when a man works as long and as hard as Mr. de Mille has done, that he might have a little pleasure like a trip to Europe without getting rheumatism.

"Helen Ferguson is a plucky girl, I'll tell the world! We all think of what we'd do if a masher spoke to us, and then when he does, we just give him a cold glare and pass on. We never do anything original, but Helen did, the other day. Helen is very pretty, you know, and as she entered a cafe where she was to meet Bill Russell to have dinner with him, she stepped into those revolving glass doors. Just as she got started, a dapper young chap, apparently in high spirits, started to leave by way of the same glass cage. He spied Helen, and instantly stopped the doors with his feet. Then he smiled his sweetest, raised his natty beaver, and had visions of telling the boys how he had made a catch. But right there is where the scenario changes.

"It all happened in a jiffy. Helen suddenly threw all her weight against the door, capapulting the fresh youth back into the cafe, and also, and what's more, into the very arms of a tall and husky young man who had witnessed the little episode. He was Helen's waiting escort, William Russell!

"Not for nothing had Bill swung his good right arm as hero of many a picture battle. The engaging young man was game enough to hand the doorman a half dollar for helping him off the sidewalk after Helen's friend had finished with him."

Irma paused to dish another cup of tea along with the rest of the dishing. Then she went on—

"So Mildred Harris has gone into vaudeville! I do wonder if she has done anything to that weak little voice of hers. I don't want to be catty, nor anything, but really you can't help wondering! Otherwise she is very pretty, and will probably make a hit. Anyhow people will be dying to see in the flesh and blood the girl that made Charlie Chaplin all that trouble.

"And speaking of trouble, even if Madge Bellamy is the nicest little girl in pictures—and sometimes I think she is, being sweet and kind and unspoiled—still she doesn't escape. My dear, I hear that a well-known artist was very much in love with her, that he sent her a bracelet at Christmas, and that she promptly sent it back! Now they're not such good friends any more, because the return of his present hurt his feelings. Madge naturally feels bad, but of course if you aren't engaged to a man you can't accept such presents. Anyhow, that's what the etiquette books say, even though I believe it is sometimes done.

"I think it's just lovely that Bill Hart and his wife, Winifred Westover, are expecting a little arrival. They say that Bill is tickled to death about it. But he got awfully cross, the other day, because Winifred went and bought a dozen or two—well, you know—necessary little things for a baby that you fasten with safety pins—and had them charged to Bill. Bill said it would be all over Hollywood!

"So Leota Lorraine has been heard from again! Viola Dana wrote me a letter, the other day, while on tour, and says she met Leota on the street in Kansas City, and that Leota is married to a business man there, and is very happy. She wanted to go back on the screen, but her husband wouldn't let her; and now, she told Viola, she's glad that she didn't. She says marriage and home keeping are a regular career themselves, and she advised Viola, if she ever married, to give up the profession.

"Which reminds me. Viola has been on tour for several months, you know, and they do say that in Birmingham, Alabama, she has met the most wonderful man! Viola denies she is engaged to him, but she certainly did let him rush her a lot in his motor while she was there, and she danced with him, and he even followed her to Atlanta! Well, if I were a man, and wanted to follow anybody, I'm sure it would be Viola.

"Finished with your tea—already? I'm sure my watch must be fast. But no matter now."

And Irma gathered up her silver fox fur and her gloves, and tip-tilted away on her little high heels.

"Poor Pauline Starke! The course of her true love isn't running smoothly at all."

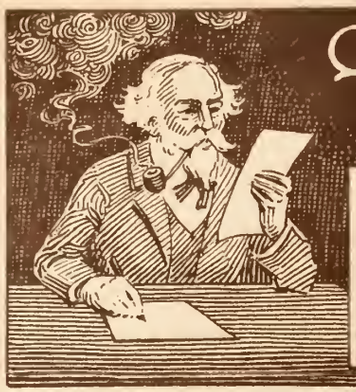
"You know, she's engaged to Jack White."

"Helen Ferguson is a plucky girl, I'll tell the world."

"So Mildred Harris has gone into vaudeville."

"And speaking of trouble, even if Madge Bellamy is the nicest little girl in pictures, still . . . I heard . . ."

"Viola Dana has been on tour for several months. They do say in Birmingham, Alabama, she has met the most wonderful man!"



Questions Answered by The Colonel

I have joined the staff of "Movie Weekly" just to answer questions. Wouldn't you like me to tell you whether your favorite star is married? What color *her* eyes are, or what may be *his* hobbies? All right, then, write me on any subject pertaining to the movies. For an immediate personal reply, enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. Address me, THE COLONEL, "Movie Weekly," 119 West 40th Street, New York City.

During the past month I have been besieged with dozens of inquiries of this type: "Who was born in Oshkosh, is six feet tall and has big feet?" Now when scores of letters come in all asking about the very same players in such a left-handed fashion, it makes me wonder if the writers think they are fooling me. Because they aren't.

And while I would like to see as many of my fan friends as possible win out in their various contests, it seems rather unfair to other publications for me to tell you the answers to their contests. Did you ever ask someone to guess a riddle and then have a third person spoil it all by giving away the answer? Then you see the point.

TUFT LUCK—You know, Tuft, I've a suspicion that you don't know how to spell the word "tough." Am I right? Buck Jones—now known as Charles—is American, born in Indiana at some mysterious date that no one knows but his family and his family's Bible. His growth was stunted just before he reached six feet and he makes the scales jump to 173. Pearl White played in "The Lightning Raider."

BOBBIE BREEN—Do I like to be of service to the ladies? Well, rather! You have but to command! Now don't adore Tom Mix and Frank Mayo too much, because they're both married. Unless you think that doesn't matter. Tom used to be a Texas cowboy and then a Rough Rider in the Spanish-American War, and Frank came from a family of actors. He was born in New York in 1886. I can give you more detailed information about them by mail—but where shall I have the postman take the letter?

B. MITCHELL—This answer isn't very quick, is it? But I have a waiting list of several hundred. Yes, Marie Prevost lived in Denver some years ago. She is twenty-three and not married. Hurrah—is that what you say?

SPLASH ME—How do I know if Wallace Reid has a crush on Agnes Ayres? He doesn't confide his love affairs to me. He probably goes home after work each night, as all model husbands should. Rodolph's next picture is "Beyond the Rocks," and Dick Barthelmess will be seen in "Seven Days." Where am I to find room for all the addresses you want? Shall I publish a supplement for your benefit? Write and tell me where you are at home—when you are.

BLUE EYES—One of these age hounds! Pearl is thirty-two and Bebe is twenty-one. Pearl threatens to go on the stage if she can find a play to suit her. Nazimova was born in Russia.

MRS. MAY NOVAK—Tell your little boy that Tom Mix has a wee little daughter just one month old. Tom's hobbies are horseback riding and writing. I'm sorry I don't know his height. His address is 5841 Carlton Way, Hollywood, where you can write him for a picture, enclosing a quarter. I am not sure whether T. Roy Barnes is married.

ELLA C.—You sent your letter to The Rambler, Ella (I'm jealous), but she doesn't answer questions. Casting directors engage actresses, but keep themselves anonymous.

M. E.—No, I am not the same answer man you used to write to last year. He had nervous prostration trying to keep all these movie marriages straight. Sorry, M. E., you're a few months too late with your poetry; "Movie Weekly" isn't publishing any more poems.

ANXIOUS TO KNOW—Abraham Lincoln was anxious to know, too, and that was the secret of his rise to the presidency. I never heard of Jim Westcott. He'd better write me at once and introduce himself. Ruth Roland's address is 605 S. Norton Ave., Los Angeles. Her picture will cost a quarter.

MISS JACKIE CURTIS—You say you will continue to buy "Movie Weekly" until we have Wallace Reid's picture in the center. You don't think that's an inducement for us to publish it, do you? We want you to buy the magazine. However, we will print his picture shortly. It was also published in the issue for June 11, 1921. The only way I know to get a photo of him is to ask him for one.

DODE—Yes, Bill Farnum is still on the job and so is Dustin, and they both draw their pay from William Fox. Bill was the one who played in "Riders of the Purple Sage." His next picture is "A Stage Romance." He can be reached at Fox's New York Studio, 55th St. and 10th Ave.

MOVIE MAD—Have you just seen "The Poppy?" Tell the manager of your picture show that Norma has played in several films since then. Eugene O'Brien doesn't play opposite her any more: he's a star himself now. He was born in Colorado in 1884 and has been in movies for about six years. He doesn't like to commit himself as to his favorite actress. Dorothy Gish's latest picture is "Orphans of the Storm," about six months' old. Agnes Ayres is divorced from Frank Schusker. For the present, she and Rodolph will not again appear together.

A. A.—I'm sure Tom Mix will appreciate it if you write and tell him how much you like his acting. His address is 5841 Carlton Way, Hollywood.

TOOTSIE—You ought to be a very nice girl, since you come from a town called Superior. Sorry I don't know Sessue Hayakawa's home address, but he will get your letter at the Robertson-Cole Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood. And Richard Dix gets his mail at Goldwyn, Culver City.

ZAROOK—You ask me what the right weight is for a seventeen-year-old girl who is five feet four in height. Did you mistake me for the family doctor? However, I believe 125 is given as the proper weight for your size. Gloria Swanson's two ex-husbands are Wallace Beery and Herbert Sanborn. Claire Windsor is also divorced.

ADMIRER—How do all my fan friends guess that pink is my favorite color? Only it isn't; I'm neutral. I don't know why you didn't get Bebe Daniel's picture when you sent for it. The address was right, but sometimes the stars get so much fan mail that it would require a whole office force to answer it. Mary Miles Minter is not married. Betty Compson doesn't give her home address; her studio address is Lasky, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood.

RITA—So you once knew a Colonel who was awfully cranky? He probably let himself get old; why should he do that when monkey glands will keep us young? Antonio Moreno is thirty-three and five feet eight in height. His address is The Los Angeles Athletic Club.

LITTLE PAL—Nan in "Hail the Woman" was played by Madge Bellamy. She recently appeared in "The Call of the North" and is now at work on "Lorna Doone." She is a new little leading lady and is considered very beautiful. I do not know her personal address, but you can write her at First National, 6 West 48th St., New York.

SEVENTEEN—You know, Seventeen, you and I disagree on one point. You like serials and I do not. And I refused to be menaced by "The Yellow Menace" when it was shown. If you can tell me what company produced it, I will find out about it for you. Dustin Farnum and Ann Little were the principals in the old film production of "The Squaw Man." No, William Fox is not making serials just now.

J. ROYCE—The "great Richard Talmadge" is so great that I had never even heard of him until your letter reached me. I have since learned that posters announce "Douglas Fairbanks knows him," so maybe you had better ask Doug about him. He has the advantage of me. I don't believe "The Mark of Zorro" and "The Mollycoddle" were ever put out in book form.

GREASED LIGHTNING—I see you have "fallen for" one of the bathing beauties whose pictures were published in the magazine. She is just one of the Mack Sennett "also rans" and even the company doesn't know who she is. I have no address for Maryon Aye, but you can probably reach her in care of The Western Pictures Exploitation Co., I. W. Hellman Bldg., Los Angeles. She is being co-starred with Bob Reeves in "Fingers of Fate," a Cactus Feature. Florence Gilbert, Warner Brothers Studio, Bronson Ave. and Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles. Jacqueline Logan, Goldwyn, Culver City, Cal.

BOBBY—No, Bobby, Bebe is not married. "Ain't that grand?" Why not? Gosh, that's a hard one. Write her at Realart Studio, 201 N. Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles. Elaine Hammerstein isn't married either—you're lucky in picking out the single ones, but you guessed wrong with May Allison. She is Mrs. Robert Ellis. She can be reached at the Metro Studio, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood. Elaine's address is Selznick, 729 Seventh Ave., New York. Is Eugene O'Brien handsome? All together now, girls, is he?

FORGET ME NOT—I think too much of my life to try to settle your argument as to which is the better looking, Rodolph or Wallie. They both have too many admirers. Agnes Ayres is twenty-three, and has blonde hair and gray eyes. She is divorced from Frank Schusker; no, she has no children. Ruth Roland is twenty-eight and Wallie a year older—though I have also heard that he is thirty-one. Mae Murray doesn't give her age. Did you see the picture of Rodolph in "Movie Weekly," March 4th?

MAE McC.—Such a complimentary letter as yours should be published, like the testimonials in the patent medicine ads. Thanks for the suggestions. We don't get many pictures of Montagu Love or Robert Warwick, but if we ever get a real good one—and that's the difficulty—we'll remember your request.

JUMBO—I doubt, Jumbo, if you expect to be taken seriously when you ask if Wallie Reid is dead. Couldn't you think of enough questions to ask? Yes, Tony Moreno is still in the movies, his latest picture being, "The Secret of the Hills." Forrest Stanley will probably send you his photo for a quarter. Rodolph, so my fan friends tell me, charges thirty-five cents for his picture.

MISS CHERRY BLOSSOM—Gosh, but I'm sick of Rodolph! We published his picture March 4th. Yes, he probably likes to hear from his admirers, but he is so buried in letters that he had to give up trying to answer them.

FILM FLAM

Strike When a Man's Up—Not Down

LESLIE HISCOTT, Director George Fitzmaurice's assistant, has sworn off working with Italian cameramen. Give him nice, untemperamental Americans every time, says Leslie. These "furriners" are too undependable.

This is what happened to Leslie—and no wonder he got peevish.

After the whole company had puffed and climbed and breathed a sigh of relief at reaching the top of an Alp—one of *the* Alps—without so much as stubbing their toes, the Italian cameraman got temperamental.

He suddenly decided the time had come to hit the boss for more pay. He had just been reading those efficiency ads and they went right to his head. And besides, he had a very strong argument.

The argument was that unless he could take home more lires or something in his pay envelope, he would hurl his camera right off the Alp. Not being a serial camera, it would probably never have recovered.

"Of course," said Mr. Hiscott, "it was nothing short of a hold-up, and it needed all my diplomacy to smooth matters over. But I did—for a time, anyway."

Can't somebody find an ambassadorship for Leslie?

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Sam Is a Tactful Man

"Sam," said Gloria Swanson to her director, Sam Wood, "do you realize we've been working together nearly a year now?"

"Yes," grinned the director, "and I haven't won a battle yet!"

That doesn't mean that Gloria swings a mean rolling pin or anything. With a face like hers, she doesn't need to!

* * * * *

Jeanie—A Jail Bird

Imagine! Jeanie Macpherson was arrested and sent to jail for four days. No, it wasn't for speeding.

"It's all in the day's work," said Miss Macpherson—or rather, four days' work, and good work, too. Now the scenario writer knows just how it feels and no one can tell her the prison scenes in "Manslaughter" are not true to life.

For on her way east to consult Alice Duer Miller, the author of "Manslaughter," Miss Macpherson made arrangements with the police in a Mid-Western town to be arrested and treated just like a regular prisoner for four days. So that's that.

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This Is What George Did

George Walsh, who is appearing in "With Stanley in Africa," has always felt very proud of his skill on horseback; but pride goeth before a fall, so the Bible says, and that's what happened to George. He had the fall. It all happened because George is so polite.

He was galloping along at a great rate when he saw a flivver approaching. George believes in protecting the weak, so he drew his steed to the side of the road to let the flivver pass. Soft ground crumpled under the horse's feet; he made a beautiful bow and then sat right down.

Not to be outdone, George made his bow too, into the air and onto a rock. He bunged up his eye and skinned his nose and mussed up a perfectly satisfactory set of features. Filming was suspended until the features warped back into shape, so Stanley had to worry along in Africa without him for several days.

A Scentimental Scene

Think of it, girls! Gloria played a joke on Rodolph. The very idea!

In a scene in "Beyond the Rocks," in which the two stars play together, Rodolph is supposed to pick up her scented lace handkerchief and crush it to his lips.

So when this episode was filmed, Rodolph dutifully picked up the kerchief with an ecstatic look and pressed it to his face. But the ecstatic look got pushed off his face by a look of dismay as Rodolph dropped the handkerchief. From behind the director came a shriek of laughter, followed by Gloria.

Instead of perfume, she had placed a couple of pieces of garlic in the handkerchief.

"It was supposed to be scented," she explained demurely.

Shirley Mason hears "her master's voice"—or maybe she's learning Spanish.

Safety First

Maclyn Arbuckle in the title role of "The Prodigal Judge," is supposed to fight a duel, but on the morning of the duel he awakens to find that his friend has taken all of his clothes and left to appear in his place. So he wraps a blanket about him and goes to the field of honor dressed like Julius Caesar or somebody. That is all as it should be according to the story.

The scene was shot along a deserted road, where there was no traffic. Mr. Arbuckle took his position and at the signal from Director Jose, he started running down the road. His appearance, of course, was most un-ballroom-like; his blanket flopped behind him in the breezes and he waved a pistol wildly in the air. Altogether, he didn't look like a man you'd be cordial toward on a dark night.

Just at that moment, a negro stepped into the road in front of him and gave one horrified glance. "Oh, Lord, save me," he yelled, "the debbil's done got me." He gave a deer-like leap and cleared a fence, while Arbuckle flapped his blanket with glee.

What If They All Talked at Once?

"What does this Russian mean, I wonder?" asks one of the scribes at the Paramount studio.

"Ask Theodore, he knows!" is the answer, for if Theodore Kosloff doesn't know Russian, who does? And Olga Printzlau, scenario writer, can actually make sense out of those funny looking Danish words. Paul Iribe, Art Director, was born right in Paris and speaks French like a native. Why shouldn't he?

Walter Hiers reminds us that we shouldn't forget his skill as a translator. "I can translate English into slang at any time!" says he.

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Reel Fights

"Have you met Clarence Burton?" asked Director Paul Powell, as he introduced to Agnes Ayres the well-known "heavy" who will be the villain of "The Ordeal," her next Paramount picture.

The star smiled as she recalled how often Clarence had been cast as her worthless husband.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "Mr. Burton and I have fought several times before."

* * * * *

Emoting the Wrong Emote!

Priscilla Dean came onto the Universal lot ready for work in "That Lass o' Lowrie's" feeling like a million dollars and ninety cents more. The world was wonderful and so on! Then she was told that she would have to weep today and "The Song of India" was played very dismally to prove it.

Neely Edwards, comedian, arrived at the studio feeling like the first half of the Salvation Army motto. Maybe the name of his new comedy, "The Inheritance Tax" might have reminded him that Income Tax time is with us again. Anyway, he was glum.

And then he was greeted with the information that he was supposed to laugh his head off that morning. "What Do You Want to Make Those Eyes at Me For?" was played for him to laugh at.

So there were he and Priscilla Dean envying each other and weeping and laughing. It's a great life.

* * * * *

It Wasn't Their Blizzard

"Awaiting a blizzard!"

So read the report of one unit of "With Stanley in Africa" for four days in succession. Each day the production managers at Universal City turn in a report to the Director-General regarding the day's activities. But what should they want with a blizzard for scenes in Africa, reasoned the Director-General.

He summoned William Craft and Bert Dorris into his office. They were the director and production manager and should know all about it.

"I've read this story clear through the eighteen episodes," said the Director-General, "and I can't find out why the Sam Hill you need a blizzard."

"We have to have one," said Craft, "but not to photograph. We need L. C. Shumway, one of the principals, for re-takes. He's on location at Truckee with another company waiting for a blizzard. He can't leave to come here until they've had one. So we're waiting for one ourselves."

The reputation of California for hot weather remains intact, and the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce can breathe freely.

A. M. T.

What if the rope should break!

An Intimate Story of the Gish Girls' Triumphant Careers

(Continued from page 5)

"Dorothy was always getting herself into predicaments because of her seriousness," Lillian added. "Tell about that fire scene in 'East Lynne,' Dorothy."

"Oh, yes." Dorothy laughed. "I was playing in 'Dian O'Dare,' and if you have seen it, you will remember there is a big love scene in which the hero pours out his love to the heroine. Well, in our production, the stage director placed this scene in front of a fireplace. There were logs, realistic enough, to be sure, but beneath them burned some electric lamps instead of the flames which were supposed to lick them. From the audience, the log fire looked just as natural as it would at home, but from backstage you could see all the trappings. There was an opening above the logs, for the back of the fireplace with space in between.

"The hero and the heroine began their scene, and the leading man was carrying it on to its fiery conclusion when suddenly they became aware of snickers and guffaws from the audience. They peered out of the corners of their eyes, looked about to see what was amiss, but could find nothing. Some stagehands looked on from the wings, wondering what the laughter, which was increasing in volume, was about. Finally, one stagehand spotted the cause of the trouble. I had seen the opening in the back of the fireplace, walked into it, not thinking that I could be seen from the audience, and sat down on the logs in the midst of the fire. The stagehand seized me by the waist, and the curtain fell. It was the best laugh 'East Lynne' ever got. I suppose I just dreamily walked through the fireplace, saw the audience, and decided to look them over. That's the only reason I can find for sitting in the fire."

As your acquaintance with the girls grows you notice the difference between them, Dorothy's nervous energy, Lillian's calmer nature. Dorothy went on to relate another story which bears upon her nervousness, something which has prevented her from playing upon the stage since the days when she grew from a child into a beautiful woman.

"We always tried to keep the family together. Mamma always wanted to be with the both of us, but that wasn't always possible, for although most of the old melodramas had one stage child, few required two or more. So eventually we had to separate. I was confided to the care of a woman I knew as 'Aunt Alice,' and she took good care of me.

"But I had a bad habit, that of picking the threads out of the hems of my dresses. I would sit in a corner, start fidgeting, begin picking threads out and finally the hem would slip out and the dress would be down to my ankles. Aunt Alice caught me a couple of times and scolded me, but it did no good. Finally, she told me that if I ever did it again she would take my clothes away from me. That stopped me for a while, but about three days later, I began to pick the threads out as usual. I was in the midst of my game, when in walked Aunt Alice.

"'I meant what I told you,' she scolded. 'Come here!'

"And 'here' I went. Off went my dress, she confiscated it, and gave me in its place, a boy's suit, belonging to a boy member of the company.

"'And now you'll have to go back to the hotel just like that,' she told me.

"Well, I don't suppose it is such a terrible disgrace for a girl of eight to walk down the street in boy's clothes, but it seemed so to me. I cried and cried, but she had no mercy, so to the hotel I walked, dressed as a boy. And I never plucked the threads from my dresses again."

It was Lillian's turn. "You know it sounds just too funny to tell the names of the plays in which we acted," she laughed. "The first one was 'In Convict's Stripes.' Then there was 'East Lynne,' 'Her First False Step,' 'At Duty's Call,' 'The Child Wife' 'Mr. Blarney From Ireland,' 'Dian O'Dare,' 'The Coward,' 'The Truthtellers,' and Dorothy played down in Philadelphia in 'Editha's Burglar.'"

"That was a funny play," Dorothy suddenly remembered. "It was all about a man who left home one night and returned later as a burglar to steal from his own safe. I had the best role in that play, practically the lead, and I can hear myself piping out the funniest line I ever had.

"You see, I was supposed to be awakened by the burglar and to come downstairs and catch him at his work. I stood on the stairs in my nightgown and said:

"'Leave us enough knives and forks for breakfast, daddy,' in a shrill, piping voice. Well, the audience just roared at that line. It was a big hit."

Reminiscence brought reminiscence, and Lillian recalled with quite apparent joy, how the Gishes and the Pickfords happened upon one another. This happy friendship, which began in childhood, has never ceased.

"The last time Mary was in town, we rode down Fifth Avenue together in her Rolls-Royce," she related. "And Mary couldn't help saying:

"'Well, Lillian, who'd ever have thought in the old days, we'd be as successful as this!'"

"We were playing in Toronto one season and mamma was able to get an engagement in New York. We gave our notice to the management, and they made the rounds of the managers' offices in Toronto looking for someone to take our places. I was there with Aunt Alice at that time, and when the offer was made to a certain Mrs. Smith, who had a daughter Gladys, Mrs. Smith said she could not take the engagement for her little girl without finding a place for her other two children, Lottie and Jack. The play was 'The Little Red School House,' and there was a schoolroom scene in it, in which a lot of children were used. As a rule we got extra children in the towns we played in for a dollar a performance, but the management needed little Gladys and decided to use Lottie and Jack in that scene as well.

"So the whole Smith family went to New York with us. Mrs. Smith wasn't sure at first that we were the sort of stage children for her two girls and a boy to associate with, for stage children are not all particularly nice, but by the time we reached New York, she was convinced that we were all right. She had never been in New York before, and Gladys had only played in stock in Toronto, so we asked her to come to live with us.

"For two weeks we all lived together in the same house on Thirty-Seventh Street. Then Mary Pickford went out with the company, and when she came back we all lived together again for a time.

"When Mary was here last, we planned to visit that house and have our picture taken, sitting on the steps, as we used to sit. Those were the days when it was a joy to go down to the corner and buy an ice cream sandwich for two cents, when Mary, and Jack and Lottie used to play all sorts of games with us. We were a happy, big family, and had lots of fun together. But Mary wasn't able to find time for the picture, so it hasn't been taken yet, but it will be soon. We moved about New York quite a bit, but we lived longest on Thirty-seventh Street, and that is where our friendship really began.

"Mary was always a most serious young lady, even then. To hear her talk to her mother you'd think that Mary was the mother, and Mrs. Pickford the child. 'Now don't forget your rubbers,' she would say to Jack. 'Mamma, have you got your muffler?' she would tell her mother, when she went out. She acted as a little mother for all of us."

The story of how Lillian and Dorothy Gish entered the movies, how Lillian played with Mary Pickford in a stage production, and incidents of the Biograph and Reliance days with D. W. Griffith, will be related in next week's issue.

Back Pay, *Cosmopolitan Prod.—Paramount*

A screen version of Fannie Hurst's novel of the same name, tells the story of a girl who stole her birthright to worldly success and later tried to pay the bill. With a weather eye on the censors, the makers of this picture have reduced the love and money affairs of Hester, as catalogued in this book, to about two; one, commercialized, with the approved screen type of libertine; the other with a war veteran. Hester steps out of her life of self-indulgence with the first to marry (through pity), the second—a blind, consumptive soldier. The soldier dies soon and she drops back with the cheque book man. Later we see her breaking loose from her dishonest ease, back at the foot of the ladder, a working girl once more at living wages. The work of Matt Moore as the ex-soldier is gratifying in its simplicity. Seena Owen, as Hester, is sincere, but the zig-zagging quality of this vacillating Hurst heroine—true, it may be, to life—is magnified when projected on the screen. Considering, however, the sympathy daily accorded to screen figures who go Hester's way with never a veer in the right direction, it seems but fair to extend a little to the girl who sooner or later did "come back."

Glass Houses, *Metro*

Joy Duval (Viola Dana), a girl of the leisure class, finds that she no longer has an income and that she must marry, work or starve. She makes herself dowdy in horn-rimmed glasses and sloppy things to wear (you should see Viola Dana!) and gets work as a mentor (whatever that is) to one young Billy Norton. Billy is indifferent to the owl-eyed young woman foisted on him by a loving aunt as a sort of female tutor, but compromises Joy quite accidentally, whereupon the aunt insists that they must marry. That Joy is really a beauty in disguise—one of the Duvals, you know—and so on, is divulged, and all ends well. Gaston Glass and Mayme Kelso play in this neat farce.

A Doll's House, *Nazimova Prod.—United Artists*

The Ibsen play adapted for the screen a third time and this time with Nazimova in the role made famous by her on the English-speaking stage—of Nora, the volatile, puerile, irresponsible wife of Torvald Helmer, or rather the wife who tried to be these things because she thought it was demanded of her by her fatuous husband. Nazimova did not try to make Nora sympathetic on the stage, nor does she on the screen. She is evasive, silly, tantalizing, deceitful—but she is not built for tragedy and she goes out to meet it.

Tracked to Earth, *Universal*

Frank Mayo in a Western thriller. Mayo plays Charlie Cranmer, vice-president of a bank, who chases horse thieves and is taken for one himself. About to be hung, he makes a getaway but falls up to his neck in sand under the eyes of his pursuers. Then come the thrills. Closeups show Cranmer's reactions to the bullets whizzing about his head, the harrowing uncertainty of the heroine (Virginia Valli). He is, of course, rescued and identified. Mayo acquits himself handsomely of a role calling for acting of an unusual sort.

The Song of Life (*John M. Stahl Prod.*), *Louis B. Mayer—Asso. First National*

A woman forsakes her husband's house and her child because she detests housework. Twenty-five years later we find her paying the price of her desertion as a dishwasher in a restaurant. She gets work as a maid in the house of her son, a writer now and married. His wife who, too, hates housework, betrays him. He learns of it, and shoots his rival. The climax comes when the mother, put through the third degree by the police, admits the prisoner is her son. The wounded man gets well and withdraws his charge; the wife repents.

E. P. G.

THE PHILANTHROPIC BANK BURGLAR

By JOHN W. GRAY

FIRST INSTALMENT

JACK KENNARD at twenty-nine was good to look at. His four years at Yale, during which he pulled the stroke oar on the varsity eight, pitched for the baseball team and played right half back at football, together with his boxing and wrestling activities, left him physically fit to cope with and dominate any emergency that might arise. He was an athlete and looked the part.

He was a trifle under six feet; he tipped the scales at approximately one hundred and seventy-five—one hundred and seventy-five pounds of bone and muscle. His hair was jet black and was pushed back pompadour fashion, revealing the high, well-formed forehead of the thinker. The face that was lined and tanned by a life spent out in the open, was the face of a leader, a fighter, an individual with a contemptuous disregard for obstacles and a passion for doing the things he had made up his mind to do.

The eyes strengthened the impression that one got from the face, great dark blue eyes that radiated intelligence and understanding, searching and penetrating and sparkling with determination.

Great athletes are seldom good scholars, but Jack was the exception to the rule, a better student never entered the halls of Old Eli, nor a more popular one.

Extraordinary things were expected of him when he graduated with honors at the head of his class in the Yale School of Chemistry. Many thought he would become one of the world's greatest chemists. Jack, however, never lived up to the predictions of his friends, for away back in the well-developed brain of this individual there was something, whatever it was, that always led him into doing the most impossible and the most inexplicable things. This something, call it what you will, caused him to prostitute his knowledge of chemistry and become one of the greatest bank burglars in the world, a scientific criminal, the master mind of the underworld.

Neither environment, booze, drugs, poverty nor any of the rest of the factors that are responsible for most of the criminals that plunder and kill had anything to do with his deserting the beaten trail of respectability for the life of the bandit. He didn't drink, he had never used tobacco in any form, or drugs. Women played a small part in his life and if we look down along the line of his ancestors for a century or more we find nothing but the highest type of men and women, therefore, heredity had absolutely nothing to do with his "fall from grace."

An unusual crook, you will probably say. Yes, very unusual!

The first class hotels of the country with their luxurious furnishings and their atmosphere of wealth and refinement had no more attraction for him than the dumps and dives of the underworld with their cheap, gaudy decorations and their aroma of all that was revolting and devitalizing. He seldom visited either, his havens of rest throughout the country were the different Y. M. C. A.'s, of which he was a member.

For five years after his graduation from Yale he maintained his laboratory in New York. His hours of toil were not regulated, he worked as his fancy and his will dictated. One day he might get down to his work rooms at nine in the morning and work until two in the afternoon, another day it would be from eight in the morning until ten at night, while not infrequently he would get up out of bed in the middle of the night and work with some new formula until the first streak of dawn illuminated the earth.

He was indeed a creature of impulse.

During these five years he cultivated few friends. He was so tremendously absorbed in his work that he had very little time and much less disposition to go out into society.

He had two friends, Henry Haberly and George Biddle, both former Yale men. The latter was recognized as one of the young financial wizards of Wall Street, while Henry had the reputation of being one of the greatest neuro-pathologists in the country. Biddle's passion was making money and mixing with the elite of New York society. He had few constructive interests in life. Henry, on the other hand, was a doer of good; wealth and society meant nothing to him. Society with its meaningless display of wealth, half dressed women and under-educated men gave him no concern whatsoever. Henry and Jack were utterly unlike George in every way and their relationship with him was only continued because of their college sentiment.

For five years after their graduation it had been a custom for the class to meet once a month for dinner in the Waldorf Grill, at which times George never failed to bring up the subject of Jack and Henry "stepping" out into society and the subject, incidentally, was always side-tracked, much to George's chagrin, for society, in his opinion, was an essential element of progress. He didn't believe that one could be a success in life if one didn't have a reputation as a social lion.

"Why don't you do something constructive with your wealth," Henry said to him on the occasion of one of these meetings.

"Ha. Ha," laughed George, "you radicals are a scream."

"There is so much good that you could do," continued Henry, "if you would only do it instead of wasting your time running around the drawing rooms with a lot of half-naked women."

"Tell me," he said, "what would you do if you were wealthy?"

"What would I do," replied Henry, "a thousand different things."

"Be specific," exclaimed George.

"Well," continued Henry, "I should build a hospital for the treatment of criminals that we are now brutalizing in our prisons."

"Prisons," said George, "are necessary."

"Nonsense," replied Henry, "you talk like an idiot."

"Well, what are you going to do with the crooks?"

"Treat them scientifically," answered Henry. "You can't reform criminals by beating them like beasts. Crime is a disease and should be treated by scientific methods."

Henry then launched off into a dissertation on how he could cure at least fifty per cent of the criminal population that society was sending to prison day in and day out. It was evident that Jack was engrossingly interested in what Henry was saying. The cause of the downtrodden always had an especial appeal for him. When Henry finished he said:

"Do you mean to say that you are not able to interest people in such a humanitarian cause?"

"Yes," replied Henry, "I do."

"Well I'll be damned!" exclaimed Jack.

"They're too damn busy entertaining to bother about such projects," declared Henry rather passionately.

"Well," interrupted George, "from now on there will be a decrease of crime amongst one class of crooks."

"Which class are you referring to?" Jack asked him.

"Bank burglars," replied George.

"And why fewer crimes amongst them?" continued Jack.

"The safe makers have just built a burglar-proof safe."

"How sure are you that it's absolutely burglar-proof?"

"I witnessed an experiment today at the safe works, a drill applied to the door left no impression at all," George answered.

"Does that make it burglar-proof?" interrogated Jack.

"Certainly," said George, "they can't drill it, therefore they can't get the powder into it, and since there isn't any other explosive that they can use, why the safe is burglar-proof."

"What's the name of this safe?"

"The Harlan Automatic Time Locker," replied George.

When Jack left Henry and George that night he went direct to his laboratory. He was in deep revery, thought-ridden and filled with strange feelings and fancies that he was hardly able to understand or explain. "It's a hell of a world," he murmured to himself. "A hell of a world," he repeated. "Why all this injustice, inequality, sorrow, misery and poverty? The rich stand by and see people going deeper and deeper into the depths for the want of institutions to treat and cure them, while they bask in the sunshine of wealth and luxury. Think of the good that Henry could do if he only had the means to do it and what a tragedy it is that he cannot get it to carry on his humanitarian work."

He paced the floor of his laboratory like a lion in its cage. Suddenly he exclaimed dramatically:

"By God! if they won't give to those that need help, it should be taken away from them. It's no crime to steal from such people, and if I can only work out a formula for a liquid explosive I'll plunder their banks and give the proceeds to those strange, slum-dwarfed unfortunates to whom smiles, happiness and luxuries are unknown things. I shall see that Henry has a hospital to treat the denizens of the underworld."

For three weeks he labored almost night and day. Several times he thought he had the formula only to find on subsequent experiments that it lacked something or other, he knew not what. He dug into the history of chemistry from the days of Parcelsus, and step by step he covered the long, tortuous trail of its development over century and century by Boyle, Lavoisier, Fourcroy, Lunge, Winkler and Sobrero.

Finally his efforts were crowned with success, for out of nitrate of soda, nitric acid, sulphur and sulphurous acids, glycerine, water, nitrous gas and fulminate of mercury, in peculiar parts, he got a liquid explosive and the agencies with which to explode it. He figured on the possibility of detection, so he arranged the mixture of these ingredients in such a manner that no chemist could analyze it and declare it to be an explosive unless all the different parts were properly apportioned. He intended to carry these chemicals in two separate bottles; if he were ever arrested, no one would know what they were or what they were used for.

The successful consumation of crime was to be a science with him, he was determined that no rogues gallery would ever contain his picture, therefore, he worked out another formula to defeat bloodhounds that he knew would be put on his trail in the course of his criminal career. This was a comparatively easy undertaking, for within twenty-four hours he had solved the problem with a mixture of chloroform, nitrous acid, bromide of potassium and oil of mustard. No bloodhound in the world could follow him once he applied this mixture to rags tied on his shoes. Subsequent experiments with a bloodhound proved that conclusively.

He then read everything that he could find on the underworld, the vernacular of thieves and their methods. He read the book written by Langdon W. Moore, one of the first American bank burglars. He went to the library and got Inspector Byrnes' book on "Great American Criminals," so when he finished he was fairly well posted on the doings of the "prowlers in the dark."

He would use skin tight rubber gloves to obviate the possibility of detection by finger prints.

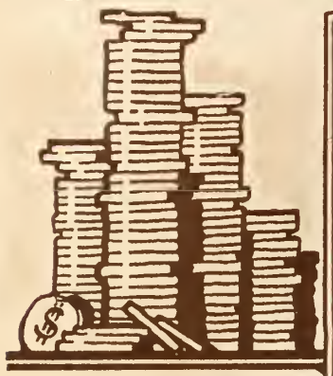
HELP

IT was nearly midnight when he closed up his laboratory and started for his apartment in Central Park West. The theatres had dropped their final curtains, the restaurants were crowding up rapidly with the after-the-theatre crowds, the jazz bands in the cabarets were jingling, mirth and revelry were prevalent everywhere, the night life was at its height as he walked up Broadway.

At Fifty-ninth Street he turned off Broadway and entered the park. His attention was suddenly attracted to a scene on the lawn. He heard cursing, loud voices and an occasional groan as though somebody were being beaten. He stopped and listened and looked. It was quite dark and he couldn't see very distinctly, but as if by magic the moon came from behind a mane of tawny clouds and threw a ray of light over the lawn, revealing

(*Continued on page 26*)

How would You like to



In publishing the names and photographs of the prize winning girls in the POPULAR HIGH SCHOOL GIRL CONTEST and the names of some of the others whose records placed them in the near-prize-winning-class, "Movie Weekly" wishes to thank every girl who participated, together with their friends and associates who provided such hearty backing.

In view of the large prizes offered the winners in this contest, we had hoped that practically every high school in the United States would enter one or more girls to take part and we believe that in another contest they would do so.

We have been giving some thought to the idea of running another in the fall and will welcome letters of approval from high school girls in all parts of the country who are willing to enter if we decide in the affirmative.

Checks will be mailed to the five winning girls within a few days after the publication of this issue of "Movie Weekly."

1	**HELEN R. BLANK ($3,000)**.. Toledo, O., Scott H. S.	22,887
2	**MARIE LINAHAN ($1,000)**.. Binghamton, N. Y., Binghamton H. S.	13,726
3	**LUCILLE MILLER, ($500)**.... Oshkosh, Wis., Oshkosh H. S.	6,122
4	**ALMA CELLA ($300)**..... E. Elmhurst, N. Y., Flushing H. S.	5,632
5	**LORETTA WAGNER ($200)**.. Cincinnati, O., St. Boniface H. S.	5,282
6	**OLIVE G. FRAZER**..... Oyster Bay, N. Y., Oyster Bay H. S.	4,306
7	**HANNAH JOSEPH** ..... Austin, Texas, Austin H. S.	4,122
8	**YETTA SEINFELD** ..... Brooklyn, N. Y., East Dist. H. S.	2,953
9	**RUTH NEHRING** ..... Brooklyn, N. Y., Erasmus Hall H. S.	2,277
10	**BETTY BENDIT** ..... New York, N. Y., Washington Irving H. S.	1,063
11	**MABEL POLLOCK** ..... Ada, Okla., E. C. S. N.	912
12	**ALLEAT JOHNSON** ..... Fond du Lac, Wis., McKinley H. S.	799

Marie Linahan

40 Baldwin Street,
Binghamton, N. Y.
February 12, 1922.

CONTEST EDITOR, "Movie Weekly,"
119 West 40th Street,
New York City.

Dear Sir:

In answer to your telegram, which I received this morning, I will try to give you an account of my life.

I was born in Binghamton, New York and have lived there all my life. January 2, 1922 was my 17th birthday.

In June, 1918 I graduated from St. Mary's Parochial School and entered the "Binghamton Central High School" in September of the same year as a student in the Commercial Course. I expect to graduate in June, 1922.

At present I am vice-president of the "Friday Club" one of the social organizations of our school and secretary of the High School Chamber of Commerce.

I am interested in music but am undecided as to whether I will continue the study of it or enter the business field after graduation.

Very truly yours,
MARIE LINAHAN.

Helen Rose Blank

Toledo, Ohio.
2335 Warren Street,
February 12, 1922.

"MOVIE WEEKLY" CONTEST EDITOR,
New York City.

Dear Contest Editor:

This is my first attempt at writing and autobiography and I will try to give you, as best I can, a few facts. I reached my sixteenth birthday last New Year's Eve at (6:30 p. m.). Perhaps that accounts for my being a little out of the ordinary, being a New Year's baby.

As far back as I can remember, I have always been quite a "movie fan" and have quite a collection of pictures (some eighty), of our most noted actresses and actors. When I was younger, I can also remember that I was often called upon to entertain at church festivals, usually singing lullabys with my dolls, etc., and at one time unconsciously winding up with a sort o' what you might call these days, "shimmy dance." I was always considered quite a tomboy, getting into all sorts o' scrapes, at the age of seven being rescued from under a row-boat and many other thrilling happenings which I will not take time to relate. I have always been very fond of music from a child up, and I began when very young to take lessons. My mother, having been a pipe organist and also teaching music, being my first teacher. So it was very natural and very easy for me to play whatever was expected of me. My father, sisters and brothers also are all very musically inclined. So we have some great times together.

Mother and dad say that the first thing of all is that I am domestically inclined. I make friends very easily and I have a great many whom I love dearly.

Since being in the contest and after having seen my picture I was greatly surprised and also delighted to receive a great number of letters from apparent strangers who seemed interested in me and sending in a great many votes for me, as they told me and wishing me all kinds of success in this contest; one of them being from a Honolulu native, who sent in several.

One of my favorite actors in the movies is Mr. Bert Lytell, and I had the great pleasure of meeting him in person a few weeks ago, while his picture "The Idle Rich" was being shown on the screen at Loew's Theatre, Toledo.

I hope I have given you a few satisfactory facts regarding my life in response to your telegram of February 11th, and here's hoping that I win, because I've worked very hard in this contest and I am anxious to hear from you.

Very sincerely yours.
HELEN ROSE BLANK.

P. S.—I am sending in this same mail, picture as you requested me to do. If there is any more information you would like to have, I would be glad to give it to you.

be one of these Lucky girls?

Lucille Miller

February 12 ,1922.

"MOVIE WEEKLY,"
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

Your telegram of February 11 was received at noon today. In response to your request I am inclosing two photographs of myself. I think neither of them is exactly cabinet size, but they are the only ones available on such short notice. I hope that you will find one of them satisfactory.

The following is a short account of my life: I am seventeen years old, and was born in Oshkosh January 12, 1905. I attended the Dale School of Oshkosh, where I was a member of the Girl's Indoor Baseball Team for several years acting in the capacity of pitcher for the last two seasons before entering high school. (I was never able to acquire the art of throwing a spit-ball, but managed to keep my team well up in the graded school league.)

I entered the Oshkosh High School in 1918, green and bashful, and with a "lost feeling," as I mixed for the first time with a thousand or more students. I soon found that the people I met here were just as human as those I had known for eight years at the Dale School, and much more enthusiastic about athletics. Both our Girls' and Boys Departments of Physical Education and Athletics were alive and well developed, and together with some of my girl friends I spent a good many spare hours playing the girls' games and following the teams in their interscholastic contests. During the past semester I have held the position of Girl Manager of Athletics, but I think they "picked a lemon." Again, during last semester the student body "picked a lemon," when in a contest put on by the school paper, I was elected the most representative girl in the school. You had better not mention this in print, as I am sure there are a good many other girls in the school more deserving of this honor.

I am in the class of 1922, and hope to prepare myself later to teach Physical Education. It has been with this in mind that I have worked my hardest to win the "Movie Weekly" Contest. Our campaign was carried on with the High School Athletic Association as our working organization. I believe we have one of the strongest organizations on any high school in the country. The campaigners from the association certainly had things going big in spite of some unthinking and unreasonable opposition from a few people in a position to make our work much harder. Unfortunately for the last days of our campaign, school was practically closed for ten days, with no sessions at all for one entire week, during the final examination period. This worked against us in two ways. In the first place it put us out of close contact with our working body. In the second place it gave those who were carrying the hammers and mallets a chance to do their work without the counteracting influence which would have existed had school been in session. The knockers have much to be proud of; we hope they get their dues. However, we believe that in the long run their knocks will prove boosts for your circulation, although they did their damage at a time when we were not in contact with the students to successfully block their mud-slinging. At the rate we had things moving we should certainly have been able to get across another three or four thousand votes, had school remained in session.

I hope this gives you the things you are interested in. Never having been an editor, it is hard for me to tell just which things would make the best reading.

Respectfully yours,
LUCILLE MILLER.

Alma Cella

Loretta Wagner

East Elmhurst, N. Y., February 20, 1922.

Contest Editor,
"MOVIE WEEKLY,"
119 West 40th Street, New York City.

Dear Sir:—

Replying to your inquiry for an account of my life I submit the following facts.

Fifteen years ago I was born in the city of New York. My father is of Italian parentage and my mother French, but I am a full-fledged American girl. When old enough I went to Public School No. 57 in Manhattan, from which I graduated two years ago.

At the present I am attending the Flushing High School and am a sophomore. I enjoy my lessons but believe that I like to travel more than anything else. I went to California, where I spent eight months on the wonderful western coast. I like the climate there and think it is most ideal, principally because one never experiences zero weather. The vineyards of California claimed my admiration, for there is nothing more beautiful to me than a beautiful expanse of country covered with flourishing vineyards.

I am fond of arts. Music I prefer and enjoy opera. I think that Aida is the most beautiful of all operas and Farrar and Muzio are the best singers. My mother possesses a wonderful voice and from her I have learned some of my favorite operatic selections. I speak French and Spanish and love them all and play no favorites.

When "Movie Weekly" started the Popular High School Girl Contest I entered modern dancing, fox-trotting, waltzing and one-stepping—I love them all and it, but after a couple of months grew discouraged. My mother ousted this feeling and urged me to finish what I had started, so with the help of my younger sister, Ebe, I started out to get busy and capture one of those generous prizes offered to the five most popular girls in high schools all over the country. We offered hard and by making the fact known to our friends in California, Ohio, in Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, we worked up a large subscription list of customers for "Movie Weekly," that we have all grown to like.

Like all girls, or at least most of them, my sister and myself are very fond of the movies. My favorite actors and actresses are Rudolph Valentino, Pearl White, William Farnum, and Norma Talmadge. Our interest in the movie folks and in the plays they give us, made it easy to introduce "Movie Weekly" to those unfamiliar with him lite. Now they are regular readers.

You do not tell me why you wish this autobiography, but I hope that it is because I have won a prize in the popular High School Girl Contest.

Very truly yours,
ALMA CELLA.

February 12, 1922.
Cincinnati, Ohio.

"MOVIE WEEKLY,"
New York.

Gentlemen:

Your telegram was received this A. M. In compliance with your request, I hasten to carry out your instructions. Today I had a photograph taken of myself in the style and size you specified. In regard to my age, I was 15 years old on the 23rd day of October, 1921, and was born in Columbus. After I was four years old we moved to Cincinnati, where I was educated in St. Boniface High School, taking stenography and bookkeeping, where I will graduate in June. I have always been interested in literary work and devote most of my time to Reading and Story Writing, a profession I hope some day to master. I have always been very active with books and magazines and have in my earlier school days sold magazines during my spare time.

I am an ardent follower of the movies and am particularly interested in Western productions. It is because of my interest in the movies that I took to the "Movie Weekly" publication and immediately got others interested so that before I knew it, I had a nice little route to deliver to—about 20 subscribers. When I immediately saw your proposition for the High School Girl Contest, I believed from the very start that I could set a merry pace for any competitors, and before the contest was many weeks old, I was delivering "Movie Weekly" to very near 300 customers each week and I must confess in all sincerity, it kept me hustling all the time. I felt much relieved when the contest closed, as it surely was a tremendous strain to keep up the pace I made for myself.

Since the contest closed I was able to retain 75 customers who will continue taking the "Movie Weekly." Should I be successful in winning the prize I will feel well repaid for my effort. I am waiting to receive word of my official standing at the close of the contest at an early date. I wish you success.

Thanking you again for your co-operation with me and

Respectfully yours,
MISS LORETTA WAGNER,
4030 Cherry Street,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Philanthropic Bank Burglar

(Continued from page 23)

the uniform of a policeman struggling with what was apparently a prisoner; he hurried over to investigate.

The officer, a big, burly Irishman, was half carrying and half dragging his prisoner and varying the monotony of this by hitting him over the head occasionally with his night stick.

"Come on, come on, you ——— ———," he yelled, as he wrestled with his charge.

Jack was immediately filled with an unconquerable rage. The prisoner was a fairly good-looking young fellow about twenty-eight, tall and very well-dressed. He was desperately trying to get away from the big "bull."

Jack pulled his hat down over his eyes, turned up his coat collar so the cop couldn't see his face plainly and moved nearer.

"Hey, there!" he shouted to Jack, "give me a hand with this burglar!"

"What's he been doing?" asked Jack.

"He's a burglar," exclaimed the cop, "I caught him breaking into a house."

"A burglar, eh?" remarked Jack, sort of meaninglessly.

"Yes," replied the cop angrily; "and a damn bad one. He tried to use his gun when I grabbed him."

"Why use your club on him?" declared Jack. "You look big enough and strong enough to eat him up without all that strong-arm stuff."

This evidently aggravated the cop, for he shouted at Jack:

"T' hell you say! Go on, get away from here or I'll take a crack at you!"

"Don't get sore," replied Jack. "I meant no offense. He looks like a desperate fellow, I'll give you a hand with him."

"All right, come on," the cop answered.

Jack moved over to the side of the big "bull," as though he were going to help him, but quick as a streak of lightning out shot Jack's fist, catching the big policeman under the chin. The officer staggered, reeled and fell to the ground; the crook, being handcuffed, fell on top of him. When the cop fell he dropped his keys which were in his hands. Jack picked them up, unlocked the handcuffs and freed the amazed and bewildered crook.

"Come quick!" he said to him, "let's get away from here!"

"Wait until I get me gun," replied the crook.

"Come on, hurry, never mind your gun," declared Jack. "You've got no time for guns now." He grabbed the crook and started across the park.

Fifteen minutes later he and the crook were sitting in his apartment.

"Say, who in the hell are you anyway!" exclaimed the crook. "Nobody but a right guy could have done what you done tonight!"

"Forget about it," said Jack, "I was glad to have been able to help you. By the way, what's your name?"

"Jimmy O'Connor. What's yours?"

"Frisco Blackey," replied Jack.

"Are you a grifter?" inquired Jimmy.

"Yes," replied Jack, "I'm a grifter."

"What's your racket?"

"Bank burglar," whispered Jack. "Don't talk so loud, somebody is likely to hear you."

"Holy smokes!" exclaimed Jimmy. "You don't mean to tell me that you're a jug man, do you?"

"Yep," replied Jack.

"Where's your broad?"

"Haven't got one," answered Jack, "I live alone."

Jimmy O'Connor was all admiration and gratitude for his rescuer and his eyes filled up with tears when he said:

"You sure saved my life tonight. If that bull had ever got me to de boog, I'd a went to Sing Sing for a long stretch, believe me!"

"Have you ever been there?"

"Yes," he declared, "I've only been out about six months."

"How long did you do?"

"Three years," replied Jimmy. "Three long, hard years."

"What were you sent up for?"

"Stick-up," he grunted; "I stuck up a messenger in Wall Street."

Jack was tremendously impressed with Jimmy. He believed that he had earned his lifelong loyalty and gratitude when he took him away from the cop. That act was the last word in heroism from the standpoint of the underworld. Nothing else that he might have done could have possibly elevated him any higher in Jimmy's estimation. It then occurred to him that Jimmy would make a perfectly trustworthy assistant, and he was overcome with joy when Jack announced that he was going to take him along with him on his bank burglarizing expeditions.

"I don't know nothing about the swell grift," he said, "but, believe me, I will go the limit for you, Blackey, any time you say the word."

"I will take you with me, provided you are willing to do as I say."

"I'm with you hook, line and sinker," replied Jimmy. "I'll do anything you say and I don't give a damn what it is!"

"Are you willing to devote twenty per cent of what you get out of every haul to a certain cause that I have in mind, without asking any questions?"

"Sure!" replied Jimmy, "you can have the shoit off me back!"

"I shall also want you to go to night school later on," said Jack, "how about that?"

"Fine and dandy!" replied Jimmy with emotion, "I knows dat I'se kaffay hag."

This last expression went clean over Jack's head. He didn't "get" Jimmy on that "kaffay hag" business. "I wonder what he means," Jack murmured to himself, "that surely is a new one on me." So finally he said to him:

"Kaffay hag? What do you mean by that, Jimmy?"

"Don't youse know what dat means, Blackey?"

"No," replied Jack, "I don't."

"Kaffay hag is de name of dat new coffee that says everything is extracted from de bean. Everything is extracted from my bean, dere's nothing dere, dat's why I calls myself kaffay hag, do you get me?"

Jack understood and laughed.

"Now, there's just one more request that I have to make."

"Wat's dat?" inquired Jimmy.

"You've got to give up all your old friends. You mustn't let any of them know what you are doing. You've got to stay away from the underworld hangouts, and after we get started you've got to live by yourself. Are you willing to do these things? If you're not, say so."

"Sure I am," he replied. "I gets you, I gets you, Blackey. If I keeps away from all de dumps in de tenderloin de "dicks" won't know where I am or what I'm doing. Dat's good dope. I'll stay away from them."

"That's exactly what I mean," said Jack. "If you keep away from all those places nobody will ever know anything about your business, and what is more important still, you will never get in prison. If I ever hear of your going into the tenderloin again you'll have to paddle your own canoe. I can't afford to associate with you if you run around those places."

Jack was interrupted in the middle of his talk by the ring of his door bell. Automatically he pulled out his watch and looked at it. Two-thirty! A fine hour for a visitor! "Who could it be?" he thought to himself. Nobody had ever visited at his apartment before at any time and it certainly was no friend calling at that unconventional hour of the morning.

It then dawned on him that somebody had witnessed the affair between him and the cop and had followed him to the apartment. "A fine mix-up," he murmured to himself, "if that's what it is."

He got up, went to the window and looked out on the street. What he saw simply added conviction to his thoughts about being followed to the apartment, for there on the sidewalk stood two cops. He moved back from the window, but didn't say anything to Jimmy about the cops outside. He was trying to organize his thoughts; trying to decide what would be the best thing to do under the circumstances.

"It's the dicks," said Jimmy. "I'll bet a hundred they trailed us to de flat."

"Keep quiet," whispered Jack.

The bell rang again louder and longer.

"Have you got a gun, Blackey?" said Jimmy, "it's the dicks, sure."

"Keep quiet! Keep quiet!" repeated Jack.

Jack then went to his desk, picked up two guns and handed one to Jimmy saying:

"Now listen to what I have to say and then do it. Take this gun and get in that closet and don't come out until I give you the signal."

"Wat's de signal?" Jimmy whispered.

"Keep your eye on the keyhole and when you see me rub my hands, open the door quietly and cover them with your gun. Don't come out of the closet, just open the door wide enough to put your arm through the opening. Understand?"

"I got you," Jimmy replied, "but don't you think that we ought to beat it down the fire escape in the back?"

"No, no!" said Jack rather impatiently. "Get in that closet and do as I tell you! Get in quick!"

Jack went to the window again and looked out. The two policemen were standing in front of the door and though it was extremely dark and raining he could see them plainly from the apartment window which was on the six floor. It then occurred to him that he had brought home with him from the laboratory a small two-ounce bottle filled with the liquid explosive. "What a fool I was to have brought that home with me!" he thought. He hurried to the toilet and emptied it in the bowl. Just then the bell rang again. He slipped into his bath robe and went to the door with the gun concealed up his sleeve. He pulled the door open quickly.

"Mr. Kennard," said the negro operator, "pahdon muh for disturbing yo', but you left your receiver off the hook and ah has a message fo' yo'."

"What's the message, Joe?" asked Jack.

"Mr. Haberly phoned about an hour ago and said that you should be at the Post Graduate Hospital tomorrow morning at nine o'clock without fail."

"All right, Joe. Thank you!"

"Don't forget to put dat receiver back on dat hook," said the negro as Jack proceeded to close the door.

"I won't," replied Jack.

"Well, wat de hell do you think of that?" said Jimmy as he came out of the closet. "And we thought it was the bulls."

"Aren't you glad that it wasn't?" laughed Jack.

"Glad?" remarked Jimmy. "I should say!"

"Well, let's turn in, Jimmy, and get a few hours sleep. We leave New York tomorrow night."

A short while after they were both in the land of dreams.

A BOLD BANK ROBBER

THE Arlington National Bank of Philadelphia was getting ready to close up for the day when a big, fine-looking fellow in the uniform of a Captain of Police entered and announced that he wanted to see the president.

"May I have your card?" asked the president's secretary.

"Just say that Captain Worthington of the Sixth Precinct wants to see Mr. Barker."

The secretary entered the president's office and said:

"Mr. Barker, Police Captain Worthington of the Sixth Precinct would like to see you for a few moments."

"Police Captain Worthington?" repeated the president.

"Yes, sir," replied the secretary.

"Very well, show him in."

When the captain entered, Mr. Barker got up and shook hands with him.

"Glad to know you, Captain, what can I do for you?"

"I want to talk with you privately for a few moments, Mr. Barker."

"Very well, Captain, pitch in."

There was a stenographer in the corner, so the captain waited for Mr. Barker to usher her out of the office. Barker, of course, did not understand that the captain wanted her out of the office, but he noticed the captain's hesitancy, so he said:

"Don't be concerned about this girl, Captain, she is absolutely trustworthy. Anything she hears in my office she never repeats."

"I don't question that for a moment, Mr. Barker, but if you will pardon my insistence, this is one conversation that nobody is going to hear outside of you and myself, so I will have to ask you to have the young lady leave the office, please."

"Oh, very well, Captain—and—ah—Miss Lewis, will you pardon us for a few moments? Thank you."

When the stenographer left the office, the captain resumed his conversation.

"I have information, Mr. Barker, that a gang of New York bank burglars is coming over to Philadelphia tonight to rob your bank."

The president was stunned and when he regained his composure he exclaimed:

"Bank burglars coming here to rob my bank!"

"Tonight," replied the captain.

"Well, this is interesting!"

"However," continued the captain, "I've laid my plans to capture them and I'm here to tell you what they are and to request you to do just as I suggest. The success of my plans depends upon your cooperation."

"Very well, Captain," he replied. "I'm at your service; you may be sure of my hearty cooperation. What are your plans?"

"I will come to the bank tonight at nine o'clock with two of my plain clothes men. I want you to instruct your watchman to let us in when I knock on the door three times. Under no circumstances are you to breathe a word of this to a living soul outside of your watchman. The utmost secrecy must prevail. The slightest slip will mean defeat and the escape of the burglars. When you leave the bank go to your home and stay there. Don't let your curiosity get the better of you and come sneaking around the bank to witness the capture, because if the burglars see you it will be all off; you'll spoil everything absolutely. I shall hide my men in different parts of the bank and make the arrest after the crooks get on the inside of the bank. It's a risky job when we're dealing with bank burglars, and the overlooking of the smallest detail may mean death for me and my men. So please do as I suggest."

The president sat spellbound while the captain was imparting these instructions. He was fascinated and it was clearly evident that he was extremely nervous.

"I will do as you say, Captain," he said with a voice quivering with emotion. "I will do as you say; you may be positive of that."

"That's fine," replied the captain. "By the way, has your watchman arrived yet?"

"I'll see in a moment," answered Mr. Barker.

He pushed one of the buzzers on his desk. The secretary responded immediately.

"See if the watchman has arrived yet, if he has, send him to me."

(Continued on page 30)

THE LOVE OF A HUMAN TIGER CAT

Beautiful of Face and Figure, Mentally a Sharp, Creative Genius—the Girl of the Story Rises from Farm Lass to Movie Queen

Viola Glade, human tiger cat, overhears Royal Merton and her "grandmother" planning to destroy papers revealing her identity. Viola acquires the papers and hides them in a tree. Dale Vernon, screen star, falls in love with Viola, but Isobel Merton checks his declaration of love. Viola is placed in an insane asylum at Merton's direction. She escapes and wanders into the grounds of a large estate. Viola hears two men who plan to rob an old colonel. She frustrates their plan. Afterward, she tells her story to the colonel, and is taken into his household. The colonel falls in love with the girl and they are married.

On their honeymoon they go to recover the papers hidden in the tree and meet Dale Vernon, who in despair after learning of Viola's marriage, agrees to wed Isobel. Royal Merton wrecks the train on which the colonel and his bride are traveling. The colonel is killed and Viola, also thought dead, is left in the wreckage by Merton, after he recovers Viola's papers. Merton's hirelings, however, take the girl to the insane asylum. She escapes, and wanders back to the Merton house. She sees Dale Vernon and Isobel together and is about to turn away when she decides to try and recover the papers from Merton. He sees her and shoots. She falls, but when he looks for her she has disappeared.

She is found by gypsies who rob her and leave her near the gate of a cottage. She is found and taken inside, where she is well treated. Isobel comes and, finding Viola there, tries to poison her. Her plan is foiled by the doctor. Dale Vernon follows Isobel to the house and she nearly betrays herself by her anxiety to get him away.

THE doctor sought long and earnestly for a solution of the mystery and found none. Viola was, as yet, too weak to question and he felt frustrated, then, all at once the way seemed opened. He was reading his favorite Richmond paper when he came across the following personal:

"Information is earnestly desired of Mrs. Colonel Grafton, widow of the late Colonel Grafton, killed in railway accident at Barton's Corners on the 17th of this month. Mrs. Grafton was with her husband and has not been seen since. She is not above sixteen years of age, medium height, hazel eyes, red-gold hair, clear and delicate complexion, and strikingly beautiful. $1,000 reward will be paid for information leading to her discovery."

The doctor was on his feet without finishing the paragraph. His face was pale with excitement.

"She is Mrs. Grafton. There is no doubt about it. But that bullet-wound did not come from an accident. Mystery and mystery! Who has inserted the advertisement?

He turned to the paper and read:

"Address all communications, or call personally, at any time of day or night, on S. G. Gladwyn, attorney at law." This was followed by the address.

The doctor whipped out his watch, dashed down the paper, clapped his hat on his head, and rushed into the sitting room, where his wife sat sewing.

"Kate, I'm going to Richmond. Just in time to catch a train. Tell all about it when I return. Lucky there's no serious patients! Home in the morning!"

He was gone leaving his wife staring after him in astonishment.

In Richmond one of the first persons he saw was Dale Vernon. The latter was surrounded by a throng of admirers all clamoring for the autograph of the famous movie star. He was so busy that he did not see the doctor.

The lawyer was in his library when the doctor was ushered in. In a few brief words the latter acquainted him with the reason for his call.

"Good," the lawyer cried. "I'll get my hat and we'll go to her at once."

The doctor shook his head.

"There is no train until morning. Besides it may not be Mrs. Grafton at all. She had no wedding ring on her hand, and she was dressed in the shabbiest of gowns."

"Robbed by some wretch who saw her at the accident," suggested Mr. Gladwyn.

She had a bullet wound in her side," said the doctor. "I put her into a cottage, and there she remained unconscious, murmuring something about Dale, and unworthy."

It was the lawyer's turn to look doubtful.

"I am sure I know nothing about what the words could mean in connection with Mrs. Grafton."

"Yesterday at noon," the doctor went on, "a Miss Isobel Merton . . ."

"Ah!" ejaculated the lawyer. "Go on."

". . . Came to the cottage as if by chance. Dale Vernon, the movie actor, her fiance, found her in a swoon in the cottage. She was quite alone there, excepting for the sick girl, for the occupant of the cottage was outside trying to fasten the horse."

"I believe your patient and my client are the same," the lawyer said emphatically.

"When Isobel Merton was gone," continued the doctor with impressive slowness. "I went to my patient to give her medicine. I found something wrong with it. I took it home and tested it. It had enough poison to kill six girls."

"And Isobel Merton put it there!"

"I do not say so; I only suspect it. But is there a connection that you know of, between your client and this Isobel?"

"That I do not know; but I do know that it is to the interest of Royal Merton to get her out of the way. Once he had her placed in an insane asylum."

"Mr. Gladwyn," cried the doctor, "there can be no doubt but what my patient is your client. In the morning we shall know. Will you help me hunt down the poisoner?"

"Of course. But have you any clue to a reason why the daughter should wish to poison Mrs. Grafton?"

"Mrs. Grafton, if indeed it be she, loves Dale Vernon. So does Miss Merton."

"We must return at once," the lawyer insisted. "If it was worth while to poison your patient, don't you suppose that her enemies have discovered by this time that she is alive?"

"My God!" gasped the doctor, realizing the possibilities of the case at once. "They will try to kill her again; and I am away."

"We'll go back at once," the lawyer stated. "It will only take a few moments for my chauffeur to get the car in readiness."

In two hours' time they were at the cottage.

Once More in the Hands of Her Foes

"Someone has left Mrs. Hawkins' gate open," said Doctor Belden in a low tone, as he and Mr. Gladwyn stopped in front of the cottage. "The good lady would be very angry if she knew."

"She is particular, then?"

"Yes; she is afraid cows or dogs will get in at her flowers. Queer that some one should be here after she had retired."

"Let us go in," Mr. Gladwyn said quickly.

The doctor put his hand on the lawyer's arm.

"The cottage seems so very quiet. I wonder if we should disturb them at this hour?"

"Yes, I think so. At least we should communicate with the woman of the house, even if we let your patient sleep. Ah, by the way, is it your friend's habit to leave her windows wide open?"

The doctor turned quickly and saw the window of Viola's bedroom wide open.

"Merciful Heaven!" he cried. "What can have happened. Have the poor women been murdered?"

"It may be simply carelessness. Do nothing that will startle either one of them. Let us go to the door and knock loudly. Better waken your patient than remain in this suspense."

The doctor knocked furiously. Almost immediately they heard the widow's voice.

"Who's there? What's the matter? Hush! Hush!

"Thank Heaven you are all right," gasped the doctor. "Open the door. It is I, Doctor Belden."

He turned the knob of the door as he spoke and pushed, as if he would hasten the movement of Mrs. Hawkins. To his alarm the door opened at once.

"Do you no longer lock your door?" he cried.

Mr. Gladwyn who grasped everything, pushed past him and cried anxiously:

"Where does your patient sleep?" Quick."

"Mercy, doctor! Who is the gentleman? Don't rouse her in that way, doctor. Good gracious!"

The doctor leaped into Viola's room spurred on by the lawyer's fears. In an instant he was by the bedside.

"She is gone!" he cried.

Mrs. Hawkins was by his side at once, feeling over the empty bed.

"Where is she?" she gasped.

"A light!" cried Mr. Gladwyn, the first to recover.

Mrs. Hawkins nervously struck a match, and with trembling hand lighted the lamp that stood on the table. Then she suddenly remembered that she stood in her nightgown, and with a cry of dismay, fled from the room.

"It is just as I feared," the lawyer said in a sharp, incisive tone. "Was she well enough to go of her own free will?

"She could not stand on her feet."

"I surmised so much. Do you see that the bedclothes are gone? They wrapped her up in it and carried her away. Mrs. Hawkins!"

Mrs. Hawkins entered, wrapped in a dressing gown.

"Yes, sir."

"Your patient is gone. Can you throw any light on the matter? Did you hear any noise?"

"None."

"You can not help us with a suggestion?"

"No, sir. If she had been well enough, I might have thought that she had gone herself, but she was not able to sit up, let alone stand."

"Doctor," said the lawyer decisively, "let us go to Merton's place at once."

"You think he did it?"

"I suspect him. He has the greatest need to have harm come to her. I have been investigating the case ever since the colonel's death." There is something rotten in Denmark and Merton is the cause of it."

"You will go to his house now?"

"We'll go first to this Judge Denison that you have told me about. He is acting magistrate, I believe. You can make affidavit that you believe Isobel Merton attempted to poison your patient. With that in our hands and a constable with us, I fancy we can bring him to terms.

"Ah," sighed the doctor, "I am glad you are in charge of the affair. I would not have thought of that."

"I shall never rest until I have rescued her, or avenged her if they have harmed a hair of her head," Mr. Gladwyn said in a tone that made the doctor glad the lawyer was his friend.

Morning was breaking when the two arrived at the door of Judge Denison's mansion. They had to wait some little while for the judge who was not an early riser. He listened with absorbing interest to the tale they had to tell. In many ways he could fill in the gaps that strengthened the belief of the lawyer that, that in some way the father and daughter were concerned in the present disappearance of his client.

"There can be no doubt of it," he said emphatically. Merton and Isobel were with us at dinner last night. But I should add that it was not by invitation."

"I see, plain as day," Mr. Gladwyn cried, "it was as a sort of alibi. Some one did his dirty work for him. Now the question is: do you feel that you can give me a warrant for the arrest of the girl, Isobel? I could handle her better than her father, and through her could reach him."

The judge hesitated.

"It seems a strong case against her, Gladwyn, but, you see, he has great wealth, and can fight hard."

"Mrs. Grafton has more than a million," the lawyer replied, meaningly. "Besides, it would be a case for the county, you know. You are safe to give a warrant."

"I am not troubled about that," the judge replied. "Let me advise you. Breakfast here. I'll send a message to Merton, asking him to call on a matter of importance to him. You may be sure he will come."

"No doubt of that. His guilt will make him anxious."

"You will leave for the Merton place and as soon as he leaves for here, you will be able to see Isobel alone."

"You are right, judge. I shall do as you say."

"It seems cruel to subject a girl to such an ordeal," the judge said pityingly, "but I can see no help for it."

Royal Merton was at breakfast with his daughter when the letter from the judge was handed him. He read it with a growing pallor. Its non-commital character frightened him.

"What is it, papa?" Isobel demanded. "Has she escaped again?"

"No, she is too ill," the doctor said, to stand on her feet. I wish you had poured the poison down her throat as you first intended."

"What's done can't be undone," she said bitterly. "If I bungled then you have done the same now in having her carried off, instead of killing her, when I told you that she had escaped your bullet and was still living."

"I thought it was the best thing to do. What a bloodthirsty creature you are. You are worse than I am, and God knows that is bad enough. This is a letter from Judge Denison asking me to come over at once to see him on a matter of the utmost importance to me."

"Can he have discovered anything?" she gasped.

"Curse it! I can't tell. I must go without delay!"

He pushed his plate away as he spoke, and hastened to the library. His first act was to take his revolver from the desk drawer and place it in his hip-pocket.

"It is as well to be prepared for the worst!" he muttered to himself ominously.

Isobel at Bay

SHORTLY after Merton left the two men were ushered into the presence of his daughter.

There was a hunted look on her face.

"What—what do you want?" she asked in a faltering tone.

"Isobel Merton," said the lawyer in a solemn tone, "we are here to demand of you a human life."

"She is not dead!" Isobel panted, hardly realizing that she had betrayed herself by her words.

"No," the lawyer agreed; she is not dead, unless she has been killed in the shock of abduction. If she has you will be her murderer."

"Who are you?" she demanded, her brain unable to meet the strain upon it.

He drew from his pocket a warrant for her arrest, and slowly unfolded it before her, saying sternly:

"I am a special officer, holding a warrant for your arrest for attempted murder."

Waving her hand at him as if she would keep him off, she wailed:

"It is a mistake; I did not do it."

"We know you did it and you must either go with us to prison, or reveal where your victim is at this moment."

"How should I know?" she gasped.

"We know you know. You have your choice of prison or telling us where she is."

She glared around the room like some trapped creature seeking a way to escape.

"Make your choice," the lawyer said sternly.

She was silent for a moment, her hands pressed to her heaving bosom as if to calm its turbulence. At last she spoke. "She is in an insane asylum, near here. That is all I know"—and fainted.

"Is there a place of that kind near here?" the lawyer asked of the doctor, ignoring the fallen girl.

"Yes, it hasn't a very good reputation. Why didn't we think of that before?"

"Such places are always closely guarded," murmured the lawyer, "but a warrant from Judge Denison will open the gates."

Calling a servant to look after her mistress who was still in a swoon, they hurried back to Judge Denison's.

As soon as she recovered Isobel hastened to her room and, with feverish excitement, began to toss together various articles of wearing apparel.

"Order my car and find out when the next train leaves for Richmond," she commanded her maid.

When it was brought around she told the same servant to tell her father that she was going to Richmond.

Arriving in that city she went to the hotel where she knew Dale Vernon was staying. She ordered the best suite in the hotel, then asked if Dale Vernon was still there.

"Yes, Miss Merton," the clerk replied, "he is still here."

Resting for a few moments in her rooms she then sent her card to the suite occupied by her fiance. He was in and lost no time seeking her. She leaped up and ran to him, arms outstretched as he entered.

"Why are you here?" he cried in astonishment.

"Dale, I loved you so I could not remain away from you."

"And your father?" he queried.

"He is not here. I came alone."

"Alone? How imprudent! You should not have done so."

"I came to see you, Dale," she said, pleadingly. "I came because I shall soon be your wife and have a right to be with you. I came, Dale," she continued with a burst of passion, "because I want you to make me your wife, now. Why should we wait for the few days that have been set? Dale, dear, take me in your arms and say that the wedding shall take place at once—to-day."

"Isobel, are you mad?" he cried. "I can not—will not do such a thing. It would cause the tongue of scandal to wag. Isobel, you must go back to your father."

"As your wife, Dale," she said, rising inflection in her voice. "You must marry me, now that I have come to you. I shall be forever disgraced if you do not."

He grew cold.

"No, Isobel, I'll never marry you in this way," he said. "I'll leave you for a little while and a little reflection will convince you that it is not wise to do such a thing."

"You shall not leave me," she screamed, leaping between him and the door. "You have promised to marry me, and you shall. I came her for that purpose. It would be dishonorable for you to refuse."

Dale was more alarmed than angry. He saw by her excitement, and the expression in her eyes that something was wrong with her.

"You are not well, Isobel," he said soothingly. "Let me send for a doctor. We will talk this matter over afterward."

A wild laugh rang from her lips, and with a swift movement, she snatched from her bosom the stiletto which her father had procured for her.

"You shall never leave me alive except as my husband!" she screamed. "Do you think I will give you back to her?"

With these words she suddenly lowered her voice, and spoke in a whisper.

"Of course she is dead; you know that; but you don't know that I killed her. No one knows that. I would not let her live to take you from me."

He knew now that her brain was affected and realized, as he saw her creeping toward him with the gleaming weapon in her hand, and the light of reason gone from her eyes, that his life was in danger.

"We'll die together," she said in a low tone that made his flesh creep. "Better lie in the grave in your arms than to live and see her your bride."

She leaped upon him as she spoke, and then there ensued a struggle that was the more difficult owing to the fact that he strove not to injure her, while she strove with maniacal rage to drive the blade of the weapon in his heart.

What the outcome might have been it is impossible to say, had not some of the hotel servants been attracted by the sound of scuffling and screaming, and rushed in.

She was secured, after some difficulty, and was conveyed to a private insane asylum and a telegram sent to Royal Merton, bidding him come to see Isobel at once, who was ill.

Queen of Hearts

WHEN the telegram arrived Royal Merton was cold in death. Viola had been rescued from the insane asylum; the cowardly doctor had turned state's evidence and confessed the crimes against both Viola and her mother. Realizing that he could cheat justice no longer a bullet ended the cruel man's career.

Viola, now one of the richest women in the south, was taken to the residence of Judge Denison, where, with a trained nurse and Dorothea as a loving companion, she rapidly regained her customary health.

For several days there had passed no words between them on a subject which Dorothea had confidently expected would be the first one broached—that of Dale Vernon.

It was Dorothea, in fact, that broached the subject; she had been unable to keep silent, and believed that Viola was well enough now to talk without fear of unduly exciting herself.

Viola was in a becoming wadded wrapper of turquoise blue silk, and reclining in an easy-chair on the upper veranda of the house. Dorothea sat by her side, looking doubtfully at her.

"Viola, dear," she said at last, "why don't you ask me any questions about your old friends and acquaintances?"

The color rose in the beautiful face, and there was a little quiver of the full lower lip.

"If there had been anything to tell," she said in a low tone, "I supposed you would tell me."

"Don't you want to know anything about Dale Vernon?"

"Is he married yet?" Viola said, with a little catch in her voice.

Dorothea shook her head gravely.

"No; he will never marry Isobel. She is insane—hopelessly insane."

"The two little hands held each other in a convulsive grasp.

"I am sorry to learn it. Does he feel badly?"

"He feels—badly to think she is insane, but he did not love her. Don't you know Viola, that he loved no one but you?"

Viola bit her lips to suppress a sob that rose in her throat.

"He despised me because I married my dear old colonel."

Dorothea nestled close to her and took her hand in both of hers, saying eagerly:

"You are mistaken, Viola. I heard him say yesterday that he thought you were the noblest, purest woman that ever lived."

"He said that?" gasped Viola. "Yesterday? He is here?"

"He has been here every day since he returned from the New York studio. He is to start on the long delayed picture soon. Also he has been helping Mr. Gladwyn settle the affairs of Royal Merton, who—who, died, you know."

Viola cared nothing for Royal Merton; her thoughts were on Dale Vernon. Dorothea went on slowly and cautiously.

"Doctor Belden said you might see company any time you wished now."

"Did he?"

"Dale has been begging every day to be allowed to see you."

"Yes?"

"Will you see him? Say yes, Viola dear! He is waiting downstairs for your answer. He says he must beg your pardon for something he once said to you. May he come up?"

She did not stop for the words that trembled on Viola's lips, but ran to the door, looking back over her shoulder as if to assure herself that she was making no mistake.

Viola did not look up or call her back. Her heart was yearning to look at Dale again. It seemed to her that even if he had come to revile her she must see him.

It seemed to her that she could hear a heavier step than Dorothea's on the stairs. It even seemed that it came more rapidly than even Dorothea's had done. Her heart began to throb violently.

The footsteps were in the hall. It seemed to her that she would choke if she did not cry out and relieve the tension at her heart.

* * * * *

"Viola! Viola!"

"Dale!"

It did not happen as she had expected. There was no formal greeting; there were no slow explanations; she rose unsteadily as he came on the porch, and was in his arms as naturally as a child nestles in the arms of its mother.

He held her there as if he would never let her go again, and she, with a sigh of perfect contentment, let herself remain, as if she had at last found home and rest.

There were no words for many minutes. His lips sought hers, and she yielded them to him; and it seemed to her that she floated away at that moment on a sea of ecstasy. His voice recalled her to the world.

"Viola, dear! You do forgive me?"

"You do not despise me, Dale? I did not know I was doing any wrong. He was so good to me I could not help loving him."

Dale Vernon smiled to hear her speak of loving the old man. There was no jealousy in his heart at her words.

"He was a noble man, Viola, and you can honor his memory no more than I do. Some day I will show you a letter he wrote to me about you, and you will understand why I say so."

She smiled up at him.

It was not necessary to say anything, and she was too happy to think of words. It was enough for her that she was in his arms, her heart beating to his.

"You do love me then?" he asked in a low tone.

"Do you doubt it?" she murmured.

"But I want to hear you say it," he insisted with a lover's perversity.

"I do love you, Dale. I have always loved you, and I thought I should die when I feared I had lost you."

"Then we'll be married right away," he cried joyously. "After our honeymoon we'll start on my new picture, 'The Finger of Fate' and you shall be my leading lady."

THE END

A Fiery Romance of Love

* * *

Or the Exciting Kidnapping of Doris Dalrymple, famous movie star, and the ripening of a real love

* * *

"You're a darling," she breathed, "but I can't marry a man just because I'm out of sorts with my career, can I? No, I've got to go on starring!" It was Doris Dalrymple gently refusing a proposal of marriage.

And then, swift as an arrow, the motorcycle shot ahead of the yellow car, swept a wide circle and came swooping back to stop at the very elbow of the astonished Doris.

"Quick!" commanded the man. "Into this seat." And suddenly his arm was around her, snatching her bodily from the yellow car, depositing her on the side seat of his own vehicle, which immediately shot forward with astonishing speed.

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The Philanthropic Bank Burglar

(*Continued from page 26*)

The secretary returned with the information that the watchman had come. He was changing his clothes and would be in the president's office in a minute or two.

About five minutes after this conversation the watchman, a big lumbering Irishman, entered the office.

"Dan," said the president, addressing him, "have seat. This is Captain Worthington. This is our watchman, Mr. Kelly, Captain." The captain and Dan shook hands. The president resumed his conversation.

"Dan," he repeated, "the Captain has just been telling me some startling news and I want to talk with you about it, but before I tell you anything I want to caution you against saying a word to anybody in the bank, do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," replied Dan.

Continuing, the president said:

"A gang of New York bank burglars are coming over to Philadelphia tonight to rob our bank. The Captain here has laid his plans to capture them on the job. Now please listen attentively to what I have to say and then follow my instructions to the letter."

"All right, sir," answered the watchman.

"At nine o'clock tonight the Captain will come to the bank with two of his men, both of whom will be in plain clothes. The Captain will be in his uniform. He will knock on the door three times, that will be your cue to open the door and let him in. Do you understand that thoroughly?"

"I do, sir," replied the watchman.

"And," cut in the Captain, "just go about your duties as though nothing were going to happen; don't let your routine vary in the slightest detail, for the chances are that these fellows have been watching you and your movements for a good many nights, and if you should do anything that will arouse their suspicions I shall not be able to capture them."

The president cautioned Dan once more and then dismissed him.

"Well, Captain, I can see that you're going to have a very interesting night."

"Yes," laughed the captain, "it may be more interesting than I expect."

"Suppose you phone me at my home after you've captured the burglars, I'll never be able to sleep tonight with this affair on my mind, and if you don't mind I should love to come down to the bank after you've made the arrest."

"All right, Mr. Barker," declared the captain; "I'll phone you after we've caught them; what's your number?"

"Race three-four-nine. I shall be waiting for the call. As soon as I get it I will hop in my car and drive down."

"Well, I guess I've covered everything," declared the captain, "so I'll be on my way back to the station."

"Very well, Captain," replied the president, "everything is in your hands. I shall see that you're substantially rewarded for this matter, the bank will be everlastingly obligated to you for your work tonight."

"Don't mention it, Mr. Barker. It's my job and I'm glad to be of service to you. If you feel that what I've done warrants a reward, why speak to the Mayor for me, I should like to be made an inspector."

"The Mayor is a personal friend of mine," said the president. "and I will be delighted to go to him in your behalf. Yes, sir," he repeated, "I shall be delighted."

"Thank you, Mr. Barker," replied the captain, "I'll see you later."

"Good-bye, Captain, and don't forget to phone me."

"I won't forget you," replied the captain as he departed.

It was now about four-thirty, all the bank employes had gone, the night watchman, who was sitting by the door, arose to let the captain out.

"I shall be back at nine o'clock, Mr. Kelly, and don't forget the signal—three knocks on the door. You'll remember, won't you?"

"Yes, sir, Captain,' the watchman answered. "I'll remember. I'll be looking for you."

"Good night, Mr. Kelly."

"Good night, Captain."

Frisco Blackey laughed as he walked up the street. "What a joke it would be," he murmured to himself, "if I should bump into the real Captain Worthington."

Two blocks away from the bank he got into a big high-powered touring car, upon which the curtains were up.

"All right, Jimmy, drive slowly until I get this uniform off. I really feel like an officer of the law after my session with the president of The Arlington National Bank."

"Did everything pan out all right, Blackey?"

"Fine and dandy," said Blackey, "the watchman himself will let us in the bank tonight at nine o'clock."

"Ha ha!" roared Jimmy, "dat knocks me a twister. Da night hack is going to let's in da jug, he's goin' to open the doors and let's in? Well, I'll be damned! Ha, ha, ha!" he roared with laughter.

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"Don't be too optimistic, Jimmy," cautioned Blackey. The hardest part of the job is yet to come; many things can happen between now and nine o'clock."

"Wat da ya mean?" said Jimmy. "What da ya mean dat many things can happen between now and nine o'clock?"

"I mean this," said Blackey, "suppose the president should telephone to the Sixth Precinct for Captain Worthington and learn that the Captain Worthington with whom he had been talking at the bank this afternoon was not the real captain, but a fraudulent one. You know what would happen, Jimmy, don't you? When we get to the bank tonight there will be an array of "dicks" waiting for us with an arsenal and away we would go to the "stir" for ten or fifteen years."

"By God!" exclaimed Jimmy with emotion, "I never thought of that."

"Of course," continued Blackey, "there's only one chance in a million of his doing that, yet, if he should happen to do it, you can see what a jam we would be in. That's why I say don't be too optimistic, Jimmy, figure on every possibility. Try to anticipate the other fellow. By doing these things you will be better prepared to meet the unexpected when it comes before you."

When they stepped out of their car in front of the Y. M. C. A., Blackey had discarded the Police Captain's uniform and deposited it in his bag. Before going to dinner he dived into the pool, then went into the gymnasium for twenty minutes of strenuous exercise. He made Jimmy do the same. They ate a hearty dinner, took a walk, returned to their room, got the bag and proceeded to the bank.

On the way, Blackey once more donned the uniform. They parked the car about three blocks from the bank.

"Be careful, now," cautioned Blackey, "and bear in mind what I said to you about the possibility of the president having telephoned to the real Captain Worthington."

Jimmy's nerves were tingling with excitement and suspense as they neared the bank, and his voice trembled when he said:

"Wat are you going to do, Blackey, if the "dicks" should be waiting for us? Will I blaze away at 'em?"

"No," replied Blackey with decision, "you do as I say. Don't get nervous. I'll handle them if they're there and don't forget that your name is Detective Donahue and that the watchman's name is Kelly."

"All right," mumbled Jimmy.

When they arrived at the bank, Blackey knocked on the door three times, there was no response. He bent his head and listened. A low murmur of voices on the other side of the door came to his ears. Suddenly the door was swung open.

(Continued next week)

The Brain Wave

(Explanation: The idea is to make snappy sentences from a list of motion picture titles, using them to get the idea across. The following are the winners of the first batch that has come in to us. No prize is offered for the best sentence. Just credit given to the author.)

"Too Much Speed," cried "The Little Minister," don't you see there's a "Dangerous Curve Ahead?" I do, said "The Nut," but keep seated we're "Good For Nothing" anyhow, and we've still got "Two Minutes To Go."

EARL M. HERTZOG,
390 E. Auburn Street,
Allentown, Pa.

"Don't Tell Everything," cried "Pollyanna" across "The Great Divide," as "The Affairs of Anatol" are "Forbidden Fruit" to "The Three Musketeers."

WALLACE PRICE,
117 West 46th Street,
New York City,
New York.

If "Princess Jones" were to be seen in a "Silver Car" with "The Little Minister," driving through "The Crooked Streets," what would "Foolish Wives" say? "Scandal," of course.

After being "Shipwrecked Among Cannibals," "The Man of Stone" saw a "Light Out of the Clearing," which opened his eyes to "Civilization."

"The Frisky Mrs. Johnson," known as the "Romantic Adventuress," took a hike "Over the Hill" to see "The City of Silent Men."

"The Divorcee" planned "A Trip to Paradise" with "The Dancing Fool," he being "Just Out of College."

As we sat in "The Old Nest," "Old Lady 31" and her husband, known as "Old Dad," told us the story of "The Old Oaken Bucket."

Elaine Hammerstein PRIZE WINNERS

Annabelle Virginia Elliott
ONE

It gives us pleasure to announce that our readers have selected the two young ladies who most nearly resemble ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN and whose pictures we are re-printing from the ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN page of February 4th.

ANNABEL VIRGINIA ELLIOTT

of East St. Lous, Illinois, is the LUCKY GIRL who wins the $25.00 first prize with 160 votes. Her picture was Number 1.

ANITA SHERMAN

of Chicago, Illinois, whose picture was Number 2, received 107 votes, entitling her to two subscriptions to the "Movie Weekly."

The other seven young ladies who were contestants received votes giving them the following places:

Jennie Walker	3rd Place
Mary Bonner	4th "
Mary Pasco	5th "
Ruth Kairner	6th "
Julia Clausen	7th "
Pauline Littleton	8th "
Anna Peters	9th "

Anita Sherman-TWO

We thank the girls who have taken part in this interesting contest, and our readers who, as the final judges, have made the above decision.

Next week we will announce the BEBE DANIELS winners.

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Pudding Pan. Used like this for puddings, cakes, bread. Also milk dish. 2½ quarts.
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When used as Casserole Ideal for baking apples, beans, escalloped potatoes, macaroni, etc.
Convex Kettle. This combination used for cooking and stewing vegetables. Bulged sides, easy to pour liquids off. Used as Windsor kettle.
Used as a Double Boiler cooks cereals, no scorching. Steams vegetables in top. Kettle Cover made of thick aluminum.
When used as Preserving Kettle distributes heat evenly. Not necessary to stir the contents.
Corn Popper. This combination is what you want for special things—corn popping, crisping corn flakes, roasting coffee, etc.
Combination Cooker. Used this way for general purposes not so well filled by any other utensil. Ears of kettle bold bail upright or lowered position.
Used this way is a Steamer Set. For steaming potatoes or corn on cob. Perforated bottom makes uniform cooking.
Used this way for Tubed Cake Pan. Removable tube. Cakes taken out easily without breaking.
Self-Basting Roaster. When used this way makes juicy, well browned roasts. A perfect self-baster. Steam condenses on cover and drips back.

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"Back Pay," by Fannie Hurst. Directed by Frank Borzage
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Agnes Ayres in Sir Gilbert Parker's Story
"The Lane That Had No Turning"

Thomas Meighan in "A Prince There Was"
From George M. Cohan's play and the novel "Enchanted Hearts" by Darragh Aldrich

Marion Davies in "The Bride's Play"
by Donn Byrne
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Bebe Daniels in "Nancy From Nowhere"
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Betty Compson in "The Law and the Woman"
Adapted from the Clyde Fitch play
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"One Glorious Day"
With Will Rogers and Lila Lee
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"Moran of the Lady Letty"
With Dorothy Dalton
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"Boomerang Bill" With Lionel Barrymore
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Ethel Clayton in "Her Own Money"
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Constance Binney in "Midnight"
By Harvey Thew. A Realart Production

Pola Negri in "The Red Peacock"

Bebe Daniels in "A Game Chicken"
By Nina Wilcox Putnam
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By William S. Hart
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A Realart Production.

Cecil B. DeMille's Production
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Suggested by Leonard Merrick's story
"The Laurels and the Lady."

Constance Binney in "The Sleep Walker"
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From the story "The Noose"
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May McAvoy in "Through a Glass Window"
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Adapted from the play by George Broadhurst

Pola Negri in "The Devil's Pawn"

Dorothy Dalton in "Tharon of Lost Valley"

Wanda Hawley in "The Truthful Liar"
By Will Payne.
A Realart Production

John S. Robertson's Production
"The Spanish Jade" by Maurice Hewlett

"Is Matrimony a Failure?" with T. Roy Barnes, Lila Lee, Lois Wilson and Walter Hiers

Gloria Swanson in Elinor Glyn's
"Beyond the Rocks"

Mia May in "My Man"

Marion Davies in "The Young Diana"
By Marie Corelli
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Jack Holt and Bebe Daniels in
"A Stampede Madonna"

A George Fitzmaurice Production
"The Man from Home"
with James Kirkwood, Anna Q. Nilsson, Norman Kerry, Dorothy Cumming and John Miltern
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Thomas Meighan in "The Leading Citizen"
By George Ade

Pola Negri in "The Eyes of the Mummy"

Jack Holt in "The Man Unconquerable"
By Hamilton Smith

Ethel Clayton in "For the Defense"
From the play by Elmer Rice

Mia May in "Truth Conquers"

Agnes Ayres in "The Three of Us"
By Rachel Crothers

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Mary Miles Minter in "South of the Suva"
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IF IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE IT'S THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN

The Colorful and Romantic Story of William D. Taylor's Life

MOVIE WEEKLY

March 25, 1922

10¢

MACK SENNETT BEAUTY

Stork Hovers over Bill Hart's Home

THE EDITOR'S VIEWPOINT

Mary's Trials

FOR some peculiar crook in the makeup of "us mortals," we gaze curiously, and yet quite impersonally, at the troubles of others. When, however, these troubles are attached to a favorite celebrity, our interest quickens twofold.

Mary Pickford and her trials attract us. She represents the champion trial-sufferer among the motion picture contingent. Two trials of long and enduring standing bob up continually to agitate the otherwise peaceful rush of producing and starring in big specials.

The one we have in mind at this writing, especially, is the Mrs. Cora Wilkenning suit, charging that back in 1916, or thereabouts, she, an agent, was instrumental in having Adolph Zukor, President of Famous Players - Lasky Corporation, raise Mary's salary to the million dollar a year mark. In compensation for her services, charges Mrs. Wilkenning, she demanded the regular agent fee of ten per cent of Mary's salary at the time the raise became effective. But the demand has never been met.

Mary denies Mrs. Wilkenning had anything at all to do with her raise. So does her mother, Mrs. Pickford, who has been her business manager since Mary was a wee bit of a stage actress earning eight dollars a week.

Mrs. Wilkenning, finding the two adamant, march d into a lawyer's office and with his legal commandeering, fired her first lawsuit gun back in 1918 for the money she claims is due her for agent's services rendered.

Mary stoutly denied the charge, then, as she does oday, and the two go to court every year or so to fight the battle to another decision. Neither permits a decision against herself to stand unchallenged. Therefore, one new trial of the old one follows another.

Mary fights for the principal of the thing. She has lost $108,000 twofold and probably even more from the expense of court totals and the loss of holding up production on her pictures. But to give in to a woman she and her mother allege to be absolutely without cause for demanding $108,000 would be next to making a dupe of herself for the agent's purposes.

The agent, Mrs. Wilkenning, on the other hand, believes herself to be in the right, so she stubbornly sticks to the cause.

Mary and Doug are now back in Hollywood, where Doug is working on his latest production, "Robin Hood," and Mary begins work soon on "Tess of the Storm Country." Mary is all broken up over the strain of the trial that has just ended. So she will rest up a bit before going in for strenuous work.

It's pretty hard sledding for Mary to look forward to first a trial in New York of the Wilkenning suit and then a trial in Reno, Nevada, for that ancient suit charging that her divorce from Owen Moore was void. Here, again, Mary is up against it, for the State Attorney of Nevada, who conducts warfare against Mary, is bent on making Mary suffer for her happiness in being divorced from Owen and Married to Doug. Well, life seems to be just one darn trial after another for Mary.

Circumstances have lined up against her for stormy legal sessions and under the strain, Mary's health is waging a valiant fight for supremacy.

Mary Pickford is a great artist. She is a splendid executive. She works from eight to sixteen hours a day in the studio, planning, acting, supervising every little detail. It is a big job for a woman.

All her health reserve is called upon to buoy her up for the terrific amount of work she has set herself to accomplish. Figure out for yourself, then. If there are to be pestering trials that are dug up again and again simply because those on the losing end lack good sportsmanship and Mary's work is interrupted by legal worries and tribulations — well, after all, Mary is only human.

We wonder what our readers think of these heckling trials of Mary's.

WE CALL ATTENTION TO . . .

Again, we call our readers' attention to that remarkable story now running in "Movie Weekly," "The Colorful and Romantic Story of William D. Taylor's Life." This is the one authoritative account of this individual's adventurous life. The Editor feels that readers of "Movie Weekly" want to know the truth about Mr. Taylor. The writer was a personal friend of the slain director. Write and tell us what you think of this unusual story.

PRINTED IN U. S. A.

MOVIE WEEKLY

MARCH 25, 1922

Vol. II *No. 7*

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The Colorful and Romantic Story of Wm. D. Taylor's Remarkable Life

A closeup of William D. Taylor

(C) Spurr

At work on the set

by Truman B. Handy

Underwood & Underwood

A new photograph of Captain Taylor as he appeared just before sailing with his regiment in the Canadian Expeditionary Forces

EDITORIAL NOTE: *This is the second instalment of William D. Taylor's remarkable life story, recounting vividly the colorful story of his early boyhood days and the strange experiences he underwent in his early manhood days. This is the first time Mr. Taylor's story in detail has ever been published by any publication, and the accuracy of this narrative to detail and its faithful delineation of Taylor's real character and personality ranks it among the foremost of the "exclusive" stories published in "Movie Weekly."*

You will recall that last week's instalment of Mr. Taylor's story found the boy on the stage, and dreading that his father ask him to abandon what he fondly believed to be the beginning of a dramatic career. Which proved to be true.

FOR a week Taylor entertained his father with the lore of the theatre; had him meet a number of the leading actors in London at that time—and conclusively proved that he was neither already married to an actress nor had any intention of being married to anyone "in the profession."

Admittedly, Maj. Tanner liked the life behind the scenes. He even went so far as to say that he could understand how his son happened to like it. Yet, in the next breath, he begged William to leave the footlights, to return to the quiet, paternal acres near Mallow—to "settle down and make a man of himself."

The young actor did not wish to oppose his father when he saw that there were tears in the elder man's eyes, but at the same time, his fascination for the stage had grown into a love for it.

It was the turning point of his career.

He begged his father's indulgence for the time being—until Hawtrey, at least, could rehearse another man in his part, but Maj. Tanner remained obdurate—parentally unreasonable—and spoke glowingly about the family honor and all that.

Such talk failed to convince Taylor, and he spoke of going on tour with the Hawtrey company.

"Leave the stage—for your mother's sake," at length pleaded the father. "Since she heard the news that you are playing in the theatre she is heartbroken. She can think of nothing else, and the worry is injuring her health."

This reference to his mother moved the young actor where other arguments had failed. With sadness in his heart he handed in his resignation to Hawtrey and departed from London with his father.

The quietude of the old peat-bogs, the lazy, unprogressive life of the Mallow citizenry palled on Taylor soon after he returned to the homestead estate. He became restless and hinted that he was going to depart again for distant parts.

There was constant fear in the hearts of the Deane-Tanners that their scion would again play on the hated stage. Letters to Taylor from Hawtrey and other actors confirmed their suspicions that his theatrical desires were by no means dead.

News had reached England that a colony for remittance men—the impecunious sons of leading families—had been successfully established in America at Harper, Kansas. Maj. Tanner invested in acreage there, and offered it to his son.

There was a reason, however, why young Taylor did not then want to leave Mallow for America. It was unexpressed by him at that time—but when his father discovered it he became all the more determined that his son should do nothing unconventional to blot the family escutcheon.

As far as the father of William D. Taylor was concerned, everything stood in readiness for the departure of his son from the Deane-Tanner homestead at Mallow, Ireland, to America and the remittance-men's colony at Harper, Kansas.

But Major Deane-Tanner had not reckoned with the will and desires of the son who had so singularly "disgraced" his family by wanting to act on the stage, nor had he considered that, possibly, Taylor might be in love.

It was, therefore, a considerable surprise to the stoic army officer when his son refused to accept evacuation orders from him.

In those days, as in the later hours of his life, Taylor customarily gave his confidence to no one. During the time that he lived separate from his family in his caretaker's hut he saw little of his relatives during his reclusion from them. However, it did not necessarily mean that he completely isolated himself entirely from the rest of the world, nor that he would prohibit himself the society of the gentler sex.

On the other hand, he turned romantic eyes in the direction of one of Mallow's "younger set," the daughter of a family of townspeople whose obscurity naturally precluded the possibility of their association with the aristocratic members of the Deane-Tanner clan.

For generations old-time feudal spirit reigned in the hearts of the Deane-Tanners. In fact, some of Taylor's uncles had been known to have fought heroically for the hand and honor of some fair maiden, and, while Taylor belonged to a later and more modern generation, he was none the less chivalrous.

When he returned to Mallow from his short sojourn on the stage with Hawtrey there was naturally a certain amount of discussion anent his "adventure" rampant among the townspeople, and several feminine hearts commenced to beat faster, and various traps were set to ensnare the attentions of the handsome young actor.

On a pilgrimage into town there occurred the meeting that was destined to leave its keep impress on young Taylor's heart. Its circumstances were quite unconventional—yet quite as harmless as other circumstances of his life. And they proved conclusively that Sir Walter Raleigh's w.k. galantry toward the fair Elizabeth was none the more gallant than Taylor's exploit with a humble village girl.

One lazy afternoon, when the sun hung warm over Ireland and the odor of the peat bogs filled the air, Taylor set out from his hut for a walk into town. He had been at work on his play, and, as is frequently the case with authors, had come to a stumbling-block in the construction of its plot. His heroine was in danger! Her hero knew it and had started to help her—but Taylor, the author, could think of no way in which to get the young woman out of the difficulty, and his mind was reaching into practically every possible cavern of thought. He was in a brown study, a mental complex, and his steps toward town were mechanical, absent-minded.

Suddenly, however, he perceived that he was crossing a stream through which he would have to wade to continue his journey. And, unromantically enough, he removed his brogans and socks, and proceeded to step into the cool water. He had hardly entered it when he observed, a few feet ahead of him, the distresing sight of a pretty girl marooned mid-stream in a cart one of whose wheels had broken. She was frightened herself and yet trying to calm her equally-frightened mule, and, between the antics of the mule and the broken cartwheel, she was having considerable difficulty in keeping the conveyance from tipping her bodily into the splashing brook.

Taylor quickly realized the situation, and making a dash to the side of the cart, lifted the young lady bodily from it and carried her in his arms across the stream.

His heroism had its impress. Also be it known that the colleen was traditionally pretty, and that after she had walked with her rescuer into the village she had cast a romantic spell over him.

From then on, through days and weeks the romance flourished and grew. Taylor spoke of marriage, but his words were not taken seriously. All through the spring and summer the two remained sweethearts, and the youth, who was then in his early twenties, spoke to the girl of taking her to Canada and of there making his fortune.

His romance he kept secret from his parents for he knew the attitude they would take toward a member of their family who would consort with one of the peasantry. But, to Taylor, the village girl represented his ideal, and, furthermore, at heart he was a democrat.

To get money with which to marry and take his bride safely to Canada he resolved once again to try enlistment in the British army. This latter fact he told his father, who arranged for him to be sent to the recruiting station at Sandhurst. Both the physical and mental tests were then extremely rigid and for some reason he again failed to pass.

While he was away at the army school, his father got wind of his romance. It infuriated him beyond words and he made a resolve to break it up. His first step was to visit the girl and her family and to forbid her to see Taylor again. The second step was to go to see his son at Sandhurst.

But before he could get to the recruiting school, Taylor, disconsolate, dejected, returned to Mallow with the news that he had failed to pass the examination. With his father already in a surly mood his homecoming was unfortunate. Maj. Tanner met him with a scowl, and mocked him for his weakness.

"You are dishonorable in love," he railed, "a disgrace to your family and all that, but you aren't *man* enough to get into His Majesty's

Mary Pickford was directed by William Taylor

service. You couldn't be a man—and yet you are a Deane-Tanner!"

The insinuation stung Taylor. He could see, from the attitude of his family, that he was in disgrace among them. Even his mother's demeanor had changed, and he felt that he was merely being tolerated.

He determined to seek consolation in his sweetheart and went to the village to see her. When he got there, however, he found that her family had moved and left no whereabouts—and he later learned that this was an act of his father's, for Maj. Tanner had paid them to move to another village many miles distant.

His spirit broken, his honor as a man impugned, Taylor returned to his home. Maj. Tanner was still irreconcilable and hinted that it would be better, perhaps, if William were to take up his abode for a time in London—out of sight of his mother and sisters.

It was impossible for Taylor to again live among his former friends with a stigma upon him, however. Not that he was necessarily ostracised from his family—his father's wish that he live in London was a more or less temporary solution of the "problem," rather than an actual banishment of his son—but Taylor felt, nevertheless, that it might be well for him to take advantage of his father's former offer to send him to the newly-founded colony in America.

When he left England it was with a resolve never again to return to the heart of his family, nor, in fact, would he permit his family to bid him adieu at the sailing of his boat from Liverpool.

Other sons of British families were en route to America with him. Two of the chaps and Taylor formed a friendly triumvirate, each bearing in mind a certain formula of ideals relative to what he would do in Kansas.

The idea of being a farmer—of tilling his own soil—from the first was somewhat odious to Taylor. He had been reared a gentleman, and, while a democrat in spirit, the prospect of manual labor as a means of livelihood did not appeal strongly to him.

One of his shipboard acquaintances intended seeking his fortune in New York, being of the opinion that America's streets were paved with dollars, easy for the picking. He urged Taylor to enter into a land-selling venture with him.

"When I first came to America," the late director once told me, "I fully believed that everywhere we would see Indians, baseball players and multi-millionaires. It was, therefore, a shock to me when I first discovered New York to be as busy a place as London—also when I realized that an English pound bought far less articles than at home."

In New York he lived in a small boarding house that housed a group of actors. Gradually he came to know them.

"We used to eat at the same table," he said, "where everyone had to reach and struggle for food. If anybody were late to meals he stood little chance of getting anything to eat. It was a case of the survival of the fittest and I soon got so that I could grab equally as well as my table companions."

All because of a plate of potatoes he "fell in" with the actors. The manager of the troupe had come in late to dinner one evening, and when he sat at the table he found that all he could get to eat would be dessert. In his calm, courteous manner Taylor offered the man part of his own dinner, consisting largely of potatoes. The man accepted and a friendship sprung up, and Taylor was invited to the theatre to watch the company from the wings.

One evening he was visiting, when it was discovered that the stage "heavy" had been taken ill. No one in the company could fill his part. Taylor had, it happened, been reading the play only the night before. When consternation reigned among the players, when it seemed as if the evening's performance were ruined, he offered his services. They were accepted and he went on that evening. Part of the time he was prompted from the wings—but he managed to get through the performance creditably, with the result that the show's manager offered him a permanent berth with the company, which was scheduled to go on tour through the provinces.

This offer, however, he did not accept, for he was offered a salary so small that, even in the late '90's, it was impossible as a living wage. It was indeed fortunate for Taylor that he did not undertake the engagement, for the company failed hopelessly the fourth day out and its members came sneaking back into New York to seek other and perhaps more lucrative work.

Instead, Taylor started for Kansas. When he got there he was hopelessly disappointed in the Englishmen's colony at Harper. The town itself was small and unattractive. A number of the remittance men—all well-born and well-bred, but incapable of actually supporting themselves by their own efforts—were living in comparative poverty. All were discouraged and longed to get back to Britain, but Taylor did not permit this fully to discourage him.

His acreage, bought for him by his father, was unimproved. He ordered lumber and started the work of building himself a house. When he had finished this he set about planting a small kitchen garden. Many nights he went to his bed with

(*Continued on page* 29)

The Stork hovers over Bill Hart's home

A Happy Couple and a Beautiful Home Life

By Grace Kingsley

IT'S all just like a Bill Hart Wild West romance, after Bill has repented of his badman deeds, hung his guns on the wall, and gone off and married the heroine!

In short, it's a very happy, beautiful home, that of William S. Hart and his wife—who used to be Winifred Westover—out in the Beverly Hills of California.

And now, as the finishing touch to their joy, the stork is expected!

It isn't to be for some time yet, however, this coming of the bird that promises so much happiness to the Hart home. But already Mrs. Hart and Bill's faithful and loving sister Mary are laying in a supply of wonderful little garments—fluffy, soft little garments that women love so much.

Bill Hart is probably about the happiest man in the world! He has always loved children, he is deeply devoted to his girl wife, and you may be sure that she is being protected from every chill blast as tenderly as though she were a queen expecting an heir.

The Harts spend a good deal of time at Hart's ranch. Here Winifred and Bill walk about the orchards and fields and pastures, hand in hand, or motor through the nearby hills. Both love the country and are happier out there than anywhere else in the world, they say. Pinto Ben, Bill's old horse, is pastured out there, and the notional old creatures has taken a great fancy to Bill's bride. Winifred sometimes mounts him and goes for a short ride, with Bill on a more spirited animal beside her.

Sister Mary is taking a special pride in fitting up a beautiful nursery in the Hart house, with all the comforts of home that a babe might naturally expect from such parents as a Harts' baby's are.

Now perhaps for the first time in his life Bill Hart is forgetful of the old tragedy of his life—the time the sister, just two years younger than himself, to whom he was deeply devoted, passed away. That was many years ago, but he fairly worshipped the girl, who was a delicate spiritual sort of little creature.

"Bill never got over her loss," Sister Mary told me once.

Mrs. Hart has been entertaining her old Hollywood friends of late, and a few weeks ago developed a great desire to return to the screen. Her husband doesn't wish her to do so, ever, and now, of course, it isn't likely that she will.

Some day Bill and his wife are expecting to take a trip to Europe. But the arrival of an heir will put the trip off for a couple of years at least, because neither Hart nor Winifred is the sort of person to leave the baby's care to strangers.

The Hart home is the scene of many delightful social affairs of an informal nature. These two genuine souls care deeply for all their old friends; so Winifred's girlhood friends and Bill's old associates frequently drop in for dinner or for an evening's chat.

The house is a picturesque one inside and out. It is built against the hills, and there is a suggestions of hominess and warmth and friendliness that is exactly like Hart and his sister.

Inside, the Hart home is furnished throughout with skins, Indian rugs, Indian pottery, basketry, curious, bright-colored Indian clothing, and with pictures by famous Indian painters, including Frederick Remington and others almost as well-known. There is a picturesque den, cosily fitted with Indian rugs, blankets, skins, pipes, paintings, which, is Hart's own. Even Winifred dõesn't venture in when Bill is puffing his old Indian pipe and going over his business affairs.

In the meantime, he's a very happy Bill, as, indeed, he deserves to be.

Mrs William S. Hart formerly Winifred Westover

In a fighting mood. Just make Bill mad now, boys, just make him mad!

Bill anticipates the time when he'll bring home armsful of toys for the "Little Boss" of the Hart outfit.

An Intimate Story of the Gish

Photo by Kenneth Alexander
Dorothy Gish

EDITORIAL NOTE: *This is the second instalment of the interesting story of the Gish Girls' careers. You will recall that the last article concluded with Dorothy and Lillian meeting Mary Pickford and the rest of the Pickford family. Don't miss this most fascinating story, which, for the first time in any publication, appears in "Movie Weekly."*

PART II

RECOLLECTIONS of their childhood days with the Pickford-Smiths, and stories of the good times they had when they all lived together in a house on Thirty-Seventh Street made Lillian and Dorothy Gish recall other incidents about Mary Pickford, and how, through her, they became movie actresses.

"Getting into the movies was not a very intricate business a dozen years ago," Lillian continued. The Gishes and the Pickfords were then moving about New York, living uptown on the west side for a time, until the Gishes went on the road again, leaving Mary, Lottie and Jack in New York. It was during one of these tours that Dorothy fell ill, the engagement was cancelled, and the family came north. When they reached New York, they found that Mary Pickford was playing in the movies.

"'What on earth can she see in the movies?' we asked each other," said Dorothy. "We went to the studio to see her and to find out what it was all about. She was playing in one of the Biograph productions with D. W. Griffith and she introduced us to him. He asked us to play an extra role in one of his productions, and that was the way we began."

"We were rather late in joining the Biograph company," Lillian explained. "Biograph was reaching the end of its career and we played in a few of the productions there. Then Mary was engaged by Belasco to play opposite Ernest Truex in 'The Good Little Devil,' and I was engaged to play one of the fairies. I stayed with Mary until the spring, when I found the climate did not agree with me and we decided to go to the Coast to play in Mr. Griffith's Triangle stock company.

"But before I go on with that part of the story, I must tell you that neither Doug nor Mary have grown up a bit since those days. When Mary's picturization of 'Little Lord Fauntleroy' opened in New York recently Doug was along, of course. We all went over to the theatre together before the performance to look things over," Lillian narrated. "Doug always acts like a twelve-year-old boy, and he got impatient with waiting, so he went down in the orchestra and amused himself by vaulting over the orchestra seats. Doug is the typical American, enthusiastic, boyish, and happy at all times. His greatest amusement is a circus parade and I think his idea of heaven is to ride on an elephant with the brass band just behind him."

Soon after Lillian's trip west, all paths led to the first of the spectacular productions which Mr. Griffith has made, the famous "Birth of a Nation." But Lillian had another long path to tread before she attained even this success, a success, which, by the way, she depreciates.

"It was too big a part for me," she said. "I didn't know enough about acting. Of more importance to me was my work with Triangle. I photographed well and was fairly sure of myself as an actress, so whenever a new director broke in I was given to him. I played in the first productions of such well-known directors as Del Henderson, Eddie Dillon, William Christy Cabanne, and others I can't even remember at this moment. But this was splendid experience for me. These directors were anxious to make a good impression with their first picture. They didn't care a bit about me; and I was left to make the most of myself. Then Triangle began to lose its hold, and when 'The Birth of a Nation' was started, Mr. Griffith gave me a part in it. When I look at it now, I am always ashamed of my acting. I just didn't know any better. None of us girls, Mae Marsh, Miriam Cooper or myself, knew much about picture acting at that time, and whatever we did was the result of Mr. Griffith's direction."

Dorothy Gish in a comical scene from one of her later pictures.

An interesting closeup of Lillian in "The Birth of a Nation."

Girls' Triumphant Careers

"Do you know, you never realize how you become an actress," Dorothy remarked.

"That's just what I said when I spoke Sunday at the church in Washington Heights," said Lillian.

"Lillian spoke beautifully," Mrs. Klatch commented, her face beaming with pride.

"Yes, Lillian is getting to be a wonderful speaker," Dorothy added.

"The minister asked me to speak. He told me that he was having difficulty in getting the young people to come to church and thought that perhaps I could help him a little. Wherever we have been, mamma always sent us to Sunday School and church when she could. So I told the congregation what part the church had played in my life. I couldn't very well tell them they ought to go to Sunday School and church, for no doubt most of them do, but I could tell them about my own church associations.

"And that reminds me of what happened when we tried out 'Orphans of the Storm' in Hartford before the New York opening. It was just about the time of the Taylor murder and while the newspapers were telling these horrible stories about movie people, we were being escorted through a crowd by a big minister who went between us, one of us on each side of him.

"Then I received a letter not long ago from our old pastor from home. He is now in a New England town and he asked us if we wouldn't appear personally at a church benefit. It seems they needed the money badly, and we would have gone in person, if it had not been for another engagement which we could not break. So I sent him instead a print of 'Way Down East,' and the church raised that night as much money as it had during the entire year, doubling, in other words, its collections.

"But, returning to why we became actresses, just as I told those churchfolk the other night, we grew up and when we grew up we found we knew how to do nothing except acting, and so we became actresses. People always speak of the glamor of the stage and all that, but I fail to see any glamor about it. And I suppose people also wonder why anyone should choose such a strange career as that of an actress. As a matter of fact, we never chose to become actresses. It just happened to us."

"I wish I could speak as well as you can," Dorothy told her sister. "I am studying voice now, and hope some day to go on the stage, but although my present teacher has succeeded in putting me at ease when I read lines before him, I still can't get up on my feet the way Lillian does and make a connected speech. That night down in Pittsburgh . . ."

Lillian Gish

A pathetic scene with Lillian from "Way Down East."

Lillian in a scene from "The Birth of a Nation."

"Oh," Lillian laughed modestly, "as a matter of fact, I was frightened out of my wits that night. You know, the Westinghouse company invited me to speak over the radiophone when we were attending the opening of 'Orphans of the Storm' in Pittsburgh. First I was told that we would be speaking to people all over the country, that there would be a hundred thousand in the audience. That would be enough to scare anyone, but they made me wait while some politicians got up and read from manuscripts. Then they took me into a little room, where the temperature was about 95, and made me speak into the transmitter. I had no idea what I was going to say."

"But it was a wonderful little speech," Dorothy enthusiastically explained. "Lillian told about how pictures are made and she built up her little talk to a thrilling climax. I certainly wish I could talk like that."

"Well, I don't want to get the reputation of being a speech-making woman," Lillian laughed. "I had an opportunity last year of speaking before a Chautauqua in New York State, where there were to be eighteen thousand in the audience. And Harvard University has asked me to deliver a lecture on how motion pictures are made. But I think Mr. Griffith is the man who knows more about that than anyone else, so I am going to suggest that he makes the lecture instead of me. Besides, I want to stay at home part of the time, anyhow, and am trying to avoid as many trips out of town as possible.

"But to get back to the old days. I stayed out on the Coast making pictures, while Mr. Griffith got the idea of producing 'Intolerance.' He had the germ of the modern story first, and the rest just grew. Do you know that he made the modern story of 'Intolerance,' the part that later was cut up and released as 'The Mother and the Law,' four times? He used the same cast in each version. He wasn't satisfied with the first and second attempts, and then he got the idea of the Babylonian episode and started to work on that. It took two years in all, and by the time he had completed the Babylonian episode, he found more faults with the modern story and made it once more. Finally, when he had finished re-takes, he decided that the photography of the modern story was too old-fashioned, so he made it for a fourth time. He had no script, everything was in his own head. It is simply wonderful when you think of one man retaining in his own brain all the ideas and details of such a tremendous production as 'Intolerance.'

"My part in 'Intolerance' was too slight to be noticed. The cradle-rocking scene in which I appeared was made in two hours one day. The others worked two years on the picture. The Los Angeles reviewers liked that shot, however, and

(*Continued on page* 18)

Charlie Chaplin's Find—Edna Purviance, Graduates to Star

By Carlyle Robinson

The new star cleans a car just as good as any wash-rackus, but the sad-eyed Bill, who is one of the pensioned canines from "A Dog's Life," seems inclined to interrupt her work.

Edna Purviance on the studio lot.

TWENTY-THREE years ago, in a beautiful little place called Paradise Valley, Nevada, a girl baby first saw the light of day and about a week later the happy parents had the child christened Edna Olga Purviance.

Statistics of the State of Nevada at that time showed that not more than seven thousand of the entire population of the whole state had been born there and that Paradise Valley could not boast of more than twelve births. So with all of this information, the arrival of Edna Olga was some event.

A few years later the Purviance family was called to Lovelock, another small community in the Nevada state and as was the custom, the Chamber of Commerce acted as a reception committee and the brass band hailed the new arrivals as they stepped from the train.

Edna was at the time just finishing the cutting of her teeth. The neighbors watched the progress of Edna, year in and year out, until she at last blossomed forth into her youth. At that time she was one of the chief attractions of Lovelock because she seemed more clever than the ordinary child and accomplishments as an elocutionist, piano player and singer always drew her the headline space on the church program at every entertainment in the parish.

At last Edna outgrew the form of education they provided in Lovelock and the first thing that was known she was speeding eastward and then the local papers carried headlines about her entrance into Vassar.

Having finished with the learning that she sought, Edna returned to her home and set the town "dippy" with the polish of her manners, and the new cut of her clothes caused much envy among the neighbors.

Then when Edna was almost eighteen years of age she took a little trip to San Francisco, the distance being just far enough for an over-night train ride, for the purpose of bolstering up her wardrobe, the main mission being a new Easter hat.

About the third night of her stay in San Francisco she happened along at a social function held in the ballroom of the St. Francis hotel. She had not been there long when three-quarters of the gathering made a dash for one corner of the ballroom and Edna wondered what it was all about.

Her curiosity was soon satisfied when one of those well-posted characters informed her that the great Charlie Chaplin had arrived and that he was going to lead the grand march.

Well, when it came time for the grand march it seems that Charlie was casting his eye about for a companion to walk in step with him when he suddenly saw a beautiful blonde young lady seated in a corner in a sort of lonesome attitude.

Anyhow this beautiful blonde young lady was the same and none other than the girl baby that awakened the statisticians of Paradise Valley some twenty-odd years ago.

Now, Charlie Chaplin always enjoyed good eyesight. So when his two optics were focussed on Edna he at once realized that he would be positively unable to lead that grand march with anyone other than the beautiful blonde and he lost no time being properly introduced and soon the famous comedian and the young lady from Nevada were in deep conversation.

The next day Edna appeared at the Chaplin studios at Niles, Cal., and a few hours later she began her career before the camera. Ever since that time—and that's six years ago—Miss Purviance has held down the leading position among the members of the supporting company for Charlie. In all she has appeared in twenty-six pictures.

Then one day she was given even a greater opportunity to show her worth when Chaplin decided to make a picture called "The Kid." Edna had a bigger part to play and it called for some emotional work and she performed in such a manner as to cause glowing criticisms to be published about her.

Following all of this, thousands of letters started to pour into her mail bag from admirers everywhere who asked her to play in a picture where she would have a big part.

Motion picture producers started tempting Edna with contracts with all sorts of financial inducements included, but she still remained the leading woman for Charlie.

Charlie declared that Edna was indispensable to him just at the time, but hinted that it would not be long before she would undoubtedly star in her own productions.

So now comes the announcement by the Chaplin Studios, Inc., that Miss Edna Purviance has been graduated as leading woman for Charlie Chaplin and that there has been inaugurated the Edna Purviance Company.

Miss Purviance is now giving her attention to her wardrobe again, not for Easter hats, but for a whole car-load of classy things that she is going to doll herself up in when she starts out with her first starring production.

A story is being prepared for her and a director is about to be engaged and supporting members are being selected for the Edna Purviance Company and within a short time activities will be under way for the new star.

All of the Edna Purviance productions will be made right at the Charlie Chaplin plant in Hollywood, so even as a star Edna will be at home in the studio she knows so well.

So after all it is not such a bad thing to be born in a place like Paradise Valley and the State of Nevada can produce things just as valuable as gold.

One of Edna's little pals, Spencer Kono, son of Charlie Chaplin's chauffeur.

With Charlie in a humorous scene from "The Idle Class."

Norma Talmadge—FORTUNE TELLER

WHERE DO YOU MEET YOUR SWEETHEART?

CERTAIN trysting-places have good and bad influences on your love affairs. If you feel uneasy in meeting your lover at a deep, sluggish river—you can trust your instinct, and take it as a warning of ill omen. Avoid making appointments there in future.

It is said that to meet on a high road, or a broad, crowded thoroughfare, is unlucky.

Where four ways meet is always an unlucky spot, and one to be shunned, especially at night.

A lane should be avoided if scentless wild roses or dog violets grow in its hedges.

In most instances woods are lucky to lovers, but poplar trees should be avoided, and deep hollows or ravines where trees grow very thickly are not lucky.

Ponds or canals or slowly-flowing streams had better be avoided. It is a widespread belief that stagnant or sluggish water attracts sorrows, and these will especially affect people after nightfall.

Swiftly flowing water, such as a rapid stream or a waterfall, is supposed to inspire all who linger near it with a longing to travel and to see the world.

Bridges are said to be connected with tears and disappointments, though they lead to happy endings. No one can say how this superstition arose, but it is extremely ancient.

The edge of a steep precipice or the top of a flight of steep steps is not considered a fortunate place at which to linger, as poverty will come to those who wait there long. If you have made the appointment for such a spot you should both be punctual, then all will be well.

A LOVELY PHOTO OF NORMA by POFFER

Sands, or a stretch of sandy shore, is rather a good place to meet, for most things, but it may be taken as a sign that one of the two lovers will have to go away for a time.

The top of a hill is the best place for lovers' meetings, especially if no trees are near and the hill looks out on open country. All superstitions declare this is a spot for good luck.

WHEN YOU WRITE A LOVE LETTER

Be sure not to use any colored ink or pencil which may be unlucky to yourself or your sweetheart. It has been said that green or red ink is unlucky in every case, but that is not so. If green or red is the lucky color of the one to whom the letter is written, all will be well.

When your letter is written, sealed and addressed, if it should drop to the ground you may expect a disappointment concerning something mentioned in what you have written.

Never post a love letter on Christmas Day, the 1st of September, or February 29th. The 8th or the 17th of any month are also given as unlucky dates sometimes, but they will be all right if 8 is your lucky number or that of your sweetheart.

Never cross a letter—that is, first write a page full in the ordinary way, and then turn it to start writing along the margin.

If 2 or 3 is your lucky number it is better to put that number of stamps on your love letters.

YOUR FUTURE HUSBAND'S NAME

A very old rhyme says:

Change the name and not the letter,
Change for worse instead of better.

On the other hand, it is said to be lucky not to change the name at all, but to marry a man of the same surname as yourself.

It has been said that an engaged girl should count the letters in her own surname, then those in that of her future husband, and if together they make thirteen, she may meet trouble at some period; but where the lucky number of either of the couple is four, nothing could be more fortunate than that thirteen.

GIFTS BETWEEN LOVERS

It is a very old belief that if a silver coin is broken in two, and sweethearts each keep one half, their love will live forever. They may be parted, but they will be true to each other notwithstanding. A lock of hair is not considered a fortunate gift, as a rule, but it is most lucky if given from one lover to the other, particularly if it is woven into the shape of a true lovers' knot.

Blue being the color sacred to love, a gift of anything blue is considered very fortunate.

HOW DO YOU WEAR YOUR SHOES?

This old rhyme tells how you may read the future from the soles of your old boots and shoes. If you wear them:

Tip at the toe,
Sure to see woe;
Wear at the side,
Live to be a bride;
Wear at the ball,
Live to spend all;
Wear at the back,
Live to save a pack.

READ YOUR FORTUNE IN THE TEACUP

(Concluded from last week)

Owl—An evil omen, indicative of sickness, poverty, disgrace, a warning against commencing any new enterprise. If the consultant be in love, he or she will be deceived.

Palm Tree—Good luck; success in any undertaking. A sign of children to a wife and of a speedy marriage to a maid.

Peacock—Denotes success and the acquisition of property; also a happy marriage.

Pear—Great wealth and improved social position; success in business, and to a woman a healthy husband.

Pig—Good and bad luck mixed; a faithful lover, but envious friends.

Pistol—Disaster.

Question Mark (?)—Doubt.

Rabbit—Fair success in a city or large town.

Ring—A sign of marriage; an initial letter indicates the name of the husband or wife.

Saw—Trouble brought about by strangers.

Scissors—Quarrels; illness; separation of lovers.

Serpent—Spiteful enemies; bad luck; illness.

Sheep—Success, prosperity.

Ship—A successful journey.

Spider—A sign of money coming to the consultant.

(Continued next week)

What? would YOU say to the Stars?

Walter Hiers

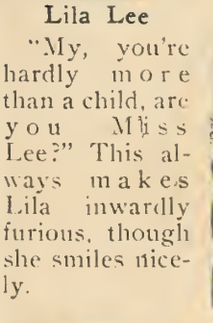
"Any relation to the rootbeer people, Mr. Heirs?"

Wanda Hawley

"Why, you have dimples, haven't you? Funny I never noticed them on the screen."

Wallace Reid

"I think you're so handsome, Mr. Reid (giggles). Won't you give me your picture and write something on it special for me?"



Lila Lee

"My, you're hardly more than a child, are you Miss Lee?" This always makes Lila inwardly furious, though she smiles nicely.

Agnes Ayres

"I think you have the loveliest profile Miss Ayres—Grecian, isn't it? Though I don't suppose you have any Greek blood in you."

May McAvoy

"My dear, you're much taller on the screen, aren't you?"

A Fiery Romance of Love

by Montanye Perry

"Good Lord, Petsie, what kind of a party do you think this is? If you girls aren't the limit! Did it ever occur to you to take a minute off and *listen* when you're being told about the scene ahead? I *told* you what was comin' on first thing this morning. Have you any ears concealed under your hair, or haven't you?

"Well, what's the matter *now*?" asked Petsie patiently.

Tony Valentine might have given vent to his perfectly justifiable exasperation in a flood of lurid phrases. But Tony wasn't that kind of director. They aren't all like that. Patricia Peterson, commonly known as Petsie, might have cringed and sobbed, or she might have opened her exceedingly red lips and let out a stream of the sort of repartee which is known as givin' him back as good as he sends. But Petsie wasn't that kind of ingenue. *They* aren't all like that, either.

So Tony Valentine drew a long breath and began again:

"As I told you before, in plain, clear, painstaking English, which I supposed was your native tongue, this is a *garden party. A garden party! Long Island* garden! *Afternoon!* And you're the flapper sister. Flapper—*f-l-a-p-p-e-r!* And then you come rolling down here in a ball dress and jewels, looking like a last year's social success going hopefully to the Charity Ball! Now I ask you, is that your idea of the way a swell little kid who's supposed to know her way around, fixes up for her big sister's lawn party in the afternoon, on Long Island? If you never saw any good society didn't you ever even *read* about it?"

"I happened to be brought up in perfectly good society myself, Mr. Valentine!" Petsie's little chin was high in the air now, giving the effect of a remarkably perfect floral specimen tip-tilted on a slender stem.

"Well, then, why not give a demonstration of—oh well, what's the use!" With a shrug, he abandoned all hope and spoke, slowly, kindly, as one speaks to a small, very stupid child.

"Jim will take you back to the studio, right now, in the roadster. And the billion dollar star will wait, and the costly villain will wait, and all the seven dollar a day extras will wait, and the plutocratic cameraman will wait, and mine own unworthy, underpaid self will wait, while you put on a sweet, simple little summer frock and some low-heeled shoes and let your hair down in your neck, and come back ready for sister's party. And," consulting his watch, "beginning just thirty minutes from now, you're going to lose exactly five bones a minute for all the time we wait. That'll be all!"

The green roadster sang up the road toward the studio, at a speed that promised Petsie immunity from financial loss. Tony Valentine grinned after it. Lord, but it's good to have an excuse for restin' up a bit," he said, and dropped on the grass, where he was joined by the villain and the cameraman. "Nobody off," he lifted his head to yell at the extras who showed signs of scattering. So they dropped, too, wherever they were. To the casual eye, an exceedingly smart company of society folk had set down on the velvety turf of a shrubbery-encircled section of Prospect Park.

But the star, without even a glance toward the director, walked demurely away, all by herself, out of sight, around the biggest, thickest clump of shrubbery. The poet who sang about the fixity of the stars in their courses was not referring to motion picture stars. But the director didn't worry. He knew she would be back not later than the fifty-eighth second of the thirtieth minute of the time limit. Strange as it may seem to the unitiated, that faithfulness to duty was one of the reasons why Doris Dalrymple was a star. The other reasons were easily visible to the naked eye.

FIRST INSTALMENT

On the other side of the shrubbery was a wide, smooth stretch of grass, and bordering that a well-kept gravel road. Doris walked straight across the grass and paused when she came to the road. There were two benches there. One faced east, straight toward the sun; the other looked westward into cool, shady vistas. But the second bench was occupied—as the best benches in the park have a way of being—by a man.

Doris looked at the man speculatively. He was young, and he had on a blue serge suit, and a soft shirt, and tan shoes. His black tie was knotted nicely and his hose were black silk, and the soft hat pulled well over his eyes was a *very* good hat—a Stetson probably. He had hair that waved a little, and a nice, tanned face and a firm chin, and he was worried about something. All this in one sweeping glance!

Doris sat down beside the man. He came out of his brown study and glanced toward her. Then his eyes grew wider and bluer, which was the usual thing with the eyes of men who looked toward Doris. His lips flew apart, as if speech would come tumbling out, then he remembered and closed them again so firmly and nicely that Doris felt sorry for him. So she smiled. And when Doris smiled her dimples came dancing out, and—well, there should be a law forbidding such dimples at large!

"If I sat on that bench," she said apologetically, "it'd hurt my eyes. Looking this way, you know. I hope you don't mind my sitting here."

"Not in the least. It doesn't hurt my eyes at all to look your way!"

"That's nice of you. It makes me feel so welcome! I can stay," consulting a ridiculous little watch set in a band of silver, "just twenty-four minutes."

"Twenty-four minutes! Think of that, now! What shall we do with them? What's important enough to talk about? It makes my head whirl to think of it—and while it whirls a minute has gone!"

"Of course the only really important things in life are our own troubles," said Doris. "And just now I haven't any. So suppose you tell me what you were worrying about."

"About myself," he confessed.

"Of course," smiled Doris.

"Why of course?" bristled the man.

"Because you're a man," said Doris calmly.

"Men do not worry about themselves exclusively. Many a man worries about a woman!"

"No. Only about his relation to her or her attitude toward him," declared Doris. "But here we are wasting time trying to be epigrammatic, and you haven't shared your secret sorrow with me. Is it a girl?'

"No, it isn't. Or at least it *wasn't!* It's a job—or the lack of one, rather."

"No doubt if you sit right still on this park bench a nice, kind job will come hunting you and coax you away with it," said Doris severely. "I always had to go looking for mine, though!"

"You!" His eyes took her in, amusedly. She was all brown and pale rose—a very decorative color scheme. The brown was her hair and her eyes, and the rose was her cheeks, her thin, crisp frock, covered with the tiniest ruffles from throat to hem, and the two long-stemmed Killarneys held by her girdle. Slowly his gaze travelled down to the tips of her little white slippers and rested there. They were kid, smooth and spotless. They never had walked to the park, nor come in the subway, he thought. Somewhere, back of that shrubbery from whence she had come, waited a car or a mother or a companion, or even a nursemaid. The immortal Juliet had a nurse.

"You look as if you'd worn out many a pair of shoes looking for jobs," he jeered. "Well, I've done nothing else for a month. And there are fifty thousand of me right here in little old New York, they tell me, and more coming back every week."

"You were overseas!" she exclaimed, a new note in her voice, but he stiffened and shrugged.

"I was. But that's nothing to do with it. I'm looking for a job because a fellow naturally needs one, you know. Not because my country owes me one."

"Yes. But you *had* one before the war?"

"Naturally. But I can't go back to it. Don't want to. I'll starve first."

"Oh-oh!" She threw a laughing glance at his grim lips and smouldering eyes. "You must have been a burglar, or a house-wrecker, or—or—or a pirate!"

"Nothing half so good as any of them. They're man-size jobs. I was a chorus boy!"

"A chorus boy? Really?"

"Yes, really! Of course I had aspirations. Thought I was going to be a star—concerts, grand opera, all that sort of thing. I was doing the up-from-the-bottom stuff. Lord, think of it!"

At the utter disgust of his face and tone she melted into laughter, but no line of his face relaxed. "But if you really have a voice," she urged. "After all, a chorus job isn't a disgrace!"

"It *is*! It's—oh, well, there's no use trying to explain. But if you think a man who has gone through what we did over there, who has seen women and girls living and suffering the awful, unspeakable tortures we saw, can come back and doll himself up in white flannels and a red tie and prance around on a stage with a bunch of half-naked little fools, to amuse a lot of vulgar, decadent——"

He broke off, scowling down at her. Her head came just to his shoulder as they sat side by side on the park seat, and the sunshine dappled the dark hair with little flecks of bronze. "I'm sorry," he said. "I don't usually chatter like a freshman. I've been boring you frightfully—and we had such a few minutes!"

"But I'm not bored. Only it seems too bad for you to waste your voice and your talent and your good looks," her eyes were studying him appraisingly. "After all, folks need amusement, you know. The world *needs* happiness!"

"Not so much as it needs food," grimly, "and houses to live in, and ships and railroads to carry the food where it is needed. "I tell you I'm going to do some *real* work! Nobody has any right to think of amusement, now. *Amusement!* And I've picked twin babies out of the arms of a woman, dead in a roadside ditch, her breasts all withered away! Hundreds of them, thousands of them starving *now*, today! And you want me to stand on a stage and let a girl knock on my pleated shirtfront and sing:

"When love comes knocking at my heart,
Tap! Tap!"

I tell you folks have got to get down to producing the things the world *needs!"*

"You sound like a Herbert Hoover leaflet," she laughed. "And you make me feel very frivolous and useless. As if I ought to run home and bake a loaf of bread or something the world needs."

"The world needs beauty," he said. She had risen and he stood beside her, his blue eyes holding a little-boy wistfulness. "I feel better, now," he said, "just from looking at you. And you've been a patient listener. Thank you!"

"Good luck," she said, giving him a cool little hand. "I hope you find a regular cave-man sort of job. Then you'll marry a cave-lady and have a lot of cave-children and they'll grow up and desert the cave for a Greenwich Village, but you'll be too old then to care. Good-bye, Mr. Caveman. No, you mustn't walk with me, please. I have to run—and I'd be scolded."

"I understand," he said instantly. Once more the wistfulness looked out of his blue eyes. "Well,

(Continued on page 26)

How to Get Into the Movies

by Mabel Normand

VI. *Keep A Diary!*

I'M going to chat about my hobby this time, because I think it is a valuable hobby.

I'm going to urge you to do something which your mothers probably have already urged you to do—keep a diary.

I suppose all of us have been presented with diaries when we were young. They are the inevitable Christmas or birthday gift. We usually start out well with them and wish that more space had been allotted to each day, as we have so much to say! Then pretty soon we wonder why so much space had been allotted when every day is just like the one preceding. And finally, along about the second month, we give it up.

Yet there must be value in diary-keeping, otherwise the darned books wouldn't have been invented and parents wouldn't be urging them upon their young.

A young scenario writer of my acquaintance always was toting a diary with her. And nearly every time I met her she would jot down something in her little book.

"Now what are you writing?" I would demand.

"Oh, just jotting down what you said," she would reply. "You pulled a good line, and I may want to use it for a sub-title or something."

That gave me an idea. If a scenario writer can get ideas from everybody and everything, why not an actress?

Then, too, I read a great deal, and I like to remember what I read. In fact, I have a special contempt for people who can't remember what they read. It shows a lack of appreciation or concentration. And you need both if you are to be an artist or an educated human being.

When I go to see one of my pictures I take notes of what gets over and what fails to get the proper effect. Like a writer who reads his own work after it is printed in order to get a clear, fresh perspective on its value, a star needs to see her picture in a theatre in order to gauge its effect.

Since the memory is the treasury of the mind you should stock it well whether you are to be a motion picture actress or a good housewife. One of the best memory aids in the world is the notebook.

In speaking of a diary I do not mean the sort that foolish school girls keep and into which they pour their transient heart-burnings. A diary may be so impersonal that all might read it without learning anything concerning the keeper's private affairs.

It is a waste of time to keep one of those in which you say, "Went to lunch today with Sally, met Joe, got a crush, crazy about Dolly's new hat, going to copy it, etc., etc." That's nonsense.

But it is worth while setting down observations of books, plays, clothes, paintings, music and incidents that furnish you with ideas. A note-book is a means of self-expression. It disciplines the mind in formulating thought into concise and definite ideas.

An excellent model for a writer is Chekov's notebook, into which the great Russian writer poured random impressions, phrases that occurred to him as vivid, experiences that suggested stories or mental images.

Because it is an actress' work to portray characters realistically it is necessary for her to observe all sorts of characters and to remember how they appeared.

When in New York I often go down in the tenement district of the East Side in order to see how the people live and work and act in that strange melting pot. I note the women gossiping at the corner, their manner of dress, their walk, their gestures. I note the woman selling fruit

The Author

and fish from a push cart, the way she attracts attention, the way she bargains and the way she arranges her goods. Perhaps I see a character that strikes me as funny, either in deportment or way of dressing. Perhaps I can copy her costume or some of her odd gestures at a later date, when I'm working in a picture. At least, they are worth remembering.

My costume for "Molly-O" is almost a duplicate of one worn by a girl I saw on the East Side; it appealed to me as a ludicrous yet pathetic attempt toward style, just the sort of dress which I later wanted for the characterization of "Molly-O."

It is very easy to originate funny clothes and manners for pictures, but unless they have their counterpart in life and seem natural they are only fit for burlesque. One may exaggerate so easily and spoil a character, for there is a very fine line between human comedy and slapstick burlesque.

You may wonder what all this has to do with breaking into the movies.

As I said in a previous, chat, too few girls aim at any preparation for a career in pictures. They often decide to go into pictures because it looks easier than working! They think that all one needs to do is make pretty faces and dress fashionably. Those are the girls who drift about Hollywood for a year or two and then disappear or find the easy way of livelihood which they erroneously supposed that the movie offered.

I know a young man who came out here some time ago and broke in almost immediately. He happened to be good-looking, but that wasn't the reason the producer preferred him to actors of experience.

"He has breeding," said the director. "He doesn't have to act as a gentleman; he *is* a gentleman."

Old standards are rapidly giving way to new. The pretty face has been tried and found wanting. More and more is culture required, at least an education that embraces an understanding of people. Of a young girl who flashed for a moment into prominence and then disappeared, I heard a director remark:

"Yes, she is a beauty—but what a dumbbell!"

I don't pretend to claim that an actress must know scientific and algebraic formulas or other subjects of the higher education. I only say that she must have an alert, comprehending mind that can grasp the information which she requires and adapt it to her work.

Furthermore, a girl who is proficient in a number of things has alternatives in the event that she does not find herself suited to screen work.

I know a very charming young girl who appeared to have screen talent. She played a part in a Douglas Fairbanks picture, but did not photograph as well as had been expected. She might have struggled on and played more or less regularly in minor parts, but she very sensibly saw her own shortcomings and decided that her metier was not acting. She decided to write. She set about an intensive study of scenario writing and finally obtained a position at thirty dollars a week. Two years later she was receiving two hundred a week. I'm sure she derives far more satisfaction out of being a successful scenarioist than she would have derived from being a mediocre actress.

Keeping a diary is only a means of disciplining the eye and the mind.

If each night you sit down and record the most interesting observation of the day you will soon find that you are observing interesting things more closely and that you are retaining ideas and impressions more accurately.

At college a girl always carries a notebook to lectures. Why not carry a notebook, then, when you are attending the school of life? I do not mean that you must go about scribbling on a pad as though you were a sanitation inspector; just keep one at home and use it as a confessional at night. You may want to make some notes about Hollywood conditions, of which I shall chat in the next instalment.

SECRETS OF THE MOVIES - - - - *Those Queer Lookers*

IX

THOSE queer looking people in the movies don't just happen. The director doesn't walk out into the street and say to a bunch of people: "Here come on in. I want you to stand in a picture." No. Instead they are all hand-picked.

Characters are being picked more and more for "type." If a scene is laid on the desert a call is sent to an employment agency. The agency has listed with it hundreds of would-be actors of every class and description, from dwarfs to Texas giants. On a card is filed their name, description, age, experience, nationality, specialties and so on, while in folders are their pictures, sometimes "straight," and sometimes in makeup.

The agency goes over its list, telephones the people that seem to fit in and then sends word to the picture company that it will have forty Bedouins on the lot at nine o'clock in the morning. The casting director combs the bunch, the assistant director goes over them again and finally the director himself makes the final selections. Many of them are real Bedouins, for around a studio city live thousands of people from all parts of the world, from Eskimos to South Sea Islanders, ready to look a camera in the eye. They are all "camera broke," so that when they are dying they will not up and rubber into the "box."

The scene, however, may call for a thousand Bedouins. The ten or twelve real ones are put in front, while people of other strange races and mixtures are made up to look like them. Finally the crowd is tapered off with ordinary every day supers in makeup. When the camera is trained on one of the real Egyptians with an unusual face the audience thinks that he was just accidentally picked out, when as a matter of fact that closeup had been planned from the first.

An Indian or Patagonian or Zulu with an unusual face can make a good living off it.

BERNARR MACFADDEN'S

IN my last week's article, I spoke at length on the subject of personal efficiency and normal weight. I mentioned several methods of securing bodily freedom and assuring yourself of a good night's rest, leading up to an all-round system of physical culture that will build one up to normal weight, especially as proven by the experience of the United States Army.

If you are devitalized and much emaciated, the exercises to be employed will be of a different type than those practised for the purpose of losing weight.

Reducing weight requires plenty of "endurance" exercise, particularly of the fast, light variety such as will consume or "burn up" fatty tissue.

On the other hand, the thin person usually lacks energy and cannot afford to expend much. He must conserve it. Therefore the ideal form of exercise to overcome emaciation is one that builds muscular tissue with the least expenditure of energy. One should improve the circulation and secure the general physiological benefits of exercise without exhausting herself. The ideal form of exercise for this purpose is the practice of stretching.

Stretching movements give one flexibility when applied to the torso. They stretch and bend the spine.

Fox Sunshine Girls

Mack Sennett Bathing Girl

Mack Sennett Bathing Girl

BEAUTY PAGES

They wake up the vital organs. They stretch, twist and massage the internal organs and generally give one most of the physiological benefits of exercise, everything except endurance.

We suggest the following as "stretching exercises," a few times each morning—not half-heartedly, but vigorously:

Clasp the hands behind the head, then bend backwards. Raise arms straight up, then lower. Raise the right arm up and bend to the side; repeat with left arm. Swing arms backward, then lower at sides. Legs spread, bend low, keeping the knees straight. Swing arms backward and raise left leg; repeat with right.

Next in importance, in gaining necessary weight, is food. A milk diet is excellent, but for those in business who may not find the exclusive milk diet convenient or possible, the use of milk in addition to ordinary foods is recommended. If you can use from two or three quarts of milk or buttermilk a day in addition to your regular meals, it will give you such a supply of nutrition that you simply cannot help but gain in weight and vitality.

The answer to this question of weight is that you can gain normal weight usually in a few months if you remember that it is not merely a question of food, but a question of establishing that condition of bodily vigor and health that will enable you first to relish and then to digest and assimilate your food.

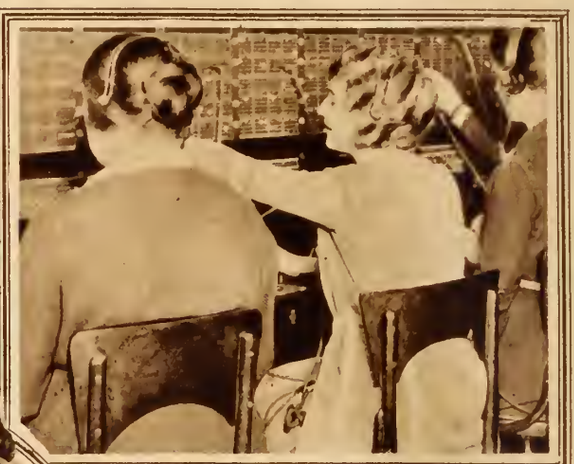
Fox Sunshine Girl

Ruth Roland

Fox Sunshine Girls

Mack Sennett Bathing Girl

The Thrilling Story of Agnes the Telephone Girl

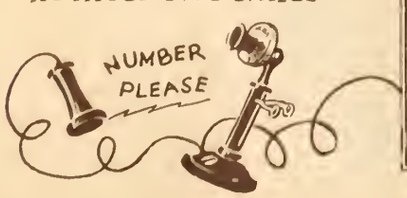


A tragic moment in learning how to "plug in." Agnes Ayres our fair heroine will conquer yet-

Behold our plucky heroine getting ready to "plug in" a couple of Movie stars

Along comes Bebe Daniels after Wallie has told her about his 'phone experience and she goes about getting Agnes with willainous-mien..

Lordy, lordy just look at Wallie after the daring Agnes has told him what she thinks of him for cussing her because she gave him the wrong number five times



And just take a slant at Walter Hiers agonized face. Oh, Agnes how could you!

but—

Agnes fools 'em all. She gets her "graduation papers," then returns to the Lasky Studio to play the operator in Wm DeMilles latest.

Rambling Through the Studios in the East

With Dorothea B. Herzog

Director Fitzmaurice Goes Shooting in Italy

H. B. Warner in New York

THAT tense, handsome hero of melodrama, H. B. Warner, has returned to New York to resume his stage work after an absence of some four years in the most thrilling realms of picture "mellers."

Warner recently closed a ten weeks' run as the star in Cosmo Hamilton's sex play, "Danger," and is now waiting for just the right kind of play before resuming his stage work.

H. B. Warner

We arranged to see Warner at his manager's, Carl Carlton's, offices. The appointment was for four-thirty. Having a woeful habit of arriving on time, Ye Rambler entered the elevator exactly on the minute. Much to our amaze, H. B. entered at the same time. We eyed him covetously. A strange kind of a star, ruminated we—the *very* idea of his being on time!

We followed him to the offices. The w. k. press agent was not around, so we introduced ourself. The delight of being on time was mutual. A good basis to begin on.

* * * * *

He's Awfully Happily Married

You may be interested to know that Warner is awfully happily married to a girl who was once an actress, but abandoned the histrionic art for the noble art of motherhood. Whereupon, H. B. brought forth his watch, opened a small locket hanging on its chain and proudly showed us a picture of his thirteen month old boy and five year girl.

The boy already has that humorous air that is such an outstanding characteristic in his father. Which may be imagination on our part, but we refuse to admit it. The girl is a jolly little one who promises to be a star some day in her own right. And his wife has about the most infectious smile we ever hope to see.

* * * * *

Enjoyed Pictures

"And how did you enjoy your picture work?" we fired.

Warner smiled—and when he smiles, his deep blue eyes soften to a laugh and his mouth responds in a companionable sort of way.

"I enjoyed the work," he decided. "But I won't." in answer to our next question, "I won't return to pictures until I get the right kind of offer. I went into them quite by accident," he explained.

"I was touring the country in a play which finally landed in Los Angeles. Thomas Ince came to see me after the performance and said he would like me to play in one of his pictures. Which I did. Then I played in several more and was eventually signed by Robertson-Cole. When that contract was up, I came back to New York, and here I am."

* * * * *

The Right Kind of Play

Warner believes that the play of the minute is the melodrama, with plenty of "meller" in it. There's an old-timer running on Broadway now, called "Bull Dog Drummond." Warner was offered the title role, but declined it. It has been offered to him since, but each time he has refused it. Despite this, however, we judge from what he told us that he will not open again in other than a melodrama.

He confesses that "Danger" was not the play for him, but it read, he said, much better in manuscript form than it did at rehearsals. It was something of a surprise to him that it ran ten weeks on Broadway. "It ran just ten weeks longer than I thought it would," he smiled.

* * * * *

The Cursed 'Phone

At this minute the 'phone rang. Business of making an immediate appointment and hanging up. "That's my wife," he explained. "I'm going to help her buy some hats." And then in that whimsical, humorous way of his, he quaintly said: "I usually call my wife, Mother."

George Fitzmaurice in action. Arthur Miller is behind the camera.

Which gives you a deep insight into the fine, clean, virile character that is H. B. Warner's.

* * * * *

Welcome Back to Fitzmaurice

FRESH from several months of active picture production in London and on the Continent, George Fitzmaurice, featured Paramount director, returns to New York and to Hollywood where he begins work immediately on another special.

We rambled over to Famous Players' New York office to see Fitzmaurice before he left for an indefinite stay on the Coast. It occurred to us that perhaps our "rambler fans" would be interested in how pictures are made on the other side and what is is really like, when a director is far, far from home.

"Our business methods are different from those on the other side," said Director Fitzmaurice with an expressive shrug. All of which explains a great deal. "We snap things up, over here. They take plenty of time on the other side.

Shooting in Italy

"I went to Italy to complete my last picture, 'The Man From Home,'" he continued, "and expected to stay there only four weeks at the most. I remained eight. And if my wife (Ouida Bergere, the clever writer who adapts his specials for the screen), had not been with me, I may have been there yet!

"In the first place, we arrived in Rome after that city had had seven months of sunshiny weather. Of course, as soon as we were ready to shoot, it commenced to rain. And it didn't stop for weeks."

* * * * *

Vesuvius Washed Good

Fitzmaurice said it rained so hard and so steadily that Vesuvius, Italy's champion lava shooter, was rid of a goodly supply of lava.

"The streets," recounted Director Fitz, "were covered with some fourteen feet of lava. In some places it was piled as high as the second story windows of houses. The people were kept busy making the streets traversable.

* * * * *

The German and the Villa

SOMETIMES," he narrated, "it is difficult for American producers to get the necessary co-operation from the local officials to take pictures in the selected locales. I was fortunate in having several friends in Rome who were of invaluable assistance to me.

"I wanted to take some scenes at former Kaiser Wilhelm's beautiful villa," chuckled Fitzmaurice, as the story came to him in all its humorous detail. "I received written permission from the Minister of Fine Arts, but when we arrived at the villa, the German in charge flatly refused to permit us to enter.

"I reported the situation to the Minister, who countered by making another appointment the next day at the villa.

"Well, we were there at the designated hour. To my amazement, there was a group of cavalrymen waiting for us. We went in. The German was bundled out with all his belongings and I shot my scenes amidst beautiful surroundings. I was happy; the Italians were happy, for was not the German exiled? Perhaps they had been biding their time for just such a situation to arise, before using force to evoke the German."

Ouida Bergere

* * * * *

Ouida Bergere—Director

Ouida Bergere proved her directorial ability anew when she came to her husband-director's assistance by directing Cameraman Arthur Miller and several players in numerous scenes while Fitzmaurice was busy taking other scenes in another part of the country. In this way, the most was made of the lull in the rainy weather.

"But," Fitzmaurice confessed, "it is good to be home again." And again that expressive shrug.

MOVIE WEEKLY ART SERIES

THOMAS MEIGHAN

Strauss-Peyton Studios

Bucking into the Movies

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Sophie Potts has returned to "Movie Weekly," following a temperamental departure from the silver sheet and a tempestuous absence from the realm of the portable typewriter. Ye Editor sent out trailers and detectives and all the usual "hunt-'em-up" things necessary to excavate a lost celebrity, but reports continued to disappoint. No discovery of Sophie Potts.*

Finally, without any warning whatsoever, Sophie Potts sends us the following missive. She gives no explanation for her long silence. She just pops up with the same impudence with which she disappeared—the same swagger, cheery, nonchalant individual.

We were so happy to hear from the happy-go-lucky one that we find no harsh words in our heart to sling in her direction. It is welcome back to "Movie Weekly," Sophie Potts. Do our readers join with us?

If you have any questions to ask about the movies, send them to Sophie Potts, c-o the Editor. She'll answer them in her weekly article. At least we suppose she will. We hesitate to say positively, for you know how these temperamental "celebs" conduct themselves now and then.

Hollywood, 1922.

MR. H. O. POTTS,
Hog Run, Ky.

Dear Maw and Folks:

Yours of the 13th insipid received and read with the usual interest, and was glad to hear that, inspired by "The Sheik," Tad Faubion and the Maple twins had run away from home the next morning and headed for Arabia, planning to go via Louisville and Lake Erie. I admit that if they continue heading in the general direction they started they are far more liable

We didn't have much to do except sitting around little tables and consuming near beer.

to land at the North Pole than in Arabia, but still it's the spirit of the thing that counts, or "Homo sapiens," as Hamlet so aptly remarked to Queen Victoria at the signing of the Magna Charta. Anyway, utterly regardless of whether they land in Arabia or Patagonia, Hog Run can't help but be improved about fifty per cent by their departure.

Well, maw, I added still another nationality to my long list of screen portrayals today, and acted the part of a female Parisian. Honest, folks, if I have to portray many more different nationalities for the so-called flickering camera, it won't be long before I'll begin to feel more like an illustrated Atlas than a movie actress.

The picture today was one which Mr. Lasky was making, with the help of me and Betty Compson and a few other lesser artists, and was originally called "The Noose." But I guess the title must of aroused unpleasant memories in the minds of some of the members of the cast who had had horse-stealing ancestors who had died of acute sore throat, or something, because it wasn't very long before they re-christened the piece "The Green Temptation." Which same is an ideal movie title, inasmuch as it has nothing whatever to do with the story, and wouldn't mean anything if it did.

Well, anyway, me and a flock of murderous looking hombres and wild women was supposed to play the part of Parisian Apaches. This isn't the kind of Apache, Maw, which specializes in war-whoops, feather bonnets and close hair-cuts, but is a European variety whose tastes incline toward milder pastimes, such as arson, murder and grand larceny. They are known as inhabitants of the underworld, because their usual habitat is that portion of the home originally made famous by Mr. Volstead.

There was a flock of about thirty of us altogether and, judging from the variegated hues of our costumes, I would say at a guess that the rainbow must be the national flower of Apache, Paris. The men wore a three-days' crop of whiskers, jersey sweaters, red sashes around the waist, and neckties and pants which would of driven an Alabama negro delirious with envy. The women, including me and Betty Compson, sported jerseys also, and was conspicuous in addition for wearing wild facial expressions and lop-sided Tam-o-shanters. Honest, maw, beside of our happy little gathering, a weekly meeting of the Associated Anarchists and Affiliated Thugs of the World would of looked like a highly respectable Sunday School picnic in comparison.

We didn't have much to do all morning except to sit around at little tables, looking hard-boiled and consuming near-beer on a wholesale scale, which, as far as I can make out, is the sole occupation of Apaches. And if it is, I don't wonder that their morals is supposed to be conspicuous largely for their absence. Because after I'd consigned about the tenth glass of near-beer to a protesting interior at the director's urgent request, I began to feel very strong criminal instincts developing myself.

But, immediately after lunch, the action started. It began when the director called for a couple of volunteers to stage an Apache Dance in the aisle between the tables. A big, hard-boiled looking hombre who looked like he should of either been in the Marines or juggling pianos for a living, volunteered for the male portion of the act. And then I managed to get myself elected as the other combatant, knowing as much about the technique of an Apache Dance as an orang-outang does about the Solar System, but being willing to take a chance at anything once.

We got away to a bum start. Not being able to think of anything else at the moment, I took a desperate chance and emulated the Apache customs as delineated by "Bowie Bill's Greater Wild West and Dog and Pony Shows," when they played in Hog Run last summer. Which same consisted of me kinda crouching over and stamping in a circle around and trying to hit myself in the chin with my knees at my partner, letting out a war-whoop at every step, each whoop. But, judging from the quality of the director's remarks, I must of had the wrong idea.

"Nix on the squaw stuff!" he yelled. "This is supposed to be Paris, not Arizona! Your partner knows what I want done. Let him do all the work!"

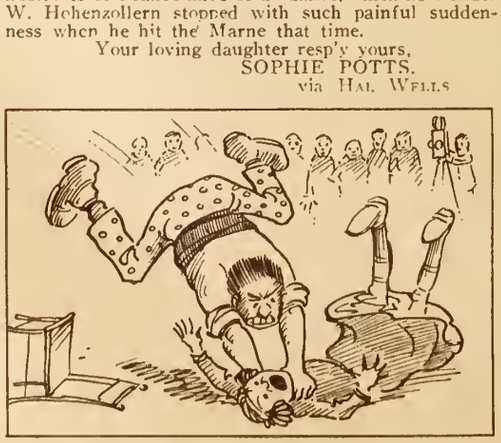
So I did, and believe me, maw, *he* did! The only difference between what ensued immediately thereafter and a first class prize-fight was that there wasn't any breathing space between rounds, and nothing was barred except biting in the clinches. He opened hostilities right off the bat by clamping a stranglehold on my neck with both hands and doing his level best to choke me to death. I indignantly retaliated by kicking him violently in the shins. Which must of made him mad or something, because he promptly picked me up and threw me bodily over a couple of nearby tables, after which I made a neat billiard off a stone wall and hit the floor. Then, when I tried to get up, he repeated the stunt very enthusiastically, only this time I missed the stone wall and one of the tables on my way to the floor. I tried to assume an upright position again, but with the same results. Honest, maw, of the next five minutes, I spent three on the floor, and two in the air en route. Finally, I got disgusted at the bird's persistency, and refused to play any more.

"What's the idea?" yelped the director, when I declined to come up for any more punishment. "Why don't you go on with the dance?"

"Dance, me eye!" I retorted. "If that big pie-driver still craves a dancing partner, get Dempsey to play with him! I'm through!"

Which I guess will be all for this time, only if the melee I went through is merely the idea which inhabitants of France have of a "dance," then no wonder W. Hohenzollern stopped with such painful suddenness when he hit the Marne that time.

Your loving daughter resp'y yours,
SOPHIE POTTS.
via HAL WELLS



—Clamping a strangle hold on my neck and doing his level best to choke me to death.

The Gish Girls' Triumphant Careers

(Continued from page 7)

told Mr. Griffith so, with the result that he used it, although I did not want to receive screen credit for that little bit. Dorothy was just on the fringe of the picture.

"Then came an experience which I shall never forget and which was worth more to me than any other in my life. Mr. Griffith wanted to make a war picture and the British and French Governments were perfectly willing to assist him, for they were in the midst of a recruiting campaign and needed propaganda.

"Mr. Griffith came to me and asked me if I would be willing to play the leading role. I didn't know whether I could carry it, for, as you know, the other pictures were all group stories. 'The Birth of a Nation' dealt with the Cameron family; 'Intolerance' dealt with four different groups, but 'Hearts of the World' was about a girl.

"We talked over the proposition with mamma and decided to go to Europe with Mr. Griffith. We were over there six months, part of the time in London and part of the time in France behind the lines, around Compiegne. The worst part of our experience was in London. Our hotel was next door to another hotel in which the Air Defense was located. The adjacent building was the center of London's protection against Zeppelins and other German aeroplane assailants, and whenever the Germans came flying over London the anti-aircraft guns would go off and rock our building as well.

"Moreover, it was during the blackest part of the war that we stayed in London. The streets were filled with horribly wounded men and it was nerve-racking, especially to mamma, even to walk down the streets and to see those poor, mutilated soldiers. Air raids were frequent. Bombs fell very near to us, and we were in a continual condition of suspense.

"But we were able to learn how to portray such emotions as we shall never again have the opportunity to observe. Theretofore we had been acting with repression, doing scenes quietly, but we learned over there that in real life people are not accustomed to repressing the great emotions that surge over them. When a German bomb struck the schoolhouse in Whitechapel, killing nearly a hundred children, we were on the scene half an hour after the explosion. We saw the poor mothers searching for their children, their hysteria and terrible grief, and we learned what mother love really is at that time.

"Then we went to France.

"The best part of our experience was that we saw the war closeup. That experience hurt mamma most of all. She has never been well since that time and her present illness is more or less due to shell shock from the concussion of the guns in the building next to our London hotel. If it weren't for her illness, I would say that my experience over there was worth fifty years of life, and that if I should live to be a hundred in this country I should never acquire what I acquired during those months in England and France. I learned what modern war is like, and realized the spirit behind it.

"We made eighty-six reels of negative in France, and returned to the United States to make interiors. We had enough film for 'Hearts of the World,' and for two other program features which Mr. Griffith made subsequently. 'Hearts of the World' was, of course, a tremendous success, because it was the first picture in which the actual war and not a studio make-believe was used as a background. It gave Dorothy her first genuine opportunity in a big role and was the first picture in which I tried to carry the theme of the story myself. It also assisted in giving Dorothy her reputation as a comedienne although we both think she is far better suited to dramatic roles and that her work in comedy has been solely due to the fact that that is the medium in which she has most often appeared."

The third article of this story will deal with the making of "Broken Blossoms"; with Lillian Gish's direction of her sister, Dorothy, in "Remodeling a Husband"; with the making of the thrilling ice scenes in "Way Down East," and the co-starring roles the two sisters play in "Orphans of the Storm," as well as with some of their ideas on present day picture problems.

Sh-h-Under the Orange Pekoe Tree
by Irma, the Ingenue

GOODNESS, but that Oriental I gave my order to certainly has a face like a hot-water bag!"

Irma, the Ingenue rustled cosily among the silken cushions in the Oriental tea-garden, and handed me a handle-less cup of tea.

"What about the movies?" I asked. "Working?"

"Goodness, yes! Things are picking up like everything. I suppose those tiresome men back in Wall Street have decided to capitalize the companies, or whatever it is they do. Perfectly poisonous of them, holding out, I think, don't you? When so many of us need limousines and things!

"Which reminds me that some perfectly lamb person has started King Vidor going again. I'm so glad. He's just commenced work with Florence Vidor, his wife, in a new picture. Dear me, they are the most monotonously angelic couple in the film colony! Not a breath about either of them, ever. Both are such hard workers, I suppose is maybe one reason.

"Ever hear how they came to California? Well, they came in a Ford! Yes, sir, all the way. I think Henry Ford ought to know about that. Maybe he'd give 'em something—a couple of Fords, perhaps. They used to buy vegetables and meat, and camp out along the way. They got into a bad storm up in the Nevada mountains, and had to camp in the school house. Another time their Ford got stuck at the foot of a mountain and they had to push it to the top. But it's a regular ad for the Ford that they could push it, isn't it—one way you look at it?

"Speaking of the mountains reminds me. Ruth Roland is up at Truckee with her company, and everyone of them except herself, is sick with the flu. It's awful in those little cabins where they live, they say, and Ruthie is acting as nurse.

"Here, waiter, a little hot water! They think we can just drink the demon tea as strong as prohibition whiskey, don't they?"

Irma paused to sip her tea to see if it was of the right strength and sweetness, and went on:

"What luck some girls do have with their husbands! Take Billie Rhodes, now. Poor Mr. Parsons passed away, but like a lamb person he left her a lot of money. I don't know whether she still has it or not. She was married a second time, but now she's divorced, and is going back to work in pictures. She was never a wild success, but maybe all her sufferings have made her a better actress, the way they say, but dear me, who wants to have a poisonous time just for that, when you can be an ingenue, if having good teeth and hair, and never have any troubles at all.

"How vampires have decreased in value, haven't they? And they don't come with tiger skins any more, either. Take 'A Fool There Was,' for instance, which Fox is going to make over again. The office was just crowded with vampires, the other day when I went over there. You could get any kind of plain or fancy vamp you wanted at a reasonable rate. Fox took a long time to decide. Finally they selected Estelle Taylor. Which reminds me:

"George Walsh and Seena Owen aren't divorced after all, though they haven't lived together for four years, and everybody thought that they were, and that George was going to marry Estelle. Now he says that Miss Taylor is just his leading lady, that's all.

"I'm just as glad as I can be about Alice Lake. She's so clever! When Metro slowed down, she had an invitation from Dorothy Wallace, who used to be a great friend of Roscoe Arbuckle's, but who has gone to Honolulu, to visit her there. But Alice decided she must stick to her profession while she's young, so she stayed in Los Angeles. She has just been signed by Eddie Carewe to play a lead in his picture.

"Everybody is wondering and wondering what Mary Miles Minter is going to do. Her contract is up in June, with Realart, and they do say that Miss Minter expects to leave. She has been feeling terrible, of course, over the death of William D. Taylor, and it seems likely that she may not work any more at all under her contract. She was given two months' vacation just before the murder, but heaven knows she never expected to spend it in mourning for a dear friend! But such is life, as the pollywog said when he turned into a leaping frog.

"Who do you think is the latest star? Bull Montana! Bull is going to be starred in two-reel comedies. Of course I don't exactly know him socially, but now that he's a star I think one might cultivate him, don't you?

"Oh, the funniest bit of news! Marjorie Daw and Johnny Harron are at outs! The reason is because Marjorie has been all taken up lately with Dana Todd. Dana Todd used to be ever so attentive to Elinor Glyn, you know, but I hear that Marjorie has taken him away from her. Elinor just can't see a man over thirty, you know.

"And Helen Ferguson is all at outs with the high brows! It's very funny. You know Helen is such a genuine girl. She just can't stand these people who talk as if they had adenoids both inside their noses and higher up in their heads. She got among a bunch of them the other evening. They were all talking in excited tones about a new book called 'The Career of an Egg.' 'Oh,' exclaimed Helen in wide-eyed innocence, 'I suppose that must be a sequel to White's Cook Book—a Thousand Ways to Cook an Egg!' They all looked at her in astonishment. Then they got her. And nobody spoke to her for the rest of the evening, but they veered off into a discussion of 'If Winter Comes.'

"And speaking of quick come-backs, Eddie Sutherland's latest deserves a little framing. Eddie was standing talking to Agnes Ayres, the other day on the set, when along came a young lady writer. Miss Ayres introduced Eddie to the lady. 'The two most charming people in the world!' she ended.' Eddie stepped back a second, and took the two ladies in with his glance. 'I agree with you!' he said gallantly.

"Poor Eddie! He couldnt go down to the train to meet May McAvoy, the day she came home from New York to Hollywood! In fact, talk about the irony of fate—that was Eddie's second name. You know he adores Miss McAvoy, and the only reason they aren't engaged—sh! don't say I told you—is because Eddie is so honorable he doesn't feel he has a right to be until he becomes a star, too—where was I? Oh, yes, the irony-of-fate stuff! Just as Miss McAvoy was alighting from the train at 2:45 p. m., at that very second, Eddie was ardently kissing Agnes Ayres.

'Going so soon? Well, I think I'll go, too. Have to go and look for some new clothes for Aggie. Who's Aggie? Why, she's the girl I play in my next picture. So long! You're a perfect pet lamb person to listen to me so long!"

And Irma, the Ingenue, glode out to her limousine and rolled away, waving good-bye to me.

"Which reminds me thot King Vidor hos just commenced work with Florence Vidor, his wife, in a new picture. Dear me, they ore the most nonotonously angelic couple in the film colony!"

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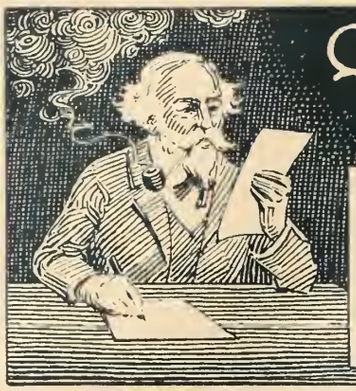

Questions Answered by The Colonel

I have joined the staff of "Movie Weekly" just to answer questions. Wouldn't you like me to tell you whether your favorite star is married? What color *her* eyes are, or what may be *his* hobbies? All right, then, write me on any subject pertaining to the movies. For an immediate personal reply, enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. Address me, THE COLONEL, "Movie Weekly," 119 West 40th Street, New York City.

In spite of all my protests, I still get letters every day asking for answers in the next issue. Pity the poor old Colonel getting at least two hundred letters a week to be answered in the magazine, when there isn't room for more than thirty. If you're in a hurry, I'm always glad to send you a prompt reply by mail; if you must see your answer in the magazine, remember that it takes a month at least, probably two.

TUBY—Get ready to think, you warn me. Now really, that isn't a bit flattering. Do you imagine that I have to stand on my head or go through some elaborate performance before I can think? Yes, Dick Headrick is a very pretty child. His parents are not in the movies to my knowledge. Wallace Reid's hobby is swimming and making noises on musical instruments. I have a neighbor who does that, too, but I hope Wallie can really play. The little girl who travelled with Doug and Mary is Mary Rupp, Lottie Pickford's daughter, named after her famous aunt.

L. F.—Rodolph again! Well, it's all in my day's work, I suppose. His hobbies are horseback riding and dancing. He has been in movies about four years; he will next appear in "Beyond the Rocks."

BETTY—If you wrote to Constance Talmadge, her secretary would probably answer your letter. Connie has to take time off to eat and sleep. Constance Binney is five feet two; her age—ah ha, now that's the puzzle! She is Mrs. George Webb. Betty Blythe is five feet eight, and Clara Kimball Young two inches shorter. The latter's address is 1845 Glendale Blvd., Los Angeles. Yes, Bebe is still in movies; she and Rodolph and May McAvoy are to make a picture together, "Blood and Sand."

RED HEAD—Ah, I do love red hair. But I hope yours is natural. Bertram Grassby played the villain in "A Parisian Scandal." Marie Prevost lives at 451 S. Hampshire, Los Angeles. The only address John Walker gives is Fox Studio, 1417 N. Western Ave., Hollywood.

CURLY—If it's your hair that's curly, I suppose all the girls envy you. Eddie Hearn played opposite Ruth Roland in "The Avenging Arrow." Eddie Polo has not announced his next serial.

ANXIOUS TO KNOW—Are you the same "Anxious to Know" who wrote me last week? And the worst of it is, you'll have to stay anxious, as I don't know what Tyrone Power has been doing since "Dream Street" nor where you can reach him just now.

BLUE EYED SUSAN and SWEET SIXTEEN—What are you trying to do, have me guess the answers to your contest? No fair, girls!

M. L.—Ah ha, I see you like pink stationery! Tom Mix lives at 5841 Carlton Way, Hollywood. He has a daughter, Thomasina, six weeks old. His hobbies are riding and writing. He is now at work on "Free Range Lanning."

EDITH MAE—And you want me to get Wallace Reid to come to Detroit. If I told him where to go, he'd probably tell me where to go, and I might not want to go there. He has blond hair and blue eyes. Richard Dix has brown hair and eyes. Send to Richard for his photo at Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, Cal. I suppose you saw Rodolph's picture in the March 4th issue; Wallie's will probably be in soon. We also published it last June 11th.

CANADIAN MAID—Sorry to keep you waiting so long, but I answer letters, "first come, first served." "Movie Weekly" has stopped publishing poems for the present. Your poem was very good. Thomas Meighan's picture was in the centre of our issue of April 30, 1921, and Gloria's in the January 7th number of this year. Joseph Schildkraut played in "Orphans of the Storm"; we have never published his picture. Yes, I have seen quite a few of the stars in person. I don't know whether your favorites will accept Canadian money or not. Won't your bank change it for you? Or can't you send a money order?

SUNSHINE SMILES—What a lovely signature to read on a cloudy day. You bet I rest at night when I go to bed, if the man next door doesn't play his saxophone too late. Theda Bara is going to make movies again; aren't you glad? She has made none since "The Lure of Ambition." Mary Pickford is 28; William S. Hart is between forty and sixty, nobody knows exactly. Rodolph is Italian and Eddie Polo was born in Frisco of Italian parents. Ethel Clayton is the widow of Joe Kaufman. Jean Acker is a brunette with hazel eyes and Gloria Swanson has almost-black hair and blue eyes.

P. D. Q. HARRIGAN—So you think that Larry Semon has good taste in selecting Lucille Carlyle as his leading lady. He will be glad you think so, because she is to be his leading lady for life. Yes, really, not reely. Her picture has never appeared in "Movie Weekly"; I'm sorry I have no personal description of her. I suppose you saw the announcement of the winners of the Head and Shoulder Contest in the issue of February 4th.

DEARIE—Yes, my dreams are happy, thank you; in them no one asks me if Rodolph is really good-looking. Raymond McKee does not gives his age. June Elvidge was on the stage for awhile, but now she is back in movies and will be seen in "Beyond the Rocks," in which Gloria and Rodolph are the stars. I don't know much about Louise Lorraine; you can reach her at the Universal Studio, Universal City.

G. E. DUNLOP—No, G. E., the boy in "Exit the Vamp" is not Ethel Clayton's son, but Mickey Moore. Ethel is going to take a look at Europe, now that her Lasky contract has expired.

MABEL—You are modest, Mabel, wondering if you ask too much. You ought to see some of the lists of questions I get. Bebe Daniels and Gloria can both be reached at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. Neither gives her home address.

A BROKEN-HEARTED FAN—Do try not to take things so seriously. If everybody who wants to get into the movies broke his heart over it, there'd be no one left to laugh at Charlie Chaplin. Eddie Polo was born in San Francisco, of Italian parents. Art Acord is 32; I don't know where you can write him, unless they would forward his mail from the Universal Studio at Universal City.

HELEN TALMAGE—You ask me for a lot of addresses, so I'll ask you for one—yours. Suppose we exchange information by letter?

E. A. G.—Wesley Barry is about fifteen and has been in movies five or six years. He lives at 4634 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles.

FLORENCE COOK—I don't know why you do not hear more of Lloyd Hughes; he will soon be seen in "The Brotherhood of Hate," a Thomas H. Ince feature.

RED VAMP—So you saved the other half of the paper for next time; with such a frugal nature, you'll be rich some day. Maybe Pola Negri would not like to be called a "vamp." Yes, she has had rather an assortment of husbands. Don't you mean Wallace Beery rather than Beers? He lives at 1346 Harper Ave., Los Angeles.

MISS IMA GIRL—I'd know your were a girl by your pinkish-lavendar stationery. Wanda Hawley is 5 feet 3, weighs 110, and has blond hair and grayish-blue eyes. She is Mrs. Burton Hawley; her maiden name was Petit. Her latest release is "Too Much Wife"; her next will be "The Woman That Walked Alone." You bet I like your way of asking questions.

FRANKIE—"It's me," you say (ungrammatically, Frankie). The Chinaman in "Dream Street" was played by Edward Piel. Madge Bellamy was the leading lady in "The Call of the North."

ROSEMARY—I appreciate your thoughtfulness in telling me to take my time; some of my readers are not so considerate. Harold Lloyd lives at 369 S Hoover St., Los Angeles, and Charles Ray's address is 1425 Fleming St., Los Angeles. Vivian Martin is now playing at the Nora Bayes Theatre, 44th St., New York, where you can write her. Hallam Cooley played opposite Doris May in "The Foolish Age." Viola Dana is three years older than Shirley. No, I don't think Charlie Chaplin has to worry over any rivalry. Write me again some time.

FRENCHY—Are you really? Yes, Charlie Chaplin is still making pictures; his next one will be "Pay Day"—but I suppose all his movies mean pay day for him. Write him at 1416 La Brea Ave., Los Angeles. Yes, I'm afraid his secretary answers his mail; Charlie has to have some time to sleep, you know. Jack Mulhall lives at 5857 Harold Way, Hollywood. He was the leading man in "Molly-O."

E. T. NORRIS—Hope Hampton is quite a popular star, with her own company, releasing pictures through First National. Address her at 1540 Broadway, New York City. Her latest pictures are "Star Dust" and "The Light in the Dark."

MAE JUNE—Of course I won't let you look in vain for your answer, unless you looked too soon. Yes, Belle Bennett was in several pictures during 1918-19. One of them was "The Mayor of Filbert." Ann Pennington was on the screen for a short while, I believe.

MOHEA—The Wallie Reids have only one child, Bill, who is four. I believe Dorothy Davenport is a brunette. No, the stork doesn't include Pickfair in his plans.

OLD CURIOSITY SHOP—I see you've been reading Dickens! Ben Wilson is a producer now and Neva Gerber is starring in some of his productions. Grace Cunard is making two reelers. I haven't heard of Kathleen Clifford lately. I don't agree with you about Doug and Mary; they are still among my favorites.

K. LANAGAN—Gail Kane has not been making pictures lately; she is on the stage. I don't know what Arline Pretty has been doing since she appeared in "Life." I think you are mistaken in saying that Maxine Elliot played in some of Mae Marsh's pictures. Maxine is a bigger star than Mae is.

Film-Flam

His Acting Seemed Real

JAMES KIRKWOOD always knew that Jose Ruben was a good actor, and now he is surer of it than ever. The only trouble is, Jose is a little too good.

Suspected of his wife's murder in the story, "The Man From Home," Jose, half demented with fear and grief, throws himself on the protection of James Kirkwood, in the title role. Jose's acting is nothing if not thorough, and Kirkwood almost wondered whether Ruben didn't have a real life grudge against him.

After the scene was over, Kirkwood quietly approached Director George Fitzmaurice, and asked if he wanted a retake.

"Because if you do," he said casually, "we'll have to adjourn for repairs. Ruben has torn every button off my coat and nearly fractured his knee-cap. And I need a little time to get into the proper frame of mind. He gave me such a shake-up that I began to think I'd done the murder myself."

* * * * *

No Peroxide Needed

At the Paramount West Coast studio they had a blonde day not long ago. First came Dorothy Dalton wearing a blonde wig for her part in "The Woman That Walked Alone." Then with her was Wanda Hawley, a decided blonde. Agnes Ayres was ready for "The Ordeal," so her golden hair appeared on the lot. Edna Murphy, with her pale tresses, was present also for her part in the same picture.

"Well," said one of the cameramen, "I couldn't sell peroxide to any of this crowd. They don't need it."

* * * * *

An Inspiration From Volstead

Allan Meyers is one man who has a good word to say for Volstead. For the Volstead law gave Allan an idea. Mr. Meyers, you see, makes his living by distributing advertising leaflets among apartment houses and homes.

Now he has a new method of making his wares dramatic. He waits until he is in a conspicuous place where lots of people are hurrying about. Then he begins to look about cautiously and take hasty but stealthy steps.

Suddenly a shout. Meyers halts.

"Open that suitcase," demands a plain-clothes man. "Let's see if you've got hootch in it."

Meyers pleads; he appeals to the crowd.

As the people surge closer to see the excitement, the suitcase is opened. Out flutter innumerable heralds for 'Orphans of the Storm."

* * * * *

An Argument for Bobbed Hair

Mlle. Andree Peyre, the French aviatrix who is playing a society girl in Reginald Denny's "The Leather Pushers" was observed in close study of the newspaper.

Suddenly she jumped up as if a great thought had struck her.

"Monsieur Denny," she exclaimed, "it say in ze papair how a lady is combing her hair, when she reach back and break her neck. Where is the nearest coiffeuse, Monsieur? My hair shall be Robert—what you call 'bobbed.'"

Pipe This

"Keep this for me," said Mrs. Frank Borzage to her husband, the director. She handed him a dainty handkerchief, all perfumed and lacey, to put in his pocket.

Hubby carelessly dropped the hanky into his pocket—the same one in which was his tobacco. An hour later he decided to have a smoke.

"Huh," said the man beside him, sniffing suspiciously, "don't tell me you smoke a perfumed pipe!"

"The love dance of the mops," explain Lon Chaney and Wallace Beery. Millinery by the Goldwyn gardner

No Joking Matter!

Forrest Halsey, the author and photoplaywright, is a regular joke book when it comes to prohibition wheezes.

"Hello, Forrest," Ernest Hilliard, the heavy, greeted him one day. "I was just telling my wife some of your prohibition jokes."

"Jokes," said Forrest. "I wouldn't call 'em jokes. There's no joke about prohibition. I may have made a few apt observations on the subject, but it's too serious to joke about. The bootleggers take all the humor out of it."

* * * * *

A Pretty Good Lesson

Grandfather and little Robert, aged six, laughed together over the antics of the comic creatures in Aesop's Film Fables. Grandfather thought he would see how well Robert could perceive the moral of the picture.

"What is the lesson for good which we can learn from the busy bee, Robert?" he asked.

Robert thought a moment.

"Not to get stung," was his triumphant answer.

A Homely Adage

H. M. Walker, who wrote the sub-titles for Snub Pollard's comedy, "Light Showers," had a lot of fun putting his wits to work. The caption for one scene is this:

"Call the real estate agent; I want to see if he remembers his relatives, the James brothers."

Passing a house one night, Mr. Walker heard someone singing "Home Sweet Home." That gave him an idea for a sub-title, so he reached for his little notebook and wrote:

"Be it ever so shrunken, there's no place like home."

* * * * *

The Last Word in Adventure

Ruth Roland always used to love the water, but for awhile during the making of "The Timber Queen," Ruth felt she didn't care if she never saw any water again.

"During the past few months," she explained, "I've been hurled into most of the rivers and lakes, and even into the good old Pacific. If I'm to be drowned any more in this picture, there is nothing left but for them to find a location in some good old roomy sewer."

* * * * *

Can You Beat It?

After a strenuous evening doing scenes with three ferocious lions, Ruth Roland arrived home tired but happy. Her luck was wonderful; in all her dangerous stunts, she never received even a scratch!

So thinking, she started to bed and—almost broke her dainty big toe when she stumbled over her bathroom rug.

* * * * *

A Dumb Story

Helen Ferguson is telling a good one these days. "If a fire started in a deaf and dumb asylum at night, how would you awaken the inmates?" she asks all her friends. Of course none of them knows the answer—at least not the first time.

"Just ring a dumbell!" says Helen.

* * * * *

Soot, Mon!

Doris Deane appeared with some makeup that wasn't on the schedule. She discovered one day that old man Jack Frost had put one over on her mother and herself by cutting loose among their orange trees. So together they superintended the lighting of dozens of smudge pots to save the crop.

"Good heavens, what have you done to yourself?" one of her friends asked her on the way home, noting her soot-covered face.

"I'm playing end man in the minstrel show," said Doris with a grin.

* * * * *

A Horse On You

Human triplets have been used in pictures and male and female twins by the score. But "Val of Paradise," Bebe's and Jack Holt's new co-starring picture, claims the distinction of using the first twin horses ever seen in any production. And that is some distinction, considering that there is only one set of twins in 100,000 horses. And these horses are honest-Injun twins.

This may sound like a fish story, but it isn't. It's a horse story.

A. M. T.

THE INS AND OUTS OF THE MOVIE WOILD — **REEL NOOZE** — WHETHER IT HAPPENS OR NOT, WE HAVE IT HERE!

ANDY ULP — FAMOUS HOOCH SAMPLER SPRAINS THUMB WHILE TRYING TO BUTTON SUSPENDERS WHILE ACTING IN THE MOB SCENE IN THOS. W. QUINCE'S "WEIGH UP YEAST" A FLEISHMAN PRODUCT

PHOTO BY MEESON STUDIOS

DAVID WALK SPLITLIP HAS JUST RELEASED A GIGANTIC HIT CALLED "THE TAMING OF THE HOME BREW" by J. FULLER RUMM

IT PROMISES TO GO OFF WITH A BANG.

IN "THE PASSING OF THE BREAD" A FILM RECENTLY RELEASED THRU' PASSE'; LEO PFLUG THE DASHING CEREAL HERO TAKES THE PART OF MONS. PHIL HARMONIC — A MUSICIAN OF NOTE

ALAS! NEOLIN WOULD HAVE SAVED THEM!

SCENE FROM MR. PFLUGS RECENT SUCCESS — "DEAD MEN'S SHOES" BY JOHN DOUGLAS and W.L. WARD

A Philanthropic Bank Burglar

by John W. Grey

SECOND INSTALMENT

SYNOPSIS

Jack Kennard, a great athlete and a graduate of the Yale school of Chemistry, utilizes his knowledge of chemistry to make a new liquid explosive with which he proposes to burglarize banks to get funds to build a hospital for his friend, Henry Haberly, the noted neuro-pathologist, who is interested in reclaiming criminals by scientific methods. On his way home from his laboratory one night he rescues a crook from a policeman in Central Park. He makes a pal of the crook, "Jimmy" O'Connor, and together they plan the robbery of the Arlington National Bank in Philadelphia. Kennard, in the uniform of a Captain of Police, visits the president of the bank and makes arrangements with him for to be admitted to the bank that night with his pal, "Jimmy," so that they can make the capture of the supposed burglars.

AFTER hearing voices on the other side of the door as they stood and waited for the watchman to let them into the bank, Blackey and Jimmy were all nerves and tension. Who were the talkers, they wondered? Cou'd it be possible that Mr. Barker, the president of the bank, with whom Blackey had talked, had telephoned to the sixth precinct? The suspense was agonizing, so they prepared for action and when the watchman finally swung open the big iron doors of the bank they both had their hands on their guns in their overcoat pockets. They were relieved when the watchman greeted them with a warm:

"Good evening, Captain."

"Hello, Mr. Kelly," replied Blackey.

"Good night, Tom," Kelly said to his friend, who passed out of the bank as Blackey and Jimmy had entered.

This party's presence started Blackey thinking; he had an idea that Kelly had told him something about the contemplated bank robbery. If he had done this then it was highly probable that he in turn would say something to some friend of his and before the information had gone very much further it would get to the police and then there would be the deuce to pay for sure. Blackey was considerably worried about the whole affair and was almost on the verge of deciding to leave the bank right then. "Maybe I'm all wrong" he thought to himself. "I'll shoot a few questions at this night watchman and find out just how far he has gone."

"Who's your friend Tom, Mr. Kelly?"

"He's a watchman across the street in the department store."

"Does he visit you frequently?"

"Yes," he replied, "he comes over every night about this time for a smoke and a talk."

"You didn't say anything to him about this matter tonight, did you?"

Kelly's face colored up and there was a ring of conviction in his voice when he said:

"No, sir, Captain, I did not."

"Sure about that, are you?" demanded Blackey as he looked him straight in the eye.

"Absolutely!" replied the watchman. "I haven't said a word to anybody."

"I'm glad to hear that," snapped Blackey, "because if this information were to leak out it might upset my plans for capturing these bank burglars and on the other hand somebody might lose his life."

"I said nothing to nobody," repeated the watchman.

"Does Mr. Barker know anything about your letting your friends in the bank at night?"

This question worried Kelly, for he knew that he was violating the president's instructions when he opened the bank door to let anybody in after banking hours. Mr. Barker had cautioned him many times about that particular thing. He hesitated before replying to Blackey's question; his face was a study; he probably had visions of losing his job and his voice was rather feeble and unsteady when he answered Blackey, saying:

"No, sir, Captain, he doesn't."

"Has he ever told you that you shouldn't let anybody in the bank at night?"

"Yes, sir, Captain, he has."

"Don't disobey the instructions of your boss," ordered Blackey. "In the police department we punish men for such things as that and if an officer does it the second time I can him. You shouldn't let anybody in the bank after hours, unless you have the president's permission to do so. It's bad business and I advise you to stop it right away."

"You're right, Captain. I'll never do it again. Please don't say anything to Mr. Barker about it; I didn't think I was doing any harm."

"All right, I won't, but cut it out."

Blackey had two reasons for carrying on this conversation with the watchman. First he wanted to remove from the mind of the watchman any possibility of suspicion that might have been aroused by his coming to the bank with only one man after he had told the bank president and the watchman that afternoon that he would return that night with two others beside himself. The watchman, he thought, might have construed this as a suspicious circumstance, therefore, he wanted to remove this suspicion in the event of his having it. He didn't want to slip up on any seemingly unimportant details. He wanted to be positive that all was well before he started in to work on the vault and safe.

The presence of the department store watchman gave him another idea. It occurred to him that if it had been customary for Kelly to have visitors why it was also probable that the policemen on the beat dropped into the bank occasionally. If this were so, why then they were going to have a much harder time pulling off the robbery than they had anticipated. If his coming to the bank with only one man had aroused any suspicions in the mind of the watchman, he was confident that his criticisms of his letting the department store watchman in had entirely removed them. He entertained no doubt about that. He now wanted to ascertain whether or not the "cops" on the beat came in and if so, how many and at what time; so he resumed his questioning:

"By the way, Kelly, do any of my men, any of the officers on this beat, spend any time in the bank at nights?"

"Yes, sir," he replied, "they drop in every night."

This statement also staggered Blackey and Jimmy. Here was something that they hadn't considered, a possibility that had never entered their minds and a very important possibility that had to be met. It was surely going to be a very interesting evening. Burglarizing a big bank in the heart of one of the largest cities in the United States with policemen as possible visitors was quite a hazardous undertaking to say the least.

Of course neither Blackey nor Jimmy did anything that would indicate that this statement concerned them in any way and though they were jolted from the tops of their heads to their feet inwardly, they maintained their poise outwardly. Blackey went on with his conversation.

"So my men come into the bank every night, eh?"

"Yes, sir," the watchman replied.

"Any special time?"

"Nearly every hour after midnight."

"Any of them been sleeping here?"

Kelly didn't reply immediately. It was obvious that he was trying to be evasive, but Blackey repeated the question and supplemented it with this statement:

"If you don't tell me the truth about these things, Kelly, I shall see that the president is advised about your letting people in the bank at night, then you'll be looking for another job."

"Well," continued Kelly, "Patrolman Johnson lays down for an hour once in awhile, he's the only one."

"Is he the only one that sleeps?"

"Yes, sir, he's the only one."

"Sure?" inquired Blackey.

"Yes, sir."

"Ever play cards while they are in here?"

"No, sir."

"Does it ever happen that two of my men come in here together?"

"Yes, sir," the watchman replied.

"Which two?" Blackey asked him.

"Johnson and Williams," he answered.

"And doesn't Williams ever take a nap while he is here?"

"No, sir, he just smokes his pipe for a few moments, then leaves."

"And you say that none of my officers on this beat ever come in the bank until after midnight. Is that correct?"

"Yes, sir, Captain," the watchman replied.

"Well, I'll be damned!" murmured Jimmy to himself. In all his years as a crook he had never been up against a proposition like this and while Blackey was carrying on the conversation with the bank watchman he was paralyzed with suspense. Visions of failure, cops and prisons were flitting across his mind. Then on the other hand he found himself thinking of the bundle of "dough" he would have if the job were pulled off successfully. The thoughts of the "dough" served to dispel all ideas of prisons, cops and failure and his poise returned automatically.

"Dis jug game is some racket," he thought.

Blackey, on the other hand, was as calm and as self-contained as could be. His talk with the watchman convinced him beyond doubt that all was well, that his coming to the bank with one man instead of two had aroused no suspicion. He had also obtained some very valuable information relative to the cops coming in after midnight. He was now able to organize a plan to meet that condition which might have resulted disastrously for both him and Jimmy if he hadn't drawn it out of the watchman. His conversation with Kelly was interrupted by the bank clock striking eleven o'clock.

"I've got to make my rounds now, Captain."

When he left to do so, Blackey said:

"We'll have to work quick, Jimmy. We've got to open this vault and safe before midnight. We've got to get out of here before those cops come knocking on the door or we're going to be in a jam. Let's get this fellow right now and stick him up."

"All right," replied Jimmy rather nervously. "Let's go."

They went looking for the watchman and found him in the directors' room at the rear of the bank. He was just punching his clock when they entered.

"Up with your hands quick and not a word!" said Blackey.

"Get 'em up, get 'em up!" cut in Jimmy.

He did not put his hand up immediately. He was dazed, panic-stricken. Jimmy grabbed him and took his gun and keys away from him.

He finally put up his hands and muttered:

"By God, bank burglars!"

Doubt, fear and consternation were written all over his face that had turned white. His eyes rolled and his lips quivered. He acted like a man who didn't understand, he probably was trying to reconcile the idea of bank burglars with Blackey's uniform of a police captain, and it was not until Jimmy began to tie his hands and his feet together that it dawned on him with perfect clearness that "Captain Worthington" and his friend Detective Donahue were bank burglars, and then he simply said:

"Well, I'll be damned!"

"Shut up! Shut up!" exclaimed Jimmy as he stuck a gag in his mouth.

They carried him out of the directors' room into the office of the president, which was ten or fifteen feet to the left of the vault and could not be seen from the street. It then occurred to Blackey that if the clock wasn't punched every hour the burglar alarm people would have their men on the scene. Every time a bank watchman punches his clock it is automatically registered in the office of an electric protective company. All night long the records of the clocks are watched and if the rings don't come in on time, that is, within ten or twenty minutes after the watchman's usual time for ringing his clock, the company immediately dispatches men to the bank to investigate.

"Get the gag out of his mouth, quick!" said Blackey. "Untie his feet, but keep his hands tied. Lead him around and make him show you where the posts are and see that every post is rung. Hurry!"

After they had gone Blackey found a chart on the president's desk that showed where the posts were located, five of them, one in the president's office, in the directors' room, the back of the vault, the front of the vault and one in the lobby in the front of the bank.

Blackey pulled off his coat, adjusted his drill in the brace and began to drill the vault door combination lock box. When Jimmy returned fifteen minutes later he had almost completed the job.

"Put the gag back in his mouth, Jimmy, and tie up his feet."

"I got y' old timer," replied Jimmy as he laid the bound and gagged watchman on the floor.

Jimmy stood by and gazed at Blackey with admiring eyes as he worked on the vault door. He was fascinated and said to himself:

"I'll be some guy when I'm able to dig into these V's and petes," (V's in the vernacular of the underworld means vaults; petes, safes.)

Blackey finished the drilling, inserted the fuse and cap in the drilled hole, struck a match, lighted the fuse and then stepped away from the door to await the explosion.

Jimmy had never heard an explosion and he was wondering all the time what the sound was going to be like. He was strangely stirred as he stood there and watched the fuse flicker and spurt little balls of flame. With every passing second the fuse grew smaller and smaller and nearer and nearer to the vault door and the lock box on the inside. Suddenly the fuse ceased to spurt the little balls of fire. It had passed into the inside of the door, and almost instantaneously with the passing of it, there came a quick illuminating flash that lighted up the bank for a second, followed by the explosion, which was very light, sharp and quick, and was over in an instant. The detonation was not half as loud as that of a thirty-two calibre revolver. If anybody had been passing the bank and heard it they would have never thought it was an explosion. The combination lock box which was blown off made more noise when it fell to the floor.

The inside doors of the vault were unlocked, so that eliminated the necessity of another explosion on the vault. Blackey pulled them open—and there before him stood the much vaunted "burglar-proof" automatic time lock safe, the thing that his friend Biddle had told him would make the robbery of banks a thing of the past. Blackey looked at it and smiled and then called to Jimmy:

"Come! quick! switch on that light and give me a hand here!"

Jimmy responded like a flash.

A CLOSE CALL

BLACKEY, down on his knees, hatless and with his sleeves rolled up, worked on the time lock safe until the sweat poured down his face in a steady stream. He was having trouble finding space to confine the "juice" on the first "shot" (explosion). The time locker was certainly a well put together piece of mechanism. The jams, top and bottom, were so compact, put together so closely that the "juice" wouldn't flow through the crevice back into the door and down the steps of the various sheetings on the inside.

Jimmy was right there beside Blackey helping him as best he could, handing him first a wedge, a piece of fuse, a cap, a chisel, everything that Blackey called for. Jimmy was "Johnny on the spot" and handed it to him instantly. He soon had the time-locking "pete" ready for the first "shot." He lighted a match, touched off the fuse, closed the "skeleton doors" and stepped outside to await the explosion.

With the inside skeleton doors and the outside vault door closed the explosion could hardly be heard out of the vault, but when they pulled both doors open and dashed back into the vault to prepare another shot the fumes from the explosion were stifling.

Three sheetings had been blasted off on the first "shot," nearly half the door, and Blackey quickly applied another one in a hole that had been made in one sheet pulling away from another one, a rivet had been broken off or there was a crack of some kind into which the "juice" could be put on a little piece of cotton.

He was certainly working fast, too fast in fact, because before he and Jimmy could get out of the vault on the next "shot" the explosion occurred and one of the sheetings came flying off the door, hit Jimmy on the legs and knocked him flat on the vault floor. He was more frightened than hurt. He scrambled to his feet quickly and said:

"Not so fast, not so fast, Blackey. I don't want to get croaked in dis jug. Use longer fuses so we can git out o' this dump before the 'shots' go off."

Blackey laughed at him and exclaimed:

"Don't mind a little thing like that, Jimmy."

The fourth "shot" removed the last sheeting on the door and just as they were preparing to set off another to blast that one off there came a wild, terrified scream of "Help! help! Police! police!" They dashed out of the vault and found that the watchman had worked the gag out of his mouth. They had it back again in a few moments more secure than ever.

"No more of that shouting," Blackey told him, "if it occurs again I'm going to give you something that will put you to sleep for a few hours, so keep quiet, old boy."

"Y' better cut that grand opera stuff," remarked Jimmy, "or I'se liable to put the slug on y' even though y' are all harnessed up like a horse."

The poor watchman merely rolled his eyes and trembled. It was perfectly obvious that he was scared to death as he lay stretched out on the floor, bound and gagged.

The fifth "shot," a light one, tore the last sheeting off the door. They were now on the inside of the safe. Half of the job was completed. There remained the chest known in the vernacular of the cracksmen as the "kiester." The "kiester" is usually the hardest part of the affair, for while it only required five "shots" to blow off the five sheetings on the safe door, they did not succeed in getting six of the seven sheetings off the "kiester" until they had made eleven explosions on it.

"Just one more shot, Jimmy, and it will be all over."

"Let's give it to 'er quick," replied Jimmy, "and get out of here. I'm sick as a dog."

Blackey, too, was very sick. The fumes from the explosions were so staggering he could hardly hold up his head, but he kept going.

The bank clock tolled the midnight hour as he got ready to load up the "kiester' for the last shot.

"Well," remarked Jimmy, "twelve bells; dat means I've got to do me stunt with dat guy's clock again."

"Don't miss any of them, Jimmy," said Blackey, "take this chart of the location of the posts. Remember, if you should miss one, that the burglar alarm men will be down here investigating."

"I got y'! I won't miss 'em. I'll get 'em all."

Within a moment after Jimmy had left, the telephone started ringing in the office where the watchman lay on the floor.

"Well," murmured Blackey, "what's this mean, I wonder?"

He made no attempt to answer it, he didn't know what to do, had no idea of who it might be. Jimmy heard the phone as he rang the last post on the watchman's rounds and hurried to Blackey, nervous and excited.

"Who do y' think it is, Blackey?"

"I don't know," Blackey replied, "but there isn't any time to be lost. Stay here until I touch off this last shot."

He ran back to the vault, lighted the fuse, closed the door and stepped outside. The explosion followed instantly, a dull, muffled-like sound. He opened the door and looked inside, the last sheeting of the "kiester" was lying on the floor, the automatic time locker was a wreck. For a moment his mind went back to the dinner at the Waldorf and he thought of what his friend, the banker Biddle, had said to him. He smiled sardonically, closed the door and returned to the ringing phone.

"Going to answer this?" Jimmy asked him.

"Yes, get that gag out of his mouth quick!"

"Wat's de idea?"

"Never mind, never mind, damn it!" exclaimed Blackey determinedly, "do as I say!"

Jimmy lost no time in getting the gag out of the watchman's mouth. He saw that Blackey was irritated and he decided that he wasn't going to ask any more questions. He made up his mind to do what he told him and keep his mouth shut.

"Now listen to me," said Blackey to the watchman after Jimmy had removed the gag from his mouth, "I'm going to take that receiver off the hook. I want you to answer the phone as though nothing out of the ordinary has happened in this bank tonight, understand me?"

"Yes," he answered, "I understand."

Blackey continued: "If you make one bad break, say one word that you shouldn't say, I'm going to blow your brains out, do you get me?"

"Yes," he answered automatically, his voice quivering with fear.

Blackey winked his eye at Jimmy and said to him: "Get on the other side of him, Doc, put your cannon right up to his head, if he makes an outcry about the bank being robbed, pull the trigger."

"I'll take the top of his lid off if he bats an eye," Jimmy replied with a spirit of bravado.

Blackey then lifted the receiver from the hook bent down to the desk, put half of the receiver up against the watchman's ear so that he could hear the conversation. His gun was up against his neck. Jimmy, on the other side of him had his gun rammed close to his head. The watchman was subdued with fear.

"Hello," he said.

"Hello, Dan," came the voice over the phone.

"Hello, hello," repeated the watchman nervously.

"This is Mr. Barker speaking, Mr. Barker," he continued in a rather unsteady tone of voice, "I want to talk with Captain Worthington."

"All right, sir," the watchman answered, "I——"

Before he could go any further Blackey pushed him to the one side with one hand and he covered the transmitter with the other one while he whispered to Jimmy:

"It's President Barker calling for me, get that gag back in his mouth, quick."

"Hello, Mr. Barker," said Blackey.

"Howde, Captain, I——"

Blackey interrupted him.

"I suppose you're anxious to know something?"

"Yes, yes," he replied rather excitedly, "I am. Did you get 'em?"

"Yes," replied Blackey, "they came in about twenty minutes ago. My men have just finished putting the handcuffs on them."

"By God! that's fine work, Captain. Fine work. How many of them did you capture?"

"Three," continued Blackey."

"Have any trouble, Captain, anybody hurt, any shooting?"

"No shooting," answered Blackey, "only one of them offered any resistance and we had to use the blackjack on him a little."

"Y' did, eh?"

"They were caught unawares," said Blackey. "We had 'em covered soon as they got on the inside of the bank."

"Great work, great work, Captain, the bank is indebted to you for life."

"Are you coming down to the bank?"

"Right away, Captain," he replied.

"How long will it take you to get here?" Blackey inquired.

"Oh—about thirty or forty minutes."

"All right sir, good-bye," replied Blackey as he hung up the receiver.

"Wat de hell did y' ask him to come down for?" exclaimed Jimmy.

"We'll be gone before he gets here, don't get rattled," declared Blackey.

It then dawned on Blackey that the president's coming to the bank was decidedly a bad idea. It meant that the robbery would be discovered just so much sooner. If he could stop him why it was highly probable that the burglary would not be heard of until the bank opened up at ten in the morning. By that time they would be in New York safe from pursuit.

"I never gave that a thought," he said to himself. He grabbed the phone.

"Race—three-four-nine, please."

"Hello, Mr. Barker, this is Captain Worthington."

"Oh yes, Captain," he answered.

"Mr. Barker," continued Blackey, "I'm taking these fellows over to the station right now. I'm dead tired and want to get to bed. Suppose you put off coming down to the bank tonight and meet me at the station in the morning at nine-thirty?"

"Very well, Captain."

"All right, thanks," answered Blackey. "See you in the morning. Good night."

"Good night, Captain."

"That's better, Jimmy," said Blackey as he hung up the phone.

"Sure 'tis," replied Jimmy relieved.

"Come on," said Blackey, "let's pack up this money and get out of here."

They hurried to the vault and started to pack the bills in a dress suitcase that they found in the directors' room. There was approximately two hundred and twenty thousand dollars in paper money of all denominations, a hundred thousand or more of negotiable securities, five or ten thousand dollars in gold and eight or ten thousand dollars in silver, all of which they didn't take because it was too heavy.

Jimmy found a hand bag in the president's office into which he put the gold. They closed the vault door and then went over to the watchman to make sure that he was so securely tied that there was no possibility of his working himself loose. They said "good-bye" to him and started for the door.

Blackey unlocked the big iron door and as he did so, almost instantaneously he heard voices on the steps of the bank outside.

"What's that?" asked Jimmy.

Blackey opened the door slightly and peeked out.

"Two cops!" he whispered.

"Cops!" exclaimed Jimmy.

"Holy ————! this is awful!" declared Jimmy. "What are we going to do?"

"Looks bad," replied Blackey. "Looks bad," he repeated.

Suddenly the door swung open and the two uniformed policemen stepped inside the bank.

(*Continued next week*)

Hints to Scenario Writers

by Frederick Palmer

SCENARIO NOTE: *Our readers are invited to write and ask us questions they may have in mind on screen writing. Please enclose stamped and addressed envelope.*

THE "PICTURE ANGLE"

POSSIBLY the greatest difficulty that the beginning writer of photoplays encounters is the necessity of expressing his story in terms of action. For that matter, the experienced fiction writer, as well, upon turning to the field of screen drama, is generally puzzled by this rigid requirement.

It is, however, a lesson that every photoplay writer must learn, and the sooner the better. Fine writing, beautiful descriptions, clever witticisms—excepting as they may tend to build up characterization—are thrown away in the writing of photo-dramas. Only that which can be transferred to celluloid through the eye of the camera will find its way to the screen; and where, then, excepting for a few brief sub-titles, do the poetic rhapsodies over the sinking sun, the lengthy account of the star's eyes, the detailed description of the thoughts that surge through the handsome hero's mind come in?

I am not, however, one of those machine-like, studio-hardened persons, who would abolish everything but a bare skeleton of the action plot. That would be as fatal to the screen writer's story as to "pad" it. Enough description and characterization must be worked into a photoplay to give it life and an appeal to the readers—who are only human beings, after all; and the bare plot would often fall short, in that it failed to impress itself forcibly enough upon the editor's brain. But practice and study will inculcate in the mind of the scenario writer the subtle ability to "put over" what is known in the studios as "picture stuff," without wasting words and without resorting to the use of unnecessary detail.

The picture angle comes natural to many writers. Others must acquire it. Many noted fiction authors have reaped a harvest from the picture rights to their books, merely because they possessed this peculiar quality, and, almost unconsciously, had written their books and stories from the screen angle. Such writers intuitively select "picture words"—words that in themselves, convey a picture to the mind of the reader. Other authors, equally as well-known, have been able to sell picture rights only when their novels, or other works, have been so well-known that it was good business on the part of the studios—from an advertising standpoint—to buy the name, and to build a real screen story around the plot.

The person who approaches the motion pictures with the idea of making photoplay writing his, or her, sole profession—which, after all, is the only way to suceed—must watch this matter of visualization closely. First of all, he must visualize his story in his own mind before attempting to set it down upon paper. If the mental impression is not clear to the writer, it will never appeal to the scenario editor, who is trained to think only in pictures, and to whom "fine writing," as a rule, is an utter bore, since it does not aid him in selecting photoplays that will succeed on the screen, but, rather, tends only to confuse him and to distract his mind from whatever picture value the story might have.

As an illustration of the "picture angle," as opposed to the narrative style of fiction, let us consider the following simple situation: John Smith arrives home late at night, to find on the center-table a note from his presumably faithful wife, in which she informs him that she has left him for another man.

The writer of narrative fiction would probably describe the ensuing events somewhat as follows: "As he read the letter the truth slowly dawned upon him. Into his numbed mind gradually crept a feeling of self-pity. Desolation seized upon him. Then as his mind ran back over former days, the sense of desolation left him. New thoughts surged through his brain, like seething fire. Something snapped within him. From that moment, John Smith was a murderer at heart—for he had determined that his rival must die."

You will observe that, although John Smith's state of mind is admirably described, there is nothing in the description that could be transferred to celluloid by a cameraman.

But let us place the same incident into terms of action: "For a moment or two he stared at the letter; utter desolation crept over him. He sank into a chair, and buried his head in his hands. Then, with sudden determination, he crumpled the missive in his powerful hand, set his jaw, and arose to his feet. From a drawer in the table he took a revolver, examined it carefully, placed it in his overcoat pocket, and strode toward the door."

The foregoing, of course, are merely crude illustrations of the point in discussion; but they may aid the puzzled photoplay writer in discerning the vital difference between the two forms of expression.

VISITING THE STUDIOS

Without doubt a large percentage of scenario writers believe that their inability to visit the big studios and to watch the actual filming of motion pictures handicaps them in their work. Nothing, as a matter of fact, could be farther from the truth. Many of the great authors who were invited some time ago to the studios, to do their writing "on the ground," were utterly confused for several weeks by their glimpse into filmland; and, instead of being an aid to them, that part of their experience was undoubtedly a detriment.

The technique of filming, cutting, and assembling a motion picture is one of the most complicated imaginable. Contrary to widespread belief, directors do not go from set to set, or from location to location, filming their story exactly as it was written in the synopsis or continuity. Largely for financial reasons, they group all scenes occurring in a certain set, or location, and "shoot" them at one time. The outsider, observing this process and trying to decipher the story being pictured, would wonder at the apparent lack of sequence in the procedure, and—unless possessed of supernatural imagination—could obtain no aid in plot development therefrom.

It is far better for the writer to remain away from the studio—to study films that are complete, as they may be seen on the silversheet in any picture theatre. Here he may see a completed product, in proper sequence, and invested with the atmosphere that titles and art-work give to any film. And, where watching the filming of scenes in a studio would probably cramp his imagination, the sincere photoplaywright will find inspiration in the finished drama.

Questions and Answers

(Q.) Why is retrospect objectionable?—M. H. L.

(A.) Telling your story in direct action is preferable to telling it through the retrospect of a character. The effect produced by the former method is less artificial. Begin at the beginning and carry the story forward, keeping the various threads parallel. The audience is more interested to see the action as it transpires than to have it presented through conversation long after it has occurred.

(Q.) Does the realm of "politics" offer good subject matter for the screen play?—G. P.

(A.) Unfortunately, plays dealing with politics are frequently unsuccessful. This type of story is very hard to write from the screen viewpoint. The chief difficulty seems to be that material of this nature is "dry" to the average spectator because he knows so little about politics; a great deal of explanation is necessary to make the action clear to the uninitiated. There is no reason, however, why the writer should not use as a background interesting political concerns. If you build a sound, dramatic story, keeping the characterization real and human, a political *motif* may be used effectively. Much of the conflict that arises between the statesmen of a country is fundamentally human, entertaining, and significant. Everything depends upon the way you treat the material.

(Q.) Is there any market for the story with a foreign background?—M. D. O.

(A.) Such a story will, on the whole, sell just as readily as one laid in America, providing the two stories are equally strong. "Setting" is a secondary concern with most producers. They demand primarily that the story possess dramatic virility and novel development. Of course the producer who is financially limited would probably prefer the American story, as being simpler and less expensive to produce. But the good story, with a foreign setting, will easily find a market.

(Q.) Should much time be devoted to the delineation of minor characters?—E. N. S.

(A.) If a character is worth introducing at all, he or she is worth developing to the fullest extent. Of course, there is no necessity for going into minute details. But keep all of your characters real and human, even down to the most unimportant servant girl. If you use only those characters that are essential in the working out of the plot, you will be able to treat them all in a satisfying way. Keep the attention of the spectator centered upon the principals, of course; and then, have the actions and motives of the minor characters blend in logically and interestingly.

(Q.) Is *spiritualism* a good subject for the screen play?—S. J. P.

(A.) Stories dealing with spiritualism are very costly and difficult to produce, as you no doubt realize and consequently producers are not interested in them, unless they possess the maximum amount of dramatic virility, as well as a novel treatment.

(Q.) May quotations be included in the detailed synopsis?—H. W. L.

(A.) It is better to use only those quotations which are absolutely essential in telling the story. Long descriptions and conversations only retard the action, which is, you know, the primary requisite. If the speech of any character directly furthers the story, use it. Otherwise, omit it.

(Q.) Why is the necessity for "optimism" stressed so much as a requirement for the screen play?
—L. H. P.

(A.) The American audience likes pictures of "real life," but it likes to have them depicted idealistically. There is much more danger in emphasizing the seridid, than in over-emphasizing the cheerful. Give the spectator something to look up to—some joyous creation of the imagination that will lift him from out of the dull monotony of everyday life. Art deals primarily in beauty, you know. Beauty is sometimes considered the aim of all art. The American audience appreciates idealism, and this is an indication of health and sanity.

(Q.) Is there any demand for the *idealistic* love story?—H. H. L.

(A.) There is not only a demand, but a vital need for idealistic love stories. If you build a really *dramatic* plot on such a theme, there is no reason why it would not appeal to producers.

(Q.) May the subject of "Life Hereafter" be treated on the screen?—G. A.

(A.) The few attempts that have been made to deal effectively with this subject have been failures, both artistically and commercially. The time is hardly ripe for such radical departures. Producers are wary of subject matter as intangible as this. They consistently prefer realism. There are, of course, a few isolated exceptions. If you have *really dramatic* material of this nature, prejudice against it might be overcome.

(Q.) Why are so many stories dealing with "Paganism" produced?—A. B. C.

(A.) Such stories often possess certain photographic, "atmospheric" features that count for much in the screen story. There is no reason to suppose, however, that this should continue to be one of the predominating trends in production.

FORTUNES ARE GOING BEGGING

Photoplay producers ready to pay big sums for stories but can't get them. One big corporation offers a novel test which is open to anyone without charge. Send for the Van Loan Questionnaire and test yourself in your own home.

A SHORT time ago a Montana housewife received a handsome check for a motion picture scenario. Six months before she had never had the remotest idea of writing for the screen. She did not seek the opportunity. It was thrust on her. She was literally hunted out by a photoplay corporation which is combing the country for men and women with story-telling ability.

This single incident gives some idea of the desperate situation of the motion picture companies. With millions of capital to work with, with magnificent mechanical equipment, the industry is in danger of complete paralysis because the public demands better stories—and the number of people who can write those stories are only a handful. It is no longer a case of inviting new writers; the motion picture industry is literally reaching out in every direction. It offers to every intelligent man and woman —to you—the home test which revealed unsuspected talent in this Montana housewife. And it has a fortune to give you if you succeed.

Send for the Free Van Loan Questionnaire

H. H. Van Loan, the celebrated photoplaywright, is responsible for the invention of the novel questionnaire which has uncovered hidden photodramatists in all walks of life. With Malcolm McLean, formerly professor of short-story writing at Northwestern University, he hit upon the happy idea of adapting the tests which were used in the United States Army, and applying them to this search for story-telling ability.

The results have ben phenomenal. In the recent J. Parker Read, Jr., competition all three prizes, amounting to $5,000, were awarded to students of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation, which is conducting this search by means of the Van Loan Questionnaire.

The experiment has gone far enough to prove conclusively (1) that many people who do not at all suspect their ability *can* write scenarios; and that (2) this free questionnaire does prove to the man or woman who sends for it whether he or she has ability enough to warrant development.

THESE are the leaders behind the search for screen-writing talent. They form the Advisory Council of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation.

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An evening with this novel device for self-examination is highly fascinating as well as useful. It is a simple test applied in your own home. Its record is held confidential by the Corporation.

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation offers you this free test because

Scores of Screen Stories are needed by producers

Scores of good stories could be sold at once, if they were available. The Palmer Photoplay Corporation exists first of all to *sell* photoplays to producers. Its Educational Department was organized for one purpose and one only—to develop screen writers whose stories it can sell.

Look over the list of leaders in the motion picture industry who form its advisory council. These leaders realize (1) that the future of the screen drama is absolutely dependent upon the discovery and training of new writers. They realize (2) that writing ability and story-telling ability are two entirely different gifts. Only a few can write; many can tell a story, and, with training, can tell it in scenario form. The Palmer Photoplay Corporation is finding these story-tellers in homes and offices all over the land.

You are invited to try; clip the coupon

The whole purpose of this advertisement is to invite readers of "Movie Weekly" to take the Van Loan Questionnaire test. If you have read this page up to this point, your interest is sufficient to warrant addressing the invitation to you direcly. In all sincerity, and with the interests of the motion picture industry at heart, the Palmer Photoplay Corporation extends you its cordial invitation to try. Who can tell what the reward may be in your case?

For your convenience the coupon is printed on this page. The questionnaire is free and your request for it incurs no obligation on your part.

PALMER PHOTOPLAY Corporation, Department of Education, V. 3,
124 West 4th St., Los Angeles, Cal.

PLEASE send me, without cost or obligation on my part, your questionnaire. I will answer the questions in it and return it to you for analysis. If I pass the test, I am to receive further information about your Course and Service.

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.....

A FIERY ROMANCE OF LOVE

(*Continued from page* 10)

good-bye and thank you again, Miss—Miss——" thoughtfully his gaze swept from her mass of dark hair down to her little slippers again. "Miss Rose Girl," he finished.

Another glance at the absurd little watch and she whirled and ran lightly across the smooth green space, while his eyes followed her intently. One of the best things Doris Dalrymple did was her run. They managed some way to work it into every picture.

At the edge of the shrubbery she turned to wave a little good-bye before the thick leaves swallowed her. The man sank down on the bench again.

"What a girl!" he soliloquized. "Sweet, fresh and clear-eyed. A raving beauty and doesn't know it! Frank and friendly and sensible—not self-conscious. Mamma was waiting back there, all right! She's the kind that never is allowed out alone. Thoroughbred to the tips of her little fingers. Think of the money that goes into the making of a girl like her! But she was a peach! If things were as they used to be—but they're not!"

He squared his shoulders and rose, ready to take up his job of looking for a job. He smiled a little, remembering the girl's shrewd commentary on his bench loafing. Resolutely he turned his face away from the shrubbery where she had disappeared. He would not follow her, of course. It wouldn't be cricket! What would be the use? It made no difference where she lived, nor who she was, nor whether the car that he pictured had driven her away. He was going in the other direction!

All these things did the brain of Jerry Griswold tell him, firmly and decisively. But the feet of Jerry Griswold, being so far removed from his brain, seemed not to hear its admonitions at all. Relentlessly they carried him straight across the green stretch toward the cool, beckoning branches.

"She's gone by this time, anyhow," he told himself as he neared the shrubbery. Almost he convinced himself that he was walking in that direction because it was a short cut to the subway. There was a motorcycle leaning against a tree, and to prove that he was in no haste he stopped to look at it. The owner was nowhere in sight—a bit careless. It was a good machine, he decided. An Indian, with a side car. His mind flashed back over the miles of road he had covered with an Indian, in Belgium and France. Mud, rain, wind, refugees! Clay, blood, shells, refugees! More shells, more blood, more mud, more refugees! *Always* more mud and more refugees! Well, it had cured him of chorus-boying, anyhow!

He came up to the spot where the girl had turned to wave good-bye. What was back of the encircling stretch of shrubbery he never saw, for out there in the open was something that brought him to a halt, petrified, staring.

There was a long, low, rakish-looking roadster, bright yellow. There was a man, dark and swarthy with a mop of coal-black hair. There was a girl, *the* girl, just being thrown violently into the roadster by the man. There was a leap, a hurrying sound, and the car was off, a yellow streak across the smooth turf, hitting the boulevard beyond at a sixty-mile pace.

"Kidnapped!" gasped Jerry.

It had all happened in one crowded, breathless instant. But crowded instants and appalling emergencies were not new in Jerry Griswold's life. With two bounds he was back to the motor cycle, astride it, and off, a straight, snorting line of red, cutting the shortest distance toward the boulevard where the yellow roadster had disappeared.

THE yellow roadster dropped its sixty-mile pace immediately after it hit the boulevard. Motor cycle cops lie in wait everywhere these days seeking whom they may devour. It's expensive business being arrested for speeding, and, contrary to the general belief, it is not the kind of publicity that a producer desires for his stars. So the Desperate Villain slowed his prancing Stutz to a comparative crawl and took time to cast an appraising glance at the girl whose crown of brown hair just brushed his shoulder. It was a singularly tender and understanding glance to come from a Desperate Villain.

"Tired?" he asked gently. "Shall we drive down here?"

She glanced at the road running off to the right and nodded gratefully. It was a country road, hard and smooth but deliciously golden where the sun struck down on the brown dust. Daisies and clover grew up to its edges, to be replaced by ferns and shy wood-flowers as a long stretch of forest swallowed them, shutting off everything but the cool greenness.

"It's so heavenly still and sweet," sighed Doris.

Behind them a series of sharp cracks and splutters cut the air and the girl jumped nervously.

"Just a motor cycle maniac hitting it up on the boulevard," said the man. "What's the matter, little girl? You're as nervous as a witch! Anything gone wrong?"

"No-o. Only—I don't know just how to say it. You always seem to be happy in your work. But I get uncertain and exasperated and puzzled. It all seems so useless, sometimes. So futile! The whole business, I mean. Thousands of people's time, and millions of dollars, just to make pictures for folks to look at for an hour and say 'that's good stuff,' or 'that's pretty punk,' and then forget them. Wouldn't it be wonderful to make something that really counted in the world?"

"Such as?" probed the man.

"Such as a loaf of bread, or a lemon meringue pie, or—or little pink rompers for babies," she finished defiantly. "That is," she hastened on, breathless, "anything that is really needed and useful. It's so *silly*, what we do!"

The Desperate Villain was looking down at her gravely now, and far back in his eyes burned a little flame of desire. Gently he brought the car to a stop. For a moment they sat quite still. The trees on either side stood up straight and tall. A little sighing breeze went singing through them. Presently he spoke.

"Doris, what you do isn't silly. It's sweet and wholesome and joyous. It makes worried people forget their worries and tired folk feel rested and little children laugh. It's an antidote for a lot of the rotten stuff that's made. But just the same, little girl, if you want to chuck it all, or *when* you want to chuck it all, I'm right here, you know! I've got a bungalow out on Long Island that you'd adore. I've got money enough salted down to take care of us after they're tired of my face on the screen. And you're the only girl I ever knew that I'd invite to live in *my* bungalow and make my lemon pies, or—or little rompers! I've told you before, and I'm telling you now, and I'll be ready to tell you again tomorrow, or next wek, or next year, that you're the one girl for me."

"You're a darling!" she breathed, putting out a hand to pat his rough serge sleeve. "But I can't marry a man just because I'm out of sorts with my career, now can I? Think what a life I'd lead you, Jimpsey-dear! No, I've just got to go on starring!"

His eyes had sobered almost to sadness, but his lips smiled determinedly. "Just as *you* like, little lady," he said and the car moved forward again, with smooth ease. "But remember old Jimpsey's here when you need him. Now here's a cross-road that takes us back on the boulevard. Want to drive down as far as Dustin's and have a soda to restore your drooping spirits? Then we'll beat it back. Tony said we had an hour before he'd be ready for us. We can go back in the garden and drink it and cool off."

"I don't want to go in, Jimpsey. I hate going in anywhere with my makeup on. People stare and whisper and I feel so foolish. But you can bring a soda out to me—a very long, cool pink one."

"Makeup!" His voice laughed at her now, and his eyes, as well as his lips. "Honest, Doris, do you use any? Seems to me it doesn't show at all—only, of course, those shadows under your eyes. And a stranger would hardly notice them."

"Nonsense. You're blinded by affection. I'm a sight to behold. Anyhow, I always feel that I am! It's my bringing up, I suppose. If my family could see me——"

She stopped abruptly, a quick mist dimming her eyes. The Desperate Villain, guiding the car carefully in deep, dusty ruts now, stretched a quick hand to pat the two that were so closely clenched in Doris' lap.

"Steady, child," he said. "Your family would be proud of you. In fact, I believe they *are* proud of you!"

She was silent now, and he knew she was fighting for the self-control that was always threatened when Doris allowed her thoughts to go back to the little brown house on the New England hillside. Twenty-two years ago she had been born there. Eighteen years she had lived there. She had only to shut her eyes to see it all. A weatherbeaten house it was, with a deeply slanting roof and a red chimney that leaned a little to one side. A tangle of honeysuckle vine, a hedge of barberries, a screen of crimson ramblers for the side porch. A big walnut tree where one played at housekeeping with Phil, running in to beg cookies of mother in the hot, sweet-smelling kitchen. Big, sloping fields at the back where father worked, always—a stooped, tanned father, with a slow smile and kind eyes that lighted with pride whenever he looked at bonny Doris or sturdy Phil.

It seemed incredible that everything was gone; that Phil slept somewhere in France; that dad and mother slept in the tiny church yard on the hill; that the little house was closed, its windows boarded over, like poor, blinded eyes. *Would* they be proud of her, mother and dad, and Phil, or would they be ashamed? Suddenly she could see Phil's straight, tall young figure in his uniform, could feel his clear eyes boring into hers. But the voice she seemed to hear was not Phil's. It was another voice, young and clear, too, but with a touch of bitterness running through it.

"I tell you I'm going to do some real work," it said. And again: "Amusement . . . a woman dead in a roadside ditch . . . thousands of them . . . things the world needs."

"Wake up, kiddie." It was the Desperate Villain's voice now, scattering her dreams and misgivings with his shrewd, sane smile and tone. "Here we are, and the sun shines, and the birdies sing, and the tall pink drinks await us. Do you refuse to come in?"

"I do. Run quick and bring me the longest, frostiest one. Raspberry, with lots of fluffy cream on top. And ice to tinkle. Maybe they've got some little crispy cakes!"

Her mood had swung to lightness again. Not often did Doris indulge in somber, brooding dreams. The man beamed with relief.

"I might send Mother Dustin out to wash your face with a wet towel, so you could appear in civilized society," he jeered. His own face, grotesquely spotched in greens and brown with heavy strokes of black, bothered him not at all. Many years of makeup stretched behind the Desperate Villain; it seemed probable that many of the same kind stretched before.

With affectionately amused eyes Doris watched his big figure swing up the path and disappear through the green-shuttered door of the tea-house. "Nice old Jimpsey!" she breathed, and settled herself for a wait that would be at least ten minutes. Mother Dustin's drinks were works of art, not to be shaken together in a hasty minute.

Being a thoroughly normal girl, she proceeded to improve the shining minutes in the usual way. From somewhere among the crisp flounces she fished a tiny mirror. One peep at herself brought a grimace of displeasure. A wee vanity bag came out, was opened. A tube of cold cream and a bit of soft linen began to tone down the color of cheeks and lips and to erase the shadows that intensified the size of the brown eyes.

So absorbed was she in this rite that she did not hear the motorcycle chugging swiftly up the road from the city, toward her. It was an Indian, with a side seat, and the man who rode it was keeping a sharp look out on either side. When he saw the yellow car and the girl, he lifted his head suddenly with a gesture that expressed relief, triumph, and an instant decision. Swift as an arrow the cycle shot ahead, passed the yellow car, swept a wide circle and came swooping back to stop at the very elbow of the astonished Doris.

"Quick. Into this seat. Now!" he said. "Don't be afraid. He won't chase us."

"Mr. Caveman!" she gasped wonderingly, puzzled at his excitement, his crisp, short orders.

"Sure! Stop wasting time. *Come on!*"

And suddenly his arm was around her, snatching her bodily from the yellow car, depositing her on the side seat of his own vehicle which immediately shot forward with an astounding speed.

Jimpsey, emerging from the green-shuttered door at that instant, let two tall, frosted glasses of pink liquid fall to the pebbled walk with a resounding crash.

"Kidnapped!" gasped Jimpsey.

An instant, and the yellow roadster shot down the boulevard. But it had little chance. Already the motorcycle was a black speck, dipping out of sight over the brow of a hill.

(*Continued next week*)

The Triumph of Love

Or

"THE BUSINESS OF LIFE" SHOULD JACQUELINE NEVERS ABANDON HER BUSINESS CAREER for LOVE

By

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

This story is one of the most vividly entrancing love stories and the finest and strongest piece of writing which that master love-craftsman of romance, Robert W. Chambers, has ever written.

* * *

"Suddenly, under all her delicate, youthful charm, Jack Desboro divined the note of hidden strength, the self-confidence of capability—oddly at variance with her allure of lovely immaturity. Yet he might have surmised it, for though her figure was that of a girl, her face, for all its soft, fresh beauty, was a woman's and already firmly moulded in noble lines which even the scarlet fulness of the lips could not deny."

"'May I say something that I have in mind and not offend you?' he asked."

* * *

This is from Robert W. Chambers' romance beginning in next week's issue of "Movie Weekly." *Don't miss it!* Order your copy from your newsdealer early.

THE GROWTH OF A GREAT LOVE

"The Younger Set"

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

IT was from one of the nurses, Miss Casson, and shorter than usual:

"Mrs. Ruthven is physically in perfect health, but yesterday we noted a rather startling change in her mental condition. There were, during the day, intervals that seemed perfe tly lucid. Once she spoke of Miss Bond as 'the other nurse,' as though she realised something of the conditions surrounding her. Once, too, she seemed astonished when I brought her a doll, and asked me: 'Is there a child here? Or is it for a charity bazaar?'

"Later I found her writing a letter at my desk. She left it unfinished when she went to drive—a mere scrap. I though it best to enclose it, which I do, herewith."

The enclosure he opened:

"Phil, dear, though I have been very ill I know you are my own husband. All the rest was only a child's dream of terror——"

And that was all—only this scrap, firmly written in the easy flowing hand he knew so well. He studied it for a momentor two, then resumed Miss Casson's letter:

"A man stopped our sleigh yesterday, asking if he was not speaking to Mrs. Ruthven. I was a trifle worried, and replied that any communication for Mrs. Ruthven could be sent to me.

"That evening two men—gentlemen apparently—came to the house and asked for me. I went down to receive them. One was a Dr. Mallison, the other said his name was Thomas B. Hallam, but gave no business address.

"When I found that they had come without your knowledge and authority, I refused to discuss Mrs. Ruthven's condition, and the one who said his name was Hallam spoke rather peremptorily and in a way that made me think he might be a lawyer.

"They got nothing out of me, and they left when I made it plain that I had nothing to tell them.

"I thought it best to let you know about this, though I, personally, cannot guess what it might mean." Selwyn turned the page:

"One other matter worries Miss Bond and myself. The revolver you sent us at my request has disappeared. We are nearly sure Mrs. Ruthven has it—you know she once dressed it as a doll—calling it her army doll!—but now we can't find it. She has hidden it somewhere, out of doors in the shrubbery, we think, and Miss Bond and I expect to secure it the next time she takes a fancy to have all her dolls out for a 'lawn-party.'

"Dr. Wesson says there is no danger of her doing any harm with it, but wants us to secure it at the first opportunity—"

He turned the last page; on the other side was merely the formula of leave-taking and Miss Casson's signature.

For a while he stood in the centre of the room, head bent, narrowing eyes fixed; then he folded the letter, pocketed it, and walked to the table where a directory lay.

He found the name, Hallam, very easily—Thomas B. Hallam, lawyer, junior in the firm of Spencer, Boyd & Hallam. They were attorneys for Jack Ruthven; he knew that.

Mallison he also found—Dr. James Mallison, who, it appeared, conducted some sort of private asylum on Long Island.

And when he had found what he wanted, he went to the telephone and rang up Mr. Ruthven, but the servant who answered the telephone informed him that Mr. Ruthven was not in town.

So Selwyn hung up the receiver and sat down, thoughtful, grim, the trace of a scowl creeping across his narrowing gray eyes.

Of the abject cowardice of Ruthven he had been so certain that he had hitherto discounted any interference from him. Yet, now, the man was apparently preparing for some sort of interference. What did he want? Selwyn had contemptuously refused to permit him to seek a divorce on the ground of his wife's infirmity. What was the man after?

. . . . . .

The man was after his divorce, that was what it all meant. His first check on the long trail came with the stupefying news of Gerald's runaway marriage to the young girl he was laying his own plans to marry some day in the future, and at first the news staggered him, leaving him apparently no immediate incentive for securing his freedom.

But Ruthven instantly began to realise that what he had lost he might not have lost had he been free to shoulder aside the young fellow who had forestalled him. The chance had passed—that particular chance. But he'd never again allow himself to be caught in a position where such a chance could pass him by because he was not legally free to at least make the effort to seize it.

Fear in his soul had kept him from blazoning his wife's infirmity to the world as cause for an action against her; but he remembered Neergard's impudent cruise with her on the *Aiobrara*, and he had temporarily settled on that as a means to extort revenue, not intending such an action should ever come to trial. And then he learned that Neergard had gone to pieces. That was the second check.

Ruthven needed money. He needed it because he meant to put the ocean between himself and Selwyn before commencing any suit—whatever ground he might choose for entering such a suit. He required capital on which to live abroad during the proceedings, if that could be legally arranged. And meanwhile, preliminary to any plan of campaign, he desired to know where his wife was and what might be her actual physical and mental condition.

But Ruthven was totally unprepared for the report brought him by a private agency to the effect that Mrs. Ruthven was apparently in perfect health, living in the country, maintaining a villa and staff of servants; that she might be seen driving a perfectly appointed Cossack sleigh any day with a groom on the rumble and a companion beside her; that she seemed to be perfectly sane, healthy in body and mind, comfortable, happy, and enjoying life under the protection of a certain Captain Selwyn, who paid all her bills and, at certain times, was seen entering or leaving her house at Edgewater.

Excited, incredulous, but hoping for the worst, Ruthven had posted off to his attorneys. To them he naively confessed his desire to be rid of Alixe; he reported her misconduct with Neergard—which he knew was a lie—her pretence of mental prostration, her disappearance, and his interview with Selwyn in the card-room. He also gave a vivid description of that gentleman's disgusting behaviour, and his threats of violence during that interview.

To all of which his attorneys listened very attentively, bade him have no fear of his life, requested him to make several affidavits, and leave the rest to them for the present.

Which he did, without hearing from them until Mr. Hallam telegraphed him to come to Edgewater if he had nothing better to do.

And Ruthven had just arrived at that inconspicuous Long Island village when his servant, at the telephone, replied to Selwyn's inquiry that his master was out of town.

. . . . . .

Mr. Hallam was a very busy, very sanguine, very impetuous young man; and when he met Ruthven at the Edgewater station he told him promptly that he had the best case on earth; that he, Hallam, was going to New York on the next train, now almost due, and that Ruthven had better drive over and see for himself how gaily his wife maintained her household; for the Cossack sleigh, with its gay crimson tchug, had but just returned from the usual afternoon spin, and the young chatelaine of Willow Villa was now on the snow-covered lawn, romping with the coachman's huge white wolfhound. . . . It might be just as well for Ruthven to stroll up tnat way and see for himself. The house was known as the Willow Villa. Any hackman could drive him past it.

As Hallam was speaking the New York train came thundering in, and the young lawyer, facing the snowy clouds of steam, swung his suit-case and himself aboard. On the Pullman platform he paused and looked around and down at Ruthven.

"It's just as you like," he said. "If you'd rather come back with me on this train, come ahead! It isn't absolutely necessary that you make a personal inspection now; only that fellow Selwyn is not here to-day, and I thought if you wanted to look about a bit you could do it this afternoon without chance of running into him and starting the whole mess boiling."

"Is Captain Selwyn in town?" asked Ruthven, reddening.

"Yes; an agency man telephoned me that he's just back from Sandy Hook——"

The train began to move out of the station

Ruthven hesitated, then stepped away from the passing car with a significant parting nod to Hallam.

As the train, gathering momentum, swept past him, he stared about at the snow-covered station, the guard, the few people congregated there.

"There's another train at four, isn't there?" he asked an official.

"Four-thirty, express. Yes, sir."

A hackman came up soliciting patronage. Ruthven motioned him to follow, leading the way to the edge of the platform.

"I don't want to drive to the village. What have you got there, a sleigh?"

It was the usual Long Island depot-wagon, on runners instead of wheels.

"Do you know the Willow Villa?" demanded Ruthven.

"Willer Viller, sir? Yes, sir. Step right this way——"

"Wait!" snapped Ruthven. "I asked you if you knew it; I didn't say I wanted to go there."

The hackman in his woolly greatcoat stared at the little dapper, smooth-shaven man, who eyed him in return, cooly insolent, lighting a cigar.

"I don't want to go to the Willow Villa," said Ruthven; "I want you to drive me past it."

"Sir?"

"*Past* it. And then turn around and drive back here. Is that plain?"

"Yes, sir."

Ruthven got into the closed body of the vehicle, rubbed the frost from the window, and peeked out. The hackman, unhitching his lank horse, climbed to the seat, gathered the reins, and the vehicle started to the jangling accompaniment of a single battered cow-bell.

The melancholy clamour of the bell annoyed little Mr. Ruthven; he was horribly cold, too, even in his fur coat. Also the musty smell of the ancient vehicle annoyed him as he sat, half turned around, peeping out of the rear window into the white tree-lined road.

There was nothing to see but the snowy road flanked by trees and stark hedges; nothing but the flat expanse of white on either side, broken here and there by patches of thin woodlands or by some old-time farmhouse with its slab shingles painted white and its green shutters and squat roof.

"What a God-forsaken place," muttered little Mr. Ruthven with a hard grimace. "If she's happy in this sort of a hole there's no doubt she's some sort of a lunatic."

He looked out again, furtively, thinking of what the agency had reported to him. How was it possible for any human creature to live in such a waste and be happy and healthy and gay, as they told him his wife was. What could a human being do to kill the horror of such silent, deathly white isolation. Drive about in it in a Cossack sleigh, as they said she did. Horror!

The driver pulled up short, then began to turn his horse. Ruthven squinted out of the window but saw no sign of a villa. Then he rapped sharply on the forward window, motioning the driver to descend, come around, and open the door.

When the man appeared Ruthven demanded why he had turned his horse, and the hackman, pointing to a wooded hill to the west, explained that the Willow Villa stood there.

Ruthven got out of the covered wagon and dug his gloved hands deeper into his fur-lined pockets.

For a while he stood in the snow, stolid, thoughtful, puffing his cigar. A half-contemptuous curiosity

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possessed him to see his wife once more before he discarded her; see what she looked like, whether she appeared normal and in possession of the small amount of sense he had condescended to credit her with.

Besides, here was a safe chance to see her. Selwyn was in New York, and the absolute certainty of his personal safety attracted him strongly, rousing all the latent tyranny in his meagre soul.

Probably—but he didn't understand the legal requirements of the matter, and whether or not it was necessary for him personally to see this place where Selwyn maintained her, and see her in it—probably he would be obliged to come here again with far less certainty of personal security from Selwyn. Perhaps that future visit might even be avoided if he took this opportunity to investigate. Whether it was the half-sneering curiosity to see his wife, or the hope of doing a thing now which, by the doing, he need not do later—whether it was either of these that moved him to the impulse, is not quite clear.

He said to the hackman: "You wait here. I'm going over to the Willow Villa for a few moments, and then I'll want you to drive me back to the station in time for that four-thirty. Do you understand?"

The man said he understood, and Ruthven, bundled in his fur coat, picked his way across the crust, through a gateway, and up what appeared to be a hedged lane.

The lane presently disclosed itself as an avenue, now doubly lined with tall trees; this avenue he continued to follow, passing through a grove of locusts, and came out before a house on the low crest of a hill.

There were clumps of evergreens about, tall cedars, a bit of bushy foreland, and a stretch of snow. And across this open space of snow a young girl was moving, followed by a white wolf-hound. Once she paused, hesitated, looked cautiously around her. Ruthven, hiding behind a bush, saw her thrust her arm into a low evergreen shrub and draw out a shining object that glittered like glass. Then she started toward the house again.

Vexed, determined not to return without some definite discovery, Ruthven stepped upon the veranda. Just around the angle of the porch he heard a door opening, and he hurried forward impatient and absolutely unafraid, anxious to get one good look at his wife and be off.

But when he turned the angle of the porch there was no one there; only an open door confronted him, with a big, mild-eyed wolf-hound standing in the doorway, looking steadily up at him.

Ruthven glanced somewhat dubiously at the dog, then, as the animal made no offensive movement, he craned his fleshy neck, striving to see inside the house.

He did see—nothing very much—only the same young girl, still in her furs, emerging from an inner room, her arms full of dolls.

In his eagerness to see more, Ruthven pushed past the great white dog, who withdrew his head disdainfully from the unceremonious contact, but quietly followed Ruthven into the house, standing beside him, watching him out of great limpid, deerlike eyes.

But Ruthven no longer heeded the dog. His amused and slightly sneering gaze was fastened on the girl in furs who had entered what appeared to be a living room to the right, and now, down on her knees beside a couch, smiling and talking confidentially and quite happily to herself, was placing her dolls in a row against the wall.

The dolls were of various sorts, some plainly enough home-made, some very waxy and gay in sash and lace, some with polished smiling features of porcelain. One doll, however, was different—a bit of ragged red flannel and something protruding to represent the head, something that glittered. And the girl in the fur jacket had this curious doll in her hands when Ruthven, to make sure of her identity, took a quick impulsive step forward.

Then the great white dog growled, very low, and the girl in the fur jacket looked around and up quickly.

Alixe! He realized it as she caught his pale eyes fixed on her; and she stared, sprang to her feet still staring. Then into her eyes leaped terror, the living horror of recognition distorting her face. And, as she saw he meant to speak she recoiled, shrinking away, turning in her fright like a hunted thing. The strange doll in her hand glittered; it was a revolver wrapped in a red rag.

"W-what's the matter?" he stammered, stepping forward, fearful of the weapon she clutched.

But at the sound of his voice she screamed, crept back closer against the wall, screamed again, pushing the shining muzzle of the weapon deep into her fur jacket above her breast.

"F-for God's sake!" he gasped, "don't fire!—don't——"

She closed both eyes and pulled the trigger; something knocked her flat against the wall, but she heard no sound of a report, and she pulled the trigger again and felt another blow.

The second blow must have knocked her down, for she found herself rising to her knees, reaching for the table to aid her. But her hand was all red and slippery; she looked at it stupidly, fell forward, rose again, with the acrid smell of smoke choking her, and her pretty fur jacket all soaked with the warm wet stuff which now stained both hands.

Then she got to her knees once more, groped in the rushing darkness, and swayed forward, falling loosely and flat. And this time she did not try to rise.

. . . . . .

As for the man, they finally contrived to drag the dog from him, and lift him to the couch, where he lay twitching among the dolls for a while; then stopped twitching.

Later in the night men came with lanterns who carried him away.

As for Selwyn, a few people noticed his presence at the services; but even that episode was forgotten before he left the city, six hours later, under an invitation from Washington which admitted of no delay on the score of private business or of personal perplexity. For the summons was peremptory, and his obedience so immediate that a telegram to Austin comprised and concluded the entire ceremony of his leave-taking.

Later he wrote a great many letters to Eileen Erroll—not one of which he ever sent. But the formality of his silence was no mystery to her; and her response was silence as profound as the stillness in her soul. But deep into her young heart something new had been born, faint fire, latent, unstirred; and her delicate lips rested one on the other in the sensitive curve of suspense; and her white fingers, often now interlinked, seemed tremulously instinct with the exquisite tension hushing body and soul in breathless accord as they waited in unison.

. . . . . .

Toward the end of March the special service battleship squadron of the North Atlantic fleet commenced testing Chaosite in the vicinity of the Southern rendezvous. Both main and secondary batteries were employed. Selwyn had been aboard the flag-ship for nearly a month.

In April the armored ships left the Southern drill ground and began to move northward. A destroyer took Selwyn across to the great fortress inside the Virginia Capes and left him there. During his stay there was almost constant firing; later he continued northward as far as Washington; but it was not until June that he telegraphed Austin:

"Government satisfied. Appropriation certain next session. Am on my way to New York."

Austin, in his house, which was now dismantled for the summer, telephoned Nina at Silverside that he had been detained and might not be able to grace the festivities which were to consist of a neighborhood dinner to the younger set in honor of Mrs. Gerald. But he said nothing about Selwyn, and Nina did not suspect that her brother's arrival in New York had anything to do with Austin's detention.

And now as Selwyn came leisurely up the front steps, Austin, awaiting him feverishly, hastened to smooth the florid jocose mask over his features, and walked into the room, big hand extended, large bantering voice undisturbed by the tremor of a welcome which filled his heart and came near filling his eyes:

"So you've stuck the poor old Government at last, have you? Took 'em all in—forts, fleet, and the marine cavalry?"

"Sure thing," said Selwyn, laughing in the crushing grasp of the big fist. "How are you, Austin? Everybody's in the country, I suppose," glancing around at the linen-shrouded furniture. "How is Nina? And the kids? . . . Good business! . . . And Eileen?"

"She's all right," said Austin; "gad! she's really a superb specimen this summer. . . . You know she rather eased off last winter—got white around the gills and blue under the eyes. . . . Some heart trouble—we all thought it was you. Young girls have such notions sometimes, and I told Nina, but she sat on me. . . . Where's your luggage? Oh, is it all here?—enough, I mean, for us to catch a train for Silverside this afternoon."

"Has Nina any room for me?" asked Selwyn.

"Room! Certainly. I didn't tell her you were coming, because if you hadn't, the kids would have been horribly disappointed. She and Eileen are giving a shindy for Gladys—that's Gerald's new acquisition, you know. So if you don't mind butting into a baby-show we'll run down. It's only the younger bunch from Hitherwood House and Brookminster. What do you say, Phil?"

Selwyn said that he would go—hesitating before consenting. A curious feeling of age and grayness had suddenly come over him—a hint of fatigue, of consciousness that much of life lay behind him.

Yet in his face and in his bearing he could not have shown much of it, though at his deeply sun-burned temples the thick, close-cut hair was silvery; for Austin said with amused and at the same time fretful emphasis: "How the devil you keep the youth in your face and figure I don't understand! I'm only forty-five—that's scarcely eight years older than you are! And look at my waistcoat! And look at my hair—I mean where the confounded ebb has left the tide-mark! Gad, I'd scarcely blame Eileen for thinking you qualified for a cradle-snatcher. . . . And, by the way, that Gladys girl is more of a woman than you'd believe. I observe that Gerald wears that peculiarly speak-easy-please expression which is a healthy sign that he's being managed right from the beginning."

"I had an idea she was all right," said Selwyn, smiling.

"Well, she is. People will probably say that she 'made' Gerald. However," added Austin modestly, "I shall never deny it—though you know what part I've had in the making and breaking of him, don't you?"

"Yes," replied Selwyn, without a smile.

Austin went to the telephone and called up his house at Silverside, saying that he'd be down that evening with a guest.

Nina got the message just as she had arranged her tables; but woman is born to sorrow and heiress to all the unlooked-for idiocies of man.

"Dear," she said to Eileen, the tears of uxorial vexation drying unshed in her pretty eyes, "Austin has thought fit to seize upon this moment to bring a man down to dinner. So if you are dressed would you kindly see that the tables are rearranged, and then telephone somebody to fill in—two girls, you know. The oldest Craig girl might do for one. Beg her mother to let her come."

Eileen was being laced, but she walked to the door of Nina's room, followed by her little Alsatian maid, who deftly continued her offices *en route*.

"Whom is Austin bringing?" she asked.

"He didn't say. Can't you think of a second girl to get? Isn't it vexing! Of course there's nobody left—nobody ever fills in in the country. . . . Do you know, I'll be driven into letting Drina sit up with us!—for sheer lack of material. I suppose the little imp will have a fit if I suggest it, and probably perish of indigestion to-morrow."

Eileen laughed. "Oh, Nina, *do* let Drina come this once! It can't hurt her—she'll look so quaint. The child's nearly fifteen, you know; do let me put up her hair. Boots will take her in."

"Well, you and Austin can administer the calomel to-morrow, then. . . . And do ring up Daisy Craig; tell her mother I'm desperate, and that she and Drina can occupy the same hospital to-morrow."

And so it happened that among the jolly youthful throng which clustered around the little candle-lighted tables in the dining-room at Silverside, Drina, in ecstasy, curly hair just above the nape of her slim white neck, and cheeks like pink fire, sat between Boots and a vacant chair reserved for her tardy father.

For Nina had waited so long as she dared; then Boots had been summoned to take in Drina and the youthful Craig girl; and, as there were to have been six at a table, at that particular table sat Boots decorously facing Eileen, with the two children on either hand and two empty chairs flanking Eileen.

A jolly informality made up for Austin's shortcoming; Gerald and his pretty bride were the centres of delighted curiosity from the Minster twins and the Innis girls and Evelyn Cardwell—all her intimates. And the younger Draymores, the Grays, Lawns, and Craigs were there in force—gay, noisy, unembarrassed young people who seemed scarcely younger or gayer than the young matron, their hostess.

As for Gladys, it was difficult to think of her as married; and to Boots Drina whispered blissfully: "I look almost as old; I know I do. After this I shall certainly make no end of a fuss if they don't let me dine with them. Besides, you want me to, don't you, Boots?"

"Of course I do."

"And—am I quite as entertaining to you as older girls, Boots, dear?"

"Far more entertaining," said that young man promptly. "In fact, I've about decided to cut out all the dinners where you're not invited. It's only three more years, anyway, before you're asked about, and if I omit three years of indigestible dinners I'll be in better shape to endure the deluge after you appear and make your bow."

"When I make my bow," murmured the child; "oh, Boots, I am in such a hurry to make it. It doesn't seem as if I *could* wait three more long, awful, disgusting years! . . . How does my hair look?"

"Adorable," he said, smiling across at Eileen, who had heard the question.

"Do you think my arms are very thin? Do you?" insisted Drina.

"Dreams of Grecian perfection," explained Boots. And, lowering his voice, "You ought not to eat *everything* they bring you; there'll be doings to-morrow if you do. Eileen is shaking her head."

"I don't care; people don't die of overeating. And I'll take their nasty old medicine—truly I will, Boots, if you'll come and give it to me."

The younger Craig maiden also appeared to be bent upon self-destruction; and Boots's eyes opened wider and wider in sheer amazement at the capacity of woman in embryo for rations sufficient to maintain a small garrison.

"There'll be a couple of reports," he said to himself with a shudder, "like Selwyn's Chaosite. And then there'll be no more Drina and Daisy— Hello!"—he broke off, astonished—"Well, upon my word of words! Phil Selwyn!—or I'm a broker!"

"Phil!" exclaimed Nina. "Oh, Austin!—and you never told us——"

"Train was late as usual," observed Austin. "Philip and I don't mean to butt into this very grand function—Hello, Gerald! Hello, Gladys! . . . Where's our obscure corner below the salt, Nina? . . . Oh, over there——"

Selwyn had already caught sight of the table destined for him. A deeper color crept across his bronzed face as he stepped forward, and his firm hand closed over the slim hand offered.

For a moment neither spoke; she could not; he dared not.

Then Drina caught his hands, and Eileen's loosened in his clasp and fell away as the child said distinctly, "I'll kiss you after dinner; it can't be done here, can it, Eileen?"

"You little monkey!" exclaimed her father, astonished; "what in the name of cruelty to kids are *you* doing here?"

"Mother let me," observed the child, reaching for a bonbon. "Daisy is here; you didn't speak to her."

"I'm past conversation," said Austin grimly, "and Daisy appears to be also. Are they to send an ambulance for you, Miss Craig?—or will you occupy the emergency ward upstairs?"

"Upstairs," said Miss Craig briefly. It was all she could utter. Besides, she was occupied with a pink cream-puff. Austin and Boots watched her with a

dreadful fascination; but she seemed competent to manage it.

Selwyn, beside Eileen, had ventured on the formalities—his voice unsteady and not yet his own.

Her loveliness had been a memory; he had supposed he realized it to himself; but the superb, fresh beauty of the girl dazed him. There was a strange new radiancy, a living brightness to her that seemed almost unreal. Exquisitely unreal her voice, too, and the slightly bent head, crowned with the splendor of her hair; and the slowly raised eyes, two deep blue miracles tinged with the hues of paradise.

"There's no use," sighed Drina, "I shall not be able to dance. Boots, there's to be a dance, you know; so I'll sit on the stairs with Daisy Craig; and you'll come to me occasionally, won't you?"

Miss Craig yawned frightfully and made a purely mechanical move toward an iced strawberry. Before she got it Nina gave the rising signal.

"Are you remaining to smoke?" asked Eileen as Selwyn took her to the doorway. "Because, if you are not—I'll wait for you."

"Where?" he asked.

"Anywhere. . . . Where shall I?"

Again the twin blue miracles were lifted to his; and deep in them he saw her young soul, waiting.

Around them was the gay confusion, adieux, and laughter of partners parted for the moment; Nina passed them with a smiling nod; Boots conducted Drina to a resting-place on the stairs; outside, the hall was thronged with the younger set, and already their partners were returning to the tables.

"Find me when you can get away," said Eileen, looking once more at Selwyn; "Nina is signalling me now."

Again, as of old, her outstretched hand—the little formality symbolizing to him the importance of all that concerned them. He touched it.

"*A bientot,*" she said.

"On the lawn out there—farther out, in the starlight," he whispered—his voice broke—"my darling——"

She bent her head, passing slowly before him, turned, looked back, her answer in her eyes, her lips, in every limb, every line and contour of her, as she stood a moment, looking back.

Austin and Boots were talking volubly when he returned to the tables now veiled in a fine haze of aromatic smoke. Gerald stuck close to him, happy, excited, shy by turns. Others came up on every side—young, frank, confident fellows, nice in bearing, of good speech and manner.

And outside waited their pretty partners of the younger set, gossiping in hall, on stairs and veranda in garrulous bevies, all filmy silks and laces and bright-eyed expectancy.

The long windows were open to the veranda; Selwyn, with his arm through Gerald's, walked to the railing and looked out across the fragrant starlit waste. And very far away they heard the sea intoning the hymn of the four winds.

Then the elder man withdrew his arm and stood apart for a while. A little later he descended to the lawn, crossed it, and walked straight out into the waste.

He halted to listen; he looked long and steadily into the darkness around him. Suddenly he saw her—a pale blur in the dusk.

"Eileen?"

"Is it you, Philip?"

She stood waiting as he came up through the purple gloom of the moorland, the stars' brilliancy silvering her—waiting—yielding in pallid silence to his arms, crushed in them, looking into his eyes, dumb, wordless.

Then slowly the pale sacrament changed as the wild-rose tint crept into her face; her arms clung to his shoulders, higher, tightened around his neck. And from her lips she gave into his keeping soul and body, guiltless as God gave it, to have and to hold beyond such incidents as death and the eternity that no man clings to save in the arms of such as she.

THE END

AN INVITATION TO OUR READERS

"Movie Weekly" wants to know what picture during the month of March our readers enjoyed the most.

Just fill out the attached coupon and mail it to the Editor with the title of what, in your opinion, is the best picture you saw last month.

In an early issue of the magazine, we will publish the titles of the ten pictures receiving the greatest number of votes.

Let us be each other's guide in the criticising of pictures. "Movie Weekly" will gladly lend space for such a worthy purpose.

Send in your vote without delay, using coupon below.

EDITOR, "Movie Weekly,"
113-119 West 40th St., New York City.
The best picture I saw last month was

.....

.....

(Signed)
Name.....

The Colorful Story of Wm. D. Taylor's Life

(*Continued from page* 4)

blistered hands and aching, tired muscles—but after several weeks, the garden was finally planted and Taylor settled down to note its growth.

The extensive knowledge that he had of literature, of art, of culture in general, stood him in good stead. He found that he could augment his allowance from home by making speeches and delivering lectures, and finally he began to enjoy the society of the Harperites, meager as it was.

Just as he was on the verge of harvesting his first season's crop, however, something happened which came as a decided set-back. He had already arranged for the disposal of the greater portion of his garden produce and would shortly make a delivery. Came a drought, however, and he was forced to sit by—together with other unfortunate farmers—and watch his produce shrivel and dry. but he took the matter philosophically and started in once again to replant his acreage. Other Englishmen, his neighbors, were becoming discouraged. Several returned to their native hearths. Others drifted away and were not heard of again.

Perhaps, in his heart, Taylor wished that he, likewise, could leave Harper never to return, but his bank account was small and he determined not to write home for more money. He was sowing his crop and waiting to harvest it, not knowing whether or not his slender finances would pull him through until the harvest time. It looked as if they would not, and he was commencing to worry.

His entire life has been marked, it seems, by the hand of Fate. Whenever he did not apparently know where to turn for help it would invariably come. And, when he needed it most during those dreary days in Kansas, it was on his way to him.

But again it was the stage, and although he did not realize the fact, he was destined again to return to the boards, for, in the anny Davenport company there was a vacant berth which his talents fitted Taylor to fill.

(*Continued next week*)

Bebe Daniels ~ PRIZE WINNERS

Hazel Zonner
Six ~

It gives us pleasure to announce that our readers have selected the two young ladies who most nearly resemble BEBE DANIELS, and whose pictures we are reprinting from the Bebe Daniels page of February 11th.

MISS HAZEL SONNER

of Alexandria, Virginia, is the LUCKY GIRL who wins the $25.00 first prize with 165 votes. Her picture was No. 6.

MISS MADELEINE DELMORE

of New London, Connnecticut, whose picture was No. 1, had 148 votes, entitling her to two subscriptions to the "Movie Weekly."

The other seven young ladies who were contestants received votes giving them the following places:

MARJORIE LEE (No. 7)	3rd Place
NELL WALE (No. 2)	4th "
BETTY B. WEST (No. 9)	5th "
HELEN CARBONELLA (No. 3)	6th "
NELLE EARLE (No. 4)	7th "
LEONA KINNEY (No. 8)	8th "
HATTIE HOHANSER (No. 5)	9th "

We thank the girls who have taken part in this interesting contest and our readers who, as the final judges, have made the above decisions.

Madeleine Delmore
One ~

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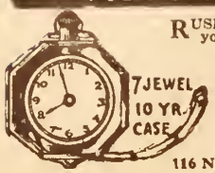

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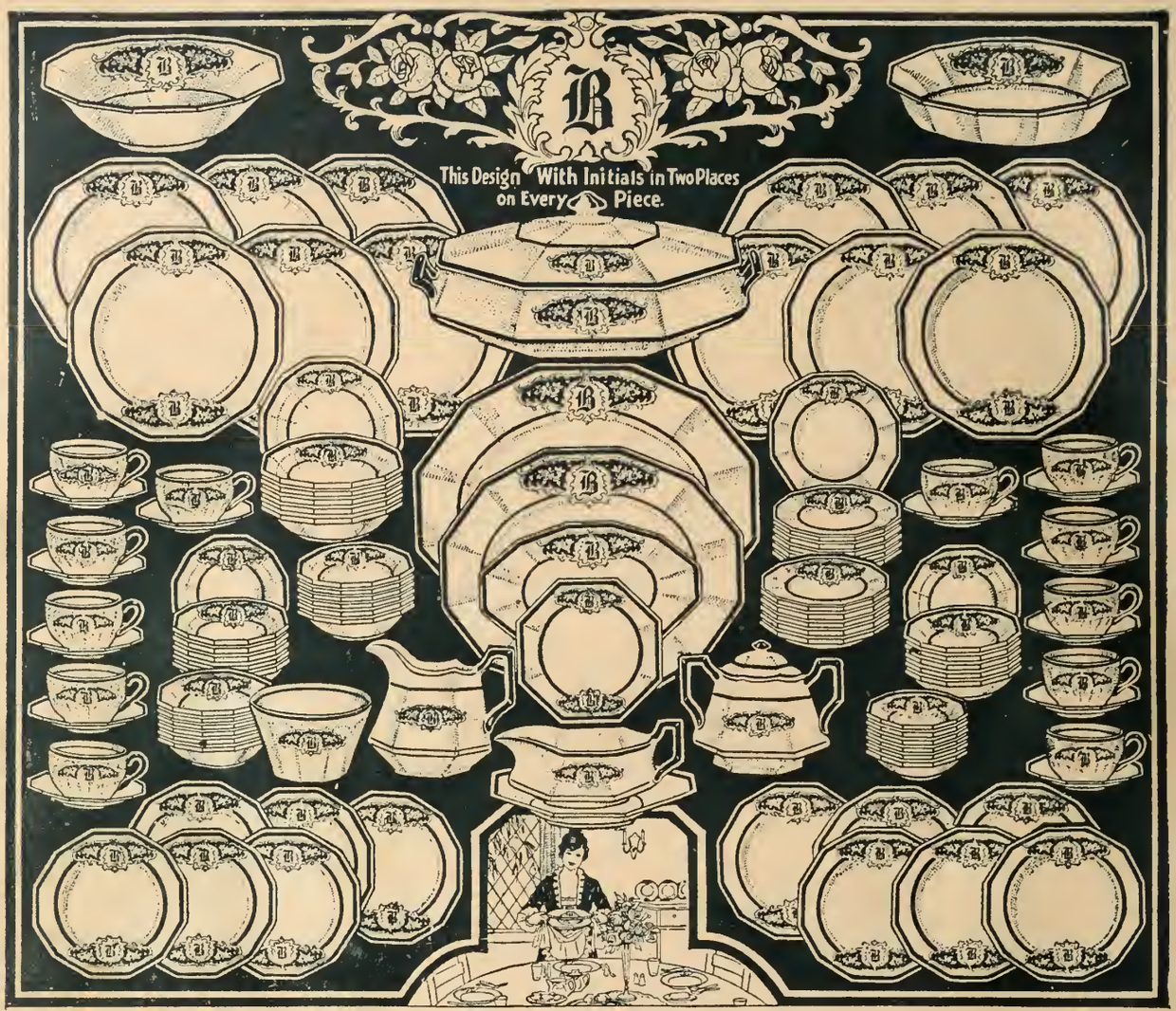

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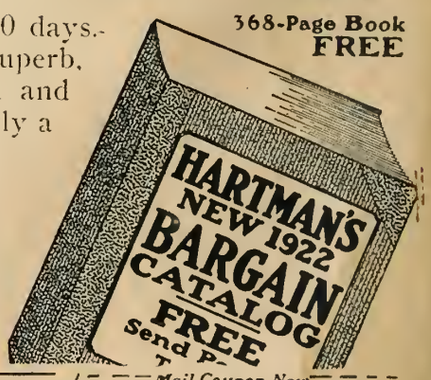

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MOVIE WEEKLY

April 1, 1922

10¢

Herb Rawlinson Brands Stage as Co-respondent in Divorce Suit

More things You don't know about the Stars

Marie Prevost study by Alfred Cheney Johnston

THE EDITOR'S VIEWPOINT

This Will Cheer You

RECENTLY we read of an interesting situation which seemed, in a way, to show motion pictures in the light of Christian Science. The N. Y. Times published a story crediting a movie comedy with effecting the recovery of Katherine Hartwell, seven years old, of Pleasantville, an inmate of the Children's Seashore House in Chelsea.

"The child," according to this story, "had become weak and emaciated; she had scarcely slept for a month and was reduced to a state of helplessness where she could only with difficulty make any voluntary motion. Today she is reported on the rapid road to completely regaining her health.

"Henry Winik, of London, England, a wealthy picture magnate, who believes a happy frame of mind does much to help along patients and plans the inauguration of a hospital service, staged a picture show at the institution in Pleasantville, where this unfortunate girl lived.

" 'Too bad this little one can't go, too,' commented the child's nurse, as the other children filed out to see the movie.

". . . Just then Katherine's eyes opened and a most wistful smile lighted up her countenance. Mr. Winik's heart was touched.

" 'Well, if this poor little creature has only a few hours to live, what harm can be done if we try to brighten one of them?'

"She was made as comfortable as possible in the auditorium. There was a comic picture on the screen as the child opened her eyes at the suggestion of the nurse. At first Katherine watched the film listlessly. Then she began to take an interest. That night she slept, the first full night's slumber in a month. On the following day she could move. Now they look for her recovery."

Three cheers for motion pictures!

AN APPROPRIATE ERROR (?)

We have before us a copy of the Courier Journal, Louisville, Kentucky, opened to an editorial that is made conspicuous because of a glaring typographical error which may, after all, be strangely appropriate.

The editorial refers to the Brock bill for a Kentucky State censorship of moving pictures, but instead of reading: *"The Brock Bill,"* the headline shrieks: *"The Brock Pill."*

THE CRITICS ARE "CRIKETING"

Play the shrill and raucous music for the entrance of Morley's ghost, for the critics are "criketing" and their chirps demand propagation throughout the country. We therefore take pleasure in re-printing a paragraph or so from an editorial written by Mr. Irving J. Auerbach, editor of a review for a theatre in Butte, Montana.

The writer prognosticates that "the microscope of public sentiment is going to eradicate the weeds from the (motion picture) field or, like the poorly-kept farm, it will be ruined by its own carelessness."

Then there follows a certain amount of ranting against the morals both on stage and screen, following which comes the paragraph:

"That a conscientious person does not need to lose modesty and self-respect to become famous is best attested by the eminent success of Miss Alice Calhoun, the Vitagraph star. This is really Miss Calhoun's editorial," frankly confesses the writer, "for it was prompted by her splendid personality, her beauty, her versatility, and her clean pictures.

"Miss Calhoun is a finished artist . . . She is constantly under the careful everyday home guidance of her plain, sweet American mother and her "Uncle Joe" Curl, and she represents the type of artist which will bring the moving picture industry to a newer and better standard."

The Editor quite agrees with everything the above quoted writer has to say about Alice Calhoun. Alice is all that he has said. But in behalf of other artists in the film industry whose lives are just as quiet and hard-working and home-like we rise to the defensive.

It is a mistake, in our opinion, to draw conclusions about any individual or a collective group of individuals connected with the motion picture industry or any other industry. It is not fair to ingloriously dump everyone into the ash heap to the glorification of a single one.

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MOVIE WEEKLY

APRIL 1, 1922

Vol. II *No. 8*

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Herb Rawlinson Brands Stage as co-respondent in divorce

Lure of footlights woos Roberta Arnold Rawlinson from her film star husband and leads to suit for divorce

AGAIN the stage has destroyed a romance. Herbert Rawlinson, film star, has filed a suit for divorce against his actress wife, Roberta Arnold, who has been playing the lead in the extremely successful comedy, "The First Year," for the last two seasons.

Rawlinson, in his complaint, charges virtually that his wife deserted him for the lure of the footlights. At the time he married her, on New Year's Day, 1914, she was an actress, playing in the Morosco Theatre, Los Angeles.

At that time, he did not foresee that she would ever become a successful actress in her own name. He continued his career, attaining stardom under the Universal banner, while she lived with him, in Los Angeles, until 1919.

Then the desire to become a star in her own name resulted in the first conflict between the couple, it is said, a conflict which surprised their friends, for the Rawlinsons had always been considered ideal mates and happily married. Miss Arnold obtained an engagement in "Upstairs and Down," a Morosco comedy. She went from the Coast to New York, where she was cast for the lead in Frank Craven's comedy of married life, "The First Year."

Roberta Arnold, who plays in one of Broadway's latest successes. It is this interest in the stage and a career that led Herb to sue for a divorce.

"The First Year" was a hit. Its run, critics declared, would continue for over two seasons. Rawlinson, on the Coast, fretted, it is said, at his wife's absence. He urged her to return to him, runs the gossip, but she could not be convinced that she ought to neglect her own career.

Miss Arnold was successful as an actress before she met Rawlinson. She had played in the first "Peg o' My Heart" company, and was highly praised for her ability as a comedienne.

Rawlinson came East somewhat over a year ago and played in pictures in New York, while his wife was, at the same time, playing opposite Mr. Craven. Her part is that of the daughter of a small town merchant who marries a blundering and apparently inefficient young man, and who fights with him continually throughout the first year of their marriage until, despite a quarrel which separates them for a time, they are finally reunited by the husband's success.

Herbert Rawlinson, popular star, who reverses the usual divorce situation and is suing his wife.

FREULICH PHOTO

Judging from a scene in one of Herb's new Universal pictures, he really knows something of 'Love's frailty."

The parallel to the play in Miss Arnold's own life has apparently ended with the abrupt efforts of Rawlinson to get a divorce. As the run of "The First Year" was extended, and as critics applauded Miss Arnold's interpretation of the role of the young wife, Rawlinson returned to the West, convinced that it would be impossible for him to induce his wife to accompany him.

He joined Universal, made numerous pictures in which he was starred, and with the curtailment of activity in the Universal studios began to make personal appearances throughout the West. He was in Denver, appearing with his most recent film, "The Scrapper," when the news of the divorce action became known.

Secrecy shrouded the suit. The papers filed gave few details as to the incidents which led up to the action, and did not mention the names of the parties involved. Finally, about two weeks ago, an affidavit was filed, stating that the plaintiff was Rawlinson and that Mrs. Rawlinson is an actress living in New York, under the name of Roberta Arnold. She has preserved a policy of making no comment on the report of her husband's action, and efforts to obtain any idea of her personal point of view in the matter met with failure because of her policy of maintaining silence.

Photo by IRA D. SCHWARZ

Roberta Arnold Rawlinson, a new photograph.

Herbert Rawlinson, the plaintiff in the suit, is an Englishman, having been born in Brighton, England, thirty-seven years ago. He was educated in England and France and played on both sides of the water in stock and repertoire companies. He engaged upon a screen career early in the history of the dramatic development of motion pictures.

Most of Rawlinson's work has been on the Coast. He has been infrequently in New York of late years, although he played in the last production made by Commodore Blackton in Brooklyn, "Passers-by."

Miss Arnold, on the other hand, has been more successful in New York than on the Coast. Her work in "The First Year" placed her in the leading ranks of the younger stars.

No evidence of any other element in the disruption of the Rawlinson menage has thus far come to light and it is safe to say that the stage has once again stepped in to part husband and wife as it has done in the past.

More things you don't know — about the stars

Take Harold Lloyd. He's a regular wiz at solving puzzles. This is a closeup of his "puzzle face."

Charlie Ray started out in life with the intention of becoming a bookkeeper and stenographer. Now he does the dictating.

Harold has "cloudy company" at the solving of a most intricate puzzle — the temperamental ailments of a FORD.

Wallie Reid once studied medicine for a year at a medical college, so of course he's exactly the right man to save Agnes Ayres from drowning.

Wallie proves himself to be a willing heart patient opposite Gloria Swanson—in one of their recent pictures.

I WONDER if, after all, you ever think of them as real human beings—your stars. Or, despite all the publicity they get about everything from their chewing gum to their charities, do they still remain just mere hand-painted leading ladies and men to you?

But there are certain facts about the stars, concerning things they are interested in besides their work—little human interest touches that I'm sure will make them all more real to you, but which have been withheld.

Take Harold Lloyd, for instance, and his love of puzzles and parlor magic. He's a regular wiz at this sort of thing, and will never let go, when he gets hold of a new puzzle or trick, until he has studied it out.

He had a trick key-ring out at the studio the other day when I called on him, which he had just studied out. He was as gleeful over it as a small boy with a new toy.

"See if you can open this ring!" he demanded.

I tried with all my might, but couldn't do it.

"Now put it behind you," he said, "and you'll find you can open it."

I did as I was told—put my hands behind my back and pulled on the ring—behold it flew open!

I couldn't guess myself how it was done. But Lloyd had figured it out. It was because in putting the ring behind your back, you turned it upside down. If you had held it that way before you, it would have opened just as easily.

Lloyd spends hours at night figuring out new puzzles when he ought to be asleep, his family say.

WALLY REID STUDIED MEDICINE

Who knows that Wallace Reid once studied medicine for a year at a medical college in the Middle West, and that he would now prefer talking about medical discoveries and laboratory experiments to discussing his acting? Also, that it is Wally Reid who often comes to the rescue with the first-aid kit which he always carries about with him, when a player or a workman is injured while working on location?

Nevertheless all this is true. Wallace Reid has an uncle who is a physician, and it was through him that Wally, as a very young man, just out of Princeton preparatory school, attended medical college. Then his father, Hal Reid, insisted that he go into the acting profession, and so Wallace ended up his medical career.

Reid has a large laboratory fitted up at his home in Beverly Hills, and here he conducts all sorts of chemical experiments. He hasn't made any big discoveries yet, but expects to.

It was Wallace Reid who rendered first aid in a railroad wreck which occurred just outside of St. Louis, when he was going to that city, about three years ago, to make personal appearances.

"I was not injured, so I grabbed my kit and went out among the victims of the disaster," said Wallace the other night in course of conversation. "I worked for several hours among the injured, until the relief train came. I remember one funny thing among those hours of horror: the colored porter kept following me around with my bags, inquiring in a dazed sort of way, every few minutes: 'What shall I do with youah bags, Mistah Reed?' We got a ride to St. Louis on a garbage wagon, by the way!"

CHARLES RAY, STENOGRAPHER

Charles Ray started out in life with the intention of becoming a bookkeeper and stenographer.

He still keeps up his typewriting ond stenography to a certain extent. There is a room in his beautiful, big Beverely Hills residence which is fitted up as an office. Here, until just lately, he has answered all his own mail. But since becoming his own producer and director, he finds himself too busy to attend to these things himself, so he has a secretary to do it.

But he says he finds his stenography very handy in making notes on his picture work. When he gets home at night, for instance, and begins to plan his next day's work, he likes to sit down by himself in his den, make shorthand notes of his ideas, and then strike them off on his typewriter.

The Colorful and Romantic Story of Wm. D. Taylor's Life

by Truman B. Handy

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This is the third instalment of William D. Taylor's fascinating life story. The previous one ended with young Taylor's arrival in Kansas to take up ranch life. He left his London home at his father's suggestion and promised him not to go on the stage again.*

PART III

RANCH life in Kansas—eighteen months of it in an Englishmen's remittance colony—however alluring to native-born sons of the soil, singularly failed to appeal to the more sophisticated sensibilities of William D. Taylor.

He was not anxious to play again in theatricals, yet there was that inherent histrionic instinct in him that made life away from the footlights miserable for him. Perhaps it was the lack of adventure, of romance, that the prosaic farm-life in Kansas afforded, but . . .

Fanny Davenport, the famous American actress of more than a decade ago, was on tour with her repertoire company. Perchance she ventured into the mists of Harper, the small town of which Taylor and his English associates were residents. Her advent there was like a light in the clearing, for first-class theatrical attractions were almost unknown in the Middle West a few years ago.

And Taylor was enthralled. On her first night appearance he viewed her from a first-row seat as she played "La Tosca." Even though her stage scenery was somewhat worn by time and travel; even though Taylor could clearly see the makeup on the actors' faces; even though he knew that, in reality, the play was merely a play—he felt himself gripped by a strange, unconquerable longing—the same desire to express himself that he had felt a few months before when he stood in the wings and asked Sir Charles Hawtrey for a chance to play on the stage.

WITZEL

Director William D. Taylor

After the performance a reception was held in Miss Davenport's honor, and Taylor, being one of Harper's more prominent citizens, was, of course, invited. He met the lovely star face-to-face and talked with her. And, of course, expressed his appreciation of her performance.

"It was terrible!" she replied, looking a bit troubled. "We've just lost one of our actors, and, as you know, it's hard to find another out here in Kansas."

Taylor was electrified. Again the hand of Fate! Here was a chance for him, perhaps, to get back into theatricals.

Yet, could he openly defy his father's wishes? Could he rightfully re-enter a profession upon which his entire family looked with such utter condemnation?

For the moment he kept turning the question over and over in his mind. He was perplexed—because he wanted to ask Miss Davenport to give him a trial. Precisely what he did.

"I felt at the time," he told some Los Angeles friends shortly before his death, "that Fate decreed I should re-enter the show business. I knew my family would be displeased—but, after all, was I not separated from them by an ocean and several thousand miles? And hadn't they *wished* for that separation?"

It was this process of reasoning that prompted him to apply to Miss Davenport in the hopes of filling the missing actor's place.

"Can you play *Mario* in my 'Tosca?'" she inquired sweetly, and added, "I believe you can. I believe you could do anything you really *wanted* to do!"

"Thanks," he answered. He was too dumbfounded to say more.

The star then wrote something on a card and handed it to him. This would assure him of her sincerity. And would he kindly come to rehearsal the next morning? For it would be necessary for him to play that night in "Gismonda."

When he arrived, more or less excited, at the theatre, he found that Fanny Davenport herself had attended to the matter of his stage costumes. However, Taylor's predecessor was a man of medium stature, portly and altogether in physical contradistinction to him, for Taylor was tall, robust and inclined to be thin.

And the "Gismonda" costumes, originally tailored to the lines of their former wearer, reached not quite to his knees! The farther the rehearsal progressed, the more ridiculous Taylor looked in his skin-tight wardrobe. Something would have to be done—and yet Taylor would have to take the entire time for the remainder of the day to study his role even though it was not a vastly important one.

Their sojourn in America, in a portion of the country where conveniences were considered as luxuries, had taught a number of the English residents of Harper to perform innumerable useful tasks that formerly would have seemed ambiguous. One of Taylor's friends, in addition

(*Continued on page* 8)

Jack Pickford, one of the stars directed by Taylor

MELBOURNE SPURR

Betty Compson, the last star directed by the murdered director.

An Intimate Story of Triumphant

A final closeup with Dick Barthelmess in "Way Down East"

D. W. Griffith directing Lillian in a scene from "Way Down East."

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This is the third and final instalment of the Gish girls' story. If you have missed the other two instalments through any mischance, send on for copies. "Movie Weekly" has, for the first time given a concisive account of Dorothy's and Lillian's interesting careers. This third and final instalment gives you more inside light on how various pictures in which the two girls starred were made.*

PART III

YOU have been chatting now with the Gish sisters for several hours. Night is falling. They have an engagement at the theatre. Jim Rennie is coming to call for Dorothy. You leave them, and promise to return to hear the rest of their fascinating tale on some other day.

When you visit them again, you find that Dorothy has gone to Louisville to attend the premiere showing in that city of "Orphans of the Storm." Lillian comes to greet you. She is in the midst of packing for the journey to join her sister. Her drab, wavy hair hangs about her shoulders.

"Please don't mind my appearance," she apologizes, "but with so many girls wearing their hair bobbed these days, you'll hardly notice the difference."

But you do notice the difference, for Lillian's hair is dull gold, and the sun shines through it as she sits beside the window.

"Now, let's see," she resumes, "I suppose I ought to take up the story from the days when we were making 'Hearts of the World' in England and France. We came back to America and we were all ready for a long vacation, but Mr. Griffith had bought the studio at Mamaroneck. He looked it over, found it in a mix-up, and decided to go south for a time. He told me I could start the first of Dorothy's series of comedies for Famous Players there, so I undertook to direct Dorothy in the picture that was later known as 'Remodeling a Husband.'"

Lillian laughed as she recalled her first efforts at directing. "I thought I knew a great deal about directing, the camera and acting, but when I got on my first set and the cameraman, the electricians and the carpenters all came to me for instructions, I was hard up for ideas. The carpenters wanted to know how high the walls should be, how deep the moulding; the electricians wanted to know where each light should be placed. I didn't know what to say, but I just plunged in. The first set was lighted badly because the back wall was too high, but otherwise I went through the job successfully. Of course I made mistakes and I suppose I hesitated and was slow, for the cameraman, who had just come back from France, and who was very nervous, used to pace about and make remarks about my way of directing a picture. The lights crew didn't know me from Adam, and I had my hands full, but we managed to get the picture out in good shape, at any rate.

A closeup of Lillian as Anna Moore being put out of the house. Another "Way Down East" scene.

"Then began the production of a half dozen program pictures by Mr. Griffith. During this period Dorothy was busy with her comedies. Among the pictures Mr. Griffith made were two in which some of the war scenes we took in France were used, and they also included 'The Romance of Happy Valley,' which Mr. Griffith has called his last vacation. He took his time with this film, filming many of the scenes over, just for the sake of making them. The characters were drawn from life from Mr. Griffith's home town, and the picture, which was a pastoral story, was beautiful, but was not particularly liked by the critics because it was not in Mr. Griffith's spectacular vein.

"Then came 'Broken Blossoms.' The actual shooting of 'Broken Blossoms' took just eighteen days, principally because Donald Crisp, Richard Barthelmess and myself, who played the three leading roles, knew, by the time the actual taking began, just what to do, and we went through the scenes with little correction. When Mr. Griffith completed the picture, he knew he had something, but he was not certain exactly what it was. The picture fascinated him. He finally decided to give it a private showing in Los Angeles. Those who saw it were enthusiastic about it, but Mr. Griffith was not yet sure they were right, so he took it to New York and showed it again privately. Again it was hailed as the perfect motion picture. He then decided to release it as a special and he put it into the George M. Cohan Theatre in New York.

A closeup of Lillian shot in one of the thrilling ice scenes in "Way Down East."

"It was the means of establishing his fame in Europe. Joseph Conrad saw it and wrote to Joseph Hergesheimer: 'Who is this man Griffith? How is it I have never heard of him before?' It was the most popular picture of the year in France, and in all of the other European countries it was very successful. The Dowager Queen of England wrote to Mr. Griffith congratulating him.

"The next episode was that of 'Way Down East.' We had been in the south when we heard

the Gish Girls Careers

Lillian plods her weary way down the snow-covered street, as Anna Moore in "Way Down East."

A splendid closeup of Lillian.

that Mr. Griffith had paid $175,000 for the story alone. When he offered the leading role to me, he gave me the choice of accepting or declining it. I felt like declining it at first, for according to the story, the burden of the success of the film rested on me, and I felt all the time that the whole $175,000 was on my shoulders. And of course we did not know at that time that we would be able to get the thrilling ice scenes."

Lillian paused in recollection of the difficulties of taking that memorable film. "We went to Vermont for the ice scenes, and we spent eight weeks in that part of the country. We sleighed to farmers' homes, to acquaint ourselves with the types we were supposed to portray, and we found that everyone knew about 'Way Down East,' but there were some who had never heard of Charlie Chaplin, and many, many who had never heard of us. It was a new sensation and a pleasant one, too, to be unknown for a time."

KENNETH ALEXANDER

Dorothy in one of her lovable, dreamy moods.

Dorothy tells the world all about it in a dramatic (?) scene from one of her comedies.

The two scenes which caused the greatest comment in "Way Down East" are, first of all, the ice thrillers and secondly, Lillian's remarkable acting in the episode during which Anna Moore, played by Lillian, loses her little baby. Lillian, however, didn't quite see what all the fuss was about, so far as her acting was concerned.

"Those were real tears I shed in the scene during which I portray the grief of Anna Moore over her loss. Anyone who says that glycerine tears are as good as the real thing doesn't know anything about it," she said emphatically. "And it is equally untrue that you can act as forcefully and bring tears just as easily if you think about some sorrow of your own. The camera catches the thoughts as well as the expression of those thoughts. You have to get under the skin and into the mind of the character you are playing in order to realize for the camera the emotion you are endeavoring to express. A western critic who was present when we were taking that scene with the baby said that it lost 75 per cent in effectiveness on the screen because the voice was lost to screen audiences. He said that as he saw the scene in the studio it was the most realistic grief he had ever seen portrayed. That was due to the fact that I really felt that bad about Anna Moore's loss.

"As for the weeks during which we shot the ice scenes, they were among the most unusual of my career. All we did during those weeks was to get up in the morning, go out on the ice and wait for events. The machinery behind those events consisted of a charge of dynamite up the river, which blew up the ice and released the floes downstream. We would go out on the ice, wait for the charge, I would lie down on one of the cakes, which were each day cut out in various shapes by ice-cutting machines, and downstream we would go, a half dozen cameramen chasing us.

"One cameraman was especially active. His name was Allen, and we would see him jumping from cake to cake, always trying to get as close as possible to me, to show that no one was doubling for me. Once or twice he fell in, camera and all, but he was safely fished out.

"Then I made a suggestion which has caused me considerable suffering since. I thought it would be more realistic if I dipped my hand in the icy water and let it lie there, while the camera took a closeup and a long shot of my hand. If you have ever put your hand in ice water—well, don't! Ice water feels just like a burning flame. When I took my hand out of the water, I found it was cramped and stiff, and ever since I have suffered from painful rheumatism in the palm of my hand and the fingers."

As for "Orphans of the Storm," the incidents of its production were few. Lillian Gish believes it is the greatest of Mr. Griffith's productions, and in her trips about the country, during which she and Dorothy are appearing personally with the picture, she has found similar response on the part of the public. In the course of these

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The Colorful and Romantic Story of Wm. D. Taylor's Remarkable Life

(Continued from page 5)

to farming, had learned the art of tailoring as an avocation. It was to him that Taylor went—and while the man lengthened here, padded there, and shortened another portion of the costumes, Taylor studied his part for the night's performance. Half the time he was standing, modeling, for his costume fitting while, at the same time his script in hand, he learned his lines and cues.

When other members of the company, tired by travel, became discouraged, Taylor invariably cheered them or sympathized with them. When the character woman had trouble with her husband—a stage hand with the company—and threatened to divorce him, it was Taylor who played the role of mediator and got the couple to settle their differences.

But, at the same time, there were various instances of levity experienced as well as of gravity. For instance, in a small Pacific Coast town where the company were presenting "Fedora," "Cleopatra" and "Joan of Arc" in one-night succession, three hotel associates of Taylor's invited him to sit in with them on a card game. They had hardly commenced to play, the money pot had hardly commenced to boil, when visitor rapped on the door.

The person proved to be a middle-aged, nervous woman whose appearance was disheveled.

"I came," she faltered, "to borrow your drinking-water glass."

"Certainly!" said Taylor, postponing the game for a moment to get it for her.

A few moments later she rapped again and was admitted. She wanted more water. A third and a fourth time she came and went, and finally knocked a fifth time. By this time the men's curiosity was thoroughly aroused.

"What," inquired Taylor, "did you want all those glassfuls of *water* for?"

For a moment she seemed reluctant to tell.

"Well, you see, I'm living up on the fourth floor where we ain't got no water, and, bein' as my lace curtains took fire, I thought I'd just borry you gentlemen's water glass to put it out with!"

The tour was a long one, from one end of the continent to the other. Taylor's acting experiences were always progressive and he became a popular favorite with both his audiences and his public. In the theatre he was a diplomat and a statesman. Outside of it, however, he indulged in none of the customary pastimes of the average traveling actor, but, instead, he occupied himself with a serious study of books and of art.

While in Portland, Oregon, he heard a group of men discussing the newly-opened Alaskan gold fields. Here was a new type of adventure! New worlds to conquer! New riches! And, after all, romance! The men, it seemed, were making up an expedition into the Klondike. Taylor watched their preparations, listened to their conversations—heard them tell of wonderful, ice-covered bonanzas—and longed to be with them. One of the men offered him a berth, but his theatrical contract withheld him.

In Boston Taylor closed his engagement with the Davenport company, having been with the organization some three years. He was offered an engagement with a stock company in Chicago, and started for there. But, however, his finances were low, and when he arrived in St. Paul in company with a man who was desirous of opening a lunch counter, he accepted the proposition and stepped into a new character.

The restaurant venture proved a bugbear. Just at a time when it commenced to be a paying proposition, his partner decamped with the profits and, again, he was thrown out of funds. His spirit now seemed almost broken, and St. Paul, to him, was a nightmare. Whereupon he departed from the twin city and arrived, practically penniless, in Chicago.

A friend there noted his plight, but this man, too, was in straits. Together they secured a position canvassing in country towns—selling one of those pneumatic "household necessities" that every housewife wants. The Chicago agent was a kindly soul and gave them four dollars advance.

It happened that both Taylor and his companion were good gamblers. Not that that time-honored profession had been anything more to Taylor hitherto than a mere pastime. Yet, however, its ancient mesmerism has helped many a man out of the gravest debt.

And so, with their four dollars in their pockets, Taylor and his friend went into one of Chicago's Loop gambling halls. A crap game was in progress and both entered themselves and their money. When the stakes were counted it was discovered that each had won considerable—enough to buy them the necessities they both needed. Again the hand of Fate!

Both Taylor and his friend had pawned their overcoats. It was bitter cold, an incentive for the men to awaken the pawnbrokers. This they did, and with overcoats again on their backs, they set out to feed themselves.

"Taylor's partner decamped with the profits and, again, he was thrown out of funds."

Just as he was not destined to be a farmer, Taylor found that canvassing small towns for "household necessities" was not his forte.

He had been born with a bent for sketching and drawing, and, before in his life, he had made crayon portraits of his friends. It occurred to him to try to capitalize on this talent, when he found that it was impossible for him to locate successfully with a theatrical company in Chicago.

He rented a studio, bought a few dollars' worth of drawing material and started out to make his fortune. One of his ordinary drawings cost him forty-five cents to produce. On its completion, he would set out to sell it. Some days he made large sums of money, and, inside of two months, he had made enough to go to Milwaukee and there to become the owner of an art store.

In Milwaukee the dapper, continental-looking young man soon became a town personality, for he dressed like a Beau Brommel and had all the mannerisms of a European courtier. But the art business in Milwaukee was not good, and he left once again for New York to open his shop on fashionable Fifth Avenue.

There was one song which expresses Taylor's philosophy, and, as follows, it is one which he customarily sang whenever he felt particularly ebullient. During his days in the New York art colony he sang it often, for his sojourn in Gotham was a happy one. It reads:

Oh, my name is Pat O'Leary.
From a spot called Tipperary;
The heart of all the girls I am a thorn in
But before the break of morn faith 'tis they will be all forlorn.
For I am off for Philadelphia in the morning.'

CHORUS

With me bundle on me shoulder,
Faith there's no man could be boulder.
For I am leaving dear old Ireland, without warning;
For I have lately took the notion,
For to cross the briny ocean.
And I'm off for Philadelphia in the morning.

There's a girl called Kate Malone,
Whom I hope to call my own,
And to see one little cabin place adorning;
But me heart is sad and weary,
How can she be "Mrs." Leary.
If I start for Philadelphia in the morning.

CHORUS

When they tould me I should lave the place,
I tried to have a cheerful face.
For to show me hearts deep sorrow I was scorning.
But the tears will surely blind me
For the friends I lave behind me,
When I start for Philadelphia in the morning.

CHORUS

For though me bundle's on me shoulder,
And though no one could be boulder,
I am leaving now the spot that I was born in.
Yet some day I'll take the notion
To come back across the ocean
To me home in dear old Ireland, in the morning.

—Words and music by Robert Martin.

His art shop netted him sufficient royalties for him to indulge in society and sportsmanship. He became a member of the yacht club at Larchmont, and his week-ends would be spent there and on cruises. A number of New York's wealthiest men were there, and, at one time, a party, including Taylor, planned a cruise around the world.

Once, F. Augustus Heinze, the copper magnate, hurried into the club announcing that he had bought a new ocean-going yacht, and inviting various of his friends, among them Taylor, to accompany him on a cruise to the Mediterranean. His invitation was accepted, and his guests began making plans, but, at the last minute, Mr. Heinze was informed by his chief steward that the vessel's bunkers would hold only coal enough for a trip of 300 miles! This was an experience that Taylor would traditionally recite—and in several instances he applied it to film personages whom he was directing, when they would affect the so-called actorial "temperament."

It was while he was a prominent luminary in the New York art and sport circles that he became acquainted with the girl who was later to become his wife.

He had seen her in the original "Floradora" company, met her and wooed her. For some reason Taylor and the girl, Miss Ethel May Harrison, chose to be married secretly. No one except the bride's mother was to be admitted into confidence until they should have sailed on their honeymoon trip to Dublin. But the news of the marriage became known, and when its principals were on the verge of departing they were surprised by a ceremony.

His wife was known in New York as a very accomplished young woman who had been brilliantly educated by her father before her entrance into theatricals. Taylor was handsome, gallant, popular. Hence, the match was one of note.

The couple traveled to some extent, and finally to them was born a daughter, Miss Ethel Daisy Deane-Tanner, who now remains as her father's heir and is a student in a fashionable young ladies' finishing school on the Hudson.

For some reason, which Taylor carried untold with him to his grave, his marriage was not a success. A few months after the birth of his daughter he commenced to drink heavily. Business cares seemingly did not trouble him. He was entertained lavishly in society and his prominence in art and sport circles continued.

But, however, he became known as a "heavy drinker." It was noted at one of the Vanderbilt Cup Races which he attended that he was a bit inebriated. For several days thereafter he disappeared and nothing was heard from him until he telephoned his office from a hotel asking that $600 be sent to him immediately.

For what silent purpose he desired that money, which was at once delivered to him, he never divulged. But, having received it, he removed his effects from the hotel, gave no further address, and departed.

A search for him was instituted. Nowhere could he be found—and some of his friends suspected foul play. But the fact remained that he had gone, and for many months there was no word received from him.

(*To be continued*)

Norma Talmadge—FORTUNE TELLER

ABOUT THE WEDDING DRESS

THE bride who has made most of her wedding garments will court good fortune so long as she has not sewn the wedding gown entirely by herself. The more new clothes she wears at the ceremony, the luckier she will be, but she should also take care to wear some old thing that has been lent her with sincere good wishes. Remember the old verse:

"Something old,
Something new;
Something borrowed,
And something blue."

DRESSING FOR THE WEDDING

When a girl is dressing for her wedding she must be careful not to look in the glass after her toilet is complete, for that is sure to bring her bad luck. She should have her last peep with one of her gloves laid aside, and she can put it on after she turns away from the glass.

It is very lucky for the bride to strew salt in her shoes before going to church.

ON THE WAY TO CHURCH

The best omen of all is to start off on a bright, sunny day, for, as the old proverb has it, "Happy is the bride whom the sun shines on." The worst omen is for a raven to be seen overshadowing either the bride or bridegroom, for it is a certain forerunner of woe. To find a spider on the wedding gown is a sure token of future happiness.

A LOVELY PHOTO OF NORMA by POFFER

Married in grey, you will go far away;
Married in black, you will wish yourself back.
Married in red, you will wish yourself dead;
Married in green, ashamed to be seen.
Married in blue, he will always live true;
Married in pearl, you will live in a whirl.
Married in yellow, ashamed of your fellow;
Married in brown, you will live out of town.
Married in pink, your spirits will sink;
But married in white you have married all right.

AT THE WEDDING

It is unlucky for the wedding ring to fall to the ground during the ceremony. If the bridegroom puts the ring only halfway on the finger, and the bride pushes it the rest of the way, it is a sign that she will rule in their married lives, and will have her own way in everything.

To be married with a diamond ring, or to have tried the ring on before the ceremony, is considered very unlucky.

AFTER THE CEREMONY

It is important that the bride should make the first cut in the cake. When the bride is removing her wedding gown she must be careful to remove each pin and throw it away, otherwise ill-luck will follow her. But the pins will bring good-luck to others, and a speedy marriage to all unwedded girls who secure them, therefore the bridesmaids have a regular scramble to see who can secure the pins the bride throws away.

The bride's garter is said to have a charm also, and if taken off and thrown among the maids, whoever secures it will be the first to get married. Afterwards it should be cut up into small pieces and given to the bride's girl friends as mascots to bring them good luck in their love affairs.

THE BEST DAYS TO GET MARRIED

A very old almanac, written hundreds of years ago, gives the following advice:

"If you wish to be happy in your marriage, choose for your wedding one of these days:

January 2, 4, 19, 21.
February 1, 3, 10, 19, 21.
March 3, 5, 12, 20, 23.
April 2, 4, 12, 20, 22.
May 2, 4, 12, 20, 23.
June 1, 3, 11, 19, 21.
July 1, 3, 12, 19, 21.
August 2, 11, 19, 20, 30.
September 1, 9, 16, 18, 28.
October 1, 8, 15, 17, 27.
November 5, 11, 13, 22, 25.
December 1, 8, 10, 19, 23.

BRIDESMAIDS, BEWARE!

No girl should act as bridesmaid to more than two friends unless she wishes to risk her own chances of marrying, for there is an old superstition which says: "Three times a bridesmaid, never a bride."

HAPPY OMENS

The sneezing of a cat is a lucky omen to a bride who is to be married the following day. Her casting eyes on a strange cat is also a very good sign. If the bridegroom carries a miniature horseshoe in his pocket he will always in his married life have good luck.

READ YOUR FORTUNE IN THE TEACUP

(Concluded from last week)

Star—A lucky sign; if surounded by dots, foretells great wealth and honor.

Strike Mob—Trouble, money difficulties.

Sword—Disputes, quarrels between lovers; a broken sword; victory of an enemy.

Trees—A lucky sign; a sure indication of prosperity and happiness; surrounded by dots, a fortune in the country.

Umbrella—Annoyance and trouble.

Wagon—A sign of approaching poverty.

Wheel—An inheritance about to fall.

Windmill—Success in a venturesome enterprise.

Woman—Pleasure and happiness; if accompanied by dots, wealth or children. Several women indicate scandal.

Wood—A speedy marriage.

Yacht—Pleasure and happiness.

Hard Times

Some of 'em Going Into Trade

Dear me! It looks as though some of our best little players were going into trade, these hard times!

As for the extras, one can hardly enter a taxicab, or sit down in a restaurant, or apply at the ribbon counter, without being greeted by somebody who used to wear the greasepaint in the big mob scenes, but who now inquire, "Where to?" or "What will you have?" or "What is it today, madam?"

Some of the picture players have side line interests:

MAY ALLISON

May Allison, too, designed and built an elegant home in Beverly Hills. She has sold it, and is planning, together with her husband, Robert Ellis, on the building of another home. This she makes no secret she will sell if a good buyer comes along.

TOM MOORE

Tom Moore isn't in the real estate business; but nevertheless, he has built and sold one house, and is now building another, in which he will live with his wife and mother only until he can get a chance to sell it to advantage. He has a fine taste in building, as has also his wife, and it looks as though they were going to make a good deal of money out of it.

HELEN FERGUSON

Helen Ferguson, looked upon as a comer in the picture business, is also a brilliant writer. At present she has commissions to write for the Chicago Tribune and the Los Angeles Record. And she is writing a story, too. Not only this—she is booked up for a "Movie Weekly" story on Hollywood, which ought to be good, as she lives there, and is in the midst of the picture world.

Grace Kingsley.

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE

"The Business of Life"

By Robert W. Chambers

FIRST INSTALMENT

"A lady to see you sir," said Farris.

Desboro, lying on the sofa, glanced up over his book.

"A *lady?*"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, who is she, Farris?"

"She refused her name, Mr. James."

Desboro swung his legs to the carpet and sat up. "What kind of a lady is she?" he asked; "a perfect one, or the real thing?"

"I don't know, sir. It's hard to tell these days; one dresses like t'other."

Desboro laid aside his book and arose leisurely.

"Where is she?"

"In the reception room, sir."

"Did you ever before see her?"

"I don't know, Mr. James—what with her veil and furs——"

"How did she come?"

"In one of Ransom's hacks from the station. There's a trunk outside, too."

"What the devil——"

"Yes, sir. That's what made me go to the door. Nobody rang. I heard the stompin' and the noise; and I went out, and she just kind of walked in. Yes, sir."

"Is the hack out there yet?"

"No, sir. Ransom's man he left the trunk and drove off. I heard her tell him he could go."

Desboro remained silent for a few moments, looking hard at the fireplace; then he tossed his cigarette onto the embers, dropped the amber mouthpiece into the pocket of his dinner jacket, dismissed Farris with a pleasant nod, and walked very slowly along the hall, as though in no haste to meet his visitor before he could come to some conclusion concerning her identity. For among all the women he had known, intimately or otherwise, he could remember very few reckless enough, or brainless enough, or sufficiently self-assured, to pay him an impromptu visit in the country at such an hour of the night.

The reception room, with its early Victorian furniture, appeared to be empty, at first glance; but the next instant he saw somebody in the curtained embrasure of a window—a shadowy figure which did not seem inclined to leave obscurity—the figure of a woman in veil and furs, her face half hidden in her muff.

He hesitated a second, then walked toward her; and she lifted her head.

"Elena!" he said, astonished.

"Are you angry, Jim?"

"What are you doing here?"

"I didn't know what to do," said Mrs. Clydesdale, wearily, "and it came over me all at once that I couldn't stand him any longer."

"What has he done?"

"Nothing. He's just the same—never quite sober—always following me about, always under foot, always grinning—and buying sixteenth century enamels—and—I can't stand it! I——" Her voice broke.

"Come into the library," he said curtly.

She found her handkerchief, held it tightly against her eyes, and reached out toward him to be guided.

In the library fireplace a few embers were still alive. He laid a log across the coals and used the bellows until the flames started. After that he dusted his hands, lighted a cigarette, and stood for a moment watching the mounting blaze.

She had cast aside her furs and was resting on one elbow, twisting her handkerchief to rags between her gloved hands, and staring at the fire. One or two tears gathered and fell.

"He'll divorce me now, won't he?" she asked unsteadily.

"Why?"

"Because nobody would believe the truth—after this."

She rested her pretty cheek against the cushion and gazed at the fire with wide eyes still tearfully brilliant.

"You have me on your hands," she said. "What are you going to do with me?"

"Send you home."

"You can't. I've disgraced myself. Won't you stand by me, Jim?"

"I can't stand by you if I let you stay here."

"Why not?"

"Because that would be destroying you."

"Are you going to send me away?"

"Certainly."

"Where are you going to send me?"

"Home."

"Home!" she repeated, beginning to cry again. "Why do you call his house 'home?' It's no more my home than he is my husband——"

"He *is* your husband! What do you mean by talking this way?"

"He *isn't* my husband. I told him I didn't care for him when he asked me to marry him. He only grinned. It was a perfectly cold-blooded bargain. I didn't sell him *everything!*"

"You married him."

"Partly."

"What!"

She flushed crimson.

"I sold him the right to call me his wife and to—to make me so if I ever came to—care for him. That was the bargain—if you've got to know. The clergy did their part——"

"Do you mean——"

"Yes!" she said, exasperated. "I mean that it is no marriage, in spite of law and clergy. And it never will be, because I hate him!"

Desboro looked at her in utter contempt.

"Do you know," he said, "what a rotten thing you have done?"

"Rotten!"

"Do you think it admirable?"

"I didn't sell myself wholesale. It might have been worse."

"You are wrong. Nothing worse could have happened."

"Then I don't care what else happens to me," she said, drawing off her gloves and unpinning her hat. "I shall not go back to him."

"You can't stay here."

"I will," she said excitedly. "I'm going to break with him—whether or not I can count on your loyalty to me——" Her voice broke childishly, and she bowed her head.

He caught his lip between his teeth for a moment. Then he said savagely:

"You ought not to have come here. There isn't one single thing to excuse it. Besides, you have just reminded me of my loyalty to you. Can't you understand that that includes your husband? Also, it isn't in me to forget that I once asked you to be my wife. Do you think I'd let you stand for anything less after that? Do you think I'm going to blacken my own face? I never asked any other woman to marry me, and this settles it—I never will! You've finished yourself and your sex for me!"

She was crying now, her head in her hands, and the bronze-red hair dishevelled, sagging between her long, white fingers.

He remained aloof, knowing her, and always afraid of her and of himself together—a very deadly combination for mischief. And she remained bowed in the attitude of despair, her lithe young body shaken.

His was naturally a lightly irresponsible disposition, and it came very easily for him to console beauty in distress—or out of it, for that matter. Why he was now so fastidious with his conscience in regard to Mrs. Clydesdale he himself scarcely understood, except that he had once asked her to marry him; and that he knew her husband. These two facts seemed to keep him steady. Also, he rather liked her burly husband; and he had almost recovered from the very real pangs which had pierced him when she suddenly flung him over and married Clydesdale's millions.

One of the logs had burned out. He rose to replace it with another. When he returned to the sofa, she looked up at him so pitifully that he bent over and caressed her hair. And she put one arm around his neck, crying, uncomforted.

"It won't do," he said; "it won't do. And you know it won't, don't you? This whole business is dead wrong—dead rotten. But you mustn't cry, do you hear? Don't be frightened. If there's trouble, I'll stand by you, of course. Hush, dear, the house is full of servants. Loosen your arms, Elena! It isn't a square deal to your husband—or to you, or even to me. Unless people have an even chance with me—men or women—there's nothing dangerous about me. I never dealt with any man whose eyes were not wide open—nor with any woman, either. Cary's are shut; yours are blinded."

She sprang up and walked to the fire and stood there, her hands nervously clenching and unclenching.

"When I tell you that my eyes *are* wide open—that I don't care what I do——"

"But your husband's eyes are not open!"

"They ought to be. I left a note saying where I was going—that rather than be his wife I'd prefer to be your——"

"Stop! You don't know what you're talking about—you little idiot!" he broke out, furious. "The very words you use don't mean anything to you—except that you've read them in some fool's novel, or heard them on a degenerate stage——"

"My words will mean something to *him*, if I can make them!" she retorted hysterically. "—and if you really care for me——"

Through the throbbing silence Desboro seemed to see Clydesdale, bulky, partly sober, with his eternal grin and permanently-flushed skin, rambling about among his porcelains and enamels and jades and ivories, like a drugged elephant in a bric-a-brac shop. And yet, there had always been a certain kindly harmlessness and good nature about him that had always appealed to men.

He said, incredulously: "Did you write to him what you have just said to me?"

"Yes."

"You actually left such a note for him?"

"Yes, I did."

The silence lasted long enough for her to become uneasy. Again and again she lifted her tear-swollen face to look at him, where he stood before the fire, but he did not even glance at her; and at last she murmured his name, and he turned.

"I guess you've done for us both," he said. "You're probably right; nobody would believe the truth after this."

She began to cry again silently.

He said: "You never gave your husband a chance. He was in love with you and you never gave him a chance. And you're giving yourself none, now. And as for me"—he laughed unpleasantly—"well, I'll leave it to you, Elena."

"I—I thought—if I burned my bridges and came to you——"

"What *did* you think?"

"That you'd stand by me, Jim."

"Have I any other choice?" he asked, with a laugh. "We seem to be a properly damned couple."

"Do—do you care for any other woman?"

"No."

"Then—then——"

"Oh, I am quite free to stand the consequences with you."

"Will you?"

"Can we escape them?"

"*You* could."

(*Continued on page* 27)

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How to Get Into the Movies

by Mabel Normand

VII. *Hollywood Conditions.*

THERE are so many misconceptions concerning studio conditions on the West Coast that I feel it is necessary to tell you some facts.

By far the largest part of film production is carried on in California, hence, a person has a better chance of breaking into pictures here than in New York, where there are always a great many experienced stage actors out of work.

The motion picture studios of California are not grouped together on one street or even in one town.

Los Angeles, I believe, covers more ground than any city in the United States. Through it and around it are the various studios.

Hollywood is a suburb about a half-hour's trolleying distance from downtown Los Angeles. It is considered the center of the studio section, but there are also studios located at Culver City, ten or twelve miles beyond Hollywood, and there are studios on the other side of the city.

The great distances which separate the studios are a source of difficulty to the beginner, who must necessarily do a good deal of studio visiting.

Because the largest and most active producing units are located in Hollywood it would seem that here is the best place to live. But I believe that living accommodations are a trifle more expensive in Hollywood than in Los Angeles.

If a girl comes to Hollywood unchaperoned she should go at once to the Studio Club and register. This club has for its patronesses a number of prominent women of the film world, and is related to the Y. W. C. A.

The club house is a beautiful old Southern mansion located just a block above Hollywood Boulevard. It accommodates from twenty to forty girls, I believe, and about twice that number can be accommodated as boarders. The meals and the rooms are extremely cheap.

Of course, there is usually a waiting list of applicants for rooms at this club. Any girl can join the club and have the freedom of its living rooms. Here you will meet other girls who are beginners in some branch of the business, and from them you may get valuable tips concerning work and the way to go about getting it.

In the event that you are unable to reside at the Studio Club you should be able to get a very nice room elsewhere for five or six dollars a week.

I believe that one can live as cheaply in Hollywood as in any other part of the United States, and much more cheaply than in a large city.

As I have said before, do not start for Hollywood or for New York unless you have enough money to keep you for several months—and enough to take you home in the event you find no opportunity.

Upon arrival in Los Angeles, take a trolley to Hollywood. Go at once to the Studio Club, which can be easily located by inquiry, and ask the matron concerning living quarters. If the club house is filled, a list of good rooming houses can be supplied to you.

There have been so many sensational stories written about Hollywood that some people seem to have the idea it is a very unsafe place in which to live. I find that the general conception of its inhabitants is that they are closely akin to the Apaches of Paris.

Nothing could be more absurd. Hollywood is a quiet little village. Only a very small percentage of its population consists of film people. There are no night cafes or dance places in the entire

The Author

town. The only amusement places, in fact, are three or four small movie theatres. By ten o'clock in the evening Hollywood Boulevard, which is the main thoroughfare, is as quiet as the main street of any village. The "night life" of which you have read so much is not in evidence.

You will find all sorts of people in the film colony, for it has brought people from all classes and all quarters of the globe. It is up to you to pick your associates. There are teas and dances given at the Studio Club at which you will have an opportunity to meet a great many charming young girls who are serious artists. Among them you will find girls who, like yourself, are trying to break into pictures. They will be able to tell you the best way to take. There are also girls engaged in scenario writing, costume designing, magazine writing and other phases of work pertaining to the industry.

You should not miss an opportunity of meeting people connected with pictures, for through them you may find the opportunity which you seek. Make friends especially with the girls who are doing "extra" work, for you will probably have to start as they are starting and every bit of information they can give you will be of value.

I have visited the Studio Club at various times and I have found that the girls who live there are charming and refined. Many of them are college girls of splendid education and talents. They are easy to know and for the most part, I think, extremely sympathetic toward the newcomer, for they remember the time when they came as strangers without any knowledge of the business.

Let me say here that right now the conditions in the studios are not favorable toward a beginner. The business depression throughout the country has affected the theatre business to some extent and there is not as much work in the studios as there will be in a few months. I believe that the fall will find Hollywood much busier, although there always seem to be plenty of applicants for jobs.

As soon as you have become settled you should at once set about looking for work. The sooner you learn the ropes the sooner will an opportunity be presented for employment.

Don't be led astray into taking courses at any school of moving picture acting in Los Angeles. I know of none that I can recommend. By mingling with the girls who play "extras" you can find out when the studios are in need of "atmosphere"—that is what they call extra players who appear in ballroom scenes, mobs, and the like. The pay for this ranges from five to seven and a half per day. Some studios supply costumes. Others will want you to supply your own. But do not invest in an elaborate wardrobe unless you have plenty of money to spare. An evening gown certainly would be of service, but it need not be an expensive one.

Because the studios are refraining from producing pictures which require a great number of people, times are hard at present for the "extra" folk, yet some are always in demand at certain studios. If you once become established you will get calls when special productions of this sort are being made. At first, however, you must expect to make the calls. Although producers say they want new faces for the screen they are not going up and down the streets looking for them. Very few new faces are "discovered" outside the studio walls, so your problem will be to get inside and attract attention.

In our next chat I will attempt to outline more fully the way of going about job-hunting, a task which requires, for the most part, individual initiative. There are, however, certain things which are worth knowing before you start the rounds.

SECRETS of the MOVIES - - Picture That Made the Most Money

X

THE picture which holds the record for having made the most money for the amount invested was only eight hundred feet long.

It was produced in the early days by the Edison Company and was called "The Great Train Robbery."

The picture cost $400 and made $92,000—a percentage of profit which has not been reached by even the most pretentious of modern productions. The small amount of money expended on the picture was due to the fact that it had only one studio set—that of a telegraph operator's office. The rest of the picture was taken outdoors where there was no cost for construction. The picture opened up on a telegraph operator sitting at his key when two robbers slipping in cover him and order him to flag the oncoming train. The operator is bound and gagged, and when the train slows up the robbers board the tender and then crawling up, cover the engineer. They cut the engine loose, rob the express car and escape on waiting horses. Later the telegraph operator wiggles loose from his ropes and helps capture the robbers.

From the beginning to the end there is not a sub-title in the picture. It is all action. It is interesting also to note that one of the robbers who escaped on the horses was later the first cowboy hero—G. M. Anderson, known as "Broncho Billy." He got fifty cents extra for riding the horse.

The picture is still in existence and was shown recently at Edison's birthday party.

Bernarr Macfadden's

Fox Sunshine Comedy Girls

I read in a recent issue of the Saturday Evening Post one of the most humorous, albeit one of the most serious, reports of what happens when women permit themselves to become lax in caring for their bodies. Mary Roberts Rinehart in her story, entitled "Tish Plays The Game," tells the near-tragic account of what happened when the three women, Tish, Aggie and Lizzie go to a gymnasium to reduce weight and to regain control of their muscles, the better to indulge in long walks and other athletic sports.

"The first day," narrates the writer in recounting their initial exercises at the gymnasium, "was indeed trying. We found, for instance, that we were expected to take off all our clothing and to put on one-piece jersey garments, without skirts or sleeves, and reaching only to the knees. As if this were not enough, the woman attendant said, when we were ready, 'in you go, dearies,' and shoved us into a large bare room where a man was standing with his chest thrown out, and wearing only a pair of trousers and a shirt which had shrunk to almost nothing . . .

"Tish was explaining that we wished full and general muscular development.

Beauty Pages

"'The human body,' she said, 'instantly responds to care and guidance, and what we wish is simply to acquire perfect coordination.' 'The easy slip of muscles underneath the polished skin.'

" . . . When the lesson was over, we staggered out, Tish however had got her breath and said that she felt like a new woman and that blood had got to parts of her it had never reached before."

But the exercises had been exceedingly simple, as simple as those which I have recounted at length on these pages from time to time. I quote from Mrs. Rinehart's story, to demonstrate in full exactly what I mean when I say that once you permit yourself to neglect your body and indulge to excess in the comforts afforded these days, you perforce have a long and a painful road to retrace when you decide to get yourself in good physical condition and to enjoy a good time out-of-doors.

In the last two issues of "Movie Weekly," I detailed certain exercises that will surely be of aid to you in keeping yourself in trim. If you missed them, write to me and I will see that copies are forwarded to you.

Mack Sennet Bathing Girl

Josephine Hall, Christie Comedies

April-fooling with the Stars

Viola Dana shrieks with horror at the 160 pounds registered by the scale. But then, she doesn't know it's only a friend playing a "heavy" April Fool joke on her!

MELBOURNE SPURR

Mary and Doug play an April Fool stunt on the gullible photographer and look what he took!

Anita Stewart as she looked just after eating a piece of April Fool candy! 'Tis a good thing Anita was in bed, we'd say!

Winifred Westover, now Mrs. Bill Hart, doesn't know whether the mirror is playing an April Fool joke on her or whether the cameraman is up to tricks! Sumthin's wrong, anyway. Eh wot?

Gloria Swanson catches Rodolph Valentino on the old pocketbook trick. Oh, Valentino! How could you!

Rambling Through the Studios in the East

With Dorothea B. Herzog

Lucy Fox Frisks in Three Pictures at Same Time!

About Pearl White

PEARL WHITE will return to New York shortly to begin work on her serial for Pathe, which George Seitz, her erstwhile serial director, will have in charge. It's a far jump from five reel features to serials, but the undauntable Pearl achieves the jump with a nonchalant flourish of pen as it scrapes on the crinkly sheet of the contract.

Hedda Hopper

We were told that Miss White is the most popular of stars in France. Over there, the people salute her with burning enthusiasm as The White Pearl. And how they love her in serials! Pearl's move backwards to serials may be a rather wise one after all.

She's finishing up an engagement on the French stage, now, and in the not distant future will be again on American terra firma dashing through the wild escapades that feature her serials.

* * * * *

You'll Be Surprised

And you'll be surprised to know that over in France, Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle's popularity has in no wise diminished because of the unfortunate affair he was mixed up in not so long ago. Fatty is one of the real illustrious lights frolicking on the silver sheet. Such is the vast difference in the judgments of peoples of different countries.

* * * * *

A Popular "She-Heavy"

You've often heard of the "he-flapper" and the Scott Fitzgerald created flapper. Ye Rambler hereby creates and gives life to the "she-heavy" in the form of Mrs. Hedda Hopper, who is acclaimed by the press agent as "De Wolf Hopper's fifth wife." The p. a. probably knows what she's doing. Anyway, what's the "diff" concerning the number of wives among friends?

Mr. Hopper is one of the ideal "she-heavy" types. She's got that undulating gliding walk that fairly shouts "dirty work afoot." She flaunts an urbane, a suave, an irrelevant smile that blends blankness and revelation so paradoxically.

And in 'Sherlock Holmes," an Albert Parker Production starring John Barrymore, Mrs. Hopper deals black hands promiscuously about, until, in the end, the ingenious wiles of Sherlock, himself, get her in the dilemma that all "she-heavies" must eventually get in, in order to provide the hero and the heroine the proper opportunity to clinch in the "five-foot" closeup!

* * * * *

Oh You, Doris Kenyon

Well, we take off our rakish headgear to Doris Kenyon. She's gone and done it again. Indeed, Doris does "it" with such regularity that we are commencing to be aroused to furious sessions of envy. Doris never falls down. That's the whole thing.

Now, take the night she opened on Broadway in "Up the Ladder," William Brady's latest stage venture. We had a hunch Doris would get shell-shocked or something at the last minute, and lose her nerve. It's done, you know. Lots of old-timers get so nervous they quake quite obviously.

Not so Doris. She was as cool as the proverbial cucumber. Her entrance created a stir of thunderous applause. Her exits did the same. Even staid New Yorkers know how to appreciate good work.

The critics, the next day, admitted Doris "was there." Well, you see how it is, Friend Reader. Doris is a terribly young girl, but we never caught her "falling down," and we've camped on her trail tirelessly. Keep your eagle eye cocked on Doris.

* * * * *

Constance Binney Here

Constance Binney is in town. Maybe to stay. Her contract with Realart has expired and from

Lucy Fox bids good-bye to her little nephew before leaving for the South.

what we were told it is not to be renewed. The wee star may return to her first love—the stage. Then again, some producer may come along and offer her a crackerjack role in a corking production and she'll stay right in pictures. 'Tis a game of "Put and Take," with the gods of destiny holding the top.

* * * * *

Lucy Fox Finishes Three Pictures

YE RAMBLER has made an astounding discovery. Gather around, and hark ye to it. We've found a girl who has made the astonishing record of playing in three pictures at one and the same time. Which may be a gross violation of the hitherto unquestionable: "You can only be in one place at one time," but it's the honest-to-goodness truth.

It happened in this wise: Lucy Fox was down South playing the role of the mountain girl in "My Old Kentucky Home," with Monte Blue. Returning to New York, she was engaged for a part in Dick Barthelmess' new picture. About this time, Pathe upped and demanded her services as leading lady opposite Charles Hutchinson in his new serial, entitled "Speed."

* * * * *

The Dilemma

Get the situation? Well, Lucy played a scene or two in "My Old Kentucky Home," and then dashed to another studio to play opposite Dick Barthelmess. "Speed" was to be started in a week or so. Everything would have ben hunkadory had not Director Henry King of the Barthelmess' forces been knocked out by "Kid Pneumonia."

This threw a crimp in Lucy's plan. She finally completed "My Old Kentucky Home." But no work yet with Dick. Then Hutchinson began his serial and Lucy started in to work with the tremendous energy a serial leading lady must.

* * * * *

To Go or Not to Go

DUTCH and his company were scheduled to leave for the sunny Southland to shoot scenes. Lucy was "very much" among those present. In the meantime, Dick's new picture had not been begun. To go South or not to go, that was Lucy's tragic predicament. The long and short of it is, that energetic little person has gone South and Dick's picture is still held in abeyance, waiting Director King's return to health—a long road following "Kid Pneumonia's" dastardly K. O.

Now Lucy has only one thing to worry about. How will she be able to get back to New York in time to finish her work with Dick and still continue her serial work?

Gad, she's in a dilemma we don't envy. But Ye Rambler wagers a package of chewing gum against a bean shooter that Lucy will come out ace high.

* * * * *

Alice Calhoun Recovers From "Flu"

All the way from California comes a cheery word from Alice Calhoun. Alice's words are always cheery, bless her. She tells us that she has just recovered from a severe attack of influenza and is completing work on her new picture, "Knocked Out." "Rather appropriate title, is it not?" asks Alice. We agree. But we hasten to add she has supplied her own climax: "You can knock me out, but I'm jiggered if I'll stay down." Alice tells us that she has no idea when she'll return to New York. Anyway, making pictures on the Coast is "some pumpkins," she contends. They're gorgeous mountains and nature all green and lovely to roam through. Not so worse.

Constance Binney

This reminds us of a line from Floyd Dell's "The Briary Bush." According to the chief character in this story: California depresses him. It seems so immoral for Nature to be green in the winter time. (Wonder if Californians ever feel this way?)

MOVIE WEEKLY ART SERIES

BEBE DANIELS

Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

Bucking into the Movies

Hollywood, 1922.

Mr. H. O. Potts,
Hog Run, Ky.

Dear Maw and Folks:

Yours of the 28th ultimo received, and was interested to read that the Civic Improvement League of Hog Run, headed by Gamaliel Whitley, had gone on record as demanding that the proprietor of "The Bijou," Hog Run's leading and only moving picture palace, at once reduce his admission charge from a dime to nine cents, except on Saturday nights and national holidays only.

But I wasn't surprised any extent at the news, because most of the inhabitants of Hog Run are such natural spendthrifts that they wouldn't of given a Canadian quarter for an aisle seat at the Creation of the World, unless they got a chance on a turkey throwed in or something. And as for Gamaliel W. himself—honest, Maw, that bird is so darned tight

"The costumes ranged everywhere from Cleopatra to Pierrot."

that he stretches a nickle till the buffalo on it looks like a giraffe!

Well, folks, I had another job today, during the course of which I acquired a slight knowledge of Roman history, a sizable amount of physical agony and a sudden reputation as an emotional actress. The scene of action was in Mr. Lasky's little cinema factory down on Vine Street, and the name of the play was "Beyond the Rocks." It was a sort of an all-star affair, the piece being written by Mrs. E. Glyn, and the cast including me, Gloria Swanson and Rodolph Valentino.

You may remember E. Glyn. One of the many prominent members of the Caesar family invented the calendar some two thousand years ago, and then Mrs. Glyn came along and made a novelized improvement of it which she called "Three Weeks." Then she was also more or less directly responsible for that play of the hour, "The Great Moment," in which Gloria Swanson co-starred so brilliantly with a rattlesnake. And as for R. Valentino, he was the dark-complected hombre who recently achieved fame, not to say notoriety, by appearing as the masculine element in "The Sheik."

Well, anyway, the scene was supposed to be in a ballroom, and a flock of about sixty of us was endeavoring to portray the principal ingredients in a masque ball. In the matter of costumes we was granted a freedom bounded only by our imaginations and, consequently, we represented every nationality known to man, and some that haven't even been discovered yet. Honest, maw, in comparison with our little gathering, the Mardi Gras on its wildest night would of looked like a village in England during the reign of Oliver Cromwell.

The costumes ranged everywhere from Cleopatra to Pierrot. The first of these consists of a string of beads, a natural immunity against pneumonia and a vampish facial expression, and the latter is a clown suit, the two sides of which is entirely different, giving a sort of a "before-and-after-taking" effect, if you know what I mean.

As for me, I wore a Japanese costume, which same consisted of a kimona, a set of slanting eyebrows and a domino. This kind of domino, maw, isn't that indoor game popular among children in America and criminals in Paris, but is a small piece of wearing apparel that is as indispensable to a masque ball as a pair of galluses is to a fat man with a weak belt. It is an official emblem of the Burglars' Union which has gotten into society, and is nothing more or less than a small mask made out of black silk.

Well, anyway, I drew for my partner a rather simple looking hombre who was attired as a Roman gladiator, but the morning passed without our dancing together to any great extent. Because a gladiator, folks, seems to have been a sort of Roman equivalent for a buck private and, being an individual who earned his living by fighting various assorted Gauls, lions and other carnivorous animals, he was dressed for the occasion in a full outfit of "Pittsburg Tweeds." Which is to say that he was reniforced at every angle with sheets of pig-iron, and bristled with spikes like a chestnut's winter overcoat. The result was that my little playmate, with his scaled tunic, spiked helmet, et al., looked like a cross between a unicorn and a fish, and made about as congenial a dancing partner as an adult porcupine.

But we got along fairly well during the morning, except that the director had to bawl my partner out about every five minutes because of a charming habit he had of doffing his iron helmet to mop his heated brow right in the middle of otherwise dramatic scenes. Then come the first shot of the afternoon, and with it my sudden recognition as an emotional actress, via the physical agony route. The plot went something like this.

We was supposed to stop dancing all of a sudden and, sinking into nearby chairs, gaze soulfully at a pathetic little episode which was slated to occur at the other end of the ballroom about then. Which, along with the rest of the gang, I did—only I didn't see anything whatever of the aforesaid pathetic little episode. I found myself too blamed much engrossed in Pathos much nearer home, Pathos which developed in exact conjunction with the time of my sitting down. In fact, I had no sooner hit the chair than I regretted it more than I ever did anything in my life before, but it was too late to renege and get up then.

Because the camera was clicking, I was directly in the foreground of the scene, and I had far too healthy a respect for our director's temper, imagination and vocabulary to even risk a break. But, while I could control my body, I couldn't control my feelings, and I began weeping like Niobe, or whoever it was that pulled the sob act over Napoleon's tomb that time. The more I tried to keep from it, the harder I cried.

"Fine!" yelled the director. "Great stuff! By George, you're pulling tears like a veteran, Miss Potts. Keep it up!"

I did, for the excellent reason that I couldn't possibly have stopped the flow if I'd wanted to. Then the longest three minutes I've ever endured in my life finally come to an end, and when the camera stopped I was free to make a frenzied investigation. I found just what I thought I would.

"I had no sooner hit the chair than I began to regret it."

That hick partner of mine, getting overheated again, had very intelligently parked his spiked helmet on the chair beside him, and I had inadvertently sat on it. And, believe me, anybody who can sit on the business end of a Roman helmet for three minutes and not shed tears is either superhuman or a candidate for the cemetery!

Which I guess will be all for this time, only if I happen to be cast to play opposite that gladiator chap again tomorrow, there is going to be a sudden and permanent vacancy on Julius Caesar's payroll.

Your loving daughter, resp'y yours,

SOPHIE POTTS,

Via Hal Wells.

MOVIE WEEKLY Screen Dictionary

"Movie Weekly" presents to its readers the following dictionary of special terms which have developed with the growth of the screen industry. This dictionary includes words and phrases which apply to everything from the writing of the script to the projection of the completed film on the theatre screen. Clip the instalments and save them, they will enable you to obtain a more complete understanding of the technique of motion picture production.

A

Atmosphere—Extras used to create background for the leading players in a scene.

B

Bit—A small role of insufficient importance for screen credit.

Booking—Dates assigned to theatre owners for the showing of a film.

Boothman—Operator of projection machine.

Break—Lack of continuity in a film.

Broadside—Used by theatre owner to express method of advertising film by means of postcards to his patrons.

Burnt-out—Scene spoiled by over-lighting.

C

Camera-wise—Applied to an actor who knows how to stand before the camera in such a way as to be prominent in the scene.

Camera-hog—An actor who "hogs" the light.

Continuity—Scenario. This word is almost always used in screen circles in preference to the popular word, "scenario."

Crank-turner—A cameraman without particular skill or artistry.

Character man—An actor who plays away from himself, portraying bizarre roles, unlike his own personality.

Camera louse—An extra who tries to stay in front of the camera all the time.

Cooper-Hewitts—Lights.

Closeup—Used when the camera, at close range, is centered on an object or person.

Cut-outs—Scenes not used in the completed film.

Casting director—Studio official who selects actors for parts.

Continuity clerk—Assistant to director who records scenes taken, players used in them, progress of filming, etc.

Co-star—Player who is equally featured with another in the same picture.

Cut-ins—Inserts from travelogues and news reels used to suggest foreign atmosphere.

(Continued next week)

Sh-h-Under the Orange Pekoe Tree
by Irma, the Ingenue

WAITER, bring me the cup that cheers but not inebriates! . . . What? Well, let him find out what it means. I believe in uplifting the masses whenever it can be done, and quotations have a great deal of cultural value, as our teacher used to say at finishing school when she gave us a page of quotations to memorize because she was too lazy to think up something original."

Irma, the Ingenue, turned around just enough so that everybody else in the tea garden could get a look at her spring hat, and I asked her what was the latest in the film colony.

"Well, of course there's the Taylor case, but as nobody knows anything about it, what's the use of talking about it? Let's talk about something pleasanter, as the mouse said to the cat when the cat told him she was going to eat him up.

"Now-a-days it's getting to be all the style to marry a person and then not live with them. (Of course 'them' isn't right, but who in heaven's name is going to rattle along with a 'him' or her?') It's getting to be just nothing at all to marry a person and then say good-bye and trot off home and leave him or her to go home or take a room downtown or sleep in the park. And they seem very good friends at that. Is there no more romance in the world?

"That's how it is with Marcia Manon and her husband, J. L. Frothingham, the producer, you know. He lives at the Beverly Hill Hotel, you know, and she stays up in Laurel Canyon. She isn't very well, and she says it agrees with her better up there than anywhere else. He says that Laurel Canyon is too far for him to go at night, because he's often kept late at the studio. He spends the week-ends with her at her Laurel Canyon home, and both say there's going to be no divorce. He has bought a ranch for her, and she says she's going to spend the summer there. I think he's very deeply devoted to her."

"Romance is so pale, these days. Nobody is admitting being engaged to wed. They seem to feel that it isn't proper to even be in love any more, since all this scandal has been stirred up in the film colony. Most of the girls are behaving like cloistered nuns, these days. They won't even go out with the same young man more than once a week; and as for letting a man kiss you! Oh, my dear, it simply isn't done!

"Of course they do say that Jimmie Young is engaged to Virginia Faire. She played in 'Without Benefit of Clergy,' you know, which he directed, and he was awfully attentive to her for a long time, in fact until about a month ago. She says she isn't engaged to him, though, so probably there's nothing in it. Why, even Mary MacLaren hasn't been engaged in six months, and that shows how awfully slow the romance business is.

"But speaking of romance, that was rather a sweet one, wasn't it, between Clara Kimball Young's father, Edward Kimball, and Elise Whitaker, the scenario writer? Such a surprise, too! They had known each other a long time, but somehow nobody thought about their getting married. Clara's dad has been playing a part in 'The Masquerader,' with Guy Bates Post, and one day when it was raining he skipped off with Elise and got married. Then he came back and told the company. Clara is just as pleased as she can be they say, because she and Elise are great friends, being about the same age. Clara says she can't think of calling Elise 'Mamma!'

"Mme. Nazimova is going to take a nice long rest before doing anything more. She has worked so hard in 'Salome' and 'A Doll's House.' And it was so cold while she was making 'Salome,' and you know how a person has to dress for that part! Why, Salome's heavy winter clothing, you recollect, consisted of seven veils! Nazimova is going back to New York to show 'Salome,' and then she's going down to her New York State farm to vegetate. She's going to Europe next year, she says—wants to see the battlefields and styles and everything.

"Anita Stewart is another young lady who is going to vacation She and her husband, Rudolph Cameron, are going to take a little rest at her Long Island home, and then she's coming back to do a costume picture.

"Dear me! We soon shall have to depend entirely on the fashion magazines for styles, shan't we? If all the picture stars go into costume plays. But I'm sure costume plays will be very uplifting, because we'll get a chance to think about the play itself, instead of concentrating, as we do now, on the clothes."

Irma, the Ingenue, paused with a sigh, as she mentally weighed the contrasting advantages of white French pastry and pink, finally deciding against the pink because it didn't go well with her henna tailored suit. Then she went on.

"Oh, but have you heard about Harold Lloyd and his illness!" Irma's questions were never really questions because she never gave you time to answer. They were more in the nature of exclamations. "You know both Marie Mosquini and Mildred Davis are supposed to be rather devoted to him, and he in turn likes them both tremendously. But they do say it takes a lot of diplomacy on his part always to have things smooth, though the girl are good friends. But when he got ill, both young ladies were anxious to do something for him. Both hit on the plan of sending him jellies. He couldn't eat any jelly when he had a fever, of course; but when he began to get better, he enjoyed it. But oh, woe, one day Mildred called, and when he heard her voice, he thought it was Marie, and began eating Marie's jelly; and oh, how reproachfully Mildred gazed at him, as he blushed and nearly choked on Marie's jelly! I was with Mildred, and you should have seen his face—looked as if his fever had risen!

"Marie Prevost is the latest girl to be reported engaged. Her rumored fiance is a man in the automobile business. But Marie is one of those sensible girls who intends to look before she leaps; besides she says she considers marriage a career in itself, and she doesn't intend to marry until she is willing to give up the screen. As she is doing very nicely, I suppose it will be a long time before she gives up her career.

"Chet Franklin drove me up to the Hollywood Heights, where he is building a house, the other day. He wouldn't tell whether he was going to be married or not, but they do say that Bebe Daniels has expressed a great interest in the plans, and I know there is to be a beautiful Spanish patio with a fountain, so that does sound suspicious, doesn't it—at least it does to one of my suspicious mind. Yes, Chet was married before. His wife was a lovely auburn haired girl, who used to appear in Triangle pictures. I forget her name. But she died, and he took it so terribly to heart that he has never cared for anyone since. But it seems that Bebe has won him."

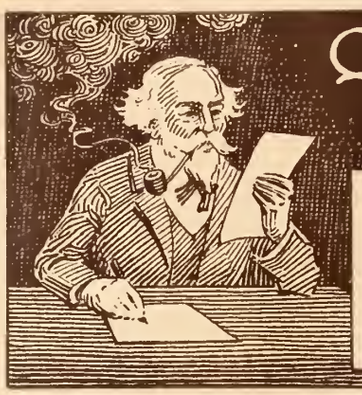
"Why, even Mary MacLaren hasn't been engaged in six months, and that shows how awfully slow the romance business is!"
"Chet Franklin is building a house on Hollyood Heights. He wouldn't tell whether he was going to be married or not, but they do say that Bebe Daniels has expressed a great interest in the plans."

"Wasn't that a sweet romance between Clara Kimball Young's father, Edward Kimball, and Elise Whitaker, the scenario writer? Clara is just as pleased as she can

"Oh, how reproachfully Mildred gazed at him, as Harold blushed and nearly choked on Marie's jelly. You should have seen his face; it looked as if his fever had risen!"

"Oh, have you heard about Harold Lloyd and his illness? You know both Marie Mosquini and Mildred Davis are supposed to be rather devoted to him. When he got ill, both young ladies decided to send him jellies."

"But , oh, woe, one day Mildred called; he thought it was Marie, and began eating Marie's jelly!" Horrors . . .



Questions Answered by The Colonel

I have joined the staff of "Movie Weekly" just to answer questions. Wouldn't you like me to tell you whether your favorite star is married? What color *her* eyes are, or what may be *his* hobbies? All right, then, write me on any subject pertaining to the movies. For an immediate personal reply, enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. Address me, THE COLONEL, "Movie Weekly," 119 West 40th Street, New York City.

Every day I get requests for pictures of various stars, or sometimes the requests come to the editor. And of course the only thing we can do is to answer these requests with the statement that pictures should be obtained from the stars themselves. Just imagine how much work there is in getting out a whole magazine every week, and then maybe you will understand why it is that we haven't time to send out pictures. That is a business in itself, and we'd have to have a whole additional staff to take care of it. And anyway, Sister Susie, think how much more thrilling it is to write to stars with your requests than to write to an old duffer like me.

TESSIE—So you think Thomas Meighan "has it all over" Wallie Reid. Well, there's one thing about them—the ladies like them both. Tom is married to Frances Ring. He was born in Pittsburgh in 1883. He is six feet tall, weighs 170 and is a brunette. He began his stage career with Grace George and joined the movies some years later. He became famous in "The Miracle Man."

MISS RACHEL SOMEBODY—If you have been watching "Movie Weekly" for your answer, you have probably learned all about Rodolph by now. He is very dark and weighs 154. He lives at 7139 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles, but I can't guarantee that he will answer your letter. He gets hundreds, you know. But he will probably send you his "pitcher." I hope so, anyway.

FLORENCE ALLARD—You're an old friend of mine, aren't you? Mabel Normand is not married now. No, Al St. John is no relation to Fatty Arbuckle. Jack Mulhall, Jr. is the son of Mrs. Jack Mulhall, the second, who, before her marriage, was Laura Bunton. I suppose you saw the results of the Head and Shoulder Contest in the issue of February 4th?

MOLYY H.—Where am I going to put the answers to all your questions—out in the margin? If you will tell me your full name and address, I will write you the chattiest letter I can and fill it full of information.

ANITA STEWART—Yes, Anita Stewart's youngster is very cherubic. But why, when you enclosed his picture, did you tell me that Anita and I have a lot of explaining to do? Surely you don't hold me responsible?

HELEN BROWNE—Your favorite, Alice Calhoun, has been working on "Blue Bells," which should be released about this time.

FRANCES M.—When you say "the worst vamp in the movies," do you mean publicly or privately? Wallace Reid is twenty-nine and Gloria two years younger. Bebe is twenty-one and Connie twenty-four. Connie's husband is John Pialoglou, a Greck. No, Bebe is no relation to Jack Daniels.

TOM AND TONY—I will tell the editor that you requested us to publish pictures of Tom Mix and William S. Hart. Of course the trouble is, we try to use only beautiful pictures in the center of the magazine, and with all due respect to both William S. and Tom, they surely don't think they are beautiful.

PAULINE—Your name is sweet because it's almost like one of my favorite kinds of candy—pralines. Norma Talmadge is twenty-five; she is Mrs. Joseph Schenck. George Arliss is fifty-four; yes, he is married. Mary Pickford is twenty-nine; she has no children. Raymond McKee just laughed when I asked him his age.

VIRGINIA T. C.—What puzzles me is what does the art decoration on your letter represent? Or is it just supposed to indicate time and labor on your part? Dorothy Gish has medium brown hair; the black wig was only worn in some of her pictures. Write her at the Griffith Studio, Mamaroneck, N. Y. Betty Compson and Gloria both get their mail at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, and Nazimova c-o United Artists, 729 7th Ave., New York. May McAvoy has been living at the Hotel Ansonia, 72nd St., New York. She is twenty-one.

MARY PIGLER—So you wish "Movie Weekly" would be printed every day? You must like to see people work. Wouldn't you like to get a personal letter with all those addresses you wanted? All right, then, Mary, where do you live?

DARE DEVIL MORRISSEY—So Marguerite Clark is your sweetheart? Well, that's hard luck, because she is married to H. Palmerson Williams and she makes a moving picture moving about the house. She hasn't made any pictures since "Scrambled Wives," and has not declared her intention of making any more.

IRISH—No, Miss Dupont is no relation to the powder works, not even by marriage—and I don't know whether she is married or not. Her name is Margaret Armstrong and her address is 5937 Maplewood, Los Angeles, where you can write her for a picture.

MINNIE G.—No, Minnie, Mary Pickford does not wear a wig; the hair on her head is like Topsy. It "just growed."

BABE—Of course I don't mind if you write to me every now and then, and the "nower" the better. Jack Mulhall lives at 5857 Harold Way, Hollywood. He is bashful about telling his age, but he is about thirty. Jack Roach can be reached through Vitagraph, 1708 Talmadge St., Hollywood.

RED 'ED—I always know your handwriting (I'm beginning to be a handwriting expert). Yes, E. Phillips, who appeared in "Just Around the Corner," also played in "The Scarab Ring." Helen Weer's name is probably misspelled Weir sometimes, but Helen Ware is a different actress. She is well-known on the stage and plays dramatic roles. There is only one Virginia Lee. "The Sky Pilot" was a King Vidor Production; George Seitz did not play in it. Mary Miles Minter's picture that you refer to was "All Souls' Eve." I have not heard of Wallace Beery's marriage to Mona Lisa. A "gag" man is a man who is hired by the studios to make funny remarks when the players are to register laughter. Ayres is pronounced like airs.

ANXIOUS—Is this information important eough to be anxious about? James Rennie played opposite his wife, Dorothy Gish, in "Flying Pat." Mona Lisa was the vampire in "To Please One Woman."

MICHAEL CARROP—You're one of my most frequent repeaters, aren't you? Mitchell Lewis was born in Syracuse. Harold Becher won first prize in the Head and Shoulder Contest. I suppose you saw the results in the February 4th issue.

AN ARDENT SCREEN LOVER—At least your signature is more original than "A Valentino Lover." Constance is the youngest Talmadge sister. Mary Miles Minter is twenty and unmarried. Yes, "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" was rather highly colored, wasn't it? As it was imported ready-made, I don't know who wrote it. Charles Ray is married to Clara Grant. Wallie is 29.

30 BELOW ZERO—But cheer up; Spring is here. Ruth Clifford was born in Rhode Island, Feb. 17, 1900. She is 5 feet 2, weighs 115 and is a blonde with blue eyes. She is not married now. The last pictures that I know of her making were in Porto Rico, for the Porto Rico Photoplays Co. I understand that she is living in Los Angeles now, but do not know of any movies that she is in. Her plays include "Fires of Youth," "The Game Is Up," "The Black Gate," "Tropical Love," etc.

J. B.—I don't know who would be more interested in sending you a good picture of Earle Williams than Earle himself. Suppose you write to him at the Vitagraph Studio, 1708 Talmadge St., Hollywood.

JUST CHICK—Thanks so much for the valentine. Did you think I had forgotten you? Eddie Hearn has just finished playing opposite Mary Miles Minter in "The Heart Specialist." Eddie is fond of all kinds of athletics.

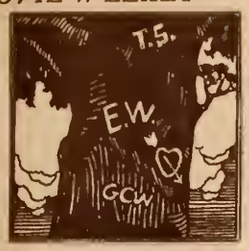
DEARIE—Were you named after the old popular song or was it named after you? Tom Carrigan played opposite Constance Binney in "Room and Board." And Herbert Rawlinson was the leading man for Clara Kimball Young in "Charge It."

CHERRIE—And cherries are valuable just now because they're not in season. Didn't you read about William S. Hart's marriage in "Movie Weekly?" Yes, Bill married Winifred Westover; he ought to be very satisfied with his wife; he certainly took long enough to make up his mind. Mary Miles Minter is twenty; she spends her life denying rumors of her engagements. That's what you get for being so popular. Mary Pickford is twenty-nine and Doug is ten years older, The other ages you asked for aren't given. George Walsh's latest picture is "With Stanley in Africa."

DOT—My sister had a dress once with dots all over it. Wallace Reid is twenty-nine and Gloria Swanson is twenty-seven. Bebe is twenty and not married yet. Think of that! How she can hold out against such ardent persuasion as she is subjected to is too much for me! Anita Stewart's age is a secret between herself and the family Bible.

P. I. E. G.—And I sat up all night trying to decipher the code of P. I. E. G. What *does* it mean? Yes, I spent my Christmas holidays in great style That wasn't all I spent either. I have a bitter blow for you: Niles Welch is married—to Dell Boone, and they live at 1616 Gardner St., Hollywood. Write him for a picture. You have a long bunch of favorites; are there any stars left to be "runners up?" (Pardon the race track parlance.)

I. O. DINE—Don't say "dine" to me now; I'm working overtime to-night to tell you fans what you want to know and you make me want to grab my hat and run to the nearest restaurant. Too many addresses, I. O., to publish in this column; tell me the rest of your name and I'll write you. Tom Mix lives at 5841 Carlton Way, Hollywood.



Film-Flam

No Bargain

"I have heard of exclusiveness in all degrees," said Richard Barthelmess, "but this man I am going to tell you about was just about the most exclusive person I ever heard of.

"In a small town where we were on location, a member of our company went to church on Sunday morning. The church was crowded, but up front he noticed a pew with a single occupant, an austere man, reading his prayer book devotedly. My friend walked up to the pew, and as the man made no effort to make room for him, he stepped by him and sat down.

"The old man glared at him. He paid no attention. As services commenced, he saw that the old man was ostentatiously pushing a prayer book toward him. Pleased at this mark of cordiality, he reached for it. On the fly leaf to which it was opened a hurriedly penciled comment met his eye:

"'Young man, I pay one hundred dollars a year for the exclusive use of this pew.'

"Supressing a smile, the actor took out his pencil and wrote his answer.

"The exclusive one adjusted his glasses and read, to his astonishment:

"'You pay too darned much.'"

* * * * *

Hunger Note

"Yes," said Thomas Meighan, discussing his next picture, "The Bachelor Daddy" "it's a good story—wonderful script, the train stuff is great, but—the darned scenario writer forgot to put in any dining car scenes, so we all had to get off in the country and eat our meals at lunch counters."

* * * * *

A Barbarous Suggestion

There is a "penalty box" at the Hal Roach studio into which every punster must put a dollar per pun. Harold Lloyd is a frequent contributor.

This remark cost him a dollar:

The Lloyd quartet was having a request program the other day when Harold came along with his request.

"What'll it be?" the boys asked him, in good old barroom style.

"You're Next," said Harold, "from 'The Barber of Seville!'"

* * * * *

An Experienced Actress

"What experience have you had?" asked Director Henry King of the flapper who applied for a part in Richard Barthelmess' picture, "Sonny."

"Why," was the proud answer, "I was understudy for Dorothy Gish."

Mr. King looked at her in amazement. This was a new one on him. He had heard of doubles in movies, but never of understudies, and he had certainly been in movies long enough to know all the studio terms anyway.

"What do you mean by understudy?" he asked the young lady. And the truth came out.

To save the star the fatigue of standing with the camera focused on her while the set was being "set up," they use a girl of about the same height and that is what this girl had been doing.

A Bloodthirsty Tale

"Send for a doctor, quick," said someone at the Universal studio excitedly pointing to Harry Myers, after some scenery had fallen. Harry looked like the end of a prize fight or something, bleeding copiously, it seemed.

"But I'm not hurt," he protested to the four doctors who arrived post-haste. And of course no one would believe him—not, at least, until it was discovered that the red fluid was only water that had spilled on his highly colored trunks.

"I've been held up by salesmen, but never before by an automobile," says Helen Ferguson.

The Whole Town Was Celebrating

Here's a thrilling one that Helen Ferguson tells on Buck Jones. Theye were on location with the cowboy's company and one evening after dinner, they started a game of "follow the leader." Even the cowboys over thirty joined in just like a bunch of ten year olds.

The game grew tiresome after awhile, and then Helen, with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes, whispered something in Buck's ear.

"What! I'm not game? Just follow ME!" said the daring, dashing cowboy, and he lead the crowd to the town's only "pitcher" show. Down the aisle he went, and right up onto the stage.

The natives soon caught the idea, and applauded gayly. And just to show what a good sport he was, the exuberant Mr. Jones treated the whole audience to ice-cream cones—all thirty seven of them! (Of course this was a small town).

* * * * *

A Fish Story

Near one of the studios they are pumping fish out of a new oil well.

Suppose they will be getting a thousand barrels of cod fish oil out next.

A Light Story

Mr. Kleig is one of the leading lights around the Paramount studio.

* * * * *

Making Mountains of Mole-Hills

"Sunshine Sammy" idolizes "Snub" Pollard, but when he can get a laugh at Snub's expense, he is very gleeful. The other day, the "gang" around the studio were discussing what they would do if they had a lot of money. Sammy wasn't going to be left out of anything; he edged into the crowd.

"Well, Sammy," asked one of the boys, "what would you do if you had a million or so?"

The youngster glanced at "Snub." "I know," he answered. "I'd buy Australia, where Mr. Pollard came from, and make it a real country as large as the United States."

* * * * *

Mrs. Ayres Doesn't Like Cavemen

If anyone wants to be mean to Agnes Ayres—though how could they?—they will have to answer to her mother. For Mrs. Ayres is justly proud of her daughter and she intends to look out for her.

That is what poor Clarence Burton discovered when he met her at the close of a very rough scene in "The Ordeal." Mrs. Ayres refused to have anything to do with him. And Clarence just couldn't convince her that it wasn't his fault that he was supposed to play the villain in the picture and manhandle Agnes. Really, he's as harmless as movie villains usually are in real life—has a wife, and ducks, and a dog, and everything.

"I don't think you ought to see much of that Mr. Burton," Mrs. Ayres solemnly advised her daughter, "I think he's the most brutal man I ever saw."

And now poor Clarence is worried as to how he can live down his reputation.

* * * * *

A Private Earthquake

Director George Melford came home from a busy day aboard a sailing ship directing scenes for "Moran of the Lady Letty."

"Hello," he said as the telephone bell jangled.

"Oh, Uncle George," came the agitated voice of Dorothy Dalton, "did you feel an earthquake?"

"No," answered the director, "don't get excited; there was no earthquake."

"Yes, but I felt one—the whole hotel just shook. Oh, there it goes again. Don't you feel it?"

Melford broke into a hearty laugh, but Dorothy couldn't see the joke.

"If it isn't an earthquake," she demanded, "what in Heaven's name is it?"

"It's not the building or the earth. It's you," explained the director. "You've been out on a rolling ship all day and you haven't got your land legs yet."

"Oh pshaw," was the only reply that Melford heard as the receiver was jammed back on the hook.

* * * * *

Can You Bear This?

Gloria Hope might have been a lawyer if she hadn't gone into the movies. She has such a logical mind. One of her arguments is that the bill recently introduced to bar sleeveless gowns is unconstitutional.

"The constitution says," explained Gloria demurely, "that the right to bear arms shall not be infringed."

A. M. T.

THE INS AND OUTS OF THE MOVIE WOILD

REEL NOOZE

WHETHER IT HAPPENS OR NOT, WE HAVE IT HERE!

JASPER J. SLUP, WHO STARRED IN, DEWBERRY McGUGG'S SOUPER PRODUCTION "THE CALL OF THE CUCKOO" THAT SCORED SUCH A HIT THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY AND ALSO IN THE CITY, IS NOW SUMMERING IN PASSAIC, N.J.

—— o

JASMINE TULIP HAS GRADUATED FROM THE RANKS OF THE MACK CHRISTIE GIRLS TO STARDUMB.

—— o

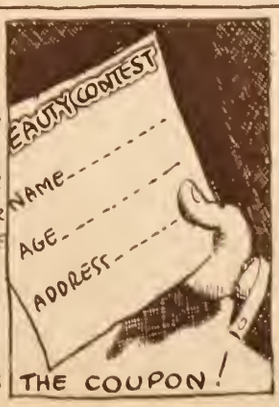
SHE HAS JUST SCRAWLED HER MONICKER ON A PARASCOPE CONTRACT —— o SALARY UNKNOWN

ANNOUNCEMENT

—— o

REEL NOOZE BEAUTY CONTEST WILL COMMENCE HERE NEXT WEEK

ALL ASPIRANTS FOR FAME AND FORTUNE MAY FILL UP THE COUPON WITH HER BERTILLON MEASUREMENTS ETC., ON THE HEMSTITCHED LINES



ADDRESS ALL MAIL (IF ANY) TO PENROD BOZO—EDITOR OF CONTEST.

—— o

ADDRESS CAN BE FOUND IN HALL OF FAME OR NEAREST POLICE RECORDS

—— o

WATCH THIS SPACE NEX WEEK o

Hints to Scenario Writers by Frederick Palmer

SCENARIO NOTE: *Our readers are invited to write and ask us questions they may have in mind on screen writing. Please enclose stamped and addressed envelope.*

CONCERNING THE SYNOPSIS

TIME was when directors—most of whom were seeking "ideas" only—requested that picture plays be submitted in the briefest form possible. "Give the gist of your story in five hundred words," they informed aspiring photoplaywrights. "A bare plot outline is all we desire. Our continuity men, under our guidance, will do the rest."

But those days are long since past. Studios—excepting in rare instances—no longer allow directors to build up their own stories. Instead, the scenario department prepares the script so carefully, mapping every "shot," that the director has small scope compared to the former period when he was monarch supreme. He must now attend to the task of seing that stars and others in the cast successfully enact the story that is handed to him, and leave scenario writing to those who make it a distinct profession.

Which brings us to the question: "How long should a synopsis be?"

Well, a synopsis should be long enough to insure that the story "gets across," to use a motion picture phrase. If you are clever enough to tell a five-reel story in 2,000 words, do not "pad" it into 3,000 words. But if you sincerely feel that you cannot tell your story in less than 10,000 words, that is the proper length. Remember, however, that description and clever witticisms—excepting in rare instances—are not only unnecessary in a photoplay synopsis, but are also undesirable. Just as you must visualize your story in terms of action, just so must you tell it in action. The scenario editor is not concerned with Sadie Dimplechin's "beautiful blue eyes," for instance; indeed, the star for whom he intends to buy the story may have eyes as dark as a Spanish siren's, and your description will tend only to prejudice him against your heroine, or at least to make the story seem less fit for the lead he has in mind. That abandoned farmhouse you describe in your climactic scene, may be conspicuous by its absence from the particular "lot" in which you expect your story to be filmed, and the company may not wish to expend money in finding or building one exactly like it. But, if you have not been too particular—too detailed—in your description of this location, the studio men may decide that some other farmhouse, already on their "location list," will fill the bill.

The foregoing are but two illustrations of many instances in which writers are apt to "overplay their hands" in writing synopses; and, undoubtedly, the extreme length of many such photoplays is due to this over-anxiety to inject minute descriptions into a story.

However, if your plot contains enough "meat," enough real action and dramatic suspense, the synopsis thereof will be long enough, even when all extraneous matter has been excluded. Cecil de Mille, the famous Lasky director, recently stated that no story worth filming could be told in less than 5,000 words. Immediately thereafter, I presume, the Lasky scenario department was flooded with scripts of 5,000 words or more. But what Mr. de Mille undoubtedly had in mind was that unless a story contained so much dramatic action that it could not be condensed, artistically, to less than 5,000 words it would not be filmable. He certainly did not mean to encourage scenarists to "pad" their otherwise slim plots with a mass of non-picturable incidents or bits of description.

Speaking from experience, I believe that most film stories may be told in fullest detail within 10,000 words, and that the ideal length is about the 5,000 words mentioned by Mr. de Mille. I have seen a number of synopses that dragged along into the twenty and thirty thousands; but I cannot state that I obtained much inspiration from reading them, and do not believe that the average scenario editor would have done so, either.

Follow the fashion—see any style journal for women—and "keep 'em short," but not so short as to be impractical. In photoplay writing, as in women's styles or anything else, there is always the happy medium.

Questions and Answers

(Q.) Does censorship rule out the situation of "abduction?"—D. M.

(A.) Even though it is given a very subtle treatment, this situation is apt to be frowned upon by the censors. In "The Whistle," starring William S. Hart, a child is kidnapped, the motive for this kidnapping being strong and thoroughly justified. The child never comes to harm at the hands of the kidnapper. And yet, this picture was struck out by local censorship boards in several states, owing to the fact that the central situation was a "kidnapping."

(Q.) Is it necessary to have "physical" conflict in the photoplay?—D. L.

(A.) No, indeed. Almost all producers are beginning to concede that mental or spiritual conflict is preferable. The whole tendency in the cinematic world seems to be away from melodrama—the wild shootings, etc., etc., of the past.

(Q.) Do not actors "put across" a story more than the author?—R. A.

(A.) No. The story is the backbone of the entire enterprise. In spite of a most excellent production, the inferior story will never make a good picture. A good story, poorly screened, is, nine times out of ten, far more successful than a weak story that is given the most elaborate and satisfactory production.

(Q.) Why is it that incidents from real life are sometimes condemned by the critic as unconvincing? —R. B.

(A.) Because an incident or a situation actually occurred, is no reason to suppose it will make good story material. Everything depends upon the way it is developed. The question is not so much—is a thing possible—as—is a thing probable? You must convince your audience that a certain consummation would really take place. In other words, you must make the course of action in your story plausible. Art is quite different from reality. It may be *based upon reality*, but the writer must also bring imagination into play, must shape and mould reality until it becomes *dramatic* and interesting enough to hold the attention of the spectator. If the spectator wanted reality merely, he would not bother to go to the theatre. It is *art* that he wants.

(Q.) Is it necessary for the photo-dramatist to designate the number of scenes, in writing the detailed synopsis, for the guidance of the continuity writer? —B. R.

(A.) Matters of this kind are decided by the director and by the producer, and it is not necessary for the writer of the story to take them into serious consideration. If you will be sure you have enough material, by determining the number of incidents and situations that your plot contains, nothing further will be required of you along this line.

(Q.) Why do producers object to stories dealing with the motion picture profession?—H. D.

(A.) There is a sort of an unwritten law among producers to the effect that stories dealing with any part of the profession, especially those possessing *studio* atmosphere, be disregarded as picture material. We believe this is due to the fact that "studio business" in a picture would detract too greatly from the *story*. The audience would be so impressed with the novelty of seeing a picture made that the story would hold little or no attraction for them. Audiences usually "live" the stories of the screen, and it would be unfair to both them and the producer to remind them, during the production, that it is "only a movie."

(Q.) Do producers pay more for stories when they are accompanied by the continuity?—M. L. P.

(A.) Staff continuity writers are paid rather tremendous salaries to adapt accepted stories according to the studio's individual method, and for that reason the producer would pay no more for a story accompanied by a continuity than he would for simply a detailed synopsis. In the case of independent companies, it is very often possible for a free lance continuity writer, whose success has been established, to write a continuity to his accepted original, but, even in a case of that kind, the writer is in almost constant touch with the director and star which makes it possible to create a continuity suitable to everyone concerned.

(Q.) Suppose I read a book which I think would make a good photoplay, could I write it up in scenario form and then obtain the rights from the author to sell my scenario?—A. H.

(A.) In attempting to adapt a published book, we would suggest that you *first* secure the rights to do so, otherwise, you may find that your work has been in vain. Producers do not buy scenario adaptations from books. When they desire a certain book for screen purposes, they write direct to the publisher in an effort to buy the screen rights to the entire book. When that is secured, it is handled very much in the same manner in which an original story is handled. It is given to a staff writer who is trained to write continuities in the particular style desired by that certain company.

(Q.) Can you tell me if any of the studios would be interested in a "flood" story? If so, which one? —C. B. M.

(A.) We do not know of any studio at present that might be interested in a story dealing with a flood. Such a story would be difficult to make, inasmuch as it is not an easy matter to stage a flood disaster, besides there would be a tremendous expense in its production. Frequently an otherwise acceptable story is rejected by a studio because it is written in a manner that requires too great expense in production.

(Q.) How can one prevent himself from using hackneyed ideas and plots?—M. T.

(A.) He can't prevent it entirely, but he can guard against it by seeing as many pictures as possible, and by studying the synopses of current plays published in the trade journals.

(Q.) I am told to make my characters more "life-like." They seem real enough to me. Why don't they seem real to the people who criticize my stories? —T. H. S.

(A.) Proficiency in the art of self-criticism can be acquired only by long and arduous practice. Until you have had that practice, the only standard you have is the criticism of people in whom you have faith. To make your characters more life-like, study the people around you—their habits, their outstanding traits, their motives, and their little, apparently meaningless actions.

(Q.) It seems to me that if a writer makes his play interesting enough he doesn't need to bother about the rules of construction and development. Am I right in this?—L. L.

(A.) You are right. But the point is that a writer cannot make the story interesting without following, consciously or unconsciously, the rules of construction and development. One with genius does not need rules; most of us do need them.

(Q.) I have a comedy that I think is good, for the reason that I have had letters from two editors saying that they liked it. Why didn't they take it if they liked it? —E. R.

(A.) Probably because it didn't fit the policy of either studio. Each company that produces comedy has one particular kind that it favors. Some use "bathing girls," some use "stunts" or "gags," while others use the "situation" or "polite" class.

A Philanthropic Bank Burglar

by John W. Grey

THIRD INSTALMENT

Blackey had hardly uttered the words: "It looks bad," when the two uniformed policemen pushed the door open and stepped inside the bank. A death-like silence prevailed as the two cops stood there in the dark. Every tick of the clock sounded like the blows of a sledge hammer upon an anvil to Blackey and Jimmy as they crouched down behind the door but a few feet away from the unsuspecting officers.

Suddenly Blackey shouted, "Hands up, quick! Don't make a move or we'll kill you right where you stand!"

"Keep your faces to the wall," he snapped. "If you turn your head an inch y' die."

The cops made no reply, neither did they make any effort to turn their heads and they immediately raised their hands.

"Get their cannons," he commanded Jimmy.

Jimmy lifted up the tail of their overcoats and pulled the guns out of their pockets, handing them to Blackey.

"Tie 'em," he grunted when Jimmy had handed him the guns.

The first cop submitted to the binding and gagging operation without any resistance, the unexpected reception had swept him off his feet and he obeyed Blackey's commands sort of automatically. When Jimmy had finished with him he dragged him back into the room where the bank watchman was reposing on the floor. The second officer never moved, said nothing, just stood there like a statue until Jimmy returned and began to tie his ankles together. Like a flash he turned and kicked Jimmy, knocking him over on the floor, and then dashed for Blackey.

He paid no attention to Blackey's orders to halt, he just continued to come on to Blackey like an enraged animal of some kind. Blackey backed away from him remarking as he did so:

"Another step and I'll blow your brains out. Stop! before I kill you!"

With a spring he was on Blackey, swinging his "billy" at his head with one hand and trying to grab Blackey's gun with the other. They both went to the floor, fighting, rolling over and over in a death-like embrace. Once or twice the big, burly cop succeeded in hitting Blackey on the head with his "billy." This enraged him, so he tossed his gun to one side and determined to end the farce right then and there. With his superhuman strength he wrenched the "billy" from the fighting cop's hand, picked him up clean from the floor and hit him an uppercut and then stood to one side while he fell to the floor unconscious.

Jimmy raised his gun to bang him over the head, but Blackey, quick as a flash, stopped him.

"Never mind that slugging, Jimmy, tie him up quick, while he is out."

When the battling patrolman came to he was securely bound and gagged. They carried him back to the room with the other cop and the watchman.

"That fellow is a regular Hackenschmidt," laughed Blackey.

"He nearly put that big hoof of his through me stomach," said Jimmy. "Why didn't y' shoot him?"

"Because I knew that I could handle him," replied Blackey as his mind for the moment drifted back to his days at Yale when he was recognized as the inter-collegiate heavyweight wrestling champion.

"Come on, let's get out of here," he continued "before we have any more cops coming in on us."

The streets were deserted as they stepped out of the bank. They started up the street toward their car which was parked about three blocks away. They had just gotten into it and started the motor when an officer turned the corner and hailed them:

"Hey, wait a minute!" he shouted.

"Go on," said Blackey to Jimmy, "don't stop."

Jimmy gave her the gas, but the cop jumped on the running board before he got going rapidly.

"Stop this c—": before he could finish, Blackey hit him and knocked him sprawling off the running board into the street. They tore up Race Street to North Broad and within a few moments they were on their way to New York.

"Some night!" declared Jimmy.

"Lots of thrills, eh, Jimmy?"

"Too damn many for me," he replied. "dis jug game is some racket. I'll tell the world that."

"We've got to ditch this car somewhere between here and New York," said Blackey, "and we've also got to plant this money. We can't go into New York early in the morning carrying three or four hundred thousand dollars."

"It's a good thing that we had phoney numbers on it or dat cop would have us dead to rights!" exclaimed Jimmy.

"Right you are, Jimmy."

They went through Trenton at a fifty-mile-an-hour gait and when they struck a patch of woods on the outskirts, Blackey made Jimmy pull into them.

"Wat's the idea," inquired Jimmy, "you don't mean to tell me that y're going to ditch the boat here, do y'?"

Blackey made no reply until he had finished the job and then he simply said: "Get the bags and move away." He lighted the fuse, a terrific detonation followed, blowing the car to pieces.

"That eliminates any clue that the Philadelphia police may have as far as the automobile is concerned. Now let's plant the money and those bonds." Three or four miles further up the road they dug a hole and "stashed" (hid) the proceeds of the Arlington Bank.

"Now," said Blackey, "if we should happen to meet anybody we're all right.

They walked back to the Pennsylvania Station in Trenton and caught an early morning passenger train into New York. They went direct to Blackey's apartment and retired. They were dog tired after their eventful night, and were soon sound asleep.

About ten minutes to nine the morning after the robbery, President Barker of the Arlington National Bank walked into the police station of the sixth precinct to keep his appointment with "Captain Worthington." He was rather enthused over the thought of having a look at a couple of real, live bank burglars in the flesh. He stepped jauntily up to the desk, handed his card to the Lieutenant on duty and said:

"I want to see Captain Worthington, please."

The Lieutenant took the card, looked at it and then said:

"I'm sorry, Mr. Barker, but Captain Worthington isn't on duty today."

"I had an engagement with him here at nine o'clock, possibly I'm a little early," he said as he pulled out his watch.

His statement that he had an engagement with the Captain caused the Lieutenant to get up from his desk and inquire rather suspiciously:

"You say that you had an engagement with Captain Worthington to meet him here at nine o'clock, Mr. Barker?"

"Yes, sir," he replied.

"There must be some mistake, Mr. Barker. May I ask when you made this engagement?"

"I think it was about quarter past twelve last night."

"Quarter past twelve last night?" repeated the Lieutenant.

"I think it was about that time," continued Mr. Barker.

"Were you talking with the Captain personally?"

"Yes," he answered.

"I don't understand this," declared the Lieutenant, "for I was talking with the Captain in St. Agnes's Hospital last night and he told me that he didn't think he would be able to leave the hospital for at least another week, possibly two."

"In the hospital!" exclaimed Mr. Barker excitedly. "In the hospital!" he repeated. "Why that can't be possible, for he was in my office at the bank talking with me yesterday afternoon and made arrangements with me and my watchman to let him and his detectives in the bank to capture the burglars when they came to rob it. I phoned him at the bank about twelve fifteen last night, at which time he told me he had captured the crooks and if I would be here this morning at nine I could have a look at them."

"Captain Worthington has been in the hospital for over three weeks I am telling you," shouted the Lieutenant as he made a dash for the patrolmen's rest room. He understood what had happened and he lost no time in getting busy. He pulled open the door of the room where ten or fifteen officers were sitting around tables playing cards and shouted:

"Go to the Arlington National Bank at Sixth and Race, get the auto and beat it there as fast as you can, the bank has been robbed."

"My God!" exclaimed Barker dramatically.

The Lieutenant grabbed him by the arm, pulled him towards the door and yelled: "You go to the bank with the officers in the auto. I'll phone Detective Headquarters to send detectives to the bank at once."

Barker was a picture of dejection as he clambered into the car and when he arrived at the bank with the cops he was the first to jump out and dash up the steps. He hurriedly unlocked the big iron door and made a bee line for the vault. The first sight that met his eyes was the two night patrolmen and the bank watchman lying on the floor bound and gagged. He stopped and looked at them for a moment and then continued on to the vault. He pulled the door open and stepped inside:

"By God, they have taken everything!" he exclaimed in a voice ringing with emotion. "Everything!" he repeated.

Up and down the bank floor he walked with his hands in his pockets and his head bowed, talking to himself excitedly, waving his hands, trying to think, but only able to curse and swear. He acted like a man who was bereft of all reason.

"By God! by God!" he continually repeated to himself. "This will ruin me as sure as hell, I know it, I know it, I know it! What am I to do?"

He was really a pitiful sight as he paced the floor to and fro like a madman. His secretary came in while he was in the midst of one of his semi-maniacal harangues. When he saw him, he shouted more wildly than ever:

"Get the Harlan Safe people on the phone at once!"

"Burglar-proof safe," he muttered to himself, "burglar-proof safe be damned!" he repeated over and over again.

"Here you are, Mr. Barker," said the secretary as he got up from the desk. "Here's the Harlan Safe people."

SYNOPSIS

Jack Kennard, a great athlete and a graduate of the Yale school of Chemistry, utilizes his knowledge of chemistry to make a new liquid explosive with which he proposes to burglarize banks to get funds to build a hospital for his friend, Henry Haberly, the noted neuro-pathologist, who is interested in reclaiming criminals by scientific methods. He rescues a crook from a policeman in Central Park and makes a pal of the crook, "Jimmy" O'Connor. Together they plan the robbery of the Arlington National Bank in Philadelphia. Kennard, in the uniform of a Captain of Police, visits the president of the bank and makes arrangements with him to be admitted to the bank that night with his pal, Jimmy, so that they can make the capture of the supposed burglars. They succeed in getting into the bank and tie and gag the watchman. Blackey then prepares to blow the safe open while Jimmy makes the rounds of the bank and punches the alarm clocks. The phone rings and Blackey answers it. It is Mr. Barker, the President of the bank. Blackey tells him that he has captured the burglars and that if he will come to headquarters in the morning he may see them. They have secured the money and are preparing to go when they hear voices outside the door.

He grabbed the receiver out of the secretary's hand nervously and in a voice ringing with indignation he began:

"Mr. Watts there? Watts, yes, Watts! Put him on, put him on!"

He stamped the floor nervously while he awaited Watts' coming to the phone.

"Hello, Watts. My bank has been robbed of every dollar. Why did you represent that time lock safe as being absolutely burglar-proof? Why did you do it? Why, I ask you—I—I——" Watts, on the other end of the wire, interrupted him by saying:

"Y' don't mean to tell me that our time lock safe was blown open? Impossible, impossible!"

This was the last straw. If Mr. Barker was excited and upset when he first began to talk with Watts, he was now a rip-roaring maniac, exasperated beyond expression, and what he didn't say to Watts wasn't worth saying.

"Impossible!" he shouted over the phone to Watts, "I want you to come on down to the bank quick as you can get here and see how damn impossible it is to blow open your time lock safe! Impossible be damned!" he shouted as he put the receiver up with a bang!

This news created consternation in the offices of the Harlan Automatic Time Lock Safe Company, because they really believed the safe to be absolutely burglar-proof. A series of tests had demonstrated beyond question that the safe could not be drilled and on the strength of their representations that it was burglar-proof nearly every bank in the United States had purchased one, and President Watts was a picture of despair as he grabbed his hat and departed for the Arlington National Bank.

Mr. Barker was still pacing the floor when he entered the bank. He grabbed Watts by the arm and rushed him to the vault.

"Look at it!" he shouted in a rage. "Look at it!" he repeated. "Does that look as though it were burglar-proof?" he inquired. "Hum!" he grunted, and swore again.

Watts face was beyond any possibility of description in words. He just stood and looked at the devastated mass of steel on the vault floor. He couldn't talk. He and Barker were in Barker's office when the detectives arrived from headquarters, and after they had talked with the bank watchman and the two cops who had been bound and gagged by the robbers and had looked the bank over from one end to the other for finger prints and clues of every sort they advised President Barker that they wanted to take a statement from him.

He recited in detail the story of the bogus Captain Worthington's visit to the bank, to all of which they listened very attentively, and when he had finished they quizzed him for an hour or more. His description of "Captain Worthington" was decidedly inaccurate, conflicting in several instances. Once he said he thought he was over six feet, another time he thought he was under six feet. He was sure that he was clean shaven and that his hair was dark brown, but he was not so positive about his height and weight. He remembered the lisp in his voice and the gold tooth.

"Ah!" said the detectives, "lisp in the voice and a gold tooth, eh? That's a real clue, Mr. Barker, we'll get some results on this burglary, be patient."

"I hope so," he replied, "have y' got any idea as to who they might be?"

"The gold tooth and the lisp in the voice gives us a lead. We'll look over our gallery and see what bank burglar tallies with your description," said one of the detectives.

"Do your best, boys," he said to them as they left the office, "and I'll see that you're well rewarded."

The news of the burglary quickly circulated amongst the rest of the banking interests in Philadelphia and the old Quaker City was aroused as it had never been aroused before. Newsboys were on every street in the banking district with extras containing a sensational account of the robbery. "Full account of the big Arlington Bank Burglary!" they shouted in loud, resonant tones. Bank employees dashed out of the banks and bought the papers as fast as the kids could hand them out, and it wasn't long before every bank and every bank employee in Philadelphia had heard of the burglary.

Detectives from Police Headquarters were combing every nook and corner of the underworld of Philadelphia for crooks with reputations as "jug" men (bank burglars) and hauling them to the detective bureau. "Look for the gold tooth and don't forget the lisp in the voice," were the instructions that Chief of Detectives Murray gave to his men as they left the office.

A hurried meeting of the board of directors of the Arlington National Bank was arranged and it was decided to call the celebrated detective, Mike Morrisey of Boston, in on the case.

"He's the fellow to handle this robbery," they said. "If there is a man in this country who can catch these crooks, Morrisey's the boy."

They phoned his Boston office and ascertained that he was in New York at the Knickerbocker Hotel. Within an hour they had located him and he was on his way to Philadelphia, arriving about noon.

It was recalled that he had been frequently consulted by many of the European Governments when the sleuths of Europe had fallen down on some bank burglaries that occurred over there. On more than one occasion, Chief Inspector Burroughs, of Scotland Yard had called Morrisey in to help him and it was only quite recently that he had solved the mystery of the robbery of the Crown's Bank at Liverpool, which was the work of three American crooks, Mark Shinburn, Tommy White and Jimmy Hahn, all of whom Morrisey had run to earth after everybody else had failed.

His methods, incidentally, were unique and orginal. When he consented to handle a case he did so under certain conditions. He would never make an arrest, neither would he appear in court as a witness. He would gather all the evidence with one of his men, Tom Sheehan, and when the case came to trial Sheehan was the fellow who handed out the evidence that had been collected by him and Morrisey. This procedure enabled Morrisey to keep his identity more or less a mystery and as a consequence there were very few crooks in the underworld who knew him at sight, though there were not many of them that he didn't know up one side and down the other. The "grifters" called him the "human bloodhound" and he was the only "dick" in the world who gave them any concern.

There was nothing about his personality that suggested the detective. He was forty-four when he took up the Arlington Bank robbery case. He stood about five feet seven and weighed around one hundred and fifty. His eyes were probably the most attractive part of him. They were dark brown; small, gimlet-like eyes that seemed to look into the bottom of your soul, or away back into the very recesses of your mind and read the things that you were thinking. When deep in thought over some knotty problem in criminality he invariably chewed on the end of an unlighted cigar and twirled between the thumb and forefinger of his left hand a small pocket knife.

At two o'clock on the afternoon following the burglary, he sat in the Arlington National Bank talking with President Barker and the Board of Directors. He had made a thorough examination of the wrecked safe and the vault. He had talked with the bank watchman, Kelly, and the two cops who had been held up, bound and gagged by the burglars. He took down a word for word statement of everything that was said. He interviewed the burglar alarm representatives and Mr. Watts of the Harlan Automatic Time Lock Safe Company, and when he had finished he made these remarks:

"This job is the work of some master criminal. New methods and a new explosive have been used. I know every bank burglar that has been operating in this country and Europe for the past twenty-five years and I know that there isn't one of them who could open this safe. The fellow that engineered this job is a brainy crook, a newcomer. I'll stake my reputation on that. It is the first bank burglary that I've ever investigated that I didn't find a clue of some kind or other. Of course Mr. Barker's description of the gold tooth and the lisp in the voice of the burglar with whom he talked in the uniform of a Police Captain is going to be of inestimable help to me, but I have a hunch that I'm starting out on a long trail. I'll get 'im, you can depend upon that, so I'll just ask you gentlemen to be patient for a while." He looked at his watch and then announced that he intended to catch the four o'clock train for New York.

"I shall phone our New York chairman of the American Bankers Association to meet you at the Knickerbocker at seven," said Mr. Barker. "He'll probably want to know all the details of the robbery and confirm our employment of you."

"Very well, sir," he replied, "I'll be glad to see him. Good afternoon, gentlemen," he said as he left them.

"Good day, Mr. Morrisey, good luck to you."

IT was close to seven-thirty when Blackey and Jimmy woke up. The glittering, silver-like rays from the bright, full moon in the star spangled vault above came streaming through the snow white lace curtains and flooded the room with light. Blackey got up, closed the window and stood looking out over the park. He was strangely fascinated by the delicate loveliness of the moon. With a sweep of his eyes he took in the ultra-fashionable Hotel Plaza, the Netherland's and the Savoy. He stood and looked and thought. In his revery he traversed Fifth Avenue from Fifty-ninth to Sixty-fifth Street with its mansions of wealth and splendor; its liveried limousines, finely gowned women and its luxury-ridden men. And then he had a dim memory of wandering through a labyrinth of the sordid homes of the poverty-stricken tenements on the densely populated east side. He saw privation, misery and sorrow everywhere; poorly clothed, ill-fed men, women and children. A contemptuous sneer flitted across his face and his eyes glowed with indignation as he turned from the window and muttered to himself.

"One feasts, the other starves. One revels in luxury while the other wallows in the mire of want, and yet they talk of equality of opportunity, honor and the golden rule and the brotherhood of man. Fine bunk! Fine bunk! It's the greed of the rich that manufactures the conditions in society out of which criminals are produced. No—it's no crime to plunder their banks to help those that need help—no—I'm sure it isn't."

He phoned for the evening papers and then jumped into the bath.

Jimmy received the papers when the boy brought them to the apartment and immediately began to devour them looking for an account of the robbery.

Across the front page of the Evening Mail he read:

"Bank burglars rob the Arlington National Bank in Philadelphia, getting away with approximately $350.000 in cash and negotiable securities. The supposedly burglar-proof Harlan Automatic Time Lock Safe blown to smithereens. One of the cleverest pieces of work in the history of American crime and evidently the work of a master criminal mind." Jimmy's face lit up with a smile as he read this last statement; he continued on with the story:

"The American Bankers Association has called in the celebrated detective, Mike Morrisey, of Boston, to handle the case, who says that he is not going to waste any time combing the hangouts of the underworld looking for the burglar who engineered this robbery in the uniform of a Police Captain. Says he will land the robbers within forty-eight hours."

Jimmy stopped reading right there and dashed into the bathroom to Blackey shouting:

"It's all off, Blackey, it's all off! They got dat guy Morrisey on de job. We better beat it, we better beat it I tell you or he'll get us sure. Dat guy has sent more jug men to de stir than all the rest of the dicks in the country put together."

"Give me the paper," said Blackey, "and quit your raving."

Jimmy handed him the paper and he read it as though he were reading the stock quotations, and when he finished he handed it back to Jimmy remarking:

"Why so worried about this man Morrisey?"

"Dat guy will worry anybody," replied Jimmy.

"Forget him, Jimmy, forget him," declared Blackey.

"Forget 'im," repeated Jimmy, "how are y' going to ferget a guy like dat? Do y' know that he is the mug dat sent Mark Shinburn, Jimmy Hope, Tommy White, Jimmy Hahn and all the rest of the jug men to da boob? Do y' know dat?"

"Have you ever seen him?"

"Sure," said Jimmy.

"What does he look like, what age man is he?"

"He's a little short guy, wid a little mustache."

"How tall is he?" inquired Blackey.

"He's about five foot seven."

"What color is the mustache?"

"Kind'a brown," replied Jimmy, "wid a little grey in it."

"How old did you say he was?"

"About forty-seven or forty-eight."

"Does he know you? Ever arrest you?"

"No," answered Jimmy, "never."

"How long have you known him?"

"About six years," said Jimmy, "I used to play ball wid his boy, Johnny, when I lived in Boston."

"Sure you were never arrested in Boston, are you?"

"Never."

"I don't see any occasion for being so much alarmed about this fellow Morrisey," said Blackey, "so forget about him."

As a matter of fact Blackey was considerably alarmed over Morrisey being in on the case. He had read something about his activities in hunting criminals both in this country and abroad, and while he was wrought up just a little over the matter he gave no outward indications of it and went on with his bath.

Jimmy's face was a study. It was perfectly evident that he was doing a lot of thinking. He knew Morrisey as no other underworld character knew him and he feared him more than all the rest of the dicks in the country put together. He was a picture of deep thought as he sat with his head between his hands.

When Blackey finished his bath he picked up the paper and began to read it more attentively. When he came to the part of the story where it stated that the burglar who was in the bank in the uniform of the Police Captain had a gold tooth and talked with a decided lisp he laughed and said to Jimmy.

"I see they remembered my feigned lisp all right, Jimmy, they didn't forget the good tooth, either, so I guess I had better take this piece of gold out of my tooth right now. That little subterfuge has thrown them off the trail."

"If you think that will throw Morrisey off your trail you're bugs," replied Jimmy.

The ringing of the phone interrupted their conversation. Blackey got up and went over to answer it.

"Mr. Biddle calling you, Mr. Kennard, shall I connect him?"

"Yes, put him on," said Blackey.

"Hello, Jack," came the voice over the wire.

"Hello, there, George," replied Blackey.

"I want you to have dinner with me tonight."

"All right," answered Blackey, "what time and where?"

"The Knickerbocker Grill at eight-thirty. How's that suit you?"

"All right."

"I have an interesting friend who wants to meet you," said Biddle.

"Who is she?" laughed Blackey.

"It isn't a she," replied Biddle, "it's a he, a detective.

"A detective? What detective?" inquired Blackey.

"It's a man you've heard of, Detective Morrisey," said George.

(*Continued next week*)

A Fiery Romance of Love

by Montanye Perry

SECOND INSTALMENT

Doris, snatched from the yellow car to the motorcycle, seeing the trees, the telephone poles and fences melt together in a swift blur, was not in the least frightened. When a girl earns her daily bread by being snatched from one harrowing predicament into another, she isn't easily scared or upset. The reason for her Cave Man's precipitate action had not dawned on her, but her instinctive faith in him was still strong. She threw a sidewise glance at him, but his form and features were only a part of the zig-zag lines that made up the kaleidoscopic scenery.

"The speed-cops will get you if you don't watch out!" she shrilled at him presently.

"If I land you in jail you'll be safe from kidnappers, anyhow," he roared back.

"My goodness!" chuckled Doris to her suddenly enlightened self. "Of course! He thought I was really being kidnapped! He doesn't know I'm an actress. He thinks I'm somebody's pampered darling being carried off for ransom! He thinks poor old Jimpsey was a desperate villain. He thinks he's a bold hero who has saved me!"

Instantly her mind was made up. He had been a hero—in intent, and in deed. He had been quick, resourceful, superbly daring. Well, he shouldn't be made to feel ridiculous. She would *not* enlighten him.

"What an awful anti-climax if I said to him, 'Oh, that was only a movie melodrama you interrupted,'" she mused. "No, he's my hero. I wonder if I ought to sob on his shoulder. Well, I couldn't while we are going so fast, anyhow."

But the cycle was slowing down. A moment, and it stopped. He threw a quick glance back at the long stretch of road, miraculously empty of all traffic for a moment.

"Here's where we rest," he said, and lifted her from the seat. "Run up there behind that clump of shrubs and keep still. *Quick!*"

Obediently, Doris whisked herself out of sight behind a huge bunch of rhododendrons that topped a green bank a few feet back from the boulevard. An instant later a car came into sight, another, another. He fussed with the brakes while they passed without a glance at him. When the road was clear again he lifted his cycle and came with it to the shelter of the rhododendrons.

"I don't think there's any chance of that scamp following us," he said. "but it's just as well to lay up for a spell and make sure. Jove! You took it well. Most girls would have yelled their heads off. You'd have been a wonder in France!"

"But they wouldn't take me," she sighed. "I even told a lie, and I'm truthful, really. I *said* I was *twenty-six*, but the Red Cross didn't believe me, and the Y. M. C. A. just jeered at me!"

"How discerning of them!" he laughed. "Of course you looked at least forty! Oh, well, I'm glad you didn't get across." His eyes were moody again and the deep lines had settled around his mouth, ageing him twenty years. "It's good to have someone left in the world who can shut their eyes without seeing horrors!"

"Don't shut your eyes," she said. Impulsively her hand went out to lie for an instant on his sleeve. "Look at me. I'm not a horror exactly. Think what you've done for me, and I haven't even tried to thank you."

"Don't! It wouldn't be right, really, when I'm thanking Fate, over and over, in my heart, for giving me a chance. I thought I'd never see you again. My mind was made up not to follow you. But my feet just walked themselves in the direction you took—and there was my chance. Hush-sh-sh!"

Abruptly, his hand closed over hers. As they talked he had been breaking away twigs until he had a little space through which he could look up the road they had come. And now the yellow car had flashed into sight, coming on at a furious pace. Doris had a glimpse of the man at the wheel, his face grotesque in its makeup, set and determined. Just abreast of them he slowed, suddenly, and came to a resounding stop. For a moment his eyes scanned everything in sight.

SYNOPSIS

Doris Dalrymple, beautiful screen star, out with her company on location 'wanders away during a lull in the work and meets a young man, Jerry Griswold, former soldier, who is now out of work. He tells her of his ambitions and she sympathizes with him.

She then starts back to where the company are staging the next scene and Jerry, following her with his eyes, sees her picked by a man in a yellow racer and thinks she is kidnapped. In reality, she is merely taken up by one of the players in a scene they are working on but Jerry, not knowing this, steals a motorcycle standing near follows the yellow car.

Doris and her companion stop their car and the man, Jimpsey, the villian of the company, goes into a store, while Jerry following on his machine, perceives his advantage and, swooping down on the motionless car, snatches Doris and dashes away just as Jimpsey comes out of the doorway. He also thinks Doris is being kidnapped and, in turn follows the fleeing motorcycle.

When they lingered an instant on the clump of rhododendrons her heart began to thump as if real danger threatened, and the pressure on her fingers tightened reassuringly.

"He can't help seeing my light frock," she thought, and realized in the same instant that the rose color of it would be only a part of the masses of pink and white bloom, from Jimpsey's viewpoint.

How clever the man beside her was to have seen that and hidden her there instead of in the clump of yellow gorse a few yards away!

It seemed an hour to Doris before Jimpsey humped himself over the wheel and the yellow car darted ahead again. Promptly, yet with an impression of reluctance, the man released her fingers.

"Now we know where we are at," he said. "I wonder what the brute thought he could do if he found you. Take you away from me, I suppose. Well, anybody'd have to go some to get you away from me, now."

Her laughter rippled out. He flushed, and fell back to earth with a jar. "I must get you home, right away," he said almost brusquely. "Your family will be frantic. Someone was with you at the park, of course. Do they realize what happened?"

A swift vision of Tony Valentine, ranting up and down on the green grass plot, wondering why his star and his heavy man took so long about their elopement shot through Doris' mind and she laughed again.

"I had just slipped out of sight of—of my maid," she said. "It's not the first time. She'll think I went home by subway. She'll go storming back with the chauffeur. They won't *worry* at home, as long as I'm not too late. They'll only be awfully angry."

"There. I did that very well!" she told herself. "I never knew I had so much imagination. Maybe I could write scenarios!"

"Well, I suppose we must start," he said, but he made no move. It was cool and pleasant there, with the breeze just stirring the clumps of pink and white bloom and the sun bringing up a faint, spicy fragrance from the warm earth all around. Doris knew she should rush to a telephone, get a message to the studio, to Tony Valentine, to poor Jimpsey. But instead she turned her brown eyes on her caveman, reducing him to utter helplessness.

"Tell me about yourself," she demanded. "What can you do, and what kind of job do you want, and—and everything."

"My name is Gerald Griswold, commonly known as Jerry," he answered promptly. "Like Lochinvar I came out of the west, with high ambitions, but unlike him, my steed was *not* the best through all the wide border. It didn't carry me anywhere—only as far as the chorus. Then the war came, and—and that's all."

"That's just the beginning. But of course you won't tell about the war—none of the nice men will. So we'll get down to the present. What can you *do?*"

He threw back his head with a joyous abandonment of mirth that she had not seen in him before. "For a daughter of luxury, you've got a practical turn of mind," he declared. "I bet your dad made his money himself! Well, I can sing, but I *won't!* I'm through with that kind of stuff. And I can run anything that has an engine it it."

"Engineering is a good profession," she mused.

"It is. But I don't know engineering. I just have a knack of making anything *go*, you know."

"How wonderful! The only thing I can make go is a rocking chair. Can you fly? Were you in aviation?"

"I wasn't—worse luck! Or worse judgment, rather. I joined up with the first thing at hand, which happened to be the signal corps. But there were chances to fly with other fellows, odd times, and of course I took 'em. I could handle the things all right. If the armistice had held off I might have got a transfer to aviation."

"I see. Well, there are some awfully good jobs for men who can handle planes and motors and *all* engine-y things. With the right introductions . . ." She was thinking aloud now, wrinkling her nose in the absurd little way she had when considering a thing seriously. He stiffened at once.

"Thank you. But I'll find something soon. In fact, I have two or three rather good prospects. Which reminds me that I must call on one of them this evening. Where shall I take you?"

"Proud and independent. Won't have a girl helping him get a job. Just the same I'll tell Tony about him. He's so good-looking and maybe he would think doing studio thrillers was a man-size job," thought Doris, approving even while she regretted. Aloud she said, "If you are going into the city suppose you drop me anywhere that won't take you out of your way. I can get a car or a cab, or walk. I live in the East Sixties."

"I'll take you there, of course," he insisted. "I don't intend to leave you until I know you are safely home."

But in the end he was persuaded to let her down on the Avenue. In truth she was afraid Jimpsey might be hovering in front of the very small and exclusive hotel where she lived. Then the truth would come out. It hadn't occurred to her that Jimpsey would think she had been kidnapped. She expected him to scold her furiously for a mad prank and a wasted afternoon. And Tony—*what* would Tony say?

But the reason she invented for not letting Jerry take her home sounded improvised and bungling to him and hurt him bitterly. She didn't want him to know just where she lived, he thought; she was afraid he would presume, would ask to call! He became suddenly very cold and formal, standing on the curb, hatless, hand outheld to say goodbye. The heart of Doris sank, desolately. How *could* she manage another meeting without taking from him the glow of heroism? And he was so good-looking, and so *real!*

So because of her real sweetness and sincerity, she bungled the matter still more! "I *want* to see you again," she declared frankly, "I'm just wondering how, or where. You see it's different, because——"

And then Jerry Griswold touched the heights of the decent instincts and good breeding which really were his by birth and training. For, though his heart was sick with longing to see this darling of fortune again, and again, and *again*, he compelled his lips to say clearly and crisply:

"Don't wonder, or trouble. I quite understand. It has been a pleasure to know you, even for a few hours. Good-bye, Miss Rose-Girl."

So final was his tone, so definitely was she dismissed that her eyes filled with tears, like a scolded child's. "I haven't told you my name, have I?" she faltered. "I didn't *mean* not to."

"I'll just remember you—*always!*—as Miss Rose-girl," he said, and though his eyes yearned his tones were firm.

"Then good-bye," she said, and turned quickly. Jerry's eyes followed her with longing, but he held himself there until she rounded a corner. Then he followed, wheeling the cycle beside him. It was no part of his plan to let her out of his care until she was safe, but he would keep so far behind she could not know.

There was a high iron fence encircling this corner lot and back of the fence a tall green hedge. Jerry, rounding the corner onto the side street, saw a blue limousine standing a few rods down, beside the curb. A very smart chauffeur, touching his hat civilly, was just speaking to Doris. She turned, rather surprised and undetermined apparently, toward the car. The chauffeur, hurrying her along a little, it seemed, flung open the door.

"Her chauffeur and maid beat her home," Jerry thought, amusedly. "Good sports to wait for her and not tell. I'll bet they worship the ground her little feet walk on."

And then, with her foot on the step, Doris suddenly gave a little scream—a scream that was promptly stifled by someone inside who put out a hand that covered her lips while the chauffeur thrust her into the car and banged the door.

For the second time that day Jerry fell onto the motorcycle and dashed forward, but with one spring the chauffeur had taken the wheel and the blue car was running swiftly eastward.

"That was a man's hand," Jerry told himself, riding close behind the speeding car. "That wretch evidently knew where she lived. He left the yellow car, got the blue closed one, and hung 'round. He used his bean while I like a fool let her go like that. He's got her now, the dirty scoundrel. But if I keep them in sight he can't——"

His reflections ceased abruptly. For there, standing on the curb beside his yellow roadster, in front of a smart little hotel, was the man whom Jerry was anathematizing. His eyes were open very wide, his mouth, too, was open. In short he was staring in the manner commonly known as pop-eyed at the fleeting limousine and the pursuing motor cycle.

As they passed, Jerry out of the tail of his eye saw the man spring into the yellow car and step on the gas.

"It's an accomplice of his in the blue car," Jerry decided. "He was waiting for it. Well, he'll find I'm in the game to stay!"

"He maneuvered her into that blue machine somehow," Jimpsey was deciding as his car took up the task of trailing Jerry. "It's plain as day. Closed car, curtains all drawn tight. And him following along behind. Well, he'll find I'm in the game to stay!"

The smart chauffeur whirled his blue car around a corner, turning south. Jerry whirled his red Indian around the corner, keeping close behind. Jimpsey essayed the same whirl with the yellow roadster. A taxicab whose driver was running under a bribe to make the Seventy-second Street subway by five-fifteen, shot out to pass another car. Jimpsey swerved to one side sharply. He escaped a collision. But right there the street had been torn up for one of the never-ending repairs to New York's sewage system. A red flag warned of danger, but that didn't help Jimpsey.

Two wheels of the yellow roadster went into the excavation, which fortunately was too narrow to take it all in. Jimpsey was hurled out, landing in the heap of soft dirt that had been thrown up by the excavators. Even with that good luck, he was stunned by the shock and the car had two tires punctured. Jerry, who had slowed down to watch, grinned gleefully and uncharitably.

"He's out of it for a little while, anyhow," he exulted, and spurted ahead to regain his position next to the blue car, which was just edging into the tangle of traffic at the Queensborough Bridge.

"Here, you! You! You with the Indian!"

Jerry heard the voice, sharp, authoritative, but it conveyed nothing to him. He had to dodge ahead of two Fords, a Pierce Arrow and a mail truck, and regain his position by the blue car. They were going across. Over into Long Island. Well, he would be with them. All this in one distracted minute, while the voice boomed on.

"You, there! Stop!"

A shrill whistle, a sudden, confusing stoppage of the tide of traffic all around him. A hand on his shoulder. A heavy hand.

"Say, where'd you think you're going? Know enough to stop when you're told, or don't you? Ever hear of traffic laws?"

Sickeningly, his predicament dawned on Jerry. He had broken a traffic rule. He had not sensed that the voice was bawling at him, so he had not heeded. Thus his transgression was magnified!

And as he waited miserably beside the uniformed giant whose lifted finger could send him on his way or point him to a trip to the station house, the whistle blew again. The blue car moved out on the bridge, pushing smoothly on, with scores of other cars packing in, a solid, swiftly moving mass, behind it.

DORIS, finding herself on the softly cushioned seat of the blue limousine, quite comfortable except for the firm pressure of a man's strong fingers on her red lips, subsided instantly. What was the use of struggling? It was undignified and could get her nowhere. Truly, a long experience in perilous predicaments has its advantages. The eyes that she turned on her captor were blazing with indignation rather than fear. The man was well-dressed, in a serge suit and cap, but a mask concealed all his face except a pair of very dark eyes which were regarding her with evident admiration.

"Terribly sorry to hold you like this," he said quietly. "I beg a million pardons. But I can't take a chance on your screaming, right here in the busy streets, you see. I assure you it won't be long."

An electric bulb was burning over their heads, so it was quite light in spite of the closely drawn curtains. Doris scanned the man beside her. He returned her gaze steadily and in a moment he felt the muscles of her mouth twitch beneath his fingers, as if the girl's inclination was to laugh.

"She may be a pampered darling, but she's got oodles of nerve," he thought amazedly.

And suddenly Doris put up her hands—such pretty, slim hands they were, with only one old-fashioned ring, set with a curiously tinted cameo.

Deliberately, glancing first at her fingers, then at the man to see if he was following her, then back to her hands again, she began to spell slowly, in the old two-handed alphabet that every school child has at some time used:

"I p-r-o-m-i-s-e o-n m-y h-o-n-o-r," went the pink-tipped fingers. The brown eyes went up to his and he nodded. The fingers went to their task again, "I w-o-n-t m-a-k-e a-n-y n-o-i——"

Before the word was finished he had removed his hand. "Good girl!" he approved. "I'll say you're game! Anybody'd think you got kidnapped every day!"

"And they'd think quite right," snapped Doris. "Kidnapped or something worse! But I'm usually given a chance to read up the part in advance. Now may I ask what this is all about?"

Amazedly, his eyes regarded her. With a little shrug he gave it up. The younger generation talk a queer lingo!

"I'm afraid I can't explain just yet," he said. "But you are perfectly safe. Keep that in mind, no matter what—er—what queer experiences you may have."

"How nice of you!" Again there was no fear in face or voice, only a thinly veiled sarcasm. "And may one ask where this chariot is taking me?"

"One may ask, but unfortunately one may not be answered," he smiled. "Better just let your mind rest."

Into their talk cut a shrill whistle and the car came to a halt. The girl's lips opened, and the man's hand flew up instantly, to be arrested by her look of cold scorn.

"*My* word means something," she said quietly. "Your chauffeur tricked me into this car with a lie that I wouldn't have paid the slightest attention to if my mind hadn't been completely occupied with something important. He said something about my friend Barbara wanting to see me, I believe. I hardly noticed—like a little fool! I'd be perfectly justified in breaking my word, but I never did it yet, and *you* shan't compel me to do it."

The whistle rang out again. They moved ahead rather slowly.

"The Queensborough Bridge," she murmured, wrinkling her nose in her funny little way. "Long Island—now why should anybody want me on Long Island? Is Tony going to——" She turned sharply toward her companion, a question on her lips, but thought better of it, and sank back against the cushions, her mouth closing with a determined little snap. For the next half hour she did not speak. The man, thankful to be relieved of reproaches or questioning, was silent, too.

When they came to a stop, the chauffeur spoke through the tube:

"Everything's all right."

There was real regret and reluctance in the voice that said to the girl, "I'm terribly sorry, but I've got to cover your eyes. It'll only be for a little while, and you're perfectly safe. And I may as well tell you that there's nobody to hear you if you screamed your head off."

"I have no intention of screaming my head off. And of course I cannot stop you, whatever you choose to do," said the girl. Her face was quite white now, but the defiance still lived, in eyes and voice. "My strength would be nothing beside yours."

"You're a game little girl," he said, rather huskily. And produced from his pocket a long silken scarf. She did not stir as he wrapped it closely about her eyes.

"How strong and brave you must feel," she jeered, but he made no reply except, "Now if you'll just give me your hand and walk along for a moment, I shan't have to carry you."

Disdainfully, she put her hand in his. She felt herself helped from the car, led carefully across a smooth space that felt sandy, over some rather jagged rocks, guided to a seat in something that rocked a little.

"A boat," she thought.

"Remember, you're quite safe," said the familiar voice, and as she felt the boat shoot through the water she realized that she was leaving the man of the blue car on the shore. For the first time real fear clutched at her heart. She bit her lips and felt herself turning faint. With a little shudder she lifted both hands to her lips, determined not to let them cry out.

"Nothing ain't going to hurt you, miss," said a man's voice. "It's only a short run. Keep your nerve up. You're safe."

The voice was rough, the speech uncultivated. What would this new captor be like, she wondered. He would not be a gentleman in appearance, like the other one? Where was she going? What for? What possible object could anyone have in stealing her? Would Jimpsey and Tony look for her, or would they, maybe, think she had really eloped with the man of the motorcycle? Was she simply going out on a new location and was the director doing this to punish her for her afternoon's madness?

The boat seemed to be making good speed. She could hear the engine purring, and now and then a slight movement from the man whom she knew must be at the wheel. Desperately she fought, and conquered her panic. By the time she heard the engine shut off and the boat came to a stop she had herself well in hand.

"Just set perfectly still for a minute, *if* you please," said the man. "I'll pull the boat up and have you out of there in a jiffy."

He seemed to be bringing the boat alongside a landing place now. In a moment she heard, to her immeasurable relief, a woman's voice, full-throated and rather pleasant.

"Well, you've brought our guest, haven't you? Let me get in there and take that scarf off her. I guess she'd like to be able to see about her again. There, my dear, everything's all right."

Doris felt deft hands wrestling capably with the knot in the scarf. An instant and it fell from her face. A woman, with a pleasant face and kindly twinkling eyes, was bending over her, stretching a hand from the rock on which she stood.

"Come," she said, "don't worry. Nothing's going to hurt you. And supper's all ready for you."

Doris glanced about her for an instant. The boat had been run into a narrow inlet, and was shut in by rocks. So there was nothing to see but the rocks, the woman, tall and blonde and rather splendidly built, and the man, short and dark, with snapping black eyes and a cool, almost expressionless face.

"Come on," urged the woman again.

Doris rose, rather stiffly, glad to accept the aid of the friendly hand. From the point where the woman stood a flight of rough steps had been cut in the stones. These they ascended, the woman keeping her reassuring grasp on the girl's hand. At the top, Doris stopped, with a little cry.

"Oh, a *lighthouse!*" she gasped. "I never saw one close at hand before. Do you live here? Are we going to have a scene here?"

The man and woman exchanged quick, puzzled glances before the woman spoke. "No scenes, I hope, miss. You're just going to make us a little visit and rest up a bit. See, we have to go up the ladder. Are you afraid to climb?"

Doris glanced at the ladder, a narrow one, of iron, painted red. It ran straight up, probably a hundred feet, to a balcony surrounding the tall circular structure.

"Me, afraid of a little stunt like that?" she laughed. "I wish I never had anything worse to do." Lightly she ran up, ahead of them both, while they looked at each other in puzzled surprise.

"Lord, if she'd get hurt here," growled the man, and the woman hurried up the ladder. Doris was standing on the narrow balcony, looking at the tossing waters that stretched away on every side. Off to the west the sun was dropping into the waves, turning them to molten gold, and a blaze of glory ran up the sky, melting off into vivid crimsons that paled into rose and amber. From the east twilight came creeping, dulling the blueness of the waters. The girl had forgotten all fear, all uneasiness. Her eyes were like twin stars as she turned to her new hostess.

"I never saw anything so beautiful," she cried. "Do you live here all the time? It makes one feel so—so clean, somehow, and holy, doesn't it? And so glad to be alive!"

Beside her the man spoke, civilly enough.

"I've got to report back to mainland before I eat," he said. "You two needn't wait. And I've got to have something of yours to take back with me, miss. Something that can't be mistook. I reckon that ring will do as well as anything."

"My ring?" Her eyes had widened and darkened. "But I can't give that up! Why should you take my ring from me?"

"You'll get it back, miss," put in the woman reassuringly.

"But I can't let it go. It—it was my mother's ring."

"Well, what of it?" demanded the man. "Your mother won't care. She'll be glad enough to see it. Don't keep me waiting, please, miss."

"Glad to see it? You don't understand. My mother is dead. She's been dead three years."

"She's been——" abruptly, the woman broke off, staring at the man who returned her gaze, his jaw dropping foolishly. They seemed to be asking each other silent questions to which they found no answers. And suddenly Doris stamped her foot imperiously.

(*Continued on page* 31)

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE

"The Business of Life"

(*Continued from page* 10)

"I'm not in the habit of leaving a sinking ship," he said curtly.

"Then—you will marry me—when——" She stopped short and turned very white. After a moment the door-bell rang again.

Desboro glanced at the clock, then shrugged

"Wh—who is it?" she faltered

"It's probably somebody after you, Elena"

"It can't be. He wouldn't come, would he?"

The bell sounded again.

"What are you going to do?" she breathed.

"Do? Let him in."

"Wha do you think it is?"

"Your husband of course."

"Then—why are you going to let him in?"

"To talk it over with him."

"But—but I don't know what he'll do. I don't know him, I tell you. What do I know about him—except that he's big and red? How do I know what might be hidden behind that fixed grin of his?"

"Well, we'll find out in a minute or to," said Desboro coolly.

"Jim! You must stand by me now!"

"I've done it so far, haven't I? You needn't worry."

"You won't let him take me back! He can't, can he?"

"Not if you refuse to go. But you won't refuse—if he's man enough to ask you to return."

"But—suppose he won't ask me to go back?"

"In that case I'll stand for what you've done. I'll marry you if he means to disgrace you. Now let's see what he does mean."

She caught his sleeve as he passed her, then let it go. The steady ringing of the bell was confusing and terrifying her, and she glanced about her like a trapped creature, listening to the distant jingling of chains and the click of bolts as Desboro undid the outer door.

Silence, then a far sound in the hall, footsteps coming nearer, nearer; and she dropped stiffly on the sofa as Desboro entered, followed by Cary Clydesdale in fur motor cap, coat and steaming goggles.

Desboro motioned her husband to a chair, but the man stood looking at his wife through his goggles, with a silly, fixed grin stamped on his features. Then he drew off the goggles and one fur gauntlet, fumbled in his overcoat, produced the crumpled note which she had left for him, laid it on the table between them, and sat down heavily, filling the leather armchair with his bulk. His bare red hand steamed. After a moment's silence, he pointed at the note.

"Well," she said, with an effort, "what of it! It's true—what this letter says."

"It isn't true yet, is it?" asked Clydesdale simply.

"What do you mean?"

But Desboro understood him, and answered for her with a calm shake of his head. Then the wife understood, too, and the deep color dyed her skin from throat to brow.

"Why do you come here—after reading that?" She pointed at the letter. "Didn't you read it?"

Clydesdale passed his hand slowly over his perplexed eyes.

"I came to take you home. The car is here."

"Didn't you understand what I wrote? Isn't it plain enough?" she demanded excitedly.

"No. You'd better get ready, Elena."

"Is that as much of a man as you are—when I tell you I'd rather be Mr. Desboro's——"

Something behind the fixed grin on her husband's face made her hesitate and falter. Then he swung heavily around and looked at Desboro.

"How much are you in this, anyway?" he asked, still grinning.

"Do you expect an answer?"

"I think I'll get one."

"I think you won't get one out of me."

"Oh. So you're at the bottom of it all, are you?"

"No doubt. A woman doesn't do such a thing unpersuaded. If you don't know enough to look after your own wife, there are plenty of men who'll apply for the job—as I did."

"You're a very rotten scoundrel, aren't you?" said Clydesdale, grinning.

"Oh, so-so."

Clydesdale sat very still, his grin unchanged, and Desboro looked him over coolly.

"Now, what do you want to do? You and Mrs. Clydesdale can remain here to-night, if you wish. There are plenty of bedrooms——"

Clydesdale rose, bulking huge and menacing in his furs; but Desboro, sitting on the edge of the table, continued to swing one foot gently, smiling at danger.

And Clydesdale hesitated, then veered around toward his wife, with the heavy movement of a perplexed and tortured bear.

"Get your furs on," he said, in a dull voice.

"Do you wish me to go home?"

"Get your furs on!"

"Do you wish me to go home, Cary?"

"Yes. Good God! What do you suppose I came here for?"

She walked over to Desboro and held out her hand:

"No wonder women like you. Good-bye—and if I come again—may I remain?"

"Don't come," he said, smiling, and holding her coat for her.

Clydesdale strode forward, took the fur garment from Desboro's hands, and held it open. His wife looked up at him, shrugged her shoulders, and suffered him to invest her with the coat.

After a moment Desboro said:

"Clydesdale, I am not your enemy. I wish you good luck."

"You go to hell," said Clydesdale thickly.

Mrs. Clydesdale moved toward the door, her husband on one side, Desboro on the other, and so, along the hall in silence, and out to the porch, where the glare of the acetylenes lighted up the frozen drive.

"It feels like rain," observed Desboro. "Not a very gay outlook for Christmas. All the same, I wish you a happy one, Elena. And, really, I believe you could have it, if you cared to."

"Thank you, Jim. You have been mistakenly kind to me. I am afraid you will have to be crueller some day. Good-bye—till then."

Clydesdale had descended to the drive and was conferring with the chauffeur. Now he turned and looked up at his wife. She went down the steps with Desboro, and he nodded good-night. Clydesdale put her into the limousine and then got in after her.

A few moments later the red tail-lamp of the motor disappeared among the trees bordering the drive, and Desboro turned and walked back into the house.

"That," he said aloud to himself, "settles the damned species for me! Let the next one look out for herself!"

He sauntered back into the library. The letter that she had left for her husband still lay on the table, apparently forgotten.

"A fine specimen of logic," he said. "She doesn't get on with him, so she decides to use Jim to jimmy the lock of wedlock! A white man can understand the Orientals better."

He glanced at the clock, and decided that there was no sense in going to bed, so he composed himself on the haircloth sofa once more, lighted a cigarette, and began to read, coolly using the note she had left, as a bookmark.

It was dawn before he closed the book and went away to bathe and change his attire.

While breakfasting he glanced out and saw that it had begun to rain. A green Christmas for day after to-morrow! And, thinking of Christmas, he thought of a girl he knew who usually wore blue, and what sort of a gift he had better send her when he went to the city that morning.

But he didn't go. He called up a jeweler and gave directions what to send and where to send it.

Then, listless, depressed, he idled about the great house, putting off instinctively the paramount issue—the necessary investigation of his finances. But he had evaded it too long to attempt it lightly now. It was only a question of days before he'd have to take up in deadly earnest the question of how to pay his debts. He knew it; and it made him yawn with disgust.

After luncheon he wrote a letter to one Jean Louis Nevers, a New York dealers in antiques, saying that he would drop in some day after Christmas to consult Mr. Nevers on a matter of private business.

And that is as far as he got with his very vague plan for paying off an accumulation of debts which, at last, were seriously annoying him.

The remainder of the day he spent tramping about the woods of Westchester with a pack of nondescript dogs belonging to him. He liked to walk in the rain; he liked his mongrels.

In the evening he resumed his attitude of unstudied elegance on the sofa, also his book; using Mrs. Clydesdale's note again to mark his place.

Mrs. Quant ventured to knock, bringing some "magic drops," which he smilingly refused. Farris announced dinner, and he dined as usual, surrounded by dogs and cats, all very cordial toward the master of Silverwood, who was unvaryingly so just and so kind to them.

After dinner he lighted a pipe, thought idly of the girl in blue, hoped she'd like his gift of aquamarines, and picked up his book again, yawning.

He had had about enough of Silverwood, and he was realizing it. He had had more than enough of women, too.

The next day, riding one of his weedy hunters over Silverwood estate, he encountered the daughter of a neighbor, an old playmate of his when summer days were half a year long, and yesterdays immediately became embedded in the middle of the middle ages.

She was riding a fretful, handsome, Kentucky three-year-old, and sitting ponchalantly to his exasperating and jiggling gait.

The girl was one Daisy Hammerton—the sort men call "square" and "white," and a "good fellow"; but she was softly rounded and dark, and very feminine.

She bade him good morning in a friendly voice; and her voice and manner might well have been different, for Desboro had not behaved very civilly toward her or toward her family, or to any of his Westchester neighbors for that matter; and the rumors of his behavior in New York were anything but pleasant to a young girl's ears. So her cordiality was the more to her credit.

He made rather shame-faced inquiries about her and her parents, but she lightly put him at his ease, and they turned into the woods together on the old and unembarrassed terms of comradeship.

"Captain Herrendene is back. Did you know it?" she asked.

"Nice old bird," commented Desboro. "I must look him up. Where did he come from—Luzon?"

"Yes. He wrote us. Why don't you ask him up for the skating, Jim?"

"What skating?" said Desboro, with a laugh. "It will be a green Christmas, Daisy—it's going to rain again. Besides," he added, "I shan't be here much longer."

"Oh, I'm sorry."

He reddened. "You always were the sweetest thing in Westchester. Fancy your being sorry that I'm going back to town when I've never once ridden over to see you as long as I've been here!"

She laughed. "We've known each other too long to let such things make any real difference. But you have been a trifle negligent."

"Daisy, dear, I'm that way in everything. If anybody asked me to name the one person I would not neglect, I'd name you. But you see what happens—even to you! I don't know—I don't seem to have any character. I don't know what's the matter with me——"

"I'm afraid that you have no beliefs, Jim."

"How can I have any when the world is so rotten after nineteen hundred years of Christianity?"

"I have not found it rotten."

"No, because you live in a clean and wholesome circle."

"Why don't you, too? You can live where you please, can't you?"

He laughed and waved his hand toward the horizon.

"You know what the Desboros have always been. You needn't pretend you don't. All Westchester has it in for us. But relief is in sight," he added, with mock seriousness. "I'm the last of 'em, and your children, Daisy, won't have to endure the morally painful necessity of tolerating anybody of my name in the county."

She smiled: "Jim, you could be so nice if you only would."

"What! With no beliefs?"

"They're so easily acquired."

"Not in New York town, Daisy."

"Perhaps not among the people you affect. But such people really count for so little—they are only a small but noisy section of a vast and quiet and wholesome community. And the noise and cynicism are both based on idleness, Jim. Nobody who is busy is destitute of beliefs. Nobody who is responsible can avoid ideals."

"Quite right," he said. "I am idle and irresponsible. But, Daisy, it's as much a part of me as are my legs and arms, and head and body. I am not stupid; I have plenty of mental resources; I am never bored; I enjoy my drift through life in an empty tub as much as the man who pulls furiously through it in a rowboat loaded with ambitions, ballasted with brightly moral resolves, and buffeted by the cross seas of duty and conscience. That's rather neat, isn't it?"

"You can't drift safely very long without ballast," said the girl, smiling.

"Watch me."

She did not answer that she had been watching him for the last few years, or tell him how it had hurt her to hear his name linked with the gossip of fashionably vapid doings among idle and vapid people. For his had been an inheritance of ability and culture, and the leisure to develop both. Out of idleness and easy virtue had at last emerged three generations of Desboros full of energy and almost ruthless ability—his great-grandfather, grandfather and father—but he, the fourth generation, was throwing back into the melting pot all that his father and grandfathers had carried from it—even the material part of it. Land and fortune, were beginning to disappear, together with the sturdy mental and moral qualities of a race that had almost overcome its vicious origin under the vicious Stuarts. Only the physical stamina as yet seemed to remain intact; for Desboro was good to look upon.

"An odd thing happened the other night—or, rather, early in the morning," she said. "We were awakened by a hammering at the door and a horn blowing—and guess who it was?"

"Not Gabriel—though you look immortally angelic to-day——"

"Thank you, Jim. No; it was Cary and Elena Clydesdale, saying that their car had broken down. What a ridiculous hour to be motoring! Eelena was half dead with the cold,too. It seems they'd been to a party somewhere and were foolish enough to try to motor back to town. They stopped with us and took the noon train to town. Elena told me to give you her love; that's what reminded me."

"Give her mine when you see her," he said pleasantly.

When he returned to his house he sat down with a notion of trying to bring order out of the chaos into which his affairs had tumbled. But the mere sight of his desk, choked with unanswered letters and unpaid bills, sickened him, and he threw himself on the sofa and picked up his book, determined to rid himself of Silverwood House and all its curious, astonishing and costly contents.

"Tell Riley to be on hand Monday," he said to Mrs. Quant that evening. "I want the cases in the wing rooms and the stuff in the armory cleaned up, because I expect a Mr. Nevers to come here and recatalogue the entire collection next week."

"Will you be at home, Mr. James?" she asked anxiously.

"No. I'm going South, duck-shooting. See that Mr. Nevers is comfortable if he chooses to remain here; for it will take him a week or two to do his work in the armory, I suppose. So you'll have to start both furnaces to-morrow, and keep open fires going, or the man will freeze solid. You understand, don't you?"

"Yes, sir. And if you are going away, Mr. James, I could pack a little bottle of 'magic drops'——"

"By all means," he said, with good-humored resignation.

He spent the evening fussing over his guns and ammunition, determined to go to New York in the morning. But he didn't; indecision had become a habit; he knew it, and wondered a little at himself for his lack of decision.

He was deadly weary of Silverwood, but too lazy to leave; and it made him think of the laziest dog on record, who yelped all day because he had sat down on a tack and was too lazy to get up.

So it was not until the middle of Christmas week that Desboro summoned up sufficient energy to start for New York. And when at last he was on the train, he made up his mind that he wouldn't return to Silverwood in a hurry.

But that plan was one of the mice-like plans men make so confidently under the eternal skies.

DESBORO arrived in town on a late train. It was raining, so he drove to his rooms, exchanged his overcoat for a raincoat, and went out into the downpour again, undisturbed, disdaining an umbrella.

In a quarter of an hour's vigorous walking he came to the celebrated antique shop of Louis Nevers, and entered, letting in a gust of wind and rain at his heels.

Everywhere in the semi-gloom of the place objects loomed mysteriously, their outlines lost in shadow except where, here and there, a gleam of wintry daylight touched a jewel or fell across some gilded god, lotus-throned, brooding alone.

When Desboro's eyes became accustomed to the obscurity, he saw that there was armor there, complete

suits, Spanish and Milanese, and an odd Morion or two; and there were jewels in old-time settings, tapestries, silver, ivories, Hispano-Moresque lustre, jades, crystals. The subdued splendor of Chinese and Japanese armor, lacquered in turquoise, and scarlet and gold, glimmered on lay figures masked by grotesque helmets; an Ispahan rug, softly luminous, trailed across a table beside him, and on it lay a dead Sultan's scimitar, curved like the new moon, its slim blade inset with magic characters, the hilt wrought as delicately as the folded frond of a fern, graceful, exquisite, gem-incrusted.

There were a few people about the shop, customers and clerks, moving shapes in the dull light. Presently a little old salesman wearing a skull cap approached him.

"Rainy weather for Christmas week, sir. Can I be of service?"

"Thanks," said Desboro. "I came here by appointment on a matter of private business."

"Certainly, sir. I think Miss Nevers is not engaged. Kindly give me your card and I will find out."

"But I wish to see Mr. Nevers himself."

"Mr. Nevers is dead, sir."

"Oh! I didn't know——"

"Yes, sir. Mr. Nevers died two years ago." And, as Desboro remained silent and thoughtful: "Perhaps you might wish to see Miss Nevers? She has charge of everything now, including all our confidential affairs."

"No doubt," said Desboro pleasantly, "but this is an affair requiring personal judgment and expert advice——"

"I understand, sir. The gentlemen who came to see Mr. Nevers about matters requiring expert opinions now consult Miss Nevers personally."

"Who is Miss Nevers?"

"His daughter, sir." He added, with quaint pride: "The great jewelers of Fifth Avenue consult her; experts in our business often seek her advice. The Museum authorities have been pleased to speak highly of her monograph on Hurtado de Mendoza."

Desboro hesitated for a moment, then gave his card to the old salesman, who trotted away with it down the unlighted vista of the shop.

The young man's pleasantly indifferent glance rested on one object after another, not unintelligently, but without particular interest. Yet there were some very wonderful and very rare and beautiful things to be seen in the celebrated shop of the late Jean Louis Nevers.

So he stood, leaning on his walking stick, the upturned collar of his raincoat framing a face which was too colorless and worn for a man of his age; and presently the little old salesman came trotting back, the tassel on his neat silk cap bobbing with every step.

"Miss Nevers will be very glad to see you in her private office. This way, if you please, sir."

Desboro followed to the rear of the long, dusky shop, turned to the left through two more rooms full of shadowy objects dimly discerned, then traversed a tiled passage to where electric lights burned over a doorway.

The old man opened the door; Desboro entered and found himself in a square picture gallery, lighted from above, and hung all around with dark velvet curtains to protect the pictures on sale. As he closed the door behind him a woman at a distant desk turned her head, but remained seated, pen poised, looking across the room at him as he advanced. Her black gown blended so deceptively with the hangings that at first he could distinguish only the white face and throat and hands against the shadows behind her.

"Will you kindly announce me to Miss Nevers?" he said, looking around for a chair.

"I am Miss Nevers."

She closed the ledger in which she had been writing, laid aside her pen and arose. As she came forward he found himself looking at a tall girl, slim to thinness, except for the rounded oval of her face under a loose crown of yellow hair, from which a stray lock sagged untidily, curling across her cheek.

He thought: "A blue-stocking prodigy of learning, with her hair in a mess, and painted at that." But he said politely, yet with that hint of idle amusement in his voice which often sounded through his speech with women:

"Are you the Miss Nevers who has taken over this antique business, and who writes monographs on Hurtado de Mendoza?"

"Yes."

"You appear to be very young to succeed such a distinguished authority as your father, Miss Nevers."

His observation did not seem to disturb her, nor did the faintest hint of mockery in his pleasant voice. She waited quietly for him to state his business.

He said: "I came here to ask somebody's advice about engaging an expert to appraise and catalogue my collection."

And even while he was speaking he was conscious that never before had he seen such a white skin and such red lips—if they were natural. And he began to think that they might be.

He said, noticing the bright lock astray on her cheek once more:

"I suppose that I may speak to you in confidence—just as I would have spoken to your father."

She was still looking at him with the charm of youthful inquiry in her eyes.

"Certainly," she said.

She glanced down at his card which still lay on her blotter, stood a moment with her hand resting on the desk, then indicated a chair at her elbow and seated herself.

He took the chair.

"I wrote you that I'd drop in sometime this week. The note was directed to your father. I did not know he was not living."

"You are the Mr. Desboro who owns the collection of armor?" she asked.

"I am that James Philip Desboro who lives at Silverwood," he said. "Evidently you have heard of the Desboro collection of arms and armor."

"Everybody has, I think."

He said, carelessly: "Museums, amateur collectors, and students know it, and I suppose most dealers in antiques have heard of it."

"Yes, all of them, I believe."

"My house," he went on, "Silverwood, is in darkest Westchester, and my recent grandfather, who made the collection, built a wing to contain it. It's there as he left it. My father made no additions to it. Nor," he added, "have I. Now I want to ask you whether a lot of those things have not increased in value since my grandfather's day?"

"No doubt."

"And the collection is valuable?"

"I think it must be—very."

"And to determine its value I ought to have an expert go there and catalogue it and appraise it?"

"Certainly."

"Who? That's what I've come here to find out."

"Perhaps you might wish us to do it."

"Is that still part of your business?"

"It is."

"Well," he said, after a moment's thought, "I am going to sell the Desboro collection."

"Oh, I'm sorry!" she exclaimed, under her breath; and looked up to find him surprised and beginning to be amused again.

"Your attitude is not very professional—for a dealer in antiques," he said quizzically.

"I am something else, too, Mr. Desboro." She had flushed a little, not responding to his lighter tone.

"I am very sure you are," he said. "Those who really know about and care for such collections must feel sorry to see them dispersed."

"I had hoped that the Museum might have the Desboro collection some day," she said, in a low voice.

He said: "I am sorry it is not to be so," and had the grace to redden a trifle.

She played with her pen, waiting for him to continue; and she was so young, and fresh, and pretty that he was in no hurry to finish. Besides, there was something about her face that had been interesting him—an expression which made him think sometimes that she was smiling, or on the verge of it. But the slightly upcurled corners of her mouth had been fashioned so by her Maker, or perhaps had become so from some inborn gaiety of heart, leaving a faint, sweet imprint on her lips.

To watch her was becoming a pleasure. He wondered what her smile might be like—all the while pretending an absent-minded air which cloaked his idle curiosity.

She waited, undisturbed, for him to come to some conclusion. And all the while he was thinking that her lips were perhaps just a trifle too full—that there was more of Aphrodite in her face than of any saint he remembered; but her figure was thin enough for any saint. Perhaps a course of banquets—perhaps a regime under a diet list warranted to improve——

"Did you ever see the Desboro collection, Miss Nevers?" he asked vaguely.

"No."

"What expert will you send to catalogue and appraise it?"

"I could go."

"You!" he said, surprised and smiling.

"That is my profession."

"I knew, of course, that it was your father's. But I never supposed that you——"

"Did you wish to have an appraisement made, Mr. Desboro?" she interrupted dryly.

"Why, yes, I suppose so. Otherwise, I wouldn't know what to ask for anything."

"Have you really decided to sell that superb collection?" she demanded.

"What else can I do?" he inquired gayly. "I suppose the Museum ought to have it, but I can't afford to give it away or to keep it. In other words—and brutal ones—I need money."

She said gravely: "I am sorry."

And he knew that she didn't mean she was sorry because he needed money, but because the Museum was not to have the arms, armor, jades and ivories. Yet, somehow, her "I am sorry" sounded rather sweet to him.

For a while he sat silent, one knee crossed over the other, twisting the silver crook of his stick. From moment to moment she raised her eyes from the blotter to let them rest inquiringly on him, then went on tracing arabesques over her blotter with an inkless pen. One slender hand was bracketed on her hip, and he noticed the fingers, smooth and rounded as a child's. Nor could he keep his eyes from her profile, with its delicate, short nose, ever so slightly arched, and its lips, just a trifle too sensuous—and that soft lock astray again against her cheek. No, her hair was not dyed, either. And it was as though she divined his thought, for she looked up suddenly from her blotter and he instantly gazed elsewhere, feeling guilty and impertinent—sentiments not often experienced by that young man.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Miss Nevers," he concluded, "I'll write you a letter to my housekeeper, Mrs. Quant. Shall I? And you'll go up and look over the collection and let me know what you think of it!"

"Do you not expect to be there?"

"Ought I to be?"

"I really can't answer you, but it seems to me rather important that the owner of a collection should be present when the appraiser begins work."

"The fact is," he said, "I'm booked for a silly shooting trip. I'm supposed to start to-morrow."

"Then perhaps you had better write the letter. My full name is Jacqueline Nevers—if you require it. You may use my desk."

She rose; he thanked her, seated himself, and began a letter to Mrs. Quant, charging her to admit, entertain, and otherwise particularly cherish one Miss Jacqueline Nevers, and give her the keys to the armory.

While he was busy, Jacqueline Nevers paced the room backward and forward, her pretty head thoughtfully bent, hands clasped behind her, moving leisurely, absorbed in her cogitations.

Desboro ended his letter and sat for a moment watching her until, happening to glance at him, she discovered his idleness.

"Have you finished?" she asked.

A trifle out of countenance he rose and explained that he had, and laid the letter on her blotter. Realizing that she was expecting him to take his leave, he also realized that he didn't want to. And he began to spar with Destiny for time.

"I suppose this matter will require several visits from you," he inquired.

"Yes, several."

"It takes some time to catalogue and appraise such a collection, doesn't it?"

"Yes."

She answered him very sweetly but impersonally, and there seemed to be in her brief replies no encouragement for him to linger. So he started to pick up his hat, thinking as fast as he could all the while; and his facile wits saved him at the last moment.

"Well, upon my word!" he exclaimed. "Do you know that you and I have not yet discussed terms?"

"We make our usual charges," she said.

"And what are those?"

She explained briefly.

"That is for cataloguing and appraising only?"

"Yes."

"And if you sell the collection?"

"We take our usual commission."

"And you think you can sell it for me?"

"I'll have to—won't I?"

He laughed. "But can you?"

"Yes."

As the curt affirmative fell from her lips, suddenly, under all her delicate, youthful charm, Desboro divined the note of hidden strength, the self-confidence of capability—oddly at variance with her allure of lovely immaturity. Yet he might have surmised it, for though her figure was that of a girl, her face, for all its soft, fresh beauty, was a woman's, and already firmly moulded in noble lines which even the scarlet fulness of the lips could not deny. For if she had the mouth of Aphrodite, she had her brow, also.

He had not been able to make her smile, although the upcurled corners of her mouth seemed always to promise something. He wondered what her expression might be like when animated—even annoyed. And his idle curiosity led him on to the edges of impertinence.

"May I say something that I have in mind and not offend you?" he asked.

"Yes—if you wish." She lifted her eyes.

"Do you think you are old enough and experienced enough to catalogue and appraise such an important collection as this one? I thought perhaps you might prefer not to take such a responsibility upon yourself, but would rather choose to employ some veteran expert."

She was silent.

"Have I offended you?"

She walked slowly to the end of the room, turned, and, passing him a third time, looked up at him and laughed—a most enchanting little laugh—a revelation as delightful as it was unexpected.

"I believe you really want to do it yourself!" he exclaimed.

"Want to? I'm dying to! I don't think there is anything in the world I had rather try!" she said, with a sudden flush and sparkle of recklessness that transfigured her. "Do you suppose anybody in my business would willingly miss the chance of personally handling such a transaction? Of course I want to. Not only because it would be a most creditable transaction for this house—not only because it would be a profitable business undertaking, but"—and the swift, engaging smile parted her lips once more—"in a way I feel as though my own ability had been questioned——"

"By me?" he protested. "Did I actually dare question your ability?"

"Something very like it. So, naturally, I would seize an opportunity to vindicate myself—if you offer it——"

"I do offer it," he said.

"I accept."

There was a moment's indecisive silence. He picked up his hat and stick, lingering still; then:

"Good-bye, Miss Nevers. When are you going up to Silverwood?"

"To-morrow, if it quite convenient."

"Entirely. I may be there. Perhaps I can fix it—put off that shooting party for a day or two."

"I hope so."

"I hope so, too."

He walked reluctantly toward the door, turned and came all the way back.

"Perhaps you had rather I remained away from Silverwood."

"Why?"

"But, of course," he said, "there is a nice old housekeeper there, and a lot of servants——"

She laughed. "Thank you very much, Mr. Desboro. It is very nice of you, but I had not considered that at all. Business women must disregard such conventions, if they're to compete with men. I'd like you to be there, because I may have questions to ask."

"Certainly—it's very good of you. I—I'll try to be there——"

"Because I might have some very important questions to ask you," she repeated.

"Of course. I've got to be there. Haven't I?"

"It might be better for your interests."

"Then I'll be there. Well, good-bye, Miss Nevers."

"Good-bye, Mr. Desboro."

"And thank you for undertaking it," he said cordially.

"Thank you for asking me."

"Oh I'm really delighted. It's most kind of you. Good-bye Miss Nevers."

"Good-bye Mr. Desboro."

He had to go that time; and he went still retaining a confused vision of blue eyes and vivid lips and of a single lock of hair astray once more across a smooth, white cheek.

When he had gone, Jacqueline seated herself at her desk and picked up her pen. She remained so for a while, then emerged abruptly from a fit of abstraction and sorted some papers unnecessarily. When she had arranged them to her fancy, she rearranged them. Then the little Louis XIV desk interested her, and she examined the inset placques of flowered Sevres in detail, as though the little desk of tulip, satinwood and walnut had not stood there since she was a child.

Later she noticed his card on her blotter; and, face framed in her hands, she studied it so long that the card became a glimmering white patch and vanished; and before her remote gaze his phantom grew out of space, seated there in the empty chair beside her—the loosened collar of his raincoat revealing to her the most attractive face of any man she had ever looked upon in her twenty-two years of life.

Toward evening the electric lamps were lighted in the shop; rain fell more heavily outside; few people entered. She was busy with ledgers and files of old catalogues recording auction sales, the name of the purchaser and the prices pencilled on the margins in her father's curious handwriting. Also her card index aided her. Under the head of "Desboro" she was able to note what objects of interest or of art her father had bought for her recent visitor's grandfather, and the prices paid—little, indeed, in those days, compared

with what the same objects would now bring. And, continuing her search, she finally came upon an uncompleted catalogue of the Desboro collection. It was in manuscript—her father's peculiar French chirography—neat and accurate as far as it went.

Everything bearing upon the Desboro collection she bundled together and strapped with rubber bands; then, one by one, the clerks and salesmen came to report to her before closing up. She locked the safe, shut her desk, and went out to the shop, where she remained until the shutters were clamped and the last salesman had bade her a cheery good night. Then, bolting the door and double-locking it, she went up the stairs, where she had the two upper floors to herself, and a cook and chambermaid to keep house for her.

In the gaslight of the upper apartment she seemed even more slender than by daylight—her eyes bluer, her lips more scarlet. She glanced into the mirror of her dresser as she passed, pausing to twist up the unruly lock that had defied her since childhood.

Everywhere in the room Christmas was still in evidence—a tiny tree, with frivolous, glittering things still twisted and suspended among the branches, calendars, sachets, handkerchiefs still gaily tied in ribbons, flowering shrubs swathed in tissue and bows of tulle—these from her salesmen, and she had carefully but pleasantly maintained the line of demarcation by presenting each with a gold piece.

But there were other gifts—gloves and stockings, and bon-bons, and books, from the friends who were girls when she too was a child at school; and a set of volumes from Cary Clydesdale whose collection of jades she was cataloguing. The volumes were very beautiful and expensive. The gift had surprised her.

Among her childhood friends was her social niche; the circumference of their circle the limits of her social environment. They came to her and she went to them; their pastimes and pleasures were hers; and if there was not, perhaps, among them her intellectual equal, she had ben satisfied to have them hold her as a good companion who otherwise possesed much strange and perhaps useless knowledge quite beyond their compass.

So, amid these people, she had found a place prepared for her when she emerged from childhood. What lay outside of this circle she surmised with the intermittent curiosity of ignorance, or of a bystander who watches a pageant for a moment and hastens on, preoccupied with matters more familiar.

All young girls think of pleasures; she had thought of them always when the day's task was ended, and she had sought them with all the ardor of youth.

In her, mental and physical pleasure were wholesomely balanced; the keen delight of intellectual experience, the happiness of research and attainment, went hand in hand with a rather fastidious appetite for having the best time that circumstances permitted.

She danced when she had a chance, went to theatres and restaurants with her friends, bathed at Manhattan in summer, when gay parties were organized, and did the thousand innocent things that thousands of young business girls do whose lines are cast in the metropolis.

Since her father's death she had been intensely lonely; only a desperate and steady application to business had pulled her through the first year without a breakdown.

The second year she rejoincd her friends and went about again with them. Now, the third year since her father's death was already dawning; and her last prayer as the old year died had been that the new one would bring her friends and happiness.

Seated before the wood fire in her bedroom, leisurely undressing, she thought of Desboro and the business that concerned him. He was so very good looking—in the out-world manner— the manner of those who dwelt outside of orbit.

She had not been very friendly with him at first. She had wanted to be; instinct counselled reserve, and she had listened—until the very last. He had a way of laughing at her in every word—in even an ordinary business conversation. She had been conscious all the while of his half-listless interest in her, of an idle curiosity, which, before it had grown offensive, had become friendly and at times almost boyish in its naive self-disclosure. And it made her smile to remember how very long it took him to take his leave.

But—a man of that kind—a man of the out-world—with the something in his face that betrays shadows which she had never seen cast—and never would see—he was no boy. For in his face was the faint imprint of that pallid wisdom which warned. Women in his own world might ignore the warning; perhaps it did not menace them. But instinct told her that it might be difficult outside that world.

She nestled into her fire-warmed bath-robe and sat pensively fitting her bare feet into her slippers.

Men were odd: alike and unalike. Since her father's death, she had had to be careful. Wealthy gentlemen, old and young , amateurs of armour, ivories, porcelains, jewels, all clients of her father, had sometimes sent for her too many times on too many pretexts; and sometimes their paternal manner toward her had made her uncomfortable. Desboro was of that same caste. Perhaps he was not like them otherwise.

When she had bathed and dressed, she dined alone, not having any invitation for the evening. After dinner she talked on the telephone to her little friend, Cynthia Lessler, whose late father's business had been to set jewels and repair antique watches and clocks. Incidentlly, he drank and chased his daughter about with a hatchet until she fled for good one evening, which afforded him an opportunity to drink himself very comfortably to death in six months.

"Hello, Cynthia!" called Jacqueline, softly.

"Hello! Is it you, Jacqueline, dear?"

"Yes. Don't you want to come over and eat chocolatcs and gossip?"

"Can't do it. I'm just starting for the hall."

"I thought you'd finished rehearsing."

"I've got to be on hand all the same. How are you, sweetness, anyway?"

"Blooming, my dear. I'm crazy to tell you about my good luck. I have a splendid commission with which to begin the new year."

"Good for you! What is it?"

"I can't tell you yet"—laughingly—"it's confidential business——"

"Oh, I know. Some old, fat man wants you to catalogue his collection."

"He isn't fat, either. You're the limit, Cynthia!"

"All the same, look out for him," retorted Cynthia. "I know man and his kind. Office experience is a liberal education; the theatre a post-graduate course. Are you coming to the dance to-morrow night?"

"Yes. I suppose the usual people will be there?"

"Some new ones. There's an awfully good-looking newspaper man from Yonkers. He has a car in town, too."

Something—some new and unaccustomed impatience—she did not understand exactly what—prompted Jacqueline to say scornfully:

"His name is Eddie, isn't it?'

"No. Why do you ask?"

A sudden vision of Desboro, laughing at her under every word of an unsmiling and commonplace conversation, annoyed her.

"Oh, Cynthia, dear, every good-looking man we meet is named Ed and comes from places like Yonkers."

Cynthia, slightly perplexed, said slangily that she didn't "get" her; and Jacqueline admitted that she herself didn't know what she had meant.

They gossiped for a while, then Cynthia ended:

"I'll see you tomorrow night, won't I? Listen, you little white mouse, I get what you mean by 'Eddie.'"

"Do you?"

"Yes. Shall I see you at the dance?"

"Yes, and 'Eddie,' too. Good-hye."

Jacqueline laughed again, then shivered slightly and hung up the receiver.

Back before her bedroom fire once more, Grenville's volume on ancient armour across her knees, she turned the illuminated pages absently, and gazed into the flames. What she saw among them apparently did not amuse her, for after a while she frowned, shrugged her shoulders, and resumed her reading.

But the XV century knights, in their gilded or silvered harness, had Desboro's lithe figure, and the lifted vizors of their helmets always disclosed his face. Shields emblazoned with quarterings, plumed armets, the golden morions, banner, pennon, embroidered surtout, and the brilliant trappings of battle horse and palfry, because only a confused blur of color under her eyes, framing a face that looked back at her out of youthful eyes, marred by the shadow of a wisdom she knew about—alas—but did not know.

The man of whom she was thinking had walked back to the club through a driving rain, still under the fascination of the interview, still exicted by its novelty and by her unusual beauty. He could not quite account for his exhilaration either, because, in New York, beauty is anything but unusual among the hundreds of thousands of young women who work for a living—for that is one of the seven wonders of the city—and it is the rule rather than the exception that, in this new race which is evolving itself out of an unknown amalgam, there is scarcely a young face in which some trace of it is not apparent at a glance.

Which is why, perhaps, he regarded his present exhilaration humorously, or meant to; perhaps why he chose to think of her as "Stray Lock," instead of Miss Nevers, and why he repeated confidently to himself: "She's thin as a Virgin by the 'Master of the Death of Mary'." And yet that haunting expression of her face—the sweetness of the lips upcurled at the corners—these impressions persisted as he swung on through the rain, through the hurrying throngs just released from shops and great department stores, and onward up the wet and glimmering avenue to his destination, which was the Olympian Club.

In the cloak room there were men he knew, being divested of wet hats and coats; in reading room, card room, lounge, billiard hall, squash court, and gymnasium, men greeted him with that friendly punctiliousness which indicates popularity; from the solashed edge of the great swimming pool men hailed him; clerks and curh servants saluted him smilingly as he sauntered about through the place, still driven into motion by an inexplicable and unaccustomed restlessness Cairns discovered him coming out of the billiard room:

"Have a snifter?" he suggested affably. "I'll find Ledyard and play you 'nigger' or 'rabbit' afterward, if you like."

Desboro laid a hand on his friend's shoulder:

"Jack, I've a business engagement at Silverwood tomorrow, and I believe I'd better go home to-night."

"Heavens! You've just been there! And what about the shooting trip?"

"I can join you day after to-morrow."

"Oh, come, Jim, are you going to spoil our card quartette on the train? Regge Ledyard will kill you."

"He might, at that," said Desboro pleasantly. "But I've got to he at Silverwood tomorrow. It's a matter of business, Jack."

"You and business! Lord! The amazing alliance! What are you going to do—sel la few superannuated Westchester hens at auction? By heck! You're a fake farmer and a pitiable piker, that's what you are. And Stuyve Van Alstyne had a wire to-night that the ducks are coming in to the guns by millions——"

"Go ahead and shoot 'em, then! I'll probably be along in time to pick up the game for you."

"You won't go with us?"

"Not to-morrow. A man can't neglect his own business every day in the year."

"Then you won't be in Baltimore for the Assembly, and you won't go to Georgia, and you won't do a thing that you expected to. Oh, you're the gay, quick-change artist! And don't tell me it's business, either," he added suspiciously.

"I do tell you exactly that."

"You mean to say that nothing except sheer, dry keep me busy tomorrow——"

The color slowly settled under Desboro's cheek bones:

"It's a matter with enough serious business in it to keep me busy to-morrow——"

"Selecting pearls? In which show and which row does she cavort, dear friend—speaking in an exquisitely colloquial metaphor!"

Deshoro shrugged: "I'll play you a dozen games of rabbit before we dress for dinner. Come on, you suspicious sport!"

"Which show?" repeated Cairns obstinately. He did not mean it literally, footlight affairs being unfashionable. But Deshoro's easy popularity with women originated continual gossip, friendly and otherwise; and his name was often connected harmlessly with that of some attractive woman in his own class—like Mrs. Clydesdale, for instance—and sometimes with some pretty unknown in some class not specified. But the surmise was idle, and the gossip vague, and neither the one nor the other disturbed Desboro, who continued to saunter through life keeping his personal affairs pleasantly to himself.

He linked his arm in Cairns's and guided him toward the hilliard room. But there were no tables vacant for rabbit, which absurd game. being hard on the cloth, was limited to two decrepit pool tables.

So Cairns again suggested his celebrated "snifter," and then the young men separated, Desboro to go across the street to his elaborate rooms and dress, already a little less interested in his business trip to Silverwood, already regretting the gay party bound South for two weeks of pleasure.

And when he had emerged from a cold shower which, with the exception of sleep, is the wisest counsellor in the world, now that he stood in fresh linen and evening dress on the threshold of another night, he began to wonder at his late exhilaration.

To him the approach of every night was always fraught with mysterious possibilities, and with a belief in Chance forever new. Adventure dawned with the electric lights; opportunity awoke with the evening whistles warming all laborers to rest. Opportunity for what? He did not know; he had not even surmised: hut perhaps it was that something, that subtle, evanescent, volatile something for which the world itself waits iustinctively, and has been waiting since the first day dawned. Maybe it is happiness for which the world has waited with patient instinct uneradicated; maybe it is death; and after all, the two may be inseparable.

Desboro, looking into the coals of a dying fire, heard the clock striking the hour. The night was before him—those hours in which anything could happen before another sun gilded the sky pinnacles of the earth.

Another hour sounded and found him listless, absent-eyed, still gazing into a dying fire.

(*Continued next week*)

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An Intimate Story of the Gish Girls' Triumphant Careers

(Continued from page 7)

trips she has been remarkably surprised at the spontaneous enthusiasm which their appearance has evoked, especially in these times when members of the film industry have been under fire.

As Dorothy said before she left for Louisville the attacks upon picture actors and actresses have affected her keenly: "When I walk down the street nowadays and someone recognizes me, I feel like turning my head so that I won't hear them say: 'Oh, there's another one of those picture actresses. I wonder when her story will be told on the front pages of the newspapers.'

"When we went to New Orleans," Lillian related, "we were fairly swept off our feet by the greeting extended us. Our train stopped at some little station en route and we heard some voices outside. It was early in the morning and we did not want to rise but we received a beautiful bouquet of flowers from an old gentleman who had heard that the Gish sisters were on board and wished to send them a mark of his esteem.

"North of New Orleans an advance agent of the theatre in which we were to appear boarded the train. He looked a little shamefaced and we wondered what was the matter with him. When we reached New Orleans we discovered the cause of his embarassment. There was a mob at the station; a brass band to escort us to our hotel, the mayor greeted us and gave us the keys to the city, and whenever we went to the theatre we had to storm our way through the crowds. We were dripping wet by the time we reached the hotel the first day, and Dorothy said, 'Now I know how it feels to be President,' for we were so busy standing up in the car so the people could see us and nodding greetings to them that we were worn out by the time we ended our stay in the south."

This evidence of their popularity was deeply appreciated by both Lillian and Dorothy especially as it occurred during the very week when the Hollywood wires were busy bearing the reports of the Taylor mystery. They were both eager to assert that they believed the self-respecting members of the theatrical and motion picture profession ought to make some effort to reply to the scandalous attacks to which the newspapers have given so much publicity.

In their long career both of the Gish girls have made many friends among the members of their profession. They have moved in the more social-minded group of film players of the cast. In addition to their friendship with the Pickfords born of the early days of the film industry, they count the Talmadges among their old friends. There is a spontaneity, a freshness and youthfulness about them which is rare among those devoted to the drama. They are unaffected, genuine persons, with simple tastes. Real girls as so many of their friends testify.

The kid company of "Oh Jo!" was so happy a vacation up Mamaroneck way as any party of young folk could conceive. "Oh Jo!" was one of Dorothy Gish's comedies. It was taken on Long Island Sound, in the Mamaroneck studio. The members of the company, Dorothy, Mildred Marsh, sister of Mae, Glenn Hunter, Tom Douglas and others, were all youngsters and they enacted the film with the vigorous enthusiasm of youngsters. Playing in pictures, playing on the beaches, tea-time dances, it was a glorious vacation combined with glorious interesting work. And Dorothy's infectious laughter, her gay spirits, dominated this business of playing. Only Dorothy Gish could caintain such a spirit and keenly enjoy picture playing in this manner, this sane, clean and peppy way of working.

So it is with the other aspects of Dorothy's work. She enjoys working as much as she enjoys living, and that is a very great deal. Her husband, an actor of note himself, returned recently from the coast, to engage in a play on Broadway. She lives with him on East 19th Street, New York, and theirs is a happy menage, indeed. When she has spare time, she spends it with her beloved sister and her beloved mother.

Perhaps the shadow of this mother's illness saddens the girls somewhat at this time. She has been seriously ill for many months now. A trained nurse is with her constantly, and it is pleasant to record that she is gaining appreciably in health, although she is still too ill to greet her many friends. Mrs. Gish is a frail woman; she has spent a difficult life. Those who are acquainted with her are eager to express their hope that she will live a long time to enjoy the fruits of her efforts and of those of her daughters.

Lillian Gish has had the more extensive experience of the two sisters. Her peculiar wistfulness of expression, her ability to portray the simple girl struggling against the manifold difficulties of life and her remarkable dramatic power have elevated her to an enviable position as an actress. She has that sort of intelligence which is based upon the assimilation of experience by a capable mind. She has attained power through herself, and is thus the more sure of expressing that power to others. She is an eager reader; on her library table are to be found many standard works, numerous of the better class of recent novels, and other evidences of her interest in the intellectual life.

She surprises you most by her combination of knowledge and youthfulness. As you look at her now, she is just a girl like many another girl you have met. She might be plodding her way hme from market in some little Middle Western town; she might be sitting with you in the parlor of her home, the daughter of a prosperous business man. But when she speaks to you, you readily note her superiority, her somewhat precocious wisdom. She startles you from time to time with her knowledge of pictures and picture-making. She has taken her work seriously, she can talk about everything from the camera lens to how to direct mob scenes. And she has similarly taken life seriously; she maintains an active interest in public affairs. She has been watching with interest the struggle between the friends and enemies of bonus legislation. She wonders whether the bonus bill, if passed, will not affect business unfavorably. She notes the difficulties of the present winter for the average actor. She tells of her observations of business conditions about the country, of soup lines in Sandusky, of how Pittsburgh was the last city to feel the business depression. She is, you note, keenly observant.

Then with regard to her personal life, you find she possesses warm friendships. She remarks that Jerome Storm, who directed her for a time in her sole individual effort, has written that he is the happy father of a "bouncing baby," and laughs with pleasure at Jerry's good luck. She bubbles over with enthusiasm for Mr. Griffith. He is the king of directors to her; she marvels at his ability, his versatility, and breadth.

Best of all, she loves her mother and her sister. There is perfect harmony between these two girls; that you know at once. Only such harmony cou'd have created the delightful scenes of the departure of the two orphans from their village home, the vivid pantomime of their first encounter with the world on the road to Paris. And Lillian's mother, and Dorothy's mother, is a rock upon which both of their lives are founded.

"Come again, very soon," she calls, as you bid her good-bye.

You know you'll come, as you close the door, and hear her call: "By-by!"

—Lewis F. Levinson.

THE END.

A FIERY ROMANCE OF LOVE

(Continued from page 26)

"What's all the mystery?" she demanded. "I'm tired of being treated like this. Tell me what it's all about."

The woman leaned forward staring, her face gone white beneath its coat of healthy tan.

"Miss," she said breathlessly, "when you stand like that—what's your name, miss?"

"It's Doris Dalrymple, of course," said Doris and paused, aghast at the effect of her words, for the man's face had flamed to sudden rage.

"It is not!" he roared. "She's making up a name. Cut out the nonsense."

"Wait!" gasped the woman. She darted into the open door and came out with a magazine, leafing it feverishly.

"There, look!" she trembled. "When she stamped her foot and stood like that, it came over me. She is Doris Dalrymple!"

The man looked. Doris looked. There, smiling up from the page, slender, defiant, imperious, was a full length portrait of Doris Dalrymple, filmdom's fairest favorite, as the printed line beneath the picture declared.

"They've picked up the wrong girl!" declared the woman.

"The blundering fools!" choked the man. "What we goin' to do now, I ask you? We can't keep 'er—we can't let 'er go!"

Flaming, suddenly bloodshot, his beady eyes looked Doris up and down and there was something sinister in their depths, a menace that grew and deepened, bringing a vague, nameless horror to the girl's heart.

"We can't keep 'er; we can't let 'er go!" he repeated.

(Continued next week)

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THE EDITOR'S VIEWPOINT

Federal Censorship in the Offing

A CONTRIBUTION reaches the Editor's desk from one who has made a conclusive study of Federal Censorship, and so enlightening is this contribution, that we print it herewith. After reading it, we are sure our readers will have a firmer grasp of this subject, one that has, hitherfore, proven rather elusive:

"The Federal Censorship Bill has been introduced into the House of Represenetatives by Representative T. Frank Appleby, of New Jersey. It provides for a commission of three members to be appointed by the President, the chairman to receive a salary of $6,000 a year; the other two, $5,000 a year.

"The commission may appoint a secretary and such deputy and advisory commissioners as may be necessary to assist in the examination and censoring of films. No one shall be appointed an advisory commissioner who has any direct or indirect pecuniary interest in motion pictures. The entire cost of the commission is to be limited to $60,000. The commission is to have power to make rules and regulations and to exercise functions necessary to the efficient performance of its duties.

"Every film submitted to the commission shall be licensed 'unless such film is obscene, indecent, immoral, inhuman, or depicts an actual prize fight, or is of such a character that its exhibition would tend to impair the health, or debase or corrupt the morals of children or adults, or incite to crime, or produce depraved moral ideas, or debase moral standards, or cause moral laxity in adults or minors.'

"The commission may grant a license upon condition that objectionable parts are eliminated, and may require all condemned films, both positives and negatives, to be left in its possession. Provision is made for an appeal from the decision of a de commissioner to at leas member of the commission, and a further appeal to the full commission.

"Licensed films are to be provided with a special tag which must be attached when the film is offered for transportation. It is to be unlawful to transport or to exhibit unlicensed film. The penalty for any violation of the Act may be a fine of not more than $500 or imprisonment for not more than one year, and the films unlawfully transported or exhibited may be seized and destroyed.

"A fee of one dollar is to be charged for the examination of each 1,000 feet of film, and fifty cents for each duplicate. It is provided, however, that the license fee may be reduced from time to time to such a sum as will produce no larger income than is necessary to defray the cost of the commission. Any change in a film after it is licensed is to be considered as a violation of the Act and to be punished by fine or imprisonment.

"Just now there are only seven States that have motion picture censors. No two censors agree on what should be passed or what should be forbidden, and no producer has yet been heard to express unbounded enthusiasm over any censor. If it did nothing more, possibly Federal Censorship might stave off State Censorships in the remaining forty-three commonwealths."

TELL US WHAT YOU THINK

Having printed this authorized report of one who has made a study of Federal Censorship, and having printed from time to time editorials concerning State Censorship, we are especially interested in knowing what our readers think of both forms of censorship.

Do you believe in either? Do you think motion pictures, today, need "censorial guardians?"

We are prone to shy at the familiar clause in the Federal Censorship Bill: "Every film submitted to the commission shall be promptly licensed 'unless such film is obscene, indecent, immoral, inhuman, or depicts an actual prize fight, or is of such a character that its exhibition would tend to impair the health, debase or corrupt the morals of children or adults or incite to crime, or produce depraved moral ideas, or debase moral standards, or cause moral laxity in adults or minors."

Personally, we can't figure out how a commission of three people is fitted to decide such momentous problems for over 100,000,000 people. What do *you* think?

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Hollywood Morals

Is Hollywood a Wild Jungle of Drunken Orgies?

By Benj. B. Hampton

DO you believe that Hollywood is a wild jungle of drunken orgies, dope parties and free love? Have you a general, hazy idea that the ten commandments and federal state and civic laws have no connection with daily life in the capitol of movieland?

A newspaper editor recently suggested that Hollywood should be burned to the ground, his theory being that such a holacaust would purify the morals of the world. He pointed to the case of a comedian arrested on the charge of contributing to the death of an actress. He pointed to the assassination of a motion picture director. Holding these two cases before his readers he shrieked that Hollywood should he destroyed.

If you have such thoughts, let us reason together, as fair-minded folks are always willing to do, and see if we can get at the truth.

The geographical, civic entity bearing the name of Hollywood, California, is one of the most beautiful, best behaved, best schooled, best managed cities on earth. Neither the comedian nor the dead director lived in Hollywood. The comedian lives in the most fashionable section of the fashionable West Adams district of Los Angeles, and the director's home was in a modest, comfortable bungalow in a most respectable residence district of Los Angeles. So that if Hollywood should have been burned to make a holiday for a frantic editor, the comedian's social events would not have been disturbed, nor would a cowardly assassin have been prevented from murdering an unarmed man.

* * * * * *

No one can get at the truth of motion picture morals until he understands the creation of star salaries, and the events that follow in the train of suddenly acquired wealth.

Five thousand dollars a week!—$10,000 a week!—$20,000 a week! Figures such as these stagger the ordinary mortal.

"Such wages cannot be possible. These stories are mere fictions of press agent imagination," you say.

Yet the figures are true. For several years a number of young women and men each have been receiving $50,000, $100,000, $150,000 to $200,000 year. A very few have exceeded $250,000 a year, but many have been paid $500 to $750 a week.

These huge salaries were made possible—yes, they were made imperative—by the public's approval of the same men and women who created the "Hollywood" that is at present receiving so much attention.

As an illustration of the workings of the system of making screen stars, and the effect of the operation on the star and on public opinion of the picture industry, let us briefly review the history of an actress whom we will call Georgia Columbia.

In 1918 this girl was "free lancing," that is, she was accepting such positions as she could get, and her salary was $75 to $100 a week. Toward the end of the year she was chosen by a famous picture maker to play a part in one of his productions, and for this employment she was paid $125 a week. The photoplay was a tremendous success and the girl leaped from obscurity to fame in a few months.

Georgia became known quickly to millions of theatre goers; and picture producers, believing that audiences would welcome her as a star, entered into a bidding contest for her services. Early in 1919 she accepted a contract at $1,500 a week salary, and when

WOODBURY

The author, Benj. B. Hampton

this ended within a year she went with another company at $2,500 a week. Within less than two years this girl has progressed from $125 a week to $2,500 a week. Public approval of her work has given her this "box-office value" and the producers believe it good business to give the public what it wants.

One of the several great differences between the screen and the spoken drama is revealed right here. The enormous salaries of the screen are not duplicatd in spoken drama nor in vaudeville. There are high salaries on the stage, but they are not so large nor so numerous, nor do they come into existence so quickly as in picture circles. Stage audiences choose their entertainments more carefully. A play may become a great success on its merits, without the support of a star's name. Picture audiences have developed "star-worship" to a heighth unknown to the stage, and "star-worship" is followed by sudden inflation of incomes, as illustrated in the case of Georgia Columbia.

* * * * * *

Can you imagine what happened to Georgia Columbia, whose "free lancing" in 1918 brought her an income of perhaps $2,000, when she found a check for $1,500 or $2,500 in her pay envelope every Saturday night in 1919 and thereafter? Well, many things happened.

First of all, Georgia was swamped with new "friendships." She was deluged with "fame" and "popularity." Women and men who had barely nodded to her as she made the dull round of the studios looking for work in 1918, now thrust forward to greet her effusively, obsequiously. Others whom she had never known, never heard of, pushed into her orbit, pleading and flattering for a share of the great star's attention.

Newspapers and magazines sent writers and photographers to see her. Her mail suddenly filled several baskets daily. This is not a flight of fancy; it is a solemn recital of facts. Letters from admirers of a screen star reach enormous daily totals. And this correspondence comes from all sorts of people—boot-blacks, servant girls, college presidents, bankers, newspaper editors, ministers; all of the groups in the social system are represented.

The merchants of Los Angeles were ready to assist Georgia in meeting her new responsibilities. The realtors were present to sell her a "palatial residence." Decorators and furnishers assured her of their ability and willingness to make her new home the most artistic in America. The automobile dealers showed her the grades of limousines, town cars, and runabouts appropriate to her new position. The jewelers, the gown makers, the milliners—everyone was present with earnest, eager offers of assistance.

Is it any wonder that Georgia was bewildered? Would any girl in any industry anywhere keep her head when bushels of press clippings and thousands of letters assure her that she is the most beautiful, most finished, most exquisite, most everything artiste that ever came into a world hungering for the radiant inspiration of her glorious personality?

* * * * * *

Georgia does not read the press notices and the fan letters of other stars. Indeed, she cannot take time to read her own! Her secretaries skim through the postman's burden and select the cream, the most flattering specimens, to read to Georgia. How, then, can Georgia realize that every star receives identical publicity stuff and fan letters so nearly alike that all of them might have been written in the same insane asylum? Georgia does not know, and being quite a human little person, she quickly accepts herself as a genius thrust into this world for the purpose of elevating its artistic standards, as per press stuff and admirers' mail.

Every week the $2,500 check finds its way to her bank account. True, it is like a bird of passage. It is quickly absorbed by payments on the new mansion and its contents, and the beautiful new motor cars, and gowns and furs and jewels, and wages of secretaries, butler, house servants, personal maids, etc., etc.

Georgia's new host of friends

UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD

A section of Hollywood where "wild life" is supposed to sizzle. Take a look.

press her with social invitations. Georgia has youth's yearning for "a good time." Why have beauty, wealth and fame unless these elements co-ordinate in the tangible result of "having a good time?" Georgia enthusiastically enters into "having a good time" by following the path of all newly-rich since riches first began. When Georgia's chauffeur drives her gaily decorated limousine into the pathway of pleasure, it rolls along the ancient highway of peacock display, of vanity, selfishness and carelessness.

The thrifty Egyptian steward who got rich quick three thousand years ago—the political and business bosses of the Roman Empire who fattened by exploiting colonies—the group of new millionaires thrust into the limelight when Andrew Carnegie and J. P. Morgan reorganized the steel industry—the Wall Street plungers that rise to great wealth in every boom period—in each group history repeats itself.

Few men and women can be drawn suddenly from poverty into riches, from obscurity into dazzling publicity, and avoid folly. Adulation, flattery by speech, letter and printed page, in addition to a weekly check of huge size, is too great a burden for any human being to assume easily. Georgia and her associates have been no more successful, nor no less successful, in attempting the impossible than have any of their predecessors from the time of Thebes to date.

There is, however, the noteworthy distinction that film stars are more widely known than the "fast sets" of Pittsburg steel or Newport high society. The screen is a mighty engine of publicity, and the professional personalities of its famous players have become familiar to members of millions of households. Because of this intimacy—this "star-worship"—there is deep-seated, genuine distress and indignation when scandal attaches to the name of a famous player.

* * * * * *

Unfortunately for the motion picture industry, the playground of its pleasure-seekers is Los Angeles instead of New York. Los Angeles has six hundred thousand population, and New York has six million. In Manhattan, Georgia's extravagance and enthusiastic manners would pass unnoted. Georgia would be swallowed and easily digested by the great Broadway of the East. But the smaller Broadway of the West is composed of different material.

"Dishing the dirt" is the favorite pastime of studio people. It is their great indoor and outdoor sport. "Dishing the dirt" is movie lingo for gossip, and no folks anywhere can excel the picture people in this line of exercise. If a girl buys a new gown, if a man gets a new motor car; if a director is pleasant to an actress; if two players dance together twice at Cocoanut Grove or Sunset Inn—the tongues begin to twitter. No small-town barber shop or sewing society equals the movie group as gabblers and scandal-mongers.

Every journey of a star's limousine is noted. Every dollar she owes on her jewels is discussed. Gossip travels rapidly from the studios to the hair-dressing parlors, dressmaking and other establishments and filfers into the hotels and apartments that house the tourists. Not only are Georgia and her playmates made famous by press and screen—they are subjects of such constant, colorful gossip in Los Angeles that every visitor hungers to get glimpses of them in real life. Admission to studios is hard to get, so that the ordinary tourist must be contented to gaze at the residences of the stars or to stand in admiration as Georgia's limousine flashes through the streets. The wealthy visitors can afford to visit Cocoanut Grove, the Green Mill, Sunset Inn and other public places where kings and queens of moviedom congregate, and when Georgia appears at one of these places, eastern bankers and their wives struggle for a glimpse of her, and the daughters of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago industrial kings park their eyes on her from her entrance to her exit.

The gossip does not stop in Los Angeles—it is taken home by the tourists, and the stories lose nothing in their travels. The silly or jealous tittle-tattle of the studios assumes the form of serious slander after it has passed into national circulation.

"Dishing the dirt" in the studios is the foundation stone of the widespread misunderstanding of picture morals—and movieland has only itself to blame for this condition. It has gossiped about itself, and slandered itself in jealousy, vanity, carelessness and ignorance it has sown the wind of tittle-tattle and it is now reaping the whirlwind of unjust and terrible notoriety.

Foolish? Yes. Extravagant? Yes. Lack of refinement? Yes, often, and in the same degree that gave fame to the Waldorf-Astoria's "Peacock Alley" in the days of the Pittsburg effort to make a dent on little old New York.

A "modern Babylon," with a dash of "Sodom and Gomorrah?" Let us see.

When you think it over, do you not agree that you expect picture people to be *human beings?* Although the press agents strive earnestly to portray the players as a group of supermen and superwomen— gods and goddesses far removed from ordinary mankind—the players themselves are merely plain folks, such as you and I. There is no difference between them and other residents of any large city. Is it not reasonable, then, to measure them by the same standard of morals and ethics that is used in appraising the conduct of lawyers, bankers, merchants, stenographers, clerks, school teachers, newspaper reporters, mechanics and other classes? Is it not fair to regard the picture people as *human beings* and to insist that they subscribe to the same laws as other human beings and that they receive the treatment from press and public similar to that accorded to other members of society?

Priscilla, Dean, wife of Wheeler Oakman, and a home lover, who, nevertheless, admits to living in Hollywood.

Individuals deserving of censure should be censured, but the entire motion picture colony should not be thrown into the shadows because of a noisy, foolish minority.

A minister's son is on trial for murder. Does the community declare that all minister's sons are murderers?

A doctor is charged with assault. Does the community infer that all doctors may be charged with assault?

A lawyer is threatened with disbarment because of alleged dishonorable practices. Does the community believe that all lawyers are dishonorable?

Certainly not. *The public distinguishes between individuals.*

* * * * * *

The overwhelming majority of players, directors and highly paid technical workers conduct themselves in the same manner as other residents of Los Angeles. They buy homes, raise children, pay taxes, go to church or play poker, according to their individual tastes and inclination. Their conduct differs in no degree from that of the other business and professional people of Los Angeles.

This statement is supported by abundant evidence. The court records of Los Angeles county prove that very few players, directors, technical or business people have been accused of crimes. The cases are so few in number as to be negligible. The one outstanding criminal charge is that against a famous comedian.

Hints of "wild parties," "drunken orgies," "dope parlors" and "licentious debaucheries rivalling those of Rome in her days of decline," are conspicuously not accompanied by specific information in regard to these degrading events, but a stream of innuendo causes the public to absorb the idea that Los Angeles is a hotbed of iniquity.

The evidence is to the contrary. Los Angeles is preeminently a church and home city. The religious elements of the community are so powerful that Los Angeles is regarded as almost Puritanical. Long before the Volstead act, Los Angeles drove the saloons out of existence by the passage of sensible enforceable laws; and for years there has been no "red-light district." I am familiar with nearly all the large cities on this continent and I am confident that no large city is better governed than Los Angeles nor is any city more jealous of its reputation.

The leading industry of Los Angeles is that of caring for the scores of thousands of tourists who go there annually. These tourists are nearly all family folks, and Los Angeles is careful to convince its visitors that it is the best city in America for them to choose as permanent homes. That Los Angeles succeeds in so convincing them is proved by her steady large increase in population.

If dope, drunkenness and licentiousness prevailed in the picture colony, the police force and sheriff's office would be compelled by the church people and the city's business interests to drive the movie makers out of town. The case of the comedian and the assassination of a famous director have caused most rigid, most complete examinations of every phase and every detail of picture life. Not only have scores of detectives, and private investigators spurred by the offer of large rewards, gone into every scandal, they have traced each piece of gossip to its farthest end. No corruption, and no hint of corruption, has escaped them. It is doubtful if any group in the country has ever been subjected to such an exhaustive examination.

What evidences of degradation and debauchery have been revealed by these investigators? Almost none, or the jails of Los Angeles would now be packed. The officials of the law have learned that there are very few evil men and women in pictures, and that the great majority of even the foolish, vain, extravagant newly-rich are neither dopsters, drunkards, nor degenerates. This is the testimony not only of police officers, but of business men, ministers and club women and other citizens who have studied the situation, and of famous novelists who live in the colony.

* * * * * *

Estimates of the number of people employed in the production of motion pictures in Los Angeles places the total at forty to fifty thousand. Artisans and mechanics of all trades and laborers form the bulk of this army.

I have tried to calculate the number of prominent men and women in the industry, including all professional, business and technical departments, and the number cannot fall short of three thousand. Perhaps five thousand would be more nearly correct.

Aside from those I have classified as "prominent," many men and women are employed in small parts in pictures. These are known as "extras." They work day by day, as they can secure employment. If a picture requires several hundred cowboys, they are available. If a hundred girls are wanted for a Turkish harem scene, several hundred apply for the positions. Smartly dressed men and women furnish the "atmosphere" for great ballroom sets. Thousands of men, women and children can be obtained for street scenes in a strike or a riot, or for any of the sets in which large crowds are required.

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The Colorful and Romantic Story of Wm. D. Taylor's Life

by Truman B. Handy

IN a room of a far downtown New York hotel, a worn, anxious man showing the after-effects of intoxication, paced the floor nervously. He would walk to the window ever so often and look out. He seemed to be expecting someone.

A knock on the door . . . he is nervous, yet cheered. It is a messenger . . . and William D. Taylor, the expectant, seems gladdened.

The messenger brought him what, a short while before, he had telephoned to his office for—six hundred dollars. The money, in greenbacks, he pocketed eagerly, and he could hardly wait for the messenger to depart before he took his hat and also departed.

For blocks he walked—down through crowded business streets, small by-ways where sidewalk peddlers hawked their wares, narrow alleys where tenements flanked the sidewalks and children played noisily, dirtily, in the streets. At length he reached the waterfront—and it was there, among the dross, that he intended to seek solace for the time being from his inner woes.

Taylor was worried. For several days past he had been drinking rather heavily. Trouble with his wife, certain of his friends asserted. But this pilgrimage of his into the slums was not necessarily a new thing for him, for, frequently in those days, he would relieve his mind of its varied cares by participating in the life the "other half" of society lives.

On numerous other occasions—on other pilgrimages—he had thus communed with his less fortunate brothers. Throughout his entire life, however, he never regarded wayward humanity as beneath notice. Other artists, at other times, have communed likewise—and, like him—have returned to their uptown habitations mentally refreshed and spiritually enlivened for their contact with the other half's suffering.

There were wharvesmen on the Battery who used to call Taylor "Bill." And, in tiny Washington Square, there was even a gin-sotted old woman who referred to the handsome art connoisseur as "her son," for he befriended her at a moment when a policeman was on the verge of arresting her as a vagrant.

With the shades of early evening falling, with the lights of boats in the river twinkling on the water, Taylor sought refuge in a "joint" wherein corned beef and cabbage formed a questionably delectable menu for the lower strata of New York's humanity. He was seated at a table eating and drinking; various acquaintances, knowing that he would have money to "stand treat," joined him—and a good-natured revelry ensued wherein Taylor was host to as varied an aggregation of types as could be possibly found. Some were already in their cups, and he was the merry toastmaster, singing his "Pat O'Leary" song and getting them to join in the chorus.

And the party continued until late. He arose to go and paid for his "feed," and when he walked out of the establishment two dark-visaged men who had been standing by, watching him—men who had not joined in his merry-making—followed.

Up dark streets he picked his way, headed for the more happy section of New York that was his home. Around a corner . . . into an alley . . . a short cut . . . hurried, muffled steps behind him . . . a sudden blow . . . and Taylor fell to the sidewalk, stunned . . . two men going through his pockets.

Having robbed him of his remaining green backs, the thugs picked him up and carried him back up the alley, through other alleys—and eventually to a wharf where a wind-beaten schooner lay with the muddy waters of the East River lapping its sides. They took him into a darkened hole below decks and left him to revive—and when he came to, he could hear the pounding of waters on wooden ship walls, and could realize that he had been—shanghaied.

The trip was a long one, months in the making. The ship, a "tramp," sailed at random into many ports on many seas. Africa, the Canary Islands, and the Mediterranean were included in its itinerary, and Taylor had become used to the seaman's hard labor lot to which he had unwittingly fallen.

At an African port he had an opportunity to leave the ship, but the life appealed to him and he stuck to its standards. There were other landings made and other seas sailed—and, finally, one day, the weather-scarred "tramp" put into the harbor at Portland, Ore.

With money in his pockets, new life in his body, Taylor set about rehabilitating himself according to his precepts of a gentleman. He heard of a repertoire company forming to play in Eastern cities, and, by virtue of his past experience with Fanny Davenport, was able to qualify as one of its actors.

But, on arriving in Montreal, he found that the fortunes of the company were not altogether lucrative. The actors fought among themselves, and discord reigned generally.

A group of men were making plans for a trip into the Klondike, where gold offered alluring enticements—sufficient reward for the hardships

(*Continued on page 8*)

UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD

In his Captain's uniform in the British Army.

Ethel Clayton, one of the stars directed by Taylor.

The Happy Struggles of Affectionately recounted by

Mrs. Caroline H. Barthelmess, Dick's mother. This photo of his mother in her youthful days, reveals the likeness between mother and son.

It is hard to make a diffident person talk about himself. Dick Barthelmess doesn't like to. He prefers to be accepted by those he meets as a "regular feller." You have to talk with his mother to hear stories of him, of how he grew up under her care, how he went to school, wrote poems, articles, short stories, was cheer-leader at college, and valedictorian, how he paraded about in a uniform when he was at military school, how he dabbled about with theatricals, amateur and professional, until finally he made off to a motion picture studio, to rise slowly at first, and then with amazing suddenness, into prominence as a featured player and then as a star. But enough, Mrs. Barthelmess tells "Movie Weekly" readers about the son she so dearly loves.

DICK takes after his father. There never was such a man as his father . . .

We were living in an apartment on Central Park West, overlooking the park, when Dick was born, in 1895. In those days we never thought any of us would attempt to make our living on the stage, and the motion picture wasn't even heard of then. I had spent my own youth in China. My uncle was the episcopal bishop, William J. Boone, and I had lived in the atmosphere of the foreign mission in the Orient. We had had no professionals to amuse us, so occasionally we put on amateur performances, and I played in some of them when I was a girl. But that had been the extent of my experience with the stage.

A little over a year after Dick's birth, his father, who had belonged to the 22nd Regiment, died. We lived on at the old place on Central Park West, but when my resources became low, about the time Dick was eight years old, I determined that Dick would not suffer for lack of education or the proper upbringing on my account, so I determined to try my hand at the stage. I had met Mr. Belasco, and through him I obtained an engagement with Mrs. Fiske, in "Mary of Magdalen."

Until that time, Dick had gone to Hamilton Institute, opposite the American Museum of Natural History, a few blocks from where we lived. But as soon as I saw that my efforts to become an actress were meeting with success, I knew that I would have to send him to an institution where his entire welfare would be watched over. He had been a dutiful boy; he was entirely devoted to me, but I was just as well satisfied that he should go to a boys' school, where he would learn to be a man among men.

After a great deal of examination of the prospectuses of various schools, I chose the Hudson

A later photo of Dick and his mother. They are great pals, and Dick usually goes over a story with her.

River Military Academy, near Nyack. It was ideally situated, overlooking the river, and it offered education plus plenty of good exercise out-of-doors. This was during the height of Col. Roosevelt's popularity and the school was built on the lines of a cavalry academy, training the boys for special horsemanship and in cavalry drills. Dick wore a cavalry uniform, with a broad yellow stripe down the pants, and he was a pretty picture as he strode along beside me. The boys rode on small ponies, and Dick went through his part of things very manfully.

Nevertheless, I think he must have been more or less awed by his freedom at first, and not at all unafraid of the drills. One reason why I chose the Nyack school was that a distant relative of ours had sent his boy there. This lad, who was known as "Sud" Palmer, was Dick's constant companion.

I remember visiting the school one day and asking Dick whether he had been a good boy. He told me he had been good, but later, when he was talking about the drills, he mentioned that "Sud" had been afraid of the ponies and had gone through the formation with tears streaming down his face.

Then Dick's habit of telling the truth came to the front. "Mother," he said, "you think I was a good boy. Well, I pummelled the life out of 'Sud' Palmer for crying."

Dick's first appearance in public took place at that school. At the commencement, he recited a poem called "Little Brown-Eyed Rebel." I arrived at Nyack too late to be present at the commencement, but early enough for the dance that was to follow. Dick met me at the station, looking rather peculiar.

"Well, what happened, son?" I asked him.

"Nuthin'," he replied.

"But why do you look at me so funnily? Something must be wrong."

He could contain himself no longer. He pushed back the lapel of his coat and showed me the medal he had won for his recitation.

Dick's first trip with show people took place at that time. During one of the holidays, I took him with me to Chicago. Tyrone Power headed the company. He played the part of a man who was supposed to be down-and-out, and on his return to his home, he appeared on the stage in a makeup that was positively repulsive. The critics scored his makeup, but he persisted in using it, saying that the role required it. One day Dick remarked:

"Why does Mr. Power make himself look so dirty?"

The stage manager laughed, and remarked that the boy certainly had good judgment in determining stage effects.

Dick's first appearance on the stage took place in those Nyack days. Mrs. H. C. de Mille had produced a play for children which was being offered at holiday week matinees in Boston. Dick came down to visit me, wearing his uniform as manfully as possible. The play, which was called "The Little Princess," had a boy's part in it, a part played then by Donald Gallagher, but required also the use of a large number of little

Dick's father, Alfred W. Barthelmess, an officer in the U. S. 22nd Regiment.

Dick Barthelmess to Popular Star his Mother, Mrs. Caroline H. Barthelmess

girls. Dick fitted in as a little girl and so he was made up for that part and played it, as an extra. He enjoyed it mightily, so much so, that when, during the following year, Mrs. de Mille obtained the use of the Lyceum Theatre in New York, she was given a full two weeks' engagement.

Dick came to New York that time, his trunk full of Christmas gifts, and during the first week he went back to his old part, one without lines, as a girl. But Donald Gallagher fell ill at the end of the first week, and the manager of the company suggested to me that Dick would do in the part.

I told him quite frankly that Dick had had no real experience, and might make a miserable failure of it.

"I think he can do it. Let's give him a chance," he replied.

I was playing the role of a mother of several children, in steps, from a tiny tot to a sizeable girl. Dick was to be the only boy. He cried bitterly because he couldn't play a girl. We rehearsed the boy's role together at home, and Dick learned it letter perfect, all except one part. I was supposd to wear a long train, and to play a great lady. I was to rise in my drawing room and to greet a visitor, saying:

"I am charmed to know you."

As I turned and extended my hand, Dick, in the boy's part, was to unroll himself from my train, to execute a flop and to come up standing. This bit was always worth a good laugh, and Dick was so afraid that he would miss on the flop that he made me rehearse him in it a dozen times, and he went on with the part successfully.

When Dick completed his course at the Hudson Academy, he didn't know what prep school to enter. He was visiting some friends at that time, and found himself in a Christian Science group. During his visit, the family dog, a beautiful shepherd named Tad, fell ill. Dick's hosts, instead of calling in a veterinarian, employed Science to cure the dog. They succeeded so well that Dick was greatly impressed, and insisted on adopting their recommendation to go to Manor School, at Stamford, Connecticut, a Christian Science institution.

There he again lived in ideal surroundings. Manor was on a bluff overlooking the ocean, and Dick had a room in an old house which had formerly been occupied by Edwin Booth. He was very active at Manor. At Hudson he had been trained in horsemanship, and he had gone skating, ice-boating on the river and had had considerable out-of-door exercise, although he was not particularly inclined toward athletics. At Manor he did a little in the track meets, but he excelled more as a writer. He was editor of the Papyrus, the school publication, he tried out for the football team, and he was the valedictorian.

When he was still at Hudson, I had forbidden him to swim in the river, principally because the school was below Nyack and I was afraid that the water would be contaminated by the sewage. But you couldn't keep him out of the water. I visited the school one day, and was with a group of the boys. Dick had assured me he had never gone in swimming, but I heard the boys say they thought they would go in for a swim.

"But you don't swim down here, do you?" I asked.

At the age of 14.

"Oh, no," one of them replied. "We don't go in swimming, do we, Dick?"

And my boy looked at me rather sheepishly. He was too active to withstand restraint of that kind. And it was this same activity which earned for him the honor of being valedictorian at Manor. The school wanted to honor some of the sons of richer parents than Dick had, but his work had been so good that the offer was made to him, after the failure of a boy who had been designated previously to write something acceptable. Dick was told to choose any subject he cared for. He went to the library and, as he had seen Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" with me, he wrote an article called "The Joy of School Life," based on that play.

When Dick left Manor, we knew that we did not have a business man on our hands. Like his father, who often said that he could not stand being cooped up in a business office, Dick had shown evidences of a desire to break away from the routine of a business life. He had shown some little talent as an artist, principally in drawing valentines for me, I must confess, but he had written a great deal, and had entered actively into the literary life at school.

I still have a copy of one of his poems. It is a crude thing, but it is an evidence of his tendencies.

It is called "Friends of Shakespeare." The frayed, yellowing copy I have is pencilled, and was written when he was no more than twelve.

It was only a childish effort, yet it showed what Dick preferred. But I could not afford to send him to college just then. That season I was playing the mother in "The Only Son" on the road. We had booked Kansas City, and when I reached that city I was visited by Sidney C. Partridge, whom I had known in China. He was a pastor and he had always shown a deep interest in Dick. We talked Dick's future over one evening during my stay in Kansas City. On my way back to the East, I stopped off again to see Mr. Partridge. He had recommended Trinity College, and said he might be able to arrange to help Dick through Trinity. I had written to Dick in the meantime and asked if he would like to go to Trinity. It was near Manor. He had met several Trinity boys and it was acceptable to him in every way. Later, he was given a scholarship there, and his university career began.

In her concluding article, Mrs. Barthelmess relates the story of Dick's days at Trinity. How Dick went into pictures will be related both by his mother and by himself.

One of Mrs. Barthelmess' favorite pictures of her son during his school days.

Dick, a rolly-polly youngster at the age of five.

The Colorful and Romantic Story of Wm. D. Taylor's Life

Continued from Page 5

UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD

Showing Director Taylor wearing the stripes of a "non-com" in the ranks of the English Army.

that an Alaskan expedition would surely bring forth.

But Taylor was used to hardships. In his heart was the continual desire for adventure, and he felt that no hardships that he would experience on a gold-hunting expedition could in any way compare with those he had rather recently undergone as a seaman on the tramp schooner.

He set out from Montreal via the famous "long route" across Canada. Eventually he found himself crossing the Canadian Rockies—and still he and his fellow *voyageurs* kept on.

History tells of the rough-and-tumble assortment of characters that went into the Klondike in those boom days. There were the dregs of humanity and the dross of civilization gone "north of 53" to seek their fortune, but Taylor was undaunted. He had met rough people before in his life; in fact, he enjoyed the freshness of their viewpoint, the primitive quality of their inherent conventons.

At first he worked with other prospectors in the ice-clad Alaskan fields. Later, however, he found it to his advantage to keep a store for miners, and this proved to be a bonanza for him. In Nome he fell ill with typhus fever and nearly died, and, weakened, he began to yearn once again for his home in the States. With a small fortune in his pockets he returned, and finally made his way to Boston, where he was a member of the famous Castle Garden theatre company.

But, at that time of his life—when he was merging from youth into the fullest of manhood—when he had found his ideals alternately strengthened and shaken, shaken and strengthened—he could not control his desire to see the land of the midnight sun. Alaska seemed to be in his blood.

And, beside, he was embittered, made sorrowful by the outcome of his marriage, for he learned that his wife had divorced him.

Again he set out for the frozen north; and again do we find him fighting in the eternal struggle of mankind for his stake. The scratching of the earth for its gold did not directly appeal to him and, in Dawson, a town that had sprung up mushroom-like and comprised only the most basic fundamentals of civilization, Taylor soon came to be known as "the man who could play a banjo."

But he had both ability and ambition. Merely playing a banjo—even though its metallic tones brought him ready money from the amusement-hungry denizens of the north country—failed to satisfy him. The proprietor of a small theatre, wherein a company of stock actors labored unceasingly, recognized, in Taylor, a man who could carry on the work successfully.

He was engaged as producer and stage director. Often he would act—and, frequently, he would paint the scenery to suit his requirements.

None of the old sourdoughs who are now scattered throughout the country, living on the wealth they amassed in those earlier days, are impressed by a name so imposing as William Desmond Taylor. But they all remember him as "Bill," who produced what they considered very high-class plays at "Arizona Charley's" popular house. Some recall him as Jimmy Taylor—and, to others, he was known as 'Gene.

But, according to an old miner acquaintance of Taylor's, the carefully-groomed, reserved, quiet Englishman harbored a secret sorrow, which, with him, was deep and everlasting.

And it was apparent to his two housemates, a prospector and a poet, both of whom had gone north to recoup lost wealth and fortunes. He would work at his theatre until late at night and, frequently, on arriving home, would be steeped in deep thought.

But he never divulged the reason for that sorrow—and persons who knew him could only sense what he was suffering by the deep sighs that occasionally made themselves heard, much against his wishes.

For Taylor's was "a grief that you can't control," to use the phrase of a poet.

The money Taylor made in the north he invested unwisely in the United States. Came a letter to him one day telling him that his presence was needed in San Francisco. As silently as he had slipped into Alaska, he slipped out of it. Perhaps, he kept thinking, he could live quietly in the States on his earnings—perhaps . . .!

But, as the hand of tragedy has pointed so poignantly in his direction all through his life, so does it point again toward him. For, in San Francisco, his solicitors informed him that he had lost his savings.

He was penniless!

Again there was that heart-rending search for work—something, *anything*, to do to keep food in his mouth and a roof over his head. And yet even though his talents were many, he suffered horrible privations for days, for work was scarce.

Finally he met Harry Corson Clarke, the globe-trotting actor, who was preparing to take his company *en tour* to the Hawaiian Islands. He offered the down-and-out man a chance, once again, to return to the stage, and Taylor took it. Nevertheless, his craving for the money-fields of Alaska had not been stilled. He told his employer tales of the northern Eldorado—of the chances a man had to rehabilitate himself in the graces of his God and his fellow men. And, further, he would say that he had a claim "up there" that he wanted money to work—a claim that would make him fabulously rich if he could but get sufficient backing to open it.

Always with this ambition of getting fabulously rich in mind, he set sail for Honolulu with the Clarke aggregation. Rehearsals were in progress while the boat journey was being made, and by the time the company reached their mid-Pacific destination, the show was ready to go on.

For a month Taylor acted in the play. And then, one day, he learned that carpenters were needed to help build a new theatre which was in course of construction.

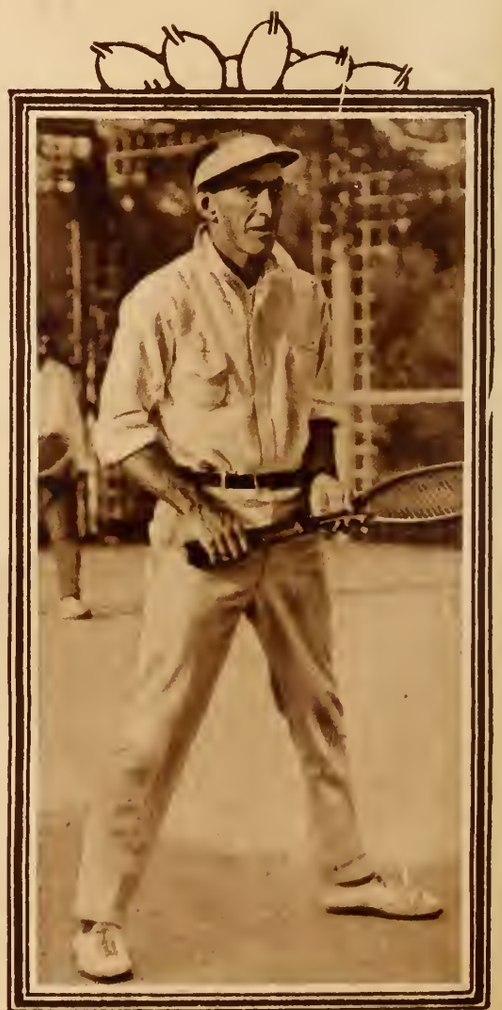
Alaska! His dream of getting money to work his claim!

Once again did his mind revert to these musings. And, to earn more money—or, as he afterward said, to "bring Alaska some months nearer"—he got work as a carpenter.

It was a trying ordeal, this working by day with hammer and saw and acting in the theatre at night, but Taylor did it for the remaining two months that Clarke played in Honolulu.

His one thought—his sole ambition—was then to make a success of his mining claim in far-off Alaska. But, even though he had worked un-

(*Continued on page* 31)



Director William de Mille, one of Taylor's studio co-workers.

Doris Kenyon says:—
"Take your work, not Yourself, seriously.."

by Billie Blenton

WITH memories of Doris Kenyon's excellent work as feature player in the Broadway success, "Up the Ladder," and in such screen productions as "Get Rich Quick Wallingford" "The Ruling Passion," and others, we meander over to her New York apartment, one delightful spring day in April to see that charming individual in person.

You are exuberant with the vague promise of something new that springtime breathes into your being. And so you enter the elevator and up to Doris' apartment, where she lives with her mother and father. It is Doris, herself, who opens the door to your ring. And the promise of spring is personified in the sincerity of her who smiles gladly as she welcomes you.

You are guided to the living room, simply and artistically furnished, with a row of fascinating books at the far end. The spirit of home is in this room. And you are happy.

Doris takes your things and as you seat yourself with a grateful sigh into the yielding softness of the chaize lounge, your eyes view with pleasure the tall, willowy graceful figure that walks across the room. Your heart responds to the radiant smile and the happiness shining from the violet-blue eyes. They revel in the dimple that is the natural beauty spot that guide them to the soft lips. It is good to be alive.

APEDA

Doris Kenyon in a happy mood.

Tramping—a favorite outdoor pastime.

On the lawn of her country home.

You talk—of many subjects. Not of Doris. You commence to air your views with daring emphasis on things you don't know much about. Doris is interested. So are you. Why not? Aren't you doing all the talking? Doris listens earnestly, and now and then disagrees, whereupon an argument ensues. Suddenly you become conscious of a dark suspicion—Doris is an extraordinarily good interviewer. If you don't watch your p's and q's she'll get a story—not you. Therefore, finding yourself at a loss how to approach the subject of Doris with interview—subtlety, you resort to bluntness.

Naturally, those of us who are doing this interview want to know how Doris achieved her first humble start on stage and screen. She sighs, and gazes at you dolorously, a whimsical smile slightly parting the lips. Deliberately you gaze fiercely at nothing. Being thus trapped, Doris needs must talk about herself.

"To tell you the truth," she confesses with a laugh broken by a serious undertone, "I didn't intend going into pictures at all. I aspired to be an opera singer, I hope to be one, some day. So while I went to school, I studied voice. One day at my teacher's studio, I sang for Victor Herbert. He knew Madame Von Feilitzach and through her, became interested in me, and offered me a small part in his new musical comedy, "Princess Pat."

"Wasn't I the proud person when I entered to say my few words! And wasn't I surcharged with a confidence that awes me to this day. I had all my nerve them. But not now.

"Well, we opened on Broadway. The prima donna was suffering from first-night nervousness. I wondered how she could. I don't anymore! Being fired with confidence, I taxed it to the extreme by gazing blissfully around at the audience. In the front row was a man who stared at me continually, only to turn to talk to his companion and then to resume his staring.

"I was standing next to Sam Hardy and was so thrilled at this attention that I turned to him and whispered: 'That man in the first row there is talking about us.' Sam motioned for me to be quiet but I couldn't, I was so excited.

"The long and short of it," chuckled Doris, "was the stage manager came to see me after the performance and told me that the President of a motion picture company, believed I had a screen face and wanted me to 'phone him the next day to make an appointment for a test.

"I wasn't especially excited at this. My career was to be a singer—not an actress. Nevertheless, I wrote the producer a note, and in due course an appointment was made and we motored over to his Fort Lee Studio where a test was made.

"I didn't want to go into pictures, but the offer was too interesting, and I signed up for two years with an option for the third.

"My first picture part was in an Alice Brady production, "The Rack." And her leading man was Milton Sills. This was a coincidence," she leaned forward, lightly clasping her hands, a movement peculiarly her own when she is enthused.

"When I went to private school, my chum and I used to save our allowance and cut afternoon classes to go to a show. We saw one in which Milton Sills played, and we both fell in love with him at once. You know how school girls are.

"We went to see Milton Sills again and again, until the play finally left for the road. When I met Mr. Sills at the studio, his face struck me as vaguely familiar but I couldn't place him, not until those school days came back to me. Then I told him all about it, and he enjoyed the telling as much as I did But wasn't that an interesting co-incidence my first picture being with him?" She paused, the better to relish the memory.

"Well," taking up the thread of the narrative, "it seemed that I was destined to stay in pictures, for I'm still in. I never abandoned my stage work, though, or my music—And so I've just kept on working."

"But what," we question, "what is the secret of your success?"

She laughed heartily, but disagreeingly, at the word "success."

"I have no secret. I simply believe in taking your work seriously; not yourself. If you take yourself seriously, it won't take you long to be warped by egoism. If you take your work seriously, you never forget just how long and hard a road really lies before you before you arrive anywhere near the goal, Success."

Perhaps, too, this explains Doris' broad-mindedness. Her onward march as a poetess,

(*Continued on page 29*)

The Triumph of Love

"The Business of Life"

By Robert W. Chambers

SYNOPSIS

James Desboro, man about town, is visited by a former sweetheart who is now married to an acquaintance of Desboro's. She tells him that she cannot stand her husband any longer, and asks Desboro to take her in.

Her husband has followed her and comes in at this point, and Desboro prevails on her to return with him.

He goes to se an antique dealer and finds he has died and his daughter is keeping up the business.

He is strangely interested in her and engages her to catalogue his antiques.

He puts off a pleasure trip to the south so that he may be home when she calls to start work.

At eleven o'clock the next morning Miss Nevers had not arrived at Silverwood.

It was still raining hard, the brown Westchester fields, the leafless trees, hedges, paths, roads, were soaked; pools stood in hollows with the dead grass awash; ditches brimmed, river and brook ran amber riot, and alder swamps widened into lakes.

The chances were now that she would not come at all. Desboro had met both morning trains, but she was not visible, and all the passengers had departed leaving him wandering alone along the dripping platform.

For a while he stood moodily on the village bridge beyond, listening to the noisy racket of the swollen brook; and it occurred to him that there was laughter in the noises of the water, like the mirth of the gods mocking him.

"Laugh on, high ones!" he said. "I begin to believe myself the ass that I appear to you."

Presently he wandered back to the station platform, where he idled about, playing with a stray and nondescript dog or two, and caressing the station-master's cat, then, when he had about decided to get into his car and go home, it suddenly occurred to him that he might telephone to New York for information. And he did so, and learned that Miss Nevers had departed that morning on business, for a destination unknown, and would not return before evening.

Also, the station-master informed him that the morning express now deposited passengers at Silverwood Station, on request—an innovation of which he had not before heard; and this put him into excellent spirits.

"Aha!" he said to himself, considerably elated. "Perhaps I'm not such an ass as I appear. Let the high gods laugh!"

So he lighted a cigarette, played with the wastrel dogs some more, flattered the cat till she nearly rubbed her head off against his legs, took a small and solemn child onto his knee and presented it with a silver dollar, while its overburdened German mother publicly nourished another.

"You are really a remarkable child," he gravely assured the infant on his knee. "You possess a most extraordinary mind!"—the child not having uttered a word or betrayed a vestige of human expression upon its slightly soiled features.

Presently the near whistle of the Connecticut Express brought him to his feet. He lifted the astonishingly gifted infant and walked out; and when the express rolled past and stopped, he set it on the day-coach platform beside its stolid parent, and waved to it an impressive adieu.

At the same moment, descending from the train, a tall young girl, in waterproofs, witnessed the proceedings, recognized Desboro, and smiled at the little ceremony taking place.

"Yours?" she inquired, as hat off, hand extended, he came forward to welcome her—and the next moment blushed at her impulsive informality.

"Oh, all kids seem to be mine, somehow or other," he said. "I'm awfully glad you came. I was afraid you wouldn't."

"Why?"

"Because I didn't believe you really existed, for one thing. And then the weather——"

"Do you suppose mere *weather* could keep me from the Desboro collection? You have much to learn about me."

"I'll begin lessons at once," he said gaily, "if you don't mind giving them. Do you?"

She smiled non-committally, and looked around her at the departing vehicles.

"We have a limousine waiting for us behind the station," he said. "It's five muddy miles."

"I had been wondering all the way up in the tram just how I was to get to Silverwood——"

"You didn't suppose I'd leave you to find your way, did you?"

"Business people don't expect limousines," she said, with an unmistakable accent that sounded priggish even to herself—so prim, indeed, that he laughed outright; and she finally laughed, too."

"This is very jolly, isn't it?" he remarked, as they sped away through the rain.

She conceded that it was.

"It's going to be a most delightful day," he predicted.

She thought it was likely to be a *busy* day.

"And delightful, too," he insisted politely.

"Why particularly delightful, Mr. Desboro?"

"I thought you were looking forward with keen pleasure to your work in the Desboro collection!"

She caught a latent glimmer of mischief in his eye, and remained silent, not yet quite certain that she liked this constant running fire of words that always seemed to conceal a hint of laughter at her expense.

Had they been longer acquainted, and on a different footing, she knew that whatever he said would have provoked a response in kind from her. But friendship is not usually born from a single business interview; nor is it born perfect, like a fairy ring, over night. And it was only last night, she made herself remember, that she first laid eyes on Desboro. Yet it seemed curious that whatever he said seemed to awaken in her its echo; and, though she knew it was an absurd idea, the idea persisted that she already began to understand this young man better than she had ever understood any other of his sex.

He was talking now at random, idly but agreeably, about nothing in particular. She, muff'ed in the fur robe, looked out through the limousine windows into the rain, and saw brown fields set with pools in every furrow, and squares of winter wheat, intensely green.

And now the silver birch woods, which had given the house its name, began to appear as outlying clumps across the hills; and in a few moments the car swung into a gateway under groves of solemnly-dripping Norway spruces, then up a wide avenue, lined with ranks of leafless hardwood trees and thickets of laurel and rhododendron, and finally stopped before a house made of gravish-brown stone, in the rather inoffensive architecture of early eighteen hundred.

Mrs. Quant, in best bib and tucker, received them in the hallway, having been instructed by Desboro concerning her attitude toward the expected guest. But when she became aware of the youth of the girl, she forgot her sniffs and misgivings, and she waddled, and hobbed, and curtsied, overflowing with a desire to fondle, and cherish, and instruct, which only fear of Desboro choked off.

But as soon as Jacqueline had followed [illegible] to the room assigned, and had been divested of wet outer-clothing, and served with hot tea, Mrs. Quant became loquacious and confidential concerning her own ailments and sorrows, and the history and misfortunes of the Desboro family.

Jacqueline wished to decline the cup of tea, but Mrs. Quant insisted; and the girl yielded.

"Air you sure you feel well, Miss Nevers?" she asked anxiously.

"Why, of course."

"Dont be *too* sure," said Mrs. Quant ominously. "Sometimes them that feels hestest is sickest. I've seen a sight of sickness in my day, dearie—typod, mostly. You ain't never had typod, now, hev you?"

"Typhoid?"

"Yes'm, typod!"

"No, I never did."

"Then you take an old woman's advice, Miss Nevers, and don't you go and git it!"

Jacqueline promised gravely; but Mrs. Quant was now fairly launched on her favorite topic.

"I've been forty-two years in this place—and Quant—my man—he was head farmer here when he was took. Typod, it was, dearie—and you won't never git it if you'll listen to me—and Quant, a man that never quarreled with his vittles, but he was for going off without 'em that morning. Sez he, 'Cassie, I don't feel good this mornin'!'—and a piece of pie and a pork chop layin' there onto his plate. 'My vittles don't set right,' sez he; 'I ain't a mite peckish.' Sez I, 'Quant, you lay right down, and don't you stir a inch! You've gone and got a mild form of typod,' sez I, knowing about sickness as I allus had a gift, my father bein' a natural bone-setter. And those was my very words, dearie, 'a mild form of typod.' And I was right and he was took. And when folks ain't well, it's mostly that they've got a mild form of typod which some call malairy——"

There was no stopping her; Jacqueline tasted her hot tea and listened sympathetically to that woman of many sorrows. And, sipping her tea, she was obliged to assist at the obsequies of Quant, the nativity of young Desboro, the dissolution of his grandparents and parents, and many, many minor details, such as the freezing of water-pipes in 1907, the menace of the chestnut blight, mysterious maladies which had affected cattle on the farm—every variety of death, destruction, dissolution, and despondency that had been Mrs. Quant's portion to witness.

And how she gloried in detailing her dismal career; and presently pessimistic prophecies for the future became plainer as her undammed eloquence flowed on:

"And Mr. James, *he* ain't well, neither," she said in a hoarse whisper. "He don't know it, and he won't listen to *me*, dearie, but I *know* he's

(*Continued on page 27*)

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How to Get Into the Movies

by Mabel Normand

VIII.

AS I said in the previous chat, your first stop in Hollywood should be at the Studio Club, where you may get some tips as to to employment, and learn in particular, the studios which are using "extras."

You must know that certain pictures require only a small cast, while others have scenes that call for a large number of people. Such scenes may take only a day to shoot; then again they may run along for a week or more.

Occasionally a studio inserts a notice in the papers calling for extras. Usually, however, they can get all they want by telephoning those whom they have listed and whom they have employed before.

Unless you are exceptionally fortunate, you will have to take your place in line with those who patiently wait at the casting offices of the studios. It is impossible for me or for anyone to tell you how to attract the attention of the casting director or his assistant who stands behind the little window marked "casting department."

In a previous article I did advise you about your appearance. Dress neatly in your best suit. See that your shoes are trim and polished, your nails manicured and your hair done in its most becoming fashion. Do not attempt to attract attention by gaudy clothes or affected manner. The scenes which call for "extras" are usually ballroom scenes, cafes or social functions of some sort, and for these girls are required who appear to be ladies.

If possible make the acquaintance of someone who can introduce you to the casting director or his assistant. Even though there is no work at the moment he will be able to give you some advice and probably will tell you to register at an exchange from which 'extras" are employed. This exchange is a regular employment agency for players who do "atmosphere" or "bits."

It will be necessary for you to have photographs of yourself to leave at this exchange and at the offices of the casting directors. Before you have finished you will find that you need several dozen, for once you part with them you will see them no more. They will be placed on a file with a card giving information as to your appearance, your previous experience if any, your address and telephone number.

Decide at the outset that you have perseverance and that you will keep going the rounds until you get in. Don't feel that you are being turned down when the casting director tells you coldly that there is nothing doing. He probably speaks the truth. There are no companies needing extras at that special time. Ask him in your best manner to take your name and telephone number in the event that something turns up later. Casting directors usually are willing to register applicants.

I would try first to find someone who could introduce me or give me a note to a casting director, or to someone in a studio who would perform the introduction. Then I would make my call at once. It will be impossible, of course, to get letters to all the studios. Those where you have no introduction must be approached, as I have said, through the casting office.

Get a list of all the studios in Hollywood, Culver City and Los Angeles. Visit each in turn until you have made yourself known to the casting office—then keep on going until you are given a chance to earn an extra's pay.

It's hard work, this making the rounds. You will have to spend a good many hours on the trolley going from Hollywood to Los Angeles,

Mabel Normand - the Author

from Los Angeles to Culver City or Edendale, or out to the Selig studio near East Lake Park. It's tiresome and discouraging as are all pursuits that are worth while. But if you start out with determination and optimism you will be able to enjoy the game of it. By making friends you will find the road more congenial and much, much easier.

A great deal is said about the necessity for "pull" in getting into pictures. 'Pull" means simply friendships. You have a better chance of getting into any business and securing promotions if you have friends in that business. Personality counts off screen as well as on. An engaging, genial person soon has a lot of acquaintances, some of whom are travelling the same road as she is and others who may be somewhat ahead in the game. It isn't necessary to make a chum of everyone you meet, but it does no harm to make a friend of everyone.

You will find that there are a great many people in the film game who are not your sort, people with whom you haven't a great deal in common, but there is no harm in being friendly toward them. Every girl must cultivate tact, if she doesn't already possess it, for it will be needed in making friends and also in keeping from being drawn too intimately into associations that she does not desire. It is fine to be a good fellow—the right sort of good fellow. Directors like to have players who are cheerful, who can mix fun with work and who can endure hard ships without grumbling. A girl who can live up to Kipling's poem "If" should have a great future in films. But a lot of beginners imagine that being a "good fellow" means doing exactly what others do. That isn't so. People respect you for having the character to do what you want to do, provided that in so doing you do not interfere with the rights of others. You do not have to go on parties to be a good fellow. You only have to be amiable, sincere, and always on the job at the studio. A girl who stays up late at night is not going to appear at her best at nine o'clock in the morning when the studios start work. Of course, you need recreation, but be conservative. If you want to go to a dance, make it a week-end night when there is no work the next day. I have made it a habit to go to bed early every night previous to a working day Sometimes I retire as early as eight o'clock, have my dinner served in bed and just read and relax until sleep comes. Sleep is the greatest beautifier and health-giver in the world. And you cannot have too much either of beauty or of health.

I cannot tell you in advance just which studios will be needing girls for extra work, but I do advise you to pay special attention to those which make comedies—such studios as the Mack Sennett Christie Hal Roach, Buster Keaton, Vitagraph and Universal. A producer of two-reel comedies is willing to take an inexperienced girl if she is pretty, because not much acting ability is required for minor parts in comedies. I recently heard a well-known comedian complain that he found it impossible to secure enough really pretty girls for his comedies. There are plenty who are attractive to the eye, perhaps, but not many who stand the camera test.

I consider the two-reel comedies the best primary schools of motion picture work. They make you over-act, and that is a good thing, for the trouble with most young actresses is that they cannot let go of their emotions. They seem cold. Comedy calls for quick and breezy action, which eventually relieves a girl of self-consciousness and gives her spontaneity of expression. Consult the list of popular stars today and you will find that the majority started in two-reel comedies—Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels, Betty Compson Priscilla Dean, Marie Prevost and even Pola Negri, I'm told.

SECRETS of the MOVIES - - - At the Bottom of the Ocean

XI

THERE was a young cartoonist in Norfolk, Va., who had a hobby of photography. His father was an old sea captain who had invented a contrivance for removing treasure from sunken ships and, if possible, raising them. It consisted of a big steel coil covered on the outside with canvas and rubber and down the inside of which they could go. At the bottom it flanged out into a bell shape, and with glass sides to look out the divers could see what was going on.

Between the hours on the paper, the young cartoonist-photographer would slip out to Hampton Roads and enjoy life. He found that by running a light to the bottom the fish would come flocking around it—that is, if fish flock. He made some pictures under water by pressing his camera against the sides of the diving-bell and photographing some "croakers."

An idea hit him. Why not put people there instead of croakers? He did, with a more complex and elaborate equipment—and thus made the first under-water motion picture. The man was J. Ernest Williamson, and today he and his brother make practically all the under-sea pictures.

Most of the submarine movies are made around the Bahamas, as the water is clear. There is much sunlight to help out and the white coral on the bottom also reflects the light. Big electric lights are used, and thus equipped, a camera will reach more than a hundred feet under the water.

BERNARR MACFADDEN'S

Mack Sennett

IT is a source of interest to me to know how the various motion picture players indulge themselves in physical relaxation, for, after all, that is what exercise amounts to.

Lila Lee, now, of the younger contingent of players, says her two favorite sports are basketball and swimming. In fact, she goes a step further to say: "no duck was ever happier in the water than I when I am taking my plunge and swim."

Having been on the stage and screen since she was a little girl, Miss Lee's time has been pretty well occupied with her work, but the "busier one is, the more he does." So it is that she says: "I have always taken advantage of every opportunity to indulge in outdoor exercising. This is one reason, perhaps, for my splendid health and physical condition. I can't remember ever being sick and am always in the best of health."

Then there is Charlie Chaplin who works continuously, either in completing one comedy or in planning his next. A producer-star is kept busy attending to the commercial as well as the artistic end of his affairs, and, even though a special man takes the burden of actual financial details off his shoulders, Charlie is kept "on the go."

Mack Sennett

Betty Compson

BEAUTY PAGES

He recognizes, however, the value of bodily welfare. Thus it is that right on the lot he has a swimming pool. A plunge and a hard rubdown quiets the nerves and pummels the blood through the weary body with renewed force. From what I have been told, Charlie also is quite a gym goer. Muscles must be kept strong and not be permitted to get flabby and soft. It stands to reason that only by actual work can the brain achieve success. Borne down by physical weakness, how can success come to any man or woman?

Wallie Reid is another who is an enthusiast for sports and exercises. Mr. Reid is a member of the Hollywood Athletic Club, and here he enjoys the pleasure of a well equipped gym. "The value of athletics and good, consistent exercise," he says, "is three-fold. They prevent many of the small ills and indispositions to which a weak physique is subject; they give one the stamina to withstand any physical hardship which might arise at any time, and they develop and sustain the body in its normal, healthy state, hardening the muscles and keeping the human mechanism in perfect running order."

Exactly! And very well put. Mr. Reid admits he never lets a day go by without spending an active hour in the gymnasium, this being quite outside his partaking of such sports as golf, tennis, polo and swimming.

Those who read, take a lesson from picture players who take care of themselves physically with the same attention as most people attempt to earn their own living.

Mack Sennett

Mack Sennett

Mack Sennett

Norma Talmadge—FORTUNE TELLER

Try These At Your Hallowe'en Party

YOUR FUTURE FORETOLD

IF an engaged girl wishes to know if her lover is faithful she must, on the eve of the festival, put two nuts on the bars of the grate, naming one after her lover and one after herself. Should the nut named after her lover crack or jump, he will prove unfaithful; if it begins to blaze or burn, he has a true regard for the person making the test; if both nuts burn together, the girl and her lover will be married within a short period.

One of the most fortunate of Hallowe'en love spells is to put on a tray, near the bedside, before going to sleep, three berries—one white, one red, and one black. On waking, stretch out the hand and take one of the berries with the eyes closed. If it is the white one, tradition says you will be married within twelve months; if red you will be engaged within the same period; but if black, your destiny is to remain an old maid.

To put a horseshoe under the pillow on this night will keep away evil influences from yourself and your lover for the year to come.

Here is another Hallowe'en method by which a girl can discover her lot in marriage. Place three dishes on a table—one should be empty, another should be filled with plain water, and the other should contain colored fluid. Then, blindfolded, she must dip her fingers into one of these dishes at random. If the empty dish is touched, a single life is portended; if the plain-water vessel, a happy marriage is denoted; whilst the dish of colored fluid means that the girl will outlive him whom she marries.

A LOVELY PHOTO OF NORMA by Spurr

WHOM SHALL I MARRY?

It is not difficult to discover the initials of your future husband. You have only to make a circle with the letters of the alphabet. In the center mark a small circle. Over this a wedding ring must be steadily suspended on a single hair of your head. Watch to which letter the ring swings. The first time it will indicate the initial of the Christian name, the second that of the surname.

AND WHEN?

To discover when you will marry, pull a long hair from your head and sling on to it a borrowed wedding ring. Hold the ring suspended on the hair just below the top of a tumbler half-filled with water. Try to keep your hand as still as possible. The ring will begin to swing gently, and at last to touch the glass, and as often as it tinkles against the glass so many years will you have to wait ere you wed.

By a slice of wedding cake it is said one may readily learn the future, since if a piece of it be passed nine times through a wedding ring and then laid under the pillow without the owner speaking or eating, the magic of the ring, combined with the cake, will cause the future spouse to appear in a vision to the sleeper.

If you receive a written promise of marriage, or any declaration of love in a letter, prick the words with a sharp-pointed needle; fold in three folds, and place it under your head when you retire to rest. If you dream of diamonds, castles, or even a clear sky, there is no deceit in the letter; trees in blossom, or flowers, a proposal soon; washing or graves show you will lose him to a rival; and water shows he is faithful, but that you will go through severe poverty with him for some time, though all may end well.

AN INDIAN LOVE CHARM

If you wish to know how your present love affair will turn out, take two halves of a walnut shell, fix a wax match in each with sealing-wax, light the matches, name the half shells for yourself and your lover, and set them floating in a basin of water. All will go well if they keep side by side with their lights burning; but if they drift apart or overturn, love will grow cold or troubles will come to mar your happiness. As the lights burn, so you may judge of your sweetheart's fidelity and your own feelings. This is an Eastern love charm which comes from ancient India.

Another spell is to wet a shirt sleeve, hang it up near the fire to dry, and lie in bed watching it till midnight, when the apparition of your future partner in life will come into the room and turn the sleeve.

SIGNS TO LOOK FOR AT TEA TIME

To leave a teapot lid open undesignedly is an indication that a stranger is coming.

A tea leaf floating in a cup is a sure sign of a visitor. If two or more leaves float there will be two or more visitors. If the leaf is hard the visitor will be a gentleman; if soft, a lady.

The leaf, on being taken from the cup, should be placed on the back of the left hand and struck with the side of the right fist, the striker repeating at each stroke the words—Monday, Tuesday, etc. The day the name of which is repeated when first the leaf adheres to the right hand is that on which the visitor may be expected.

If you are not prepared to receive visitors, take the stick to the door and throw it from you, saying:

"Pass the door,
You've come before
You're wanted."

Two spoons in one saucer foretell a wedding, and to tell the number of months that will elapse before it happens, balance one of the spoons on the edge of the cup, making sure it is perfectly dry. Then fill the other spoon with tea, and let the tea drop gently into the balanced spoon. Every drop counts for a month and the number of months that are to pass before the wedding comes round is indicated when the spoon sinks.

The bubbles that rise up in the teacup, if they come from sugar in the tea, are kisses; but if the tea has no sugar in it, money; to secure either you must skim them off and sip them up from the spoon.

More Things you don't know about the Stars

Anita Stewart, Musician

ANITA STEWART once gave music lessons! It was when she was a little girl of twelve, too! Just when most girls are either playing with dolls or beginning to scorn them.

It all came out this way. I was visiting Miss Stewart one day at her home in Hollywood, and her mother was lunching with us. After lunch, noting the piano in the corner, I asked Miss Stewart if she played. I found that she did, and very nicely.

Then her mother told me of Miss Stewart's beginnings in music.

It seems the family were not wealthy, as has been so often said. Miss Stewart's father was in the insurance and stock broking business, but was a merely fairly successful business man. Anita wanted to study the piano, but the family finances did not warrant her studying with the best teachers.

'One day," related her mother, "Anita came home all elated. She had been visiting a neighbor. 'Mamma!' she exclaimed, 'What do you think? I've got some music pupils!'

"She was just twelve years old then, but had made fair progress in her studies. So she faithfully stayed at home on Saturdays, when other little girls were playing or attending the matinee, and gave music lessons to stupid children. She earned enough to study with an excellent teacher. She's a wonderfully good girl, Anita."

Rambling Through the Studios of the East

With Dorothea B. Herzog

Pola Negri Says Charlie Chaplin "Is Charming"

John Barrymore Taken to Task

THERE is now playing on Broadway an artistic novelty originally from Moscow, known as Baileff's "Chauve-Souriz." Ye Rambler successfully purchased seats for an evening's performance and anticipated a jolly time.

John Barrymore and a loquacious friend sat directly behind us, and if Barrymore wasn't talking, the other man was, thus keeping up a steady murmur of annoying masculine comments.

George Arliss

The girl sitting next to us turned around to glare at Mr. Barrymore, and, seeing our sympathetic smile, sarcastically confided: "I wonder how he would feel if some one talked during one of his performances! These artists—pah!"

We recalled a time when he did have occasion to feel in a similar situation. It was while he and his brother Lionel were co-starring on Broadway in "The Jest." Someone in the audience inadvertently whispered to a friend, whereupon John interrupted the action to step forward and sternly state that the play would not continue until the audience was quiet!

The girl next to us, however, not being in a star position of advantage, did the next best thing. She turned around:

"Would you mind keeping quiet for at least a few minutes?" acidly. Barrymore appeared surprised, which may explain why he complied for "at least a few minutes."

* * * * *

Another Company Gone

The East is beginning to resemble the biblical desert of yore after the vociferous Children of Israel successfully made their long pilgrimage out out it. Motion picture company after company are pulling up stakes and embarking for the Coast.

Selznick is the latest, and with Selznick goes Owen Moore, Elaine Hammerstein, 'Gene O'Brien and a batch of directors, et cetera.

Ye Rambler conversed with several minor picture players only the other day, and they were ready to weep tears at the departure of a company hitherfore considered a sure standby.

* * * * *

George Arliss to Sail

George Arliss plans to return in June to jolly old London, the scene of his early histrionic struggles, there to play in his latest stage triumph, "The Green Goddess." This play has run in New York for the past year to capacity houses.

Mr. Arliss plans to sail sometime in May, perhaps, making one more picture before that time, one that will be a worthy successor to "Disraeli" and "The Ruling Passion."

It will be a shame to have one of our foremost artists leave us for any length of time, and this is what Mr. Arliss may have to do, if "The Green Goddess" scores a London success on a par with its New York one. Meaning, he may be gone for an entire year. It is up to the folks in London.

Emlee Haddon Engaged

Word reaches us that Emlee Haddon, winsome little dancer and comedienne of numerous Broadway musical comedies and a newcomer to motion pictures, has been engaged by Larry Trimble, that extraordinary director of Strongheart, the German police dog of "Silent Call" fame, as leading lady in his next production. Mr. Trimble, according to this report, thinks highly of Miss Haddon:

"One is almost tempted to descend to the commonplace in describing her," he is said to have remarked, "and use the words of a one-time popular song, to say that everything about Miss Haddon causes her to stand out as a feature in any scene with which she is connected."

Coming from Larry Trimble this means a great deal. More power to Miss Haddon in her climb to success.

* * * * *

"Foolish Wives" in New York

Don't be misled by the scarehead. An Egyptian Prince recently arrived in these parts, but no

Pola Negri

foolish wives. "Foolish Wives" refers only to Von Stroheim's million dolar production of that name. And those in the cast now here in New York number: Miss DuPont, whose name in the picture is Margaret Armstrong; Maude George, one of the cousin-heavies of the "no-count" Monte Carlo vagabond, and Mae Busch.

Folks have asked us why Miss DuPont ever adopted this name. Well, we don't know. It seems no one else does, either—at least those up at Universal, whom you would suspect would know, are guilelessly innocent of an answer.

* * * * *

Constance Goes Shopping

Constance Talmadge is buying out the baby departments in New York. "It's expected in May," she thrilled in explanation. "It" may be the successor to Buster Keaton or to Constance or Norma, for "it" will be no other than Natalie Talmadge Keaton's precious baby.

Constance hopes for a girl. So does Norma. "We all do," reiterated Constance, emphatically. "And you should see what things that baby will have!" She shook her head dolorously.

"Such a foolish thing to do. The baby will outgrow practically everything in no time."

But, in the meantime, she and Norma are having a wonderful time busying themselves with adorable purchases for the newcomer.

* * * * *

From Charlie's Book

CHARLIE CHAPLIN has written a "scenario" of his trip to Europe, and it is published in book form under the title, "My Trip Abroad." In reading through this sweeping narrative, we were especially interested in Charlie's account of his first meeting with Pola Negri upon his arrival in Germany:

"At the Heinroth (the most expensive place in Berlin and the high spot of night life), everybody was in evening dress. We weren't. My appearance did not cause any excitement. (Charlie is not very well-known in Germany). We check our hats and coats and ask for a table. The manager shrugs his shoulders. There is one in the back, a most obscure part of the room. This brings home forcibly the absence of my reputation. It nettled me. Well, I wanted rest. This was it.

"We were about to accept humbly the isolated table, when I hear a shriek and I am slapped on the back and there's a yell:

"'Charlie!'

"It is Al Kaufman of the Lasky Corporation and manager of the Famous Players studio in Berlin.

"'Come on over to our tahle. Pola Negri wants to meet you.'

* * * * *

Charlie Meets Pola Negri

". . . Pola Negri is really beautiful," continues Charlie. "She is Polish and really true to the type. Beautiful jet-black hair, white, even teeth and wonderful coloring. I think it such a pity and wonderful coloring.

"She is the center of attraction here. I am introduced. What a voice she has! Her mouth speaks so prettily the German language. Her voice has a soft, mellow quality, with charming inflections.

* * * * *

Making a Hit

Charlie Chaplin

"Language again stumps me," bemoans Charlie. "What pity! But with the aid of a third party we get along famously. Kaufman whispers: 'Charlie, you've made a hit. She just told me that you are charming.'

"'You tell her that she's the loveliest thing I've seen in Europe. These compliments keep up for some time, and then I ask Kaufman how to say, 'I think you are divine' in German. He tells me something in German and I repeat it to her.

"She's startled and looks up and slaps my hand. 'Naughty boy,' she says.

"The table roars. I sense that I have been double-crossed by Kaufman. What have I said? But Pola joins in the joke, and there is no casualty. I learn later that I have said, 'I think you are terrible.' I decided to go home and learn German."

MOVIE WEEKLY ART SERIES

CORINNE GRIFFITH

Bucking into the Movies

Hollywood, 1922.

Mr. H. O. Potts,
Hog Run, Ky.

Dear Maw and Folks:

Yours of the 6th imminent received, and was sorry to hear that the Official Board of Movie Censors of Hog Run had been exactly doubled in number of members and capacity for evil by the addition of Ephraim Sowerly to the municipal payroll. Gamaliel Whitley was bad enough as a paid guardian for Hog Run's few remaining morals, but adding Ephraim S. to the cheerful little film wrecking crew is heaping insult on injury, or "Papier maché, Dardanella," as Confucius sadly remarked to the Medes and Persians that fatal evening on the bridge at Waterloo. Because honest, Maw, beside of Ephraim's general intelligence, that of a fish would seem like Buddha.

I am enclosing you under separate covers a late picture of me which I wish you would try to persuade

"The figure in the centre, holding the sack, is me."

the Editor of the "Hog Run Clarion" to run on the Theatrical, Housekeeping and Truck Farming Page sometime in the near future. It is a sort of an allegorical picture supposed to represent "Helen of Troy at the Sack of Carthage," and the figure in the center holding the sack, is me. Be sure and get it put in the "Clarion" somewhere, even if you have to pay advertising rates to do it, because publicity with our dear public is as necessary to us actresses as a dislike for chewing gum is for an individual with a full set of false teeth.

And speaking of us actresses, Maw, if you ever happen to run into some otherwise intelligent little girl who is possessed of a craving to get into the movies, advise her to enter the ranks of the Russian capitalists, or some other such peaceful like occupation instead. Because this morning I had a job which would of made the career of a temperance lecturer in Havana, Cuba, look like a positive sinecure in comparison. During a time lapse of a little over three hours, I lost all my love for natural history, about one square yard of epidermis, and all desire to be a comedy actress. The result is that my temper and general disposition are in such a state to-night that, if Solomon was right when he made that brilliant remark about like attracting like, then me and a dyspeptic grizzly bear should exercise a very strong case of mutual attraction just at present.

It was all my fault, though. I should have known better in the first place than to destitute my art by appearing in a one-reel comedy, and in the second place, I should have remembered the horrible examples of Cleopatra and other great emotional actresses and shunned animal stuff like a Greenwich Villager does manual labor. But I didn't, and when the Casting Director called me up and told me to report for work in Culver City this morning, I went.

The place of action was the Hal Roach Studio, the principal characters was me and Snub Pollard, and the disturbing element which eventually ruined an otherwise fairly perfect day was a large he-ostrich. The plot of the story was a trifle ancient, to say the least, and concerned Caveman days.

This was that benighted period, Maw, when men didn't wear Kollege Kut Klothes and tweed golf suits like they do now, but went out when they needed a new suit of clothes and proceeded to engage some shaggy-furred animal in mortal combat. Whoever won the argument got to wear the animal's furs from that time on. The consequence was that most of the male members of the cast was attired something like a cross between a vaudeville strong man and the Hermit of Lone Pine Lake. As for me, my costume consisted of bear-skin and bare skin in about equal proportions.

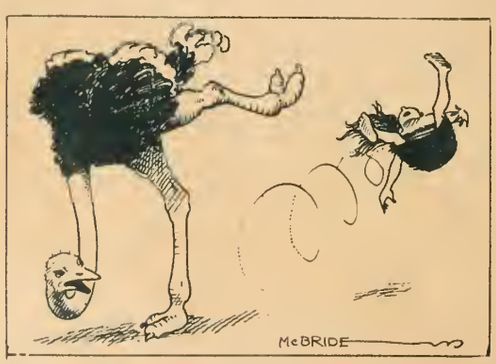
The morning started fairly auspicious with me acting as the feminine element in some love scenes with Snub Pollard. As near as I could gather from the action, the Caveman method of courtship consisted of about equal parts of assault and battery and attempted murder, the chief weapon *d'amour*, as the Portuguese would say, being a large spiked club, and the mode of procedure combining all the finer elements of a prize-fight and an Irish picnic. Honest, Maw, I had my skull caressed with that darned club so many times that I began to feel like I was co-starring with a locoed pile-driver or something! But still it was sorta romantic like, even at worst, so I managed to endure it for a while.

Then I had the ostrich wished on me. It seems that Cave Girls had pets like modern flappers have, only instead of a Pomeranian on a leash, they had a pterodactyl on a logging chain. A pterodactyl, folks, was a prehistoric animal which was half snake and half bird, and looked like a Haiti voodoo worshipper's idea of the Old Nick. But, not having an pterodactyl handy at the time, we had to use an ostrich instead, and it didn't make a bad substitute, it being about half snake, anyway—from the shoulders up. In fact, an ostrich looks like somebody had took a sizable boa constrictor in the first place and mounted it on a pair of stilts, and then had carelessly thrown in an odd-sized body on the assemblage just as a kind of an afterthought.

The catastrophe happened in the very first scene in which I tried to act with the brute. According to the script, I was scheduled to herd the ostrich in front of me just across the scenery in front of the camera. But the feathered reptile refused to herd, and stopping just in front of the camera, which was clicking away by then, proceeded to give an excellent impersonation of the Rock of Gibraltar.

Being in a hurry and trying to save the scene, I grabbed the beast by the first thing handy which, it being two-thirds neck, happened to be in the vicinity of that spot concealed by a collar-button on a human being. Then it happened! That plumed monstrosity did the last thing on earth I would ever of expected a bird to do—and *kicked* me!

And take it from me, Maw, beside the kick of an adult ostrich, the famous functioning of a Missouri mule's rear section would seem like a mere caress with a feather in comparison. I've always wondered what the feelings experienced by Job Digger's goat were that time when he tried to dispute the right of way with the Dixie Limited, but now I know. And,



"The last thing I ever expected a bird to do—kicked me!"

believe me, henceforth I'm through with one-reel comedies in general and ostriches in particular. Because I ain't no hog for punishment—I know when I've got enough.

Which I guess will be all for this time, only if I was Luther Burbank, I think I would try to cross an ostrich with a fish or some other non-kicking animal like that.

Your loving daughter, resp'ly yours,

SOPHIE POTTS,

Via Hal Wells.

MOVIE WEEKLY Screen Dictionary

"Movie Weekly" presents to its readers the following dictionary of special terms which have developed with the growth of the screen industry. This dictionary includes words and phrases which apply to everything from the writing of the script to the projection of the completed film on the theatre screen. Clip the instalments and save them, they will enable you to obtain a more complete understanding of the technique of motion picture production.

D

Dissolve—A fade directly from one scene into another.

Double exposure—The photographing of two scenes on the same film.

Doubling—The use of a substitute stunt actor for a player who is unwilling to or cannot play a difficult scene.

Drop—Plain background to a scene.

E

Exhibitor—Universally used instead of theatre owner or theatre manager.

Emulsion—Preparation used to coat positive film.

Exchange—Branch selling office of a releasing company.

Exterior—Any scene on location.

F

Fade-out—To cause a scene to vanish by decreasing the amount of light, either by chemicals applied to film or camera device.

Flood lighting—Use of all lights on a set.

Fade-in—To cause a scene to photograph by increasing the amount of light.

Floor—Stage of set, on which scene is being taken.

Full shot—The full scene.

Flash—A few feet of film.

Flash-back—Insertion of a few feet of a previous scene.

Flop—To fail.

G

Grips—A man who moves sets. A stage hand.

Gyp—To deceive.

Gagging—Forcing a laugh by slapstick comedy or humorous titles.

Gag man—One who spends his time developing comedy scenes or comic situations.

H

Hazard man—Stunt actor, used to double for players in especially dangerous roles.

Hokum—Un-original situations, used because of their effectiveness.

I

Interior—Any scene taken in the studio.

Iris—To increase or decrease the size of the picture by opening or closing the shutter of the camera.

Insert—Scene inserted between two others.

(Continued next week)

Sh-h-Under the Orange Pekoe Tree

by Irma, the Ingenue

MY dear, aren't you tired of the thirstless palms! How glad I'll be when the cherry blossoms are out! And that's just what I was telling Herbert Rawlinson, yesterday, when we were talking about loving California, and all that, but saying that sometimes the weather was rotten, just the same as anywhere else, in spite of the funny little green and yellow and pink and blue Chamber of Commerce folders, saying— But, oh, yes, about Herbert Rawlinson: It just is too sad about his divorce, isn't it?"

Irma, the Ingenue rustled into a seat in the tea garden, drew her fox fur a little closer around her shoulders to keep off the March wind, and ordered:

"Thin wafers—and weak hot water!"

"What is this sort of order all about?" I asked.

"Dieting," she explained briefly. "But I don't want to talk about such a painful subject," she went on. "Where was I? Oh, yes, about Herbert Rawlinson. You know they've been married for years and years, he and that stunning looking Roberta Arnold. They got married eight years ago, and she gave up the stage. She had only played in one thing, 'Peg o' My Heart,' with Laurette Taylor—she was the catty girl—but she made a big hit. But she married and gave up her chance to go to New York because Herbert wanted her to quit the stage. I remember Herbert talking to me awfully seriously about it then.

"I remember how Herb felt when Roberta got that chance to go back to the stage with the Morosco company in 'Upstairs and Down.' She made an awfully big hit in it, and he was very proud of her. But he said to me, one day, 'I'd so much rather she would stay home.' He built her a lovely little home. Then she went away on the stage with 'Upstairs and Down.' And she stayed in New York, and went into Frank Craven's 'First Year,' and other plays. Herb went back to New York, and played in pictures there in inferior productions, just to be near her.

"Can't imagine what the trouble was, except the absence, which is said to make the heart grow fonder—of the other fellow. I know Herb never went around much with any particular girl. Of course he wasn't exactly a hermit—used to step out occasionally with some girl to dance or supper or something like that—but he always adored his wife.

"Well, at any rate, the divorces are all balanced up nicely with marriages in this picture business, that's one thing you can say for it. Now it's John Davidson who is engaged!

"His fiancee? Oh, of course. I always do forget the most important part of my story; just like De Maupassant—I never really finish 'em up. She is Helen Dryden, the artist who makes those fascinating, weird covers for Vogue. They've been engaged for years. It's just like a book. He met her first when he was just going on the stage and had no money to support her. Then he made more money, but she was always just a bit ahead of him in the artistic world and financially, and he just wouldn't marry her, he's so proud, until he makes a great success. I think he's on the way to it now, as they say Cecil de Mille is going to make a director of him. He played his role so well in 'Fool's Paradise,' that Mr. de Mille drew him aside one day and whispered in his ear that he would make a good director. John jumped a foot—but didn't deny the soft impeachment. And now John is fairly sitting on De Mille's doorstep, waiting for him to get well and come back to the studio to direct 'Manslaughter.'

"Well, you certainly can hear anything in Hollywood! They had it around that Mabel was so ill that she couldn't go on and finish 'Suzanne,' but that a double who looks almost more like Mabel than Mabel looks like herself, was going to do the part, finishing up the picture. But Mabel denies it.

"There have been so many reports that Charlie Chaplin was going to make a serious play, that I asked him point blank the last time I saw him. 'Charlie,' I said, 'are you really going to make a serious play?' 'Not intentionally!' answered Charlie."

Irma, the Ingenue, paused for breath, and sipped another sip of hot water. "If it only had a little taste of almost anything!" she wailed, but kept bravely on.

"The most exciting little thing happened the other night at the Ambassador Cocoanut Grove! Coleen Moore and John McCormick were there, and who should trip in with a man from the business world but Virginia Fox. Virginia and John used to be engaged, you know, but somehow it was broken off. Maybe Colleen tunnelled under Virginia, I don't know. Anyhow, as luck would have it, the place being crowded, the four were seated together at the same table before they knew it, because Colleen and John were dancing whn Virginia and her escort came in. Everybody got red in the face, and nobody knew whether to speak or not. Finally Colleen piped up—I don't think Colleen's wits would desert her if the heavens fell and she met St. Peter—'Why, John,' she said, 'here's Miss Fox and Mr. Blank! Isn't that nice? I'm sure they won't mind keeping the table for us while we go over and visit with Bill Russell and Helen Ferguson a few minutes!' 'Of course not,' said Virginia. And as the music chimed up just then, and the dances are so long, they didn't come back for quite some time, and when they did everybody was prepared to keep the parlor face and be perfectly pleasant.

"Isn't that Helen Ferguson the cutest girl! I'd like to follow her around with a phonograph and then write her sayings. Bet I could get rich. The other day, talking about the scarcity of work in Hollywood studios, she exclaimed:

"'Tell you what I'm going to do! I'm going to take all my cuttings out of the pictures I've played in, stick 'em together, and make a starring vehicle for myself!'

"Oh, did I tell you about the letter I had from Viola Dana? Something very funny happened to that little pocket Venus.

"Viola was invited to address the students of Utah University—can't you imagine Vi up there trying to make a speech?—and one of the boys, the freshman, stepped up to act as her escort. Viola naturally thought that he had been detailed to be her escort. But it seems not. In fact, he violated a tradition of the college in taking her up the steps of the Park Building, which building is denied the freshmen. The upper classmen got jealous, regarded the boy's self-appointed gallantry as presumptious, and proceeded to punsh him. They seized him, tore his shirt and coat from him, and though the weather was freezing cold, they ducked him into a tub of cold water, then lustily spanked him and took him over to the college infirmary.

"But at that, Vi's freshman had the best of it. For Vi went over that afternoon, cooled his fevered brow with her fair hands, and brought him a big bunch of hot house violets!"

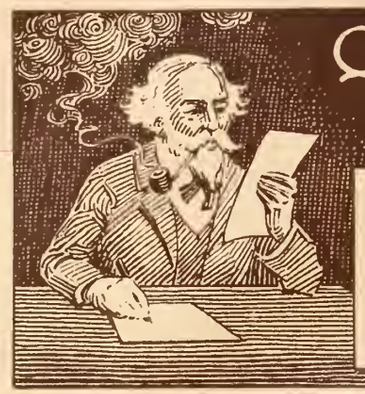
"You know Herb Rawlinson and that stunning looking Roberta Arnold got married eight years ago. It is just sad about his divorce, isn't it? . . . I know Herb never went around much with any particular girl."

"They had it around that Mabel Normand was so ill she couldn't go on and finish Suzanne. Mabel denies it."

"The most exciting thing happened the other night at the Ambassador Cocoanut Grove! Colleen Moore and . . ."

"Oh, did I tell you the letter I had from Viola Dana? Something very funny happened to that little pocket Venus at the University of Utah . . ."

"There have been so many reports that Charlie was going to make a serious play. 'Not intentionally,' Charlie told me when I asked him about it point blank"



Questions Answered by The Colonel

My job on "Movie Weekly" is answering questions. Wouldn't you like to know whether your favorite star is married? What color *her* eyes are, or what may be *his* hobbies? Write me, then, and I will tell you. I cannot answer questions concerning studio employment. For a personal reply, enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. All inquiries should be signed with the writer's full name and address, which will not appear in the magazine. Address me, THE COLONEL, "Movie Weekly," 119 West 40th St., New York City.

"Where can I get back issues of 'Movie Weekly'?" people write me, or sometimes they ask me to send them copies. You know, of course, that when it comes to mailing out magazines, that is a little out of my line. You see I have my hands full just with my little job, and I don't print the magazine or pick out the pictures we use or mail out copies or sweep the floor or—well, anyway, there are lots of things around here that I don't do. Back numbers of the magazine can always be obtained from "Movie Weekly's" Circulation Department.

GEORGIE—You bring back my childhood and the old nursery rhyme about the boy who kissed all the girls and made them cry. Was that you? Agnes is 23, Gloria, 27, May McAvoy, 21 and Wallie, 29. Wanda Hawley and Will Rogers do not give their ages. I have no room here for long casts, but the principal roles in "Through the Back Door," were played by Mary Pickford as Jeanette Reeves, Gertrude Astor as her mother, Wilfred Lucas as her step-father and Helen Raymond as the nurse-maid.

JACK HOXIE'S FAN—I didn't know Jack Hoxie used a fan. But then I suppose he gets hot in the summer time. No good picture of your favorite has wandered into the office and until it does we can't very well publish his photograph. Richard Tucker played the part of the oldest son in "The Old Nest." I don't know whether he played in "Partners" or not. Who produced that film?

HONEY—My favorite star, Honey, since you ask, is the one just at the end of the dipper. Yes, it is fun to ride horseback, but I'm so busy pretending that I'm the encyclopedia that I don't have time to canter along nice country roads. Shirley Mason's address is 1770 Grand Concourse, New York. No, Mary Miles Minter is not married. Her next picture will be "The Heart Specialist," and Richard Barthelmess' next will be "Sonny."

MISS MIGNON LA VERE—Your hope came true, Miss La Vere. When the postman dropped your letter, he dropped it right at my door. He's a smart postman; he knows just where to drop things. Mack Sennett's address is 1712 Allesandro St., Los Angeles.

MICHAEL CARROP—Hoot Gibson was born in Nebraska in 1892. Is it hard for a man to become a movie star? You said it, Michael—it's almost impossible. There are only about ten million people in the U. S. who have that ambition, so, of course, directors can't take any of them seriously. The nearest studio to Pittsburg is in New York.

JACK DENMARK—I hope, Jack, you didn't look for your reply in the next number of "Movie Weekly." Do you know what happens to a reader who looks for his answer in the next issue? He doesn't find it. No, Bebe has never been married, and as for her engagement—well, you know you mustn't take engagements too seriously these days. We published a double-page picture of Bebe in last week's issue.

LOSSIE—What a flossie name you have. Eddie Polo's daughter who plays on the screen is named Malveen; she is fourteen. Charles Chaplin is engaged to a new girl every week according to the gossips. There have been several rumored engagements since Claire Windsor was supposed to be the lucky lady. Harold Lloyd is twenty-nine; he keeps lots of fond mammas in suspense by refusing to get married. Agnes Ayres is divorced from Frank Schusker. She is about 23. Neither Mary nor Norma has any children. Carol Dempster is not married. Come again, Flossie, I welcome work.

K. FLANAGAN—I think you're just trying to make me look ignorant by asking me such hard questions. I can't answer them. I never heard of Margaret Gibson or Seena Oliver. If you mean Seena Owen, her latest picture was "Back Pay." Yes, Ann Pennington was in movies for awhile; she made four or five pictures, the first of which was "Susie Snowflake."

SMILING BROWN EYES—You bet I like my job; if you don't believe it, just watch somebody try to take it away from me! That was a clever suggestion of yours that someone might take the quarter out of the envelope when you were sending it to a movie star. You think a great deal; I can see that. Try stamps or money order for sending your money. William Farnum's address is Fox Studio, 55th St. and 10th Ave., New York. He is married to Olive White. Jack Pickford has not married Marilynn Miller, unless they were mean enough to do it after this magazine went to press. Marie Prevost lives at 451 S. Hampshire, Los Angeles. Betty Compson and May McAvoy both get their mail at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood.

ANOTHER CARMEL MEYERS—Are you any relation to your favorite? Yes, Carmel is still in movies; she and Wallace MacDonald were busy most of the past year making a serial, "Breaking Through." She is twenty-one and married to Isadore Kornblum. She lives at 5721 Carlton Way, Hollywood. We published a story about her in "Movie Weekly" in the April 9th issue of last year, and another in the issue for November 26th.

SYLVIA—Yes, indeed, I read "your silly nonsense"—since you call it that. No, I'm sorry I don't know your answer man friend. Is he nice? Sorry, Sylvia, but the only way I can think of to get in the movies now is to win a beauty contest or something. Lots of studios are closed now and some of the regular actors are doing whatever they can so they can eat. So you see what a slight chance a newcomer has of getting in before conditions improve.

HONEST SCRAP—Why did you change your name? I like 'Red 'Ed better. No, I don't mind answering questions about players I don't like; it's all in a day's work with me, only I get tired of writing his admirers "all that I know about Rodolph." Yes, Doug played "Officer 666" on the stage. Ruth Renick was born in Galveston, Texas, though she grew up in Arizona. "Snub" Pollard is now reported engaged to Marie Mosquini; yes, he is Margarita Fischer's ex-husband. Rex Ingram and Alice Terry were married late in 1921. I never heard of Elaine and Ivan St. Johns or Barbara Beall. Yes, Dore Davidson played in Hope Hampton's new picture, "The Light in the Dark."

ALLISON SPRAGUE—Is there anyone left in the world who doesn't know Rodolph's age and height by now? He is 26, five feet eleven inches tall and has black hair and dark brown eyes. His next picture is "Beyond the Rocks." Lowell Sherman is in his late thirties. His newest picture is "Grand Larceny."

ANOTHER JANE—Too bad! Edmund Lowe is your "favorite favorite," and I know almost nothing about him. He plays on the stage more than in movies. He is not a star. His latest picture is "Living Lies."

SARAH—You surely are not anxious any longer to know Rodolph's address. In case you are, here it is: 7139 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles.

BABY DIMPLES—For one who is just learning to speak English, you certainly do well with it. The little girl who traveled with Mary and Doug is Lottie Pickford's daughter, Mary Rupp. Bebe Daniels does not give her home address; she can be reached at the Paramount Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood.

SHREVEPORT—I like your nice modest way of asking questions. Theda Bara has not been on the screen for several years, but an announcement was made recently that she is to return to the movies with her own company. Wallie Reid is twenty-nine. The movie girls keep their good complexions by constant care and expert attention.

NESTROLA—You threatened to get writer's cramp, with the questions you had to ask, and then you didn't ask any. Just wrote me a nice letter instead. Do write and tell me what you thought of Hope Hampton when you saw her in person. Bert Lytell's wife, Evelyn Vaughn, does not act on the screen; perhaps that is why we have had no picture of her. She may not care for publicity.

ARMISTA—Is that feminine for Armistice? You must be a peaceful person to have around. Eugene O'Brien was born in Colorado. His hobbies are riding and swimming. For a photograph, write him at the Players' Club, 16 Gramercy Park, New York City. Rodolph's hobbies are riding and dancing, and his address is 7139 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles.

A. C. M.—Surely, A. C. M., you have seen all that information about Rodolph since you wrote me? As I have almost turned over my page to him for weeks, I can't allow him any more space for his history. If you haven't learned all about him by now, send me your address and I will be glad to write you personally.

A SAINTLY FUN FAN—And yet you are a school girl! I never heard of a saintly school girl. I'm sorry I don't know much about Jack O'Brien, but, as you say, he is not very well-known. I don't know what he has played in since "Love's Penalty." Leonard C. Shumway was born in 1884, Herbert Rawlinson a year later. Of course I want to hear from you again; I like especially to get letters from school girls.

STELLA STETSON—Are you any relation to the well-known hats? Wanda Hawley is Mrs. Burton Hawley. She is a blonde with gray eyes; she does not give her age. Antonio Moreno is thirty-four, Pearl White thirty-two and Ruth Roland twenty-nine. Frank Mayo is married to Dagmar Godowsky; he is thirty-six. Kingsley Benedict must be on the stage rather than the screen; I never heard of him.

PEGGY—Bebe Daniels has black hair and eyes and Gloria also has black hair—though there is some dispute as to that. Gloria is 5 feet 3 and about 27 years old. The leading man for Bebe in "The Speed Girl" was Theodor Von Eltz.

DOROTHY AND ONEDA—Yes, Rodolph has gotten his divorce. Sessue Hayakawa is thirty-three. Raymond McKee and Frances White will be married whenever they get ready—that's all I know about it. Connie has not yet sued for a divorce. Jackie Saunders went on the stage and that is why you have not been seeing her in recent movies. Yes, Lila Lee has black eyes—the real snappy kind.

Film-Flam

Clothes to Nature

YOU didn't hear so much boasting as usual in California this last winter. For the much vaunted sunny climate put one over on the natives, and now they know what it feels like to live in a measly state like New York where the Palm Beach suit is laid away for the winter.

And the worst of it is, according to Harry Myers, the movie makers refused to acknowledge that the weather was cold. And Harry found it rather hard to pretend he was Robinson Crusoe in an Esquimo environment.

During one particularly cold spell, Harry was called out every day at the crack of dawn for exteriors and he had to appear in skins.

"Not my skin," he explained hastily as the feminine interviewer blushed, "but it was almost as cold."

Thus clad, the star was exposed to long shots and short shots—in fact, he was almost shot to pieces. About the time Director Hill would call for a close-up of the beloved DeFoe character, Myers' teeth would be chattering so he'd look like a victim of St. Vitus dance.

Now that the sun is shining and the studio is all warmed up, Crusoe, summoned before the camera for interiors, is swallowed up in heavy fur garments. When he is asked to pose and is supposed to be half frozen, he has to take time off to mop the perspiration from his brow.

If Harry weren't such an amiable person, he'd go find the weather man responsible for all this and beat him up.

* * * * *

They Haven't Punished Him Yet

Bill Farnum is a deep student and lecture hound, so no one was surprised when he announced one evening that he had just attended a lecture.

"It was given by a chap named—McCollum," said Bill scratching his head thoughtfully.

His companions registered interest. "What was his first name?" they inquired.

"Whatcha!" grinned Bill, as he ran for safety.

* * * * *

A Bird of a Present

Charlie Chaplin arrived at Max Linder's dinner party with a beautiful bird as a present. The bird sang and danced and preened himself and the guests were all delighted.

"Maybe he's hungry," remarked Max, starting to feed and water it.

Charlie grinned as the bird refused to eat—it was only a mechanical toy.

* * * * *

Where Was Her Sense Humor?

The woman came out of a theatre where "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court" had been showing. Evidently Mark Twain's humorous satire had been completely lost on her.

"The very idea of some of these movies," she exclaimed indignantly. "Why, they showed several knights riding on motorcycles The very idea!"

His Shaving Grace

Jack Holt and William Walling, out on location for "Val of Paradise," wielded their razors in front of the same segment of broken mirror.

Suddenly a stiff wind swung the mirror from side to side.

"Hey," yelled William Walling in the midst of the operation, grabbing his chin where a gash suddenly appeared, "whose face do you think you're shaving?"

* * * * *

"Flu"—and the Flesh Flew

It's bad enough to have the "flu," as portly Sylvia Ashton can testify, but when the "flu" makes its victim lose weight, and the victim's future depends upon her not losing weigh , well—it's all very complicated, but the gist of this tale of woe is that poor "Mother" Ashton lost 26 pounds.

Wanda acts real bossy toward Bebe. Can this be reel?

"If I get sick again," mourns the character actress. "I'm likely to lose my job. Another 26 pounds lost, and I'll be thin!"

* * * * *

A Dashing Deed

Wanda Hawley's revolver has a pearl handle and looks as if it were strictly ornamental. But the burglar whom she discovered in her house when she came home one evening didn't feel that way about it. Wanda dashed up the stairs and the burglar dashed out the window—just in time to save himself a dash to the hospital.

A Thoughtful Mule!

Recently they were using a mule in a Larry Semon comedy that was "owned and operated" by a colored man.

"Doesn't that animal ever kick you?" asked the comedian one morning, as Sam was trying to saddle the beast.

"No, sah, Boss," he replied with a broad grin, "he nevah done kick me, but he mighty frequent kicks where ah's just bin."

* * * * *

Another One on Married Life

"Now, Tom," said Director Alfred E. Green to Thomas Meighan, "these folks are celebrating their celluloid wedding—congratulate them."

The Paramount star registered surprise

"Celebrating their what?" he asked in amazement.

"The anniversary of their marriage," Director Green explained patiently, "their celluloid wedding."

"Well, sure," said Tom, "I've heard of wooden and golden weddings, but a celluloid one is a new one"

"You see," the director chuckled, "celluloid is to celebrate 75 years of married bliss."

Still Tom couldn't see. "I thought the diamond—60 years—was the highest these anniversaries go—why do they call it celluloid?"

At last Director Green could explain his little joke. "My dear Tom," said he, "you see this is in the movies, the only place where they could live together for 75 years and still be happy."

"Click!" said the camera.

* * * * *

She Hasn't Learned to Ride Horseback Yet

Tom Mix is one of the most original men we know. He even sent out unusual cards for the arrival of his baby daughter, Thomasina—and of course she's a most unusual baby. No one would be more willing to tell you that than Tom himself.

And just to show the way he felt about it, he sent cards to all his friends expressing his sentiments on the subject.

"Helluva Fine Cowgirl Arrived," says the card. "At Home On Rainy Days."

* * * * *

What the Director Says

Did you ever wonder what the director says to a star in her great dramatic moment in a picture? It may be most anything of course, but when Claire Windsor was emoting all over the place in "Grand Larceny," Director Wallace Worsley megaphoned:

"Hit her with the ash-can! Give her the Winfield baby."

His remark was not so vicious as it sounds, however, for the "ash can" is what they call a specially built lamp in the Goldwyn studio, and "Winfield baby" means small Winfield lights.

Claire Windsor fortunately knew what these words meant, for it wouldn't do for her to stop and register surprise. She went right on emoting and weeping glycerine tears.

A. M. T.

THE INS AND OUTS OF THE MOVIE WOILD — **REEL NOOZE** — WHETHER IT HAPPENS OR NOT, WE HAVE IT HERE!

REEL NOOZE BEAUTY CONTEST

THIS CONTEST IS THE SAME ONE THAT COMMENCED LAST WEEK — IN FACT IT IS A CONTINUATION OF IT..

A FEW OF THE CONTESTANTS WILL FOLLOW

HERE ARE A FEW OF THE FINALE HOPPERS WHO STRIVE TO WIN THE BEAUTIFUL SET OF HAND CROCHETED GOLF CLUBS

ALLEZ HOUP

AMALGA L. ZOOP
AGE—ABOUT 18 (?!!?)
ADD.—1616161—116St. N.D.

LENORA H. SLAMM
AGE-(DON'T GET FRESH!)
ADD.-CELL 3-SING-SING

OPHELIA NEKK
AGE- OVER 10 & UNDER 31
ADD.-R.F.D. Box 12 F.O.B. DETROIT

WALSH.

THE WINNER WILL BE ANNOUNCED SUBSEQUENTLY AND ALSO SIMULTANEOUSLY NEXT WEEK

ALSO BIG EDUCATIONAL REEL

SLONG!

Hints to Scenario Writers

by Frederick Palmer

SCENARIO NOTE. *Our readers are invited to write and ask us questions they may have in mind on screen writing. Please enclose stamped and addressed envelope.*

"SITUATIONS OF CONVENIENCE"

ONE plot "recipe" is, "Get your characters into difficulties, and then get them out." It is comparatively easy to devise a situation which contains the elements of danger or unhappiness for your characters, but to get them out in a plausible and logical manner is what differentiates the craftsmanship of the professional from that of the amateur writer. It is the "mechanics" of a story which makes it your own. For example, how many love stories have this plot? John and Mary love each other; something separates them; they overcome this, or the difficulty is removed; John and Mary are again united. Given this much data, twenty people would turn out twenty different stories. The most novel means of getting over the difficulty would, of course, make the most interesting story.

The inexperienced writer who has failed to study the peculiar technique of the screen story is prone to think of the very obvious, the situations most used in overcoming the difficulty, or else he goes to the other extreme and uses something which, while possible, is not probable. I have heard the following recounted as being actually true: A young man had quarreled with his father and left his home. The father died and willed the young man his estate. One morning, vexed at his alarm clock, the young fellow hurled it through his window. It landed on the head of a man walking in the street below. This man proved to be his father's lawyer who was looking for him in order that the estate might be turned over to him. Imagine using this in a photoplay! The audience would protest against the situation as being too palpably "arranged." It would be too much a "situation of convenience."

Tragedians of the old school satisfied the bloodthirsty inclinations of the audience by killing off most of the persons in the play. They also solved their dramatic difficulties in this manner, for having maneuvered the characters into a tight place, they got them out by removing them from this world.

This is a poor practice to follow, although it is still done. I but recently read a story by a well-known novelist who had worked up a suspenseful story by having the hero tightly engaged to one girl and madly in love with another. At the proper time the unloved one was removed through "heart failure," although the readers up until that time had not been advised that the lady's heart was weak.

The main reason for avoiding such a means of getting your characters out of the troubles which beset them is that it leaves the audience dissatisfied. They go away feeling cheated. They say, "It wouldn't have happened that way in real life; it's only a story." If you wish to write worthwhile photoplays, do not have situations which strike your audience as "made." Solve your problems in a logical manner, one that is plausible and probable; and if your audience has been really gripped by the struggle in your story, they will feel satisfied when your ending or denouement is logical and therefore convincing.

THEME

It is often puzzling to students of photoplay technique to know just what is meant by "theme."

"Theme" may be defined as the abstract idea of which the story is a concrete presentation or example. "Humoresque," for instance, had the theme "mother-love." The story itself was an example of mother-love. The theme, or basic idea, of "The Miracle Man" was "faith." Another play based on this was "The Faith Healer." Both plays had the same theme, and yet were distinctly different in development. Both were examples of stories based on the idea of faith.

A writer has in mind a basic principle such as mother-love, father-love, sacrifice, jealousy, miserliness, and so on. From such an abstraction comes perhaps a character or a situation which he develops into a plot. The plot becomes the concrete statement of this abstraction.

The theme is the underlying thought throughout a play. It is the cord upon which the situations of your plot are strung.

The great benefit derived from basing a story upon a theme is that it aids in developing unity in the story; it creates one impression, thereby making a more definite and more lasting appeal to the audience.

"COLOR" IN YOUR PHOTOPLAY

Writers of dramatic technique employ the terms "color" and "local color." While these two are similar in meaning, there is, nevertheless, a distinction between the two.

"Color," in a photoplay, is sometimes called "atmosphere." It means the vividness with which the characters and environment of a story are brought out by means of touches of really human portrayal. It means writing into your script the small bits of action which, taken as a whole, give to the audience a real human being, instead of the stereotyped hero, heroine, or villain.

The term "local color" applies to the development in your story of the "atmosphere" of some particular locale. While this is done by a faithful portrayal of the people in that section, much emphasis is usually laid on the settings or background against which the action takes place. A very fine example of "local color," in which both the people and the country are faithfully portrayed, is to be found in "Hail the Woman," the story being laid in northern New England. This play also is a good example of "color," since the action of the story developed really human characters.

One fault of inexperienced writers is that they are prone to be carried away with the picturesqueness of some locale, and use much valuable space in describing it. While this is all right in a novel or short story, in a photoplay, if the studio reader has to spend too much time reading about Panama hats, Palm Beach suits, and palm trees, he loses track of the story. It is well to suggest the locale by a few well chosen phrases and leave the rest to the studio art director who will build the scenes. In other words, the photoplaywright should devote his energies toward developing "color," instead of "local color," in his stories.

Questions and Answers

(Q.) I hear that producers pay enormous prices to well-known authors for stories. If it was possible for me to write a story just as good as one by a famous author and if it was received at the same time, and if the subjects were similar, would the producer prefer to pay the famous one his big price or would he economize by buying my story?—D. F.

(A.) It is more than probable that the producer would decide to pay the famous author his price. A nationally, or better, internationally known name has great advertising value. Then, there is another point: an author who has attained a big reputation has years of work back of him that unconsciously produces results in novel treatment and skill in story craftsmanship that a new writer will rarely have. The stories on the surface will seem practically of the same merit, but analysis will reveal the differences in favor of the seasoned writer.

(Q.) Why don't the studios put out better comedies? Is it true that they are nearly all made up in the studios? If so, why don't they get some from the outside and get something really worth laughing at?—G. W.

(A.) (1) There are various reasons—shortage of good comedy material, sometimes poor direction, and often poor comedians. (2) Yes; the greater part of the comedies put out by the companies that specialize in comedy are written in the studios to suit the personalities and abilities of the comedians under contract. (3) Comedy material is the most difficult to obtain. There are very few people who can write real, irresistibly humorous comedy, although the majority of amateur writers seem to think themselves humorists. The standard situations and gags have been worn threadbare from hard use. It is only the trained writer who can give them new and funny twists, and he finds it by no means an easy task.

(Q.) Is it better to have the end of your story come as a surprise or to have it foreseen?—L. N.

(A.) That depends upon the type of story. If it is a mystery or detective story, it is best to keep the end problematical. In other stories, the end may be foreseen, but not the manner in which it is to be brought about. You must not reveal too much; suspense must be maintained. Knowing what the end will be does not rob a story of its interest if we do not know the steps to that end. Even when viewing a mystery play, if we are "in the know" we watch absorbedly to see the characters ferreting out the plot, and sometimes are more interested and apprehensive as we see them making what we know to be false moves.

(Q.) Should a photoplay be written just to entertain and nothing more?—S. I.

(A.) Primarily that is its object. But every worth while play has a theme, and this theme contains a lesson or drives home a truth of life or morals; so that it unobtrusively instructs as well as entertains.

(Q.) What type of story stands the best chance of acceptance?—B. H.

(A.) Styles and standards change; but it is safe to say that at any time the story that will get consideration is the one with the strong human plot, deep heart interest, with loyalty, honor, courage and justice featured, and a romantic love theme running throughout the story.

(Q.) My story has been rejected because its "dramatic objective" is weak. What does that mean?—L. W.

(A.) The dramatic objective is the purpose of the story, the goal to be attained, and over which conflict is waged. You probably had a trivial object for your leading character to work for. It must be of such a nature as to arouse the desires and passions of your antagonistic characters.

(Q.) Is the writer expected to estimate the number of reels the scenario will take?—L. J.

(A.) It is best for the writer to learn to judge how many reels his story will cover. With a little practice it becomes an easy matter to see whether one has sufficient action for a full five reel photoplay, by analyzing the "spots" of the story and counting the situations. Fifty make about a five reel picture.

(Q.) I fear that I am too old to become a successful photoplaywright. I am over forty-five. Have I any chance?—A. C.

(A.) Do not worry about your age. Your life has given you a background and much experience which is valuable when writing screen stories. A number of writers never succeeded until they were past middle-age and their best work has often been done at that time of life.

(Q.) Why is it that all my friends tell me they would love to see my story on the screen and all producers have consistently rejected it? It is different and does not follow the beaten path.—E. N. S.

(A.) Producers are guided in the selection of their stories by reports from exhibitors as to the type of production that brings in the biggest returns and the most favorable comments. Friends, who do not know the problems of producers, the limitations of the camera or censorship requirements, are apt to think a story is wonderful whereas it would be a big failure if produced. Furthermore, there are styles in pictures. A story might be rejected now and accepted in a few years when conditions have changed in the industry.

(Q.) By characterization do you mean the description of a character's thoughts or his physical appearance?—H. W. L.

(A.) Both. When you create a character, you must describe him as you see him; you must try to make the reader of your story visualize him as you do, mentally, morally and physically.

A Philanthropic Bank Burglar

by John W. Grey

SYNOPSIS

Jack Kennard, a great athlete and a graduate of the Yale school of Chemistry, utilizes his knowledge of chemistry to make a new liquid explosive with which he proposes to burglarize banks to get funds to build a hospital for his friend, Henry Haberly, the noted neuro-pathologist, who is interested in reclaiming criminals by scientific methods. He rescues a crook from a policeman in Central Park and makes a pal of the crook, "Jimmy" O'Connor. Together they plan the robbery of the Arlington National Bank in Philadelphia. Kennard, in the uniform of a Captain of Police, visits the president of the bank and makes arrangements with him to be admitted to the bank that night with his pal, Jimmy, so that they can make the capture of the supposed burglars. They succeed in getting into the bank and tie and gag the watchman. Blackey then prepares to blow the safe open while Jimmy makes the rounds of the bank and punches the alarm clocks. The phone rings and Blackey answers it. It is Mr. Barker, the President of the bank. Blackey tells him that he has captured the burglars and that if he will come to headquarters in the morning he may see them. They have secured the money and are preparing to go when they hear voices outside the door.

They hide just as two policemen step into the bank. Blackey covers them, and Jimmy ties them up and places them with the watchman.

They make their getaway, and driving the car into the woods, Blackey blows it up. When they have hidden the money, they go to New York, and arriving at their apartment, go to sleep.

In the evening papers they read that Mike Morrisey, the celebrated detective, has taken the case. While they are discussing this, Blackey's friend, George Biddle calls up and says that Morrisey, the detective, a friend of his, would like to meet Blackey.

"DETECTIVE MORRISEY!" gasped Jack as he fell into a chair beside the phone. "Detective Morrisey," he repeated, "want to see me. Hum," he grunted, "I wonder what's up?"

Jimmy sat in another chair, speechless, like a person in a trance; finally he got up and began to pace the floor.

It was perfectly obvious that Blackey was very much concerned as he sat in the chair with his eyes closed and his hands behind his head. The unexpected entrance of Morrisey on the scene jarred both of them from the tops of their heads to the bottom of their feet and the more they racked their minds for a possible solution of the matter, the more impossible it became; they were in the dark, baffled, stunned.

"What do you think of it, Jimmy?" said Blackey, "do you think he has caught on to anything?"

"Wat do I think of it?" replied Jimmy in a rather unsteady tone. "Wat do I think of it?" he repeated. "I think we had better beat it out of town right now, quick."

"Beat it out of town?" snapped Jack.

"Dat's wat I said."

"That would be the worst thing we could do and it would confirm his suspicions if he has any."

"Well, you don't mean to tell me dat you're going to meet him, do y'?"

"Of course, why not?" declared Blackey.

"Say," said Jimmy, moving over to Blackey and looking him in the eye, "are you going bugs altogether? On de level, are you going down to meet this wise dick?"

"Right now," snapped Jack as he jumped out of the chair and went to the wardrobe for his tuxedo. He hummed an aria from Madame Butterfly as he dressed.

Jimmy was a study in deep thought as he moved over to the corner of the room and threw himself on the peach colored plush divan. He was trying to think, but he couldn't get his mind off Morrisey sufficiently long enough to organize his thoughts. Blackey had regained his composure and as he slipped into his vest he started to whistle the Toreador song from Carmen. This irritated Jimmy.

"How can y' whistle and sing with de boob staring y' in de kisser? I guess if y' was on yer way to de chair y' would be telling funny stories."

"I'm a long ways from the boob and the chair, Jimmy; forget about those things. You've got the imagination of a Dante."

"Dante!" exclaimed Jimmy. "What's a Dante?"

"Not 'what,' but who. Dante was the great Italian poet who wrote Purgatorio, Paradisio and Inferno. The story of Purgatory, Heaven and Hell."

"It's hell for us from now on, I'm thinking."

"Now, now, now," said Blackey cheerfully. "Cheer up. We're not licked yet. This fellow Morrisey may not have a thing on us."

Jimmy grabbed his coat and hat and started for the door.

"Where y' going?" shouted Blackey.

"Take a walk," replied Jimmy, "see y' later."

Outside he hailed a passing taxi. "To the Knickerbocker," he ordered the driver. As the cab rumbled down Broadway, ablaze with a myriad of electrical illuminations that threw a kaleidoscopic glitter across the street and up into the sky, he sat back in the corner and thought. He remembered gratefully how Blackey had rescued him but a few weeks ago from the big cop in the park, and he was determined to liquidate that debt tonight if he got the opportunity to do so. He adored Blackey and revered him as one would revere a saint, and away back in the depths of his slum-dwarfed soul the fires of gratitude and loyalty were smoldering.

"Blackey saved me once," he murmured to himself, "and I'm going to save him tonight. I'll croak dat copper Morrisey if he tries to nail him. If I don't I've got a streak o' yellow in me a yard wide."

The old saying: "There is honor among thieves," is almost as old as the world itself. There is truth in it, for there *is* honor among certain types of thieves, always has been and always will be. There is just as much of the Damon and Pythias to be found in the underworld, among the prowlers in the dark, as you will find among their more fortunate brothers who tread the beaten trail of respectability, perhaps more. Jimmy was of this type. He had never known anything save the club of the cop and the fists and the "billys" of the detectives when they sent him through the third degree. He hated them with all the fervor of his being. "Rattlesnakes" and "skunks" were the terms that he applied to them and the thought of his idol, "Blackey," being "nailed" by Morrisey filled him with rage and desperation. There was murder in his heart when he got out of the taxi at the Knickerbocker.

He took a seat in the corner of the dining room, at a table behind a cluster of palms, where he could observe all that entered without being seen. In a few moments he saw Morrisey enter with two other gentlemen.

Blackey followed a few minutes after, stood at the door for a moment, took in the diners at a glance, spied his two friends, Biddle and Haberly, then made his way to the table.

"Hello, old boy," Biddle greeted him, then turning to Morrisey, "shake hands with Mr. Kennard, Mr. Morrisey."

"Glad to know you, Mr. Morrisey," said Blackey.

"Delighted to meet you, Mr. Kennard."

Henry and Blackey greeted each other and then all hands sat down. Morrisey's eyes, deep set, small and penetrating, never left Blackey for a moment and Blackey, incidentally, was conscious of the observation. It irritated him a little, but he gave no outward indication of his perturbation. He was relieved beyond any possibility of

expression in words when the orchestra darted into the divine and soul-stirring melody of Brahm's C Minor Symphony. He felt an uplift a feeling of ease and was strangely fascinated by its superb sonority. It gladdened him, brought tears to his eyes, made him sad, as though with the rendering of each note of the melody of gold a human heart was broken! Music always stirred him to the depths of his soul.

He noticed that Morrisey, too, was overwhelmed, and that just as soon as the music began he ceased to scrutinize him. He hummed the melody and moved his head to and fro in rhythm with the orchestra. He applauded vociferously when the orchestra finished.

"Wonderful," he remarked as he directed his attention to Blackey.

"Gorgeous," replied Blackey. "I see you like good music."

"I love it," said Morrisey with a ring of sincerity in his voice. "It stimulates me intellectually, emotionally and every other way. I have solved some of my greatest cases under its absorbing influence."

"Really?" asked Blackey curiously.

"Yes," he continued, "when I get up against a knotty problem it helps me tremendously, especially Wagner and Brahm."

"Come, come" laughed Biddle. "Let's get down to business. Forget about Wagner, Brahm and all the rest of the masters of music. I'm more concerned about bank burglars at this moment."

"And I," said Blackey, "am more concerned about how Mr. Morrisey ever came to know that such a person as poor me lived. Are you on my trail, Mr. Morrisey?" he laughingly inquired.

"I'm responsible for his knowing you," interrupted Biddle, "and if you will forget about music for a moment I will tell you the story."

"Proceed, George," exclaimed Blackey, "I'm all attention."

"Since you, Henry and myself had dinner a month or more ago, I have had new honors conferred upon me."

"Ha, ha," said Henry with a smile.

"Honors that mean nothing in my young life," continued Biddle.

"What are the honors?" quizzed Blackey.

"Chairman of the Protective Department of the American Bankers Association. In other words, I'm the fellow who sees that the crooks who plunder our banks are persistently hunted and properly prosecuted."

"Good for you!" said Henry and Blackey simultaneously.

"But if my memory serves me correctly," remarked Henry, "the last time we dined together you told us that bank burglaries were to be a thing of the past, since the safe makers of the country had succeeded in making an absolutely burglar-proof safe."

"That's what I thought," answered Biddle.

"That's what you thought?" inquired Henry. "Ha, ha," he laughed, and continued, "and were you wrong?"

"From what Mr. Morrisey has told me today, I presume that I was very much wrong."

"It's a mystery," grunted Morrisey, "I can't make it out."

This expression filled Blackey with unlimited confidence and yet he was still a trifle concerned about how Morrisey came to know him.

"What's the mystery, Mr. Morrisey?" he asked him. And then, turning to Biddle, "Where do I fit in this mystery?"

"Maybe they think you robbed the bank," roared Henry.

This remark brought a laugh from everybody, particularly from Blackey.

"Mr. Morrisey," said Biddle, "has just come in from Philadelphia where he investigated the robbery last night of the Arlington National Bank, one of the biggest and cleverest burglaries in the history of American crime. He is satisfied that a new explosive has been discovered and he intimated that he wanted to talk with some first class chemist.

"I'm at your service, Mr. Morrisey. What can I do for you," said Blackey, "and why do you think a new explosive has been discovered? I haven't heard of such a discovery in the realm of chemistry."

"I have made a specialty of bank burglars," declared Morrisey. "I have known all of them from the days of Langdon W. Moore to the famous Jimmy Hope. I know their methods. I know that this new safe, the Harlan Automatic Time Locker, cannot be drilled. I know that bank burglars haven't used any explosive other than powder for the past twenty-five years, and I also know that this new safe cannot be blown open with powder."

"You're surely up against a problem," Blackey replied.

"Yes, a tough one, but I shall work it out. I've had more difficult ones than this case."

"Really," said Biddle, "this is a tremendously important matter to the American Bankers Association. We must get this new master mind of the underworld before he goes any further. I'm going to advise offering a $50,000 reward at our meeting tomorrow. We must get him before we have an epidemic of bank burglaries."

"And that's what you're going to have," interrupted Morrisey, "if we don't get this fellow quick."

"Personally," said Henry, "I have a certain amount of admiration for this fellow, this master cracksman, as you call him. He must be a fellow of some merit even though he is a cracksman. He must be a man of ideas and imagination if he can defeat the safe-making brains of the country with his liquid explosive and I'm thinking what a constructive force he would be in society if his energies were directed along other lines. I should love to meet him. More power to him."

It was perfectly obvious that this displeased Morrisey and Biddle, but Henry paid no attention to them and continued with his declaration:

"And if we don't get away from the preposterous idea that prisons will reform criminals we're going to be confronted with more serious things than bank robbing epidemics. If we don't get away from the creed of selfishness, personal greed and the survival of the fittest, and devote more serious thought to the matter of how criminals come to be and why our big cities all over the country are filled with unfortunate women, we will be looking into the staring, white, stony eyeballs of race decadence which will ultimately spell social dissolution, and that is tremendously more tragic than a million epidemics of bank burglaries."

"Moralizing again," laughed Biddle.

"Has it ever occurred to you **why** men plunder your banks? Have you ever asked yourself, where do these men come from and where do these unfortunate women come from and wherein they differ from you and your wives? Why all this outlawry, banditry and murder and social malajustment of every sort? Have you ever thought of these things and then sought an answer?"

"Booze and drugs create most of our criminals," replied the detective.

"Not at all, not at all," continued Henry more passionately than ever.

Neither booze nor drugs in themselves were ever the sole, fundamental causes of any man committing a crime, or any girl drifting into a life of shame. They have been merely incidents in their downfall, not causes. If a man commits a crime while under the influence of a drug you immediately attribute the commission of the crime to the drug. That's the intolerable sophistry of society! "

"Henry, Henry," said Biddle rather indignantly, "surely you don't mean what you say. Your idealism has got the better of you."

"I mean every damn word of it!" snapped Henry. "The truth hurts you fellows who are always thinking in a groove, you fellows who have everything in life that you want and who don't care a rap about those in the depths."

"Henry's correct," said Blackey. "There isn't any such thing in this country as equality of opportunity, the golden rule and the brotherhood of man. It's a case of dog eat dog, the survival of the fittest, while the weak perish. If education and physical culture were compulsory up to a certain age, say twenty-one, there would be less crime and a higher type of man and woman."

"Prisons are a necessity," said Morrisey, "Criminals never reform."

"Of course they don't reform," replied Henry, "because we don't encourage reformation, because we view their protestations of reformation with suspicion. We hound them from pillar to post, dog them from city to city. These social parasites must be protected, therefore they advocate prisons, detectives and electric chairs. Get more schools, more gymnasiums, make mental and physical training a compulsory thing and you can convert all your prisons into hospitals."

Henry's denunciation thrilled Blackey and it gave him renewed energy and confidence. "I'm not doing wrong when I plunder their banks," he thought to himself, "no—I'm not doing wrong, I'm right."

Back and forth they debated the subject until nearly midnight, and when Biddle had paid the check and they all prepared to leave, Morrisey turned to Blackey and said:

"Can you come to my room tomorrow evening about seven, I should like to have a chat with you alone."

"Yes, indeed, I will," replied Blackey.

JIMMY was stretched out on the divan when Blackey returned to the apartment.

"Ha, Jimmy, old boy," he shouted, "how goes it? And where did you spend the evening?"

"At de Knickerbocker."

"At the Knickerbocker!" exclaimed Blackey.

"Yep."

Blackey's face lighted up with a smile of understanding. He moved over to Jimmy, placed his hand on his shoulder, patted him affectionately, and said: "So you followed me to the Knickerbocker?"

"No," replied Jimmy, "I didn't follow y'. I was dere when y' got dere, all set for a gun play if dat mug Morrisey tried to nail y'."

"Ready to go the limit for me, were you?"

"Y' went it for me in de park dat night, didn't y'?"

"You're a game little fellow," said Blackey with a quiver of emotion in his voice, "and I'll never forget that little thing you did tonight."

"What did he say? Is he on to anything?"

"Not a thing," said Blackey.

"How did he get wise to your name?"

"From my friend, Biddle, who is chairman of the American Bankers Association Protective Department."

Blackey had never told Jimmy anything about his life's activities, but he now felt that Jimmy was perfectly trustworthy and loyal, so he rehearsed in detail what he had been and how he had come to be a bank robber.

Throughout the recital Jimmy sat spellbound, his eyes glittered with admiration, and when Blackey had finished, he said: "I thought y' were a high class guy. I always knew dat dere was something funny about y', but I couldn't dope out what it was. Count me in fifty-fifty on dat hospital fund for your friend, the Professor."

"You feel that you want to help out on that, do you?"

"Hook, line and sinker," replied Jimmy.

"That's fine," said Blackey, "and don't ever breathe a word to anybody about what I have just told you."

"Dey could put me in the chair," declared Jimmy, "and I'd croak before I'd squawk on y', Blackey. You can gamble your life that dere's no yellow in me."

"I know that Jimmy," said Blackey, "I was only cautioning you."

"I got y'."

Blackey pulled out his watch. "Eleven-thirty," he said. "If we hustle we can make the twelve-fifteen train for Trenton, get the money that we planted and be back in New York before three. Get those guns out of the wardrobe, fill and oil them, while I slip out of this tuxedo and dress."

They arrived at the station just in time to catch the train.

"Say," remarked Jimmy, "we are coming back on a passenger, ain't we?"

"Of course," replied Blackey, "why not?"

"I'm glad of that."

"What are you talking about, anyway?" Blackey inquired. "What do you mean by saying you're glad of that?"

"Dere's a bunch of nigger bandits running up and down this road sticking up poor hoboes and throwing them off de trains and I didn't want to run into dem with all that dough on us."

"Nigger bandits?" repeated Blackey.

"Three of 'em," continued Jimmy. "Boston Shine, Memphis Yellow and Scarface Joe. They prowl the train while it's running, with a rope ladder, which they fasten on the running board to climb in and out of the box cars."

"We're not going to ride any freight trains, Jimmy, so we won't meet them."

Upon their arrival in Trenton they walked out to the woods where the money was planted. As they passed the watering tank, around which were a number of "weary willies," Jimmy pointed outthe Boston Shine and his two pals to Blackey.

They had some trouble locating the plant, and before they got back to the station, the last passenger to New York breezed by them like a streak of greased lightning. While they stood in the middle of the track bemoaning their misfortune and debating the advisability of going to a Trenton Hotel for the night, a New York bound freight pulled into the yards.

"Let's ride this to Jersey City," said Blackey, "then De can get the ferry or the Hudson Tube to New York. What do you say?"

"And take a chance of being stuck up by the Boston Shine?"

"Oh, to hell with the Boston Shine," snapped Blackey, "come on!"

They got aboard the freight and were on their way to Jersey City within a few minutes. As the "rattler" rambled through Jersey City at a forty-mile-an-hour gait, enveloped in a whirlpool of dust as it "rat-tated, rat-tated" over the crossings, they heard a groan. They looked out the door, but saw nothing. Suddenly the fireman started to feed coal to the speed demon of the rails, and as he opened up the fire box, it illuminated the sky so that when Blackey looked out of the car up towards the engine, he saw three or four men jump from the train one after the other. And as they passed him he heard groans. He continued to look. He then saw three forms climb up the rope ladder to the top of the train. Within a few seconds he saw them come down the ladder and enter another box car. Again he saw three or four forms jump from the train and as the train rambled by them, he heard more groans. When the train pulled into a cut, he saw another form leap in the dark, and bound back under the train. Within a few seconds they heard the wheels pass over the body, grinding it up.

"Christ!" exclaimed Jimmy.

"We'll be next!" snapped Blackey.

They hacked up in the corner of the car and awaited developments, knowing that it was only a matter of a few seconds before the Boston Shine and his murdering pals would be after them.

"Get ready, Jimmy," warned Blackey.

He had hardly uttered the words when the rope ladder came swinging into the car, and the Boston Shine, hat pulled over his eyes, and, gun in hand, came clambering down the ladder. His two pals followed him immediately. They closed both door , lighted a candle and then shouted, "Hands up, by God, and get 'em up quick as hell!"

Blackey and Jimmy blazed away at them with their forty-fours and in the gunning match the candle was blown out. They continued to fire at each other as the train pounded the rails and surged from side to side. Suddenly the door was pushed open and two of the coons jumped in the dark as the train dangled along. Jimmy had fallen to the floor with a bullet in his shoulder. Blackey moved over to the door where the Boston Shine lay a corpse, with eyes wide open and his gun clenched tightly in his hand.

"It was his life or ours," said Blackey, as he stood looking at the dead bandit, stretched out stiff on the floor.

Jimmy's wound was a minor one, the bullet having just grazed his shoulder. He was more upset than hurt. Blackey tore up the tail of his shirt and bandaged the shoulder.

It was close to three-thirty when they pulled into Jersey City and wended their way to the Hudson Tubes for a train to New York. They alighted at Eighth Street and went direct to Blackey's laboratory.

"I think we had better destroy these bonds," said Blackey. "Morrisey may get a line on us if we try to dicker them."

"Sure," replied Jimmy, as Blackey tossed them into a huge crucible and applied a match.

"We have $235,000," said Blackey when he had finished counting the money. "$235,000," he repeated, "$175,000 of which goes for the hospital. Are you satisfied with $30,000 for your share, Jimmy?"

"Bet your life," snapped Jimmy, "tickled to death. Y' can give the professor more if y' want to."

"All right, that's fine," declared Blackey as he opened up his safe and put the money into it.

"Say, say," said Jimmy, rather alarmed, "you're not going to leave all dat coin in dat phoney little pete, are y'? Why dat thing can be opened with a can opener!"

Blackey smiled and replied, "That little safe is a damn sight more burglar-proof than that big automatic time locker that we blasted open in the Arlington National Bank. Put your hand on the combination."

Jimmy grabbed the "com" and as he did so he let out a yell and went stumbling across the room. He scrambled to his feet, shouting: "What that hell ya got in that pete, anyway?"

Blackey roared with laughter. "Well," he said, "do you still think my little pete can be opened with a can opener?"

"The dough is safe in dere," answered Jimmy, "dead safe."

After this demonstration they closed up the laboratory, got a taxi and proceeded to the apartment.

"I have an engagement with Morrisey at seven in his rooms at the Knickerbocker," remarked Blackey as he undressed and prepared for bed.

"What's he want to see y' for now?"

"I don't know," replied Blackey.

"Say," said Jimmy rather seriously, "are y' sure he isn't on to anything? Are y' sure, dead sure?"

"I hardly think so," answered Blackey deliberately. "I hardly think so," he repeated, "and yet there is a bare possibility that he may have something up his sleeve. It is possible, of course. However, it's his brains against mine and may the cleverest man win."

"Be careful, be careful," exclaimed Jimmy.

"I will," said Blackey as he turned over and closed his eyes.

It was noon when Blackey awoke. The golden beams of the warm, mid-day sun were streaming through the curtains of the room. In the smooth, soft green of the park below, some children were romping, while a hurdy gurdy jangled forth the strains of the "Sidewalks of New York." A bird twittered in a tree just outside the window, as though it were trying to harmonize with the music and the voices of the children as they sang the chorus: "East side, West side, all around the town, etc." Blackey stood by the window, looked and smiled and drank in the rich, winey air as though it contained some healthful anodyne. Never had life seemed more beautiful to him!

He closed the window and picked up the morning papers on the front page of which he read:

"Detective Morrisey says he has a clue to the Arlington Bank burglars. He would not divulge the nature of the clue or the source of his information, but it is known that the Arlington Bank officials had him on the phone at midnight. He predicts an early capture of the burglars."

"Huh," he grunted, "perhaps he has an ace up his sleeve."

"Talking to yourself," laughed Jimmy from the bed.

"Read this," replied Blackey as he got up, and handed him the paper.

"Holy ———!" exclaimed Jimmy "What y' think of it?"

"I don't know what to think or what to do."

"I tell y', Blackey, dat guy is a wizard and I think we better beat it while the going is good."

Blackey sat and soliloquized. In his imagination he went over every detail of the job from the time that he arrived in Philadelphia until he left the bank. He recalled what Barker, the bank president, and Morrisey had said about the gold tooth and the lisp in the voice, the artifices that he had resorted to for the purpose of concealing his identity. He was quite sure that he had covered up his tracks. He ridiculed the possibility of any definite clue and yet he realized that it was not absolutely improbable.

"Possible," he said to himself, "but damn improbable."

He and Jimmy dressed and went out to get breakfast, after which they arranged to deliver the money to Haberly at the Post Graduate Hospital by a special messenger.

They returned to the apartment about six, whereupon Blackey immediately prepared to keep his appointment with Morrisey at the Knickerbocker. Jimmy was decidedly nervous, but Blackey was as calm and as self-contained as could be.

"Don't nothin' ever worry y'," he asked Blackey.

"No," laughed Blackey, "nothing."

"Watch your step tonight, old pal," he remarked to Blackey as he left the apartment for the Knickerbocker.

"I'm all set, Jimmy," replied Blackey, smiling as he closed the door.

When Blackey arrived in front of Morrisey's room on the eighth floor he heard him talking on the phone. He grabbed the door knob, then hesitated and listened:

"Looks good," he heard him say, "I think I'm on the right trail."

He opened the door. There in the room sat Barker, the president of the Arlington National Bank, the man to whom he talked as "Captain Worthington" when he planned the robbery.

(Continued next week)

A Fiery Romance of Love

by Montanye Perry

SYNOPSIS

Doris Dalrymple, beautiful screen star, out with her company on location, wanders away during a lull in the work and meets a young man, Jerry Griswold, former soldier, who is now out of work. He tells her of his ambitions and she sympathizes with him.

She then starts back to where the company are staging the next scene, and Jerry, following her with his eyes, sees her picked up by a man in a yellow racer and thinks she is kidnapped. In reality, she is merely taken up by one of the players in a scene they are working on but Jerry, not knowing this, steals a motorcycle standing near and follows the yellow car.

Doris and her companion stop their car and the man, Jimpsey, the villain of the company, goes into a store, while Jerry following on his machine, perceives his advantage, and swooping down on the motionless car, snatches Doris and dashes away just as Jimpsey comes out of the doorway. He also thinks Doris is being kidnapped and, in turn follows the fleeing motorcycle.

Jerry, eluding Jimpsey, brings Doris to the city and she leaves him at a corner, refusing to allow him to see her home. He is on the point of turning away, when Doris is snatched into a big, blue car standing on the side street, which immediately dashes off, with Jerry in grim pursuit.

Jimpsey, still searching, comes into the city and sees Jerry. He also follows, but his car turns turtle and they get away from him.

Jerry, still following, is arrested for speeding and loses the blue car entirely.

Doris is taken to a lighthouse on a lonely island, where the wife of the lighthouse keeper recognizes her as a motion picture star, and sees that they have kidnapped the wrong girl.

INTO the moment of tense silence the woman's voice broke, cool and sane, bringing immeasurable relief to nerves that were perilously near the breaking point.

"Of course we can keep her," she said. "Why not? There's the top room vacant—for tonight, at least. It's not the young lady's fault the mistake was made. The least we can do is to make things comfortable for her."

"But tomorrow," demurred the man. "Suppose they bring the right one tomorrow—or suppose they don't? What's to be done with this one?"

"Let tomorrow take care of itself," advised the woman. "It's not our mistake, and we don't have to patch it up. Talk to The Chief tonight. He'll tell you what to do next. In the meantime," she turned to Doris with the friendliest, most reassuring of smiles, "Miss Dalrymple must be both tired and hungry. Suppose we eat."

"But I think I have a right to know something about this extraordinary proceeding," Doris said boldly.

Again the couple exchanged questioning glances and again it was the woman who spoke.

"We were asked to take a young lady to board for a short time. Miles, my husband, was to meet them with the boat and bring her over. There were reasons why it wasn't best for her to know where she was going. Well, they brought you, and that's all we know about it. Evidently a mistake was made."

"Then why not take me to shore, right now?" Doris demanded. "I have a picture to work on tomorrow, you know."

"Tomorrow's a whole night away," the man said brusquely. "Better eat your supper and make yourself easy, as the Missus says."

"Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow I die?" Doris tried to laugh it off, lightly, but there was that in the man's grim look which chilled her blood again. The woman, however, gave her pleasant, throaty laugh and laid a gentle hand on the girl's arm.

"Come on inside," she urged. "You must be tired. The kettle's boiling and everything's on. A bit of food and some hot tea will do you a world of good."

In spite of her nervousness and anxiety, Doris gave a little cry of pleasure as they stepped from the balcony into the circular room whose western window overlooked a sea that was all aglow now with the reflected colors of the sunset. Everything was spotlessly clean, the white woodwork shining, the blue painted furniture cushioned in gay chintz. A round table was laid beside the open window. There was a fine white cloth, blue and white china, a quaint brass kettle boiling over an alcohol flame. Hot rolls, a cool salad and a thick and tender mutton chop, were followed by fresh berries in a smother of cream, and delicious tea. Doris, being young and healthy, responded to the stimulus of attractive surroundings and perfect food. It was with her second cup of tea that she broke her silence to ask abruptly:

"You're English, aren't you? Only the English can brew such tea or cook such mutton chops."

The woman flushed a little and glanced quickly through the open door. Assured that the man was not within hearing, she answered:

"I came from England only a year ago. And I came straight to this island. I've never been on mainland since. You see, when he goes, I have to stay. We can't leave the place alone."

"You must get fearfully lonely, even in all this beauty! But of course many people land here, in the fine weather."

"No landing. The government put a ban on visitors in wartime and it isn't lifted yet. Every now and then an inspector, that's all."

"But what do you *do* all the time?" Doris was plainly aghast at thought of such a life. The woman smiled.

"Come up and see the light. You'll see the amount of cleaning there is to do. We never know when the inspector's coming, and there mustn't be a spot anywhere! He was here yesterday."

Doris' heart sank a trifle. Her mind had leaped to the possibility of help from the inspector. She followed the woman up the winding stairs, passing three bedrooms, each smaller than its predecessor, all beautifully clean, and adequately furnished. Then she stood with the woman beside the big light, with gray waters far below, gray sky overhead, the glory of the sunset gone, twilight closing in relentlessly. A sense of utter helplessness swept over her, as if her own world were thousands of leagues away. The woman seemed to read her thought, and smiled.

"It's lonely, but safe here," she said. "I often tell myself that when I'm here alone. Now I'll show you how the light works. It's just time for it to go on. See? Step back here."

She drew Doris back a few paces, pulled a handle, and a shaft of white light sprang out, sending a gleaming trail far across the darkening waters. Steadily the mechanism worked, without further touch from the woman, turning the great lantern steadily, cutting the light off, on, off, on, with automatic precision.

"It's fascinating," breathed Doris. "I've seen lighthouses winking at me, from the sea, but I never thought how it was done. I believe I had an idea that someone had to stand up here and wave a lantern, or at least keep turning it."

"Not in these days," laughed the woman. "One of us sleeps up here, of course, and wakes up every hour to keep an eye out. That gets to be habit. You wake up, give a look at the light and the sea, and go to sleep again, without hardly knowing it. This is my night up here. Your room is the one right underneath. Miles has the one below that. So you see, you'll be well guarded."

There was the slightest shade of emphasis on the last sentence. Was she assuring her of safety, or warning her against an attempt to escape, Doris wondered. She had a sudden desire to be alone, to think over the amazing events of her hectic day.

"May I stay in my room now, then?" she asked. "I'm really very tired, and—and I want to think things over," she finished frankly.

"I don't wonder. I'll bring you hot water in a few minutes." She led the way into the room and left Doris there. Presently her voice came up from below, mingled with the man's rough tones. He seemed to be excited, or angry, for his voice rose higher and higher.

"I tell you, we've got to do something about it," he barked distinctly. "If she leaves here, she's bound to tell—and the jig's up for us. She can't leave here a——"

Silence, as if the woman's hand had crushed the word on his lips. A silence that lasted. Upstairs, Doris waited, shivering, her mind running on and on, but coming back always to that last unfinished sentence. It was all too impossible, too fantastic! Such things didn't happen, in real life—only in the movies. And suddenly her lips twitched as her old, irresistible sense of humor bubbled up.

"And they think we put over a lot of impossible situations," she breathed. "Think what this day of mine would be on the screen!"

The woman, returning with hot water, nodded approvingly as she caught the smile.

"That's the idea! You've got real pluck! You'll find a few things in the closet there you can wear, and the toilet articles are all fresh and new. Extra blankets on this shelf, and—if here isn't our old friend Wee-jee! Ever play with one?"

She emerged from the closet with a Ouija board in her hands, holding it up laughingly.

"There was a time when I believed all it said," she declared. "I got over that, but it's an amusing thing. If you feel restless, try it. You know how?"

"I've seen it done," Doris said, "but it never interested me. Just now I'd rather think out my own problems." And suddenly the girl's eyes darkened with a new, impulsive feeling. She came closee to the woman, putting both her slim hands on the strong arm in its gingham sleeve, lifting a face that was very lovely and appealing.

"I don't know what it's all about," she breathed. "I'm *afraid*. You're kind—but the man—and I'm all alone—there's nothing *any*where. Oh, won't you help me?"

"Now listen, child," the woman's voice dropped very low now. "Nothing's going to happen! Miles is mad and disappointed tonight. But I'll manage things. I'm going to lock you in, but the key will be in *my* pocket! He daresn't go too far with me."

They heard the man's step below. "I'm coming," called the woman, and with a reassuring pat for Doris' arm she was gone. Doris, standing quite still in the center of the room, fought for self-control as she heard the key turn in the lock. Slowly her gaze traveled over the little room with its shining circular walls, its clean little bed of iron, painted white, its white chairs and dressing table. She opened a closet. A white gown of fine cotton hung there, a kimono, slippers, a warm robe. On the shelf, more blankets, and—yes, a thick coil of heavy rope. For a moment her eyes lighted. Then she shook her head. Even if she made the escape from the window, what then? Could she swim out into the sea and hope to be picked up by a passing boat?

Seated on the floor, chin in cupped palms, elbows resting on the low window sill, she stared out. It was very dark, with occasional thick

clouds scudding across a sky that was but thinly star-sprinkled. The water lapped at the rocks—the only sound in a vast chasm of silence. Doris tried to keep a grip on her power of clear thinking.

"Someone had planned to kidnap a girl, for some reason," she pondered. "They were waiting, and they mistook me for the right girl. Oh, if I'd let my motor-cycle hero take me home! If I hadn't been so silly! Why did I care whether he found out I am an actress? Why did I let him hide me away from poor old Jimpsey? Where's Jimpsey now? Where's my motorcycle hero? If he'd been properly interested he would have watched from afar, and ridden to my rescue, like the knights of old!"

That last thought persisted for a moment, bringing a little resentful hurt. Why hadn't he watched? Why hadn't he saved her? He had seemed so resourceful, so devoted, so—so different!

"But now, here I am, and nobody knows! And this awful beast downstairs knows if I get away he isn't safe! Can I bribe him, promise not to get him in trouble? He wouldn't believe me . . ."

On and on and on raced the mind of Doris, growing more doubtful, more terrified, more desperate, as time slipped by and the silence continued. At last she heard the woman go upstairs, to her couch in the little room back of the light. She pictured her there, asleep, waking to look out and sleep again. She heard the man move about in the room below. Then, steps, soft and cautious, on the stairs. Steps that stopped, while Doris held her hands over her lips to keep back a scream. She saw the knob of her door turn, silently. Then, after an eternity, the steps, going back. Silence again, and terror!

"If he had been able to get in," she shivered. "Will he find a way?"

Presently she turned from the window, resolutely determined to compose herself. In soft slippers she went silently about, bathing her face, deciding not to undress, settling down beside the light to try to read. Abandoning that as hopeless, she picked up the Ouija board, and set it on the little table beside her.

"Now's your chance, Wee-jee," she whispered. "What have you to suggest?"

And suddenly under her tense fingers the pointer began to move, to point. Amazedly she watched, her eyes growing wide, a soft flame of excitement leaping to her cheeks as her lips whispered the letters.

"R-o-p-e, rope!" she breathed, incredulously, "G-o, go a-t, at, t-w-e-l-v-e! H-e-l-p, h-e-l-p, f-r-o-m, t-h-e, e-a-s-t, —"

Abruptly, it stopped. Doris was white to the lips now. Her fingers fell limply from the board. Over and over her stiff lips whispered.

"It said: 'Rope. Go at twelve. Help from the east.' Shall I? It must have been my imagination—my fingers must have done it unconsciously! If I left this room I might be killed. That man might be watching . . ."

But in the end Doris did the thing that she had been taught to do in her last serial but one. She knotted the rope to her iron bed. She dropped it from the window. She wound her hands thickly with pieces of the cotton gown, and she went down, steadily and securely, to the rocks below. There she ran lightly to the eastern side of the island, made her way over high rocks and down to the water's edge. There was a tiny strip of pebbled beach here, scarcely more than a yard long. She dropped on it, just as a moon came riding out of the clouds, throwing a light almost as bright as day down over the island, bringing everything into plain view.

"The rocks hide me from the house," she thought. "If that man comes out I shall fling myself into the water and stay under until I drown."

But no sound came from the house. For a half hour Doris strained her eyes toward the east. The light was fitful, the moon obscured now by the clouds, now breaking out with a dazzling radiance. It was after an unusually long bit of darkness that Doris saw the boat!

It was coming straight toward her, out of the open sea. It was quite near at hand she thought at first but it seemed a long time before it came close enough for her to see that it was a small boat with high sides, and it was being rowed by someone in a dark suit. Someone who rowed slowly, as if very tired and uncertain.

"Is it my hero-man?" she asked herself excitedly. "Is it? Is it?"

Under the clouds went the tantalizing moon again. In the darkness the boat grated on the pebbles. "Be careful," Doris whispered hoarsely. "Oh, be careful. Don't let anyone hear!"

The moon popped out. There was the boat—a motor boat with its engine stalled. And on the seat, oars in drooping hands, face white and drawn with fatigue, sat a girl—a very pretty girl in knickers and a dark, closely fitting coat. A girl with a halo of fluffy gold hair, and wide, startled blue eyes.

PROFESSIONALLY, James Barrington Gillette, commonly known as Jimpsey, was a "heavy man." Personally, he was active of mind and agile of body, possessing that rather indefinable quality that is known as being quick on the trigger. The pile of soft dirt which received him from the arms of the yellow roadster held his manly form for exactly thirty seconds. Then he struggled to his feet, gasping for the breath that was coming back to him with slow painfulness, gave the punctured tires one sweeping look and one eloquent remark, and turned his attention to his surroundings.

Already the blue limousine and the motorcycle had disappeared. A crowd was gathering around Jimpsey—the sort of crowd that springs up in a New York street by magic, with nothing whatever to do but stand and look at an accident, or a moving safe, or a human fly. Jimpsey ran his eye over them impatiently, then dashed across to the opposite curb where a man had brought a battered little ford to a stop and stepped out to be numbered among those present at the gathering.

"Say, brother," Jimpsey proposed genially. "I'll trade you that Stutz, a month old, perfectly sound but for two wrecked tires, for your little Lizzie here. Is it a go?"

"But—but," stammered the stranger, "yours is worth—"

"It's worth nothing to me lying there. And my time just now is worth a million dollars a minute. Your car will go. What say? You on?"

"Y-y-yes. S-s-s-sure! She's a s-s-s-self-st-t-t-tarter," stuttered the man, dazed by the rapidity of the transaction.

"Right-o. Much obliged, friend." And Jimpsey was off, his new conveyance carrying him briskly ahead with the dogged reliability for which its whole family is justly noted.

"It's a cinch they were making for the Queensboro Bridge," he decided, guiding the snubby nose of "Lizzie" toward the Plaza. "Now, old girl," he cautioned, half aloud, "mind your step. No getting into trouble with the cops, you know. This is no time for a hold-up."

So, edging decorously along, he came to a point where he could see, only a few yards ahead of him, the blue car, waiting for the whistle that would allow it to move out on the bridge.

"Good luck is ours, Lizzie-girl. We can keep her in sight," he chuckled, "but where——"

Almost, his muttered question ended in a whoop of sheer joy. For there, standing dismally beside a tall traffic officer, his face a study of despair, was the man with the motorcycle. It was plain that he had been held up, and that he would not be allowed to proceed at once. Chuckling with unholy glee, Jimpsey watched until the shrill whistle rang out. Then, moving forward with the orderly mass of vehicles of every description, he flung one soul-satisfying taunt at the helpless prisoner.

"S'long, brother. We mourn your loss!" he yelled.

The look of utter despair and fury on the victim's face was worth lingering to watch, had Jimpsey had leisure for lingering. As it was, he grinned but once, and settled down to the business of keeping his eye on the blue car.

Once across the bridge, luck was with him and he was enabled to push up to the place he wanted. For a half hour they followed the smooth, hard boulevard, with its endless procession of motors whirring in both directions. Doggedly, Jimpsey maintained his position, for the driver of the blue car, evidently meaning to attract no attention, kept well within the speed limits.

"If he ever decides to let 'er out on this road, we're lost, Little Lizzie," fretted Jimpsey.

But he didn't. Instead, he swerved suddenly off on a southeasterly road, and followed it steadily with a speed that gradually increased as travel lessened and the villages became farther and farther apart. There was no question now that Jimpsey would presently be left far behind! And then, suddenly, the blue car swerved and struck off into a narrow dirt road.

Jimpsey, as has been noted before, was quick on the trigger. He knew better than to seem to be following, so he drove straight past the little road, peering down to see that it was green and crooked and ran away into a tangle of low-hanging trees. When he turned and drove back, the blue car was out of sight and he slowed down and looked at the marks of its tires in the soft dirt.

"Good luck again, Lizzie," he declared. "If they keep to dirt roads we can't miss that tire tread. Not while it's daylight!"

He glanced at the sun, and drove on, every sense alert, keeping his eyes on the tell-tale trail.

On and on and on! Abruptly, the little road took the bit in its teeth and plunged out of its obscurity into flat, open country. There was a strong tang of salt in the air now. Swamp grass began to wave from sandy stretches. Here and there a clump of scrub-oaks stretched out gnarled arms. The little road was running away to sea! But all along its sandy length still lay the peculiar stamp of the blue car's tires, and Lizzie put her stubby nose to the ground and followed them faithfully.

Followed them, until, without noise or turbulence or warning, she suddenly stopped in her tracks, like a faithful horse protesting at last against pitiless overwork. Gradually the awful truth dawned on Jimpsey. What he said need not be recorded. Over there, where the sand met the sky, there might be a village, there might be a garage where one could buy gas. Again, there might not! Grimly, he pushed the dejected little car out of the road, over beside a bunch of scrub pines. Grimly, he took up the trail again, on foot.

A mile of trudging brought him out on sandy dunes that ran down to meet the sea. Jimpsey stopped, staring. It seemed incredible that so desolate and lonely a spot could exist within two hours of the city. Sand dunes stretched away on either hand; gray waves ran up to thunder at barren rocks; and nowhere was there sight or sound of human visitants.

"But the trail's here," breathed Jimpsey, and followed it. There, a few feet back from the rocks, the trail swerved, followed the curve of the water's edge, struck back again in a southwesterly direction across the dunes.

"They're going to hit another road over there, and circle back," mused Jimpsey. "But what—ah!"

From the seaward side of the blue car's trail a line of footprints ran down to the rocks that edged the sea. Jimpsey followed them, anxious-eyed, deeply moved.

"A man and a girl went down. A man came back alone. Someone met them here with a boat. She's out there somewhere! My God!"

Up to this time he had been anxious, but not stirred to the depths of his being, as he now was. He had been confident he could handle the situation, could somehow keep near and bring her out all right. But standing there alone in a waste of gray sand and gray sea, with the sun dropping swiftly down the west, with one gaunt bird winging a black trail across a desolate sky, Jimpsey's nerve was badly shaken.

"Little Doris!" he breathed heavily. "What's it all for? Where have they gone with her? That little, innocent thing! How . . ."

Abruptly he began to run, with floundering steps, through the deep sand, along the trail the blue car had made.

IT seemed to Jerry that he stood for an hour, at least, beside the inexorable officer, hemmed in by the vehicular mob that the rush hours bring to the Queensborough Plaza. In reality it was exactly twelve minutes before the keen eyes were turned on him, taking in the straight, up-standing figure, the anxious face, the frank, imploring eyes, the tiny service pin on the left lapel of the well-cut but rather worn coat.

"There, lad, be off with ye," he said, "but mind your step. Keep your own place in the procession. Ye can't be doin' trick stunts in a jam like this."

"Thanks, officer," Jerry said, "I'll remember." Steadily he moved forward, outwardly decorous, inwardly raging, as he kept his place in the procession over the bridge.

"A snail could race this outfit and win," he grumbled. "But after all, why hurry? I've lost 'em! What can I do when I get across the bridge?"

To the traffic officer at the bridge's end he put a faint-hearted question that was met by an unfeeling grin.

"A blue limousine, me boy? Yes, I've likely seen a hundred of them in the last hour. They ain't so uncommon that I put 'em down in my diary, you know."

"But this one had all the curtains drawn and there was a Ford trailing it," Jerry persisted.

"Is that so? Now that would identify it. A Ford behind it!"

"Oh hell!" exploded Jerry and took the first road ahead. A few miles along it divided, and the branch that turned to the north looked as smooth, as well-travelled and as uncommunicative as the one that curved southward.

"My luck's left me!" he gloomed. Disconsolately he rode up to the garage which had, with a keen eye for business, planted itself in the crotch of the two roads.

"Fill 'er up," he directed, peeling a greenback off an exceedingly fragile roll. "I can't run a chance on being stuck for lack of gas."

"Goin' far?" asked the man, pumping expertly. "Which road?"

"I wish I knew! You see, I was trailing some—some friends, and I got held up at the other end of the bridge and lost them. Now I don't know what to do. I'll just have to hunt the Island over."

"Some job, I'll say. Talk about a needle in a haystack——"

"Oh, I know," Jerry broke in irritably. "But I've got to do something! Of course you didn't see a big blue limousine with a Ford close behind—too common to notice."

"A big blue—say, bo, the angel of good luck was hoverin' right close when you come into the world. The big blue one stopped here for a couple of minutes. Chauffeur in uniform drivin'. Curtains all tight in the back. That it?"

"Yes, yes," yelled Jerry. "And the Ford?"

"Just happened to notice it. One man in that. Stopped just down the road there and waited till the blue one went ahead, then followed along. Didn't think a thing of it then, but——"

"Hooray!" yelled Jerry. "Which way did they go? South? Thanks a million times." He glanced at the fragile roll, but the man shook his head, grinning good-naturedly.

"Keep it, son, keep it. My son seen service, too. On-your-way, now, as my boy says. Good luck."

With youth's amazing redundancy Jerry's spirits rocketed skyward as he set off on the southerly road. "My lucky day!" he chuckled. "Everything works my way. Old lady Fate's on my side. I'll catch up with them and keep them in sight, and trust to my guardian angel to send help when I need it."

Mile after mile flashed by. Gradually, the stream of motors thinned until the road was sparsely dotted with them and he could look far ahead. A signboard announced a crossroad. Jerry slowed down, and as he came near he saw Old Lady Fate, to whom he had just referred with such jovial affection, standing in the middle of the road, holding up a hand which unquestionably meant STOP! She had taken the form of a blue-uniformed Hercules, and Jerry's heart began to settle toward his shoes, even before the rich and half-jovial voice spoke:

"Just a minute, my lad. Let's see the number of that little machine. I thought so. Sorry, my boy, and you an ex-service man. You should of had more sense. Don't ye know the telephone system works yet, even if it do be a bit slow at times? Why did ye have so little brains as to think ye could get away with it?"

And suddenly the full extent of his new dilemma crashed in on Jerry's bewildered mind. Under his healthy coat of tan his face went pale.

"Look here, officer," he protested, "I wasn't stealing this Indian. It was an emergency! I HAD to take it. I HAVE to go on, I tell you. I'll return it, all right. I never thought—you see, there was a girl——"

"Of course there was a girl. There generally is, I'm noticin', but that's neither here nor there. The point is, ye took that Indian and it belongs to the Chief up in the Bronx."

"But I tell you——"

"That'll be all, me lad! There's no argument. Ye can do your explainin' to the Jedge in the mornin'."

There was no relenting in voice, or eyes, or tightly closed jaw. Desperately, Jerry felt his hope, his optimism, his abounding confidence in a kindly fate slipping from him.

(Continued next week)

Roles They'll Never Play

Could you imagine a lineup like this?

"Little Lord Fauntleroy" .....William S. Hart
"Passion" ..... Sylvia Ashton
"Huckleberry Finn" .....Theodore Roberts
"Too Much Sleep" .....Walter Hiers
"Fair and Warmer" .....Elsie Ferguson
"Lucretya Borgia" .....May McAvoy
"Rags" ..... Gloria Swanson
"Uncle Tom's Cabin" ....produced by Cecil DeMille
"Seventeen" .....Theodore Kosloff
"Old Lady 31" .....Lila Lee
"The Frisky Miss Flighty" .....Ethel Clayton

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE

"The Business of Life"

(Continued from page 10)

got a mild form of typod—he's that unwell the mornings when he's been out late in the city. Say what you're a mind to, typod is typod! And if you h'ain't got it you're likely to git it most any minute; but he won't swaller the teas and broths and suffusions I bring him, and he'll be took like everybody else one of these days, dearie—which he wouldn't if he's listen to me——"

"Mrs. Quant," came Desboro's voice from the landing.

"Y—yes, sir," stammered that guilty and agitated Cassandra.

Jacqueline set aside her teacup and came to the stairs; their glances met in the suppressed amusement of mutual comprehension, and he conducted her to the hallway below, where a big log fire was blazing.

"What was it—death, destruction, and general woe, as usual?" he asked.

"And typod," she whispered. "It appears that you have it!"

Poor old soul! She means all right; but imagine me here with her all day, dodging infusions and broths and red flannel! Warm your hands at the blaze, Miss Nevers, and I'll find the armory keys. It will be a little colder in there."

She spread her hands to the flames, conscious of his subtle change of manner toward her, now that she was actually under his roof—and liked him for it—not in the least surprised that she was comprehending still another phase of this young man's most interesting personality.

For, without reasoning, her slight misgivings concerning him were vanishing; instinct told her she might even permit herself a friendlier manner, and she looked up smilingly when he came back swinging a bunch of keys.

"These belong to the Quant," he explained. "—honest old soul! Every gem and ivory and lump of jade in the collection is at her mercy, for here are the keys to every case. Now, Miss Nevers, what do you require? Pencil and pad?"

"I have my notebook, thanks—a new one in your honor."

He said he was flattered and led the way through a wide corridor to the eastern wing; unlocked a pair of massive doors, and swung them wide. And, beside him, she walked into the amory of the famous Desboro collection.

Straight ahead of her, paved with black marble, lay a lane through a double rank of armed and mounted men in complete armor; and she could scarcely suppress a little cry of surprise and admiration.

"This is magnificent!" she exclaimed; and he saw her cheeks brighten, and her breath coming faster.

"It is fine," he said soberly.

"It is, indeed, Mr. Desboro! That is a noble array of armor. I feel like some legendary princess of long ago, passing her chivalry in review as I move between these double ranks. What a wonderful collection! All Spanish and Milanese mail, isn't it? Your grandfather specialized?"

"I believe he did. I don't know very much about the collection, technically."

"Don't you care for it?"

"Why, yes—more, perhaps, than I realized—now that you are actually here to take it away."

"But I'm not going to put it into a magic pocket and flee to New York with it!"

She spoke gaily, and his face, which had become a little grave, relaxed into its habitual expression of careless good humor.

They had slowly traversed the long lane, and now, turning, came back through groups of men-at-arms, pikemen, billmen, arquebussiers, crossbowmen, archers, halbardiers, slingers—all the multitudinous arms of a polyglot service, each apparently equipped with his proper weapon and properly accoutred for trouble.

Once or twice she glanced at the trophies aloft on the walls, every group bunched behind its shield and radiating from it under the drooping remnants of banners emblazoned with arms, crests, insignia, devices, and quarterings long since forgotten, except by such people as herself.

She moved gracefully, leisurely, pausing now and then before some panoplied manikin, Desboro sauntering beside her. Now and then she stopped to inspect an ancient piece of ordnance, wonderfully wrought and chased, now and then halted on tip-toe to lift some slitted visor and peer into the dusky cavern of the helmet, where a painted face stared back at her out of painted eyes.

"Who scours all this mail?" he asked.

"Our old armorer. My grandfather trained him. But he's very old and rheumatic now, and I don't let him exert himself. I think he sleeps all winter, like a woodchuck, and fishes all summer."

"You ought to have another armorer."

"I can't turn Michael out to starve, can I?"

She swung around swiftly: "I didn't mean that!" and saw he was laughing at her.

"I know you didn't," he said. "But I can't afford two armorers. That's the reason I'm disposing of these tin-clothed tenants of mine—to economise and cut expenses."

She moved on, evidently desiring to obtain a general impression of the task before her, now and then examining the glass-encased labels at the feet of the figures, and occasionally shaking her head. Already the errant lock curled across her cheek.

"What's the trouble?" he inquired. "Aren't these gentlemen correctly ticketed?"

"Some are not. That suit of gilded mail is not Spanish; it's German. It is not very difficult to make such a mistake sometimes."

Steam heat had been put in, but the vast hall was chilly except close to the long ranks of oxidized pipes lining the walls. They stood a moment, leaning against them and looking out across the place, all glittering with the mail-clad figures.

"I've easily three weeks' work before me among these mounted figures alone, to say nothing of the men on foot and the trophies and artillery," she said. "Do you know it is going to be rather expensive for you, Mr. Desboro?"

This did not appear to disturb him.

"Because," she went on, "a great many mistakes have been made in labelling, and some mistakes in assembling the complete suits of mail and in assigning weapons. For example, that mounted man in front of you is wearing tilting armor and a helmet that doesn't belong to it. That's a childish mistake."

"We'll put the proper lid on him," said Desboro. "Show it to me and I'll put it all over him now."

"It's up there aloft with the trophies, I think—the fifth group."

"There's a ladder on wheels for a closer view of the weapons. Shall I trundle it in?"

He went out into the hallway and presently came back pushing a clanking extension ladder with a railed top to it. Then he affixed the crank and began to grind until it rose to the desired height.

"All I ask of you is not to tumble off it," he said. "Do you promise?"

She promised with mock seriousness. "Because I need all my brains, you see."

"You've a lot of 'em, haven't you, Miss Nevers?"

"No, not many."

He shrugged: "I wonder, then, what a quantitative analysis of mine might produce."

She said: "You are as clever as you take the trouble to be——" and stopped herself short, unwilling to drift into personalities.

"It's the interest that is lacking in me," he said, "—or perhaps the incentive."

She made no comment.

"Don't you think so?"

"I don't know."

"—And don't care," he added.

She flushed, half turned in protest, but remained silent.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "I didn't mean to force your interest in myself. Tell me, is there anything I can do for your comfort before I go? And shall I go and leave you to abstruse meditation, or do I disturb you by tagging about at your heels?"

His easy, light tone relieved her. She looked around her at the armed figures:

"You don't disturb me. I was trying to think where to begin. Tomorrow I'll bring up some reference books——"

"Perhaps you can find what you want in my grandfather's library. I'll show you where it is when you are ready."

"I wonder if he has Grenville's monograph on Spanish and Milanese mail?"

"I'll see."

He went away and remained for ten minutes. She was minutely examining the sword belonging to a rather battered suit of armor when he returned with the book.

"You see" she said, "you are useful. I did well to suggest that you remain here. Now, look, Mr. Desboro. This is German armor, and here is a Spanish sword of a different century along with it! That's all wrong, you know. Antonius was the sword-maker; here is his name on the hexagonal, gilded iron hilt—'Antonius Me Fecit'."

"You'll put that all right," he said confidently. "Won't you?"

"That's why you asked me here, isn't it?"

He may have been on the point of an indiscreet rejoinder, for he closed his lips suddenly and began to examine another sword. It belonged to the only female equestrian figure in the collection—a beautifully shaped suit of woman's armor, astride a painted war-horse, the cuirass of Milan plates.

"The Countess of Ooroposa," he said. "It was her peculiar privilege, after the Count's death, to ride in full armor and carry a naked sword across her knees when the Spanish Court made a solemn entry into cities. Which will be about all from me," he added with a laugh. "Are you ready for luncheon?"

"Quite, thank you. But you said that you didn't know much about this collection. Let me see that sword, please."

He drew it from its scabbard and presented the hilt. She took it, studied it, then read aloud the device in verse:

"'Paz Comiga Nunca Veo Y Siempre Guera Dese.'" ("There is never peace with me; my desire is always war!")

Her clear young voice repeating the old sword's motto seemed to ring a little through the silence—as though it were the clean-cut voice of the blade itself.

"What a fine motto," he said guilelessly. "And you interpret it as though it were your own."

"I like the sound of it. There is no compromise in it."

"Why not assume it for your own? 'There is never peace with me; my desire is always war!' Why not adopt it?"

"Do you mean that such a militant motto suits me?" she asked, amused, and caught the half-laughing, half malicious glimmer in his eyes, and knew in an instant he had divined her attitude toward himself, and toward her own self, too—war on them both, lest they succumb to the friendship that threatened. Silent, preoccupied, she went back with him through the armory, through the hallway, into a rather commonplace dining-room, where a table had already been laid for two.

Desboro jingled a small silver bell, and presently luncheon was announced. She ate with the healthy appetite of the young, and he pretended to. Several cats and dogs of unaristocratic degree came purring and wagging about the table, and he indulged them with an impartiality that interested her, allotting to each its portion, and serenely chastising the greedy.

"What wonderful impartiality!" she ventured. "I couldn't do it; I'd be sure to prefer one of them."

"Why entertain preference for anything or anybody?"

"That's nonsense."

"No; it's sense. Because, if anything happens to one, there are the others to console you. It's pleasanter to like impartially."

She was occupied with her fruit cup; presently she glanced up at him:

"Is that your policy?"

"Isn't it a safe one?"

"Yes. Is it yours?"

"Wisdom suggests it to me—has always urged it. I'm not sure that it always works. For example, I prefer champagne to milk, but I try not to."

"You always contrive to twist sense into nonsense."

"You don't mind, do you?"

"No; but don't you ever take anything seriously?"

"Myself."

"I'm afraid you don't."

"Indeed, I do! See how my financial mishaps sent me flying to you for help!"

She said: "You don't even take seriously what you call your financial mishaps."

"But I take the remedy for them most reverently and most thankfully."

"The remedy?"

"You."

A slight color stained her cheeks; for she did not see just how to avoid the footing they had almost reached—the understanding which, somehow, had been impending from the moment they met. Intuition had warned her against it. And now here it was.

How could she have avoided it, when it was perfectly evident from the first that he found her interesting—that his voice and intonation and bearing were always subtly offering friendship, no matter what he said to her, whether in jest or earnest, in light-hearted idleness or in all the decorum of the perfunctory and commonplace.

To have made more out of it than was in it would have been no sillier than to priggishly discountenance his harmless good humor. To be prim would have been ridiculous. Besides, everything innocent in her found an instinctive pleasure, even in her own misgivings concerning this man and the unsettled problem of her personal relations with him—unsolved with her, at least; but he appeared to have settled it for himself.

As they walked back to the armory together, she was trying to think it out; and she concluded that she might dare be toward him as unconcernedly friendly as he would ever think of being toward her. And it gave her a little thrill of pride to feel that she was equipped to carry through her part in a light, gay, ephemeral friendship with one belonging to a world about which she knew nothing at all.

That ought to be her attitude—friendly, spirited, pretending to a "savoir faire" only surmised by her own good taste—lest he find her stupid and narrow, ignorant and dull. And it occurred to her very forcibly that she would not like that.

So—let him admire her.

His motives, perhaps, were as innocent as hers. Let him say the unexpected and disconcerting things it amused him to say. She knew well enough how to parry them, once her mind was made up not to entirely ignore them; and that would be much better. That, no doubt, was the manner in which women of his own world met the easy badinage of men; and she determined to let him discover that she was interesting if she chose to be.

She had produced her notebook and pencil when they entered the armory. He carried Grenville's celebrated monograph, and she consulted it from time to time, bending her dainty head beside his shoulder, and turning the pages of the volume with a smooth and narrow hand that fascinated him.

They stopped before a horseman, clad from head to spurs in superb mail. On a ground of blackened steel the pieces were embossed with gold grotesqueries; the cuirass was formed by overlapping horizontal plates, the three upper ones composing a gorget of solid gold. Nymphs, satyrs, gods, goddesses and cupids in exquisite design and composition framed the "lorica"; cuisses and tassettes carried out the lorica pattern; coudes, arm-guards, and genouilleres were dolphin masks, gilded.

"Parade armor," she said under her breath, "not war armor, as it has been labelled. It is armor de luxe, and probably royal, too. Do you see the collar of the Golden Fleece on the gorget? And there hangs the fleece itself, borne by two cupids as a canopy for Venus rising from the sea. That is probably Sigman's XVI century work. Is it not royally magnificent!"

"Lord! What a lot of lore you seem to have acquired!" he said.

"But I was trained to this profession by the ablest teacher in America—" her voice fell, "—by my father. Do you wonder that I know a little about it?"

They moved on in silence to where a man-at-arms stood leaning both clasped hands over the gilded pommel of a sword.

She said quickly: "That sword belongs to parade armor! How stupid to give it to this pikeman! Don't you see? The blade is diamond sectioned: Horn of Solingen's mark is on the ricasse. And, oh, what a wonderful hilt! It is a miracle!"

The hilt was really a miracle; carved in gold relief, Italian renaissance style, the guard gentre was decorated with black arabesques on a gold ground; quillons curved down, ending in cupid's heads of exquisite beauty.

The guard was engraved with a cartouche enclosing the Three Graces; and from it sprang a beautiful counter-guard formed out of two lovely Caryatids united. The grip was made of heliotrope amethyst inset with gold; the pommel constructed by two volutes which encompassed a tiny naked nymph with emeralds for her eyes.

"What a masterpiece!" she breathed. "It can be matched only in the Royal Armory of Madrid."

"Have you been abroad, Miss Nevers?"

"Yes, several times with my father. It was part of my education in business."

He said: "Yours is a French name?"

"My father was French."

"He must have been a very cultivated man."

"Self-cultivated."

"Perhaps," he said, "there was once a 'de' written before 'Nevers.'"

She laughed: "No. Father's family were always bourgeois shopkeepers—as I am."

He looked at the dainty girl beside him, with her features and slender limbs and bearing of an aristocrat.

"Too bad," he said, pretending disillusion. "I expected you'd tell how your ancestors died on the

scaffold, remarking in laudable chorus, 'Vive le Roi!'"

She laughed and sparkled deliciously. "Alas, no, monsieur. But, ma foi! Some among them may have worked the guillotine for Sanson or drummed for Santerre.

"You seem to me to symbolize all the grace and charm that perished on the Place de Greve."

She laughed: "Look again, and see if it is not their Nemesis I more closely resemble."

And as she said it so gaily, an odd idea struck him that she did embody something less obvious, something more vital, than the symbol of an aristocratic regime perishing en masse against the blood-red sky of Paris.

He did not know what it was about her that seemed to symbolize all that is forever young and fresh and imperishable. Perhaps it was only the evolution of the real world he saw in her opening into blossom and disclosing such as she to justify the darkness and woe of the long travail.

She had left him standing alone with Grenville's book open in his hands, and was now examining a figure wearing a coat of fine steel mail, with a black corselet decorated with "horizontal" hands.

"Do you notice the difference?" she asked. "In German armor the bands are vertical. This is Milanese, and I think the Negrolis made it. See how exquisitely the morion is decorated with these lions' heads in gold for cheek pieces, and these bands of gold damascene over the skull-piece, that meet to form Minerva's face above the brow! I'm sure it's the Negrolis work. Wait! Ah, here is the inscription! 'P. Jacobi et Fratr Negroli aciebant MDXXXIX.' Bring me Grenville's book, please."

She took it, ran over the pages rapidly, found what she wanted, and then stepped forward and laid her white hand on another grim, mailed figure.

"This is foot-armor," she said, "and does not belong with that morion. It's neither Milanese nor yet Augsburg make; it's Italian, but who made it I don't know. You see it's a superb combination of parade armor and war mail, with all the gorgeous design of the former and the smoothness and toughness of the latter. Really, Mr. Desboro, this investigation is becoming exciting. I never before saw such a suit of foot-armor."

"Perhaps it belonged to the catcher of some ancient baseball club," he suggested.

She turned, laughing, but exasperated: "I'm not going to let you remain near me," she said. "You annihilate every atom of romance; you are an anachronism here, anyway."

"I know it; but you fit in delightfully with tournaments and pageants and things——"

"Go up on that ladder and sit!" resolutely pointing.

He went. Perched aloft, he lighted a cigarette and surveyed the prospect.

"Mark Twain killed all this sort of thing for me," he observed.

She said indignantly: "It's the only thing I never have forgiven him."

"He told the truth."

"I know. But, oh, how could he write what he did about King Arthur's Court! And what is the use of truth, anyway, unless it leaves us ennobling illusions?"

Ennobling illusions! She did not know it; but except for them she never would have existed, nor others like her that are yet to come in myriads.

Desboro waved his cigarette gracefully and declaimed:

"The knights are dust,
Their good swords bust;
Their souls are up the spout we trust—'"

"Mr. Desboro!"

"Mademoiselle?"

"That silly parody on a noble verse is not humorous."

"Truth seldom is. The men who wore those suits of marl were everything that nohody now admires—brutal, selfish, ruthless——"

"Mr. Desboro!"

"Mademoiselle?"

"Are there not a number of such gentlemen still existing on earth?"

"New York's full of them," he admitted cheerfully, "but they conceal what they really are on account of the police."

"Is that all that five hundred years has taught men—concealment?"

"Yes, and five thousand," he muttered; but said aloud: "It hasn't anything to do with admiring the iron hats and clothes they wore. If you'll let me come down I'll admire 'em——"

"No."

"I want to carry your book for you."

"No."

"—And listen to everything you say about the vertical stripes on their Dutch trousers——"

"Very well," she consented, laughing; "you may descend and examine these gold inlaid and checkered trousers. They were probably made for a fashionable dandy by Alonso Garcia, five hundred years ago; and you will observe that they are still beautifully creased."

Under the careless surface, she divined a sort of perverse intelligence; she was certain that what appealed to her he, also, understood when he chose to; because he understood so much—much that she had not even imagined—much of life, and of the world, and of the men and women in it. But, having lived a life so full, so different from her own, perhaps his interest was less easily aroused: perhaps it might be even a little fatigued by the endless pageant moving with him amid scenes of brightness and happiness which seemed to her as far away from herself and as unreal as scenes in the painted arras hanging on the walls.

They had been speaking of operas in which armour, incorrectly designed and worn, was tolerated by public ignorance; and, thinking of the "horseshoe," where all that is wealthy, and intelligent, and wonderful, and aristocratic in New York is supposed to congregate, she had mentally placed him there among those elegant and distant young men who are to be seen sauntering from one gilded box to another, or, gracefully posed, decorating and further embellishing boxes already replete with jeweled and feminine beauty; or in the curtained depths, mysterious silhouettes motionless against the dull red glow.

And, if those gold-encrusted boxes had been celestial balconies, full of blessed damosels leaning over heaven's edge, they would have seemed no farther away, no more accessible to her, than they seemed from where she sometimes sat or stood, all alone, to listen to Farrar and Caruso.

The light in the armory was growing a little dim. She bent more closely over her notebook, the printed pages of Mr. Grenville, and the shimmering, inlaid, and embossed armor.

"Shall we have tea?" he suggested.

"Tea? Oh, thank you, Mr. Desboro; but when the light fails, I'll have to go."

It was failing fast. She used the delicate tips of her fingers more often in examining engraved, inlaid and embossed surfaces.

"I never had electricity put into the armory," he said. "I'm sorry now—for your sake."

"I'm sorry, too. I could have worked until six."

"There!" he said, laughing. "You have admitted it! What are you going to do for nearly two hours if you don't take tea? Your train doesn't leave until six. Did you propose to go to the station and sit there?"

Her confused laughter was very sweet, and she admitted that she had nothing to do after the light failed except to fold her hands and wait for the train.

"Then won't you have tea?"

"I'd—rather not!"

He said: "You could take it alone in your room if you liked—and rest a little. Mrs. Quant will call you."

She looked up at him after a moment, and her cheeks were very pink and her eyes brilliant:

"I'd rather take it with you, Mr. Desboro. Why shouldn't I say so?"

No words came to him, and not much breath, so totally unexpected was her reply.

Still looking at him, the faint smile fading into seriousness, she repeated:

"Why shouldn't I say so? Is there any reason? You know better than I what a girl alone may do. And I would like to have some tea—and have it with you."

He didn't smile; he was too clever—perhaps too decent.

"It's quite all right," he said. "We'll have it served in the library where there's a fine fire."

So they slowly crossed the armory and traversed the hallway, where she left him for a moment and ran up stairs to her room. When she rejoined him in the library, he noticed that the insurgent lock of hair had been deftly tucked in among its lustrous comrades; but the first shake of her head dislodged it again, and there it was, threatening him, as usual, from its soft, warm ambush against her cheek.

"Can't you do anything with it?" he asked, sympathetically, as she seated herself and poured the tea.

"Do anything with what?"

"That lock of hair. It's loose again, and it will do murder some day."

She laughed with scarcely a trace of confusion, and handed him his cup.

"That's the first thing I noticed about you," he added. "That lock of hair? I can't do anything with it. Isn't it horribly messy?"

"It's dangerous."

"How absurd!"

"Are you ever known as 'Stray Lock' among your intimates?"

"I should think not," she said scornfully. "It sounds like a children's picture-book story."

"But you look like one."

"Mr. Desboro!" she protested. "Haven't you any common sense?"

"You look," he said reflectively, "as though you came from the same bookshelf as 'Gold Locks,' 'The Robber Kitten,' and 'A Princess Far Away,' and all those immortal volumes of the 'days that are no more.' Would you mind if I label you 'Stray Lock,' and put you on the shelf among the other immortals?"

Her frank laughter rang out sweetly:

"I very much object to being labeled and shelved—particularly shelved."

"I'll promise to read you every day——"

"No, thank you!"

"I'll promise to take you everywhere with me——"

"In your pocket? No, thank you. I object to being either shelved or pocketed—to be consulted at pleasure—or when you're bored."

They both had been laughing a good deal, and were slightly excited by their game of harmless **double entendre**. But now, perhaps it was becoming a trifle too obvious, and Jacqueline checked herself to glance back mentally and see how far she had gone along the path of friendship.

She could not determine; for the path has many twists and turnings, and she had sped forward lightly and swiftly, and was still conscious of the exhilaration of the pace in his gay and irresponsible company.

Her smile changed and died out; she leaned back in her leather chair, gazing absently at the fiery reflections crimsoning the andirons on the hearth, and hearing afar, the steady downpour of the winter rain.

Subtly the quiet and warmth of the room invaded her with a sense of content, not due, perhaps, to them alone. And dreamily conscious that this might be so, she lifted her eyes and looked across the table at him.

"I wonder," she said, "if this is all right?"

"What?"

"Our—situation—here."

"Situations are what we make them."

"But," she asked candidly, "could you call this a business situation?"

He laughed unrestrainedly, and finally she ventured to smile, secretly reassured.

"Are business and friendship incompatible?" he inquired.

"I don't know. Are they? I have to be careful in the shop, with younger customers and clerks. To treat them with more than pleasant civility would snoil them for business. My father taught me that. He served in the French Army."

"Do you think," he said gravely, "that you are spoiling me for business purposes?"

She smiled: "I was thinking—wondering whether you did not more accurately represent the corps of officers and I the line. I am only a temporary employee of yours, Mr. Desboro, and some day you may be angry at what I do and you may say, **'Tonnerre de Dieu!'** to me—which I wouldn't like if we were friends, but which I'd otherwise endure."

"We're friends already; what are you going to do about it?"

She knew it was so now, for better or worse, and she looked at him shyly, a little troubled by what the end of this day had brought her.

(*Continued next week*)

The Sign of the Rose, *George Beban Prod.*

This dramatic story of an Italian laborer has for years served Beban on the speaking stage, where he is recognized master of his character. It goes very *big* indeed on the screen. Emotion runs highest in the scenes showing the Italian falsely accused of kidnapping a millionaire's child, while his own baby girl (killed by the same millionaire's motor car), is not yet even buried. The utter pathos of the story is relieved by quiet comedy touches. Beban has surrounded himself with a strong support. A fairly happy ending.

Mistress of the World, *U. F. A. Prod., Chapter* 1. *Hamilton Theatrical Corp.*

Melodrama no more exciting than the average serial instalment shown at picture houses nightly, but offered in four five-reelers. Mia May plays an Englishwoman captured by Orientals, and later saved by an Anglo-educated Chinaman. This is about the substance of "The Dragon's Claw." *Broadway* was plainly bored.

The Sheik's Wife, *Vitagraph*

Not even a cousin to "The Sheik" of Paramount is this tale of a woman who marries an Arab, and makes a stab at adopting the customs of his tribe. Marcel Vibert does good repressed work as the Sheik. This picture is not so attractive to the eye as it might be, although it is a French production.

Determination, *State Rights*

London slum atmosphere carefully preserved is the salient thing in this picture some 10,000 feet long, based on the likenes of twin brothers. People who like slum settings, even if a little tired of the mistaken identity situation, will get their money's worth here.

The Ragged Heiress, *Fox*

Shirley Mason takes her usual screen walk from rags to riches. Here the riches are a little shady, it being first registered that the heroine's father goes to prison for bank robbery, and next that he thoughtfully left behind in trust for her 10,000 dollars a year. Anyway, Lucia (Shirley Mason) does not see the money, because her uncle sees it first. Matters improve when her father is released. Johnnie Harron plays a nice young man in the picture. Edwin Stevens and Claire MacDowell are others in the cast.

Polly of the Follies, *Asso. First National Pictures*

When so much goes under the name of comedy that is not comedy at all, it is refreshing to see pretty, witty Constance Talmadge out to amuse in earnest. No one who needs a laugh can afford to miss the movie show staged by Polly in her small, but severe, home town; or the burlesque on Caesar and Cleopatra with Polly as the Queen.

Beyond the Rainbow, *R-C Pictures*

William Christy Cabanne directed this ingenious story by Solita Solano, with a really powerful cast, including such names as Helen Ware, George Fawcett, Edmund Breese, Rose Coghlan, Marguerite Courtot. A mysterious shooting lends a detective flavor to this picture. The interest centers about a stenographer, played by Lillian (Billy) Dove.

The Prodigal Judge, *Vitagraph*

From the novel of Vaughan Kester. Maclyn Arbuckle is first rate as the dissipated, genial Judge with one foot outside the social pale; as is Ernest Torrence, who plays Mahaffy, the Judge's dry, sardonic, but unswerving friend. Jean Paige, the featured player, does well within the narrow limits of her role. A good story and fine team work.

Morals In Hollywood

(Continued from page 4)

These extras come from every stratum of society. Here is an old man who was once an English actor of Shakespeare roles. Beside him stands an ancient of days who lived on a Kansas farm until his ambitious son moved to Los Angeles—and the father's luxuriant whiskers got him into the movies! Here is a man who was assistant to a famous revivalist, and at that table is a former gunman from Alaska. An animal trainer who learned his trade with Hagenback, a boy "barned and raised in a saddle in Arizona" and an ex-Baptist minister are employed on the same set.

The handsome young woman in evening clothes was prominent in Minneapolis society. She is talking to a Russian countess who fled when Kerensky fell. Three "chickens"—with the brains of leghorns—are flirting with an ex-saloonkeeper from the Bowery. On one stage is a mob of bathing beauties, whose "art" consists of running through a comedy in pajamas or lacey night robes; these are the girls that supply the magazines with photographs of "famous film stars" clad in next-to-nothingnesses.

The group that I have classified as "prominent" men and women supply almost none of the notoriety that flashes in great headlines in the daily prints. I have liberally estimated this class as numbering three thousand to five thousand. I am safe in saying that the several "fast sets" in this entire group do not total more than two hundred or three hundred individuals. Certainly this is a small minority! Most of these few hundred are not vicious—they are vain, foolish, "swell-headed" to a degree of carless asininity, but they are not dopesters nor degenerates nor murderers.

Only a small part of the reputation of the Los Angeles film colony is made by obstinate disregard of public opinion by these "fast sets." The newspaper stories come from the thousands of "extras" and other employees of the studios. An analysis of the cases during two years proves the truth of these statements.

There are two reasons for the existence of this condition: First, the California laws dealing with vagrancy; and second, the eagerness with which the public buys newspapers containing stories of scandal in the film world.

Whenever a Los Angeles woman of doubtful morals runs afoul of the police, she must declare that she has an occupation or risk a prison sentence on the charge of vagrancy. It is easy for her to say that she is a screen "actress" and to mention a few studios at which she has worked. This is recorded on the police books, and a few hours later the press announces that a "Beautiful Picture Star" has been caught in raid of the vice squad.

A "famous film star commits suicide in love mystery" furnished headlines three inches high—but in four lines of small type in the same article on the same page of the same newspaper was a statement that a search of the studios showed that the girl had never been employed in pictures!

A young woman came to Los Angeles with letters of introduction from the president of a great eastern university. A picture company employed her as stenographer. A few months later she and a newspaper reporter dined at a restaurant near a studio and drank a bottle of soft stuff sold at the soda fountain. On their return to the studio office the girl became sick and fell in a faint. The reporter called a studio policeman to assist him in caring for her. The officer reported the incident to police headquarters. Next day's headlines: "One of the well known stars of Hollywood quarrels with her lover, a famous young actor, and takes over-dose of dope." No names mentioned. Of course neither had ever appeared before the camera.

The newspapers are not unfriendly to the picture people. The newspapers have no time for detailed investigations; they must print the news, or that which appears to be news, while it is not; of the public will transfer its pennies to rival publications.

Experienced newspaper men agree that no subject has interest for so many readers as motion picture customs and habits. A rumor of a movie marriage is worth "playing up" and a divorce case in which even a fourth-rate star is named is desirable news.

A cowboy, employed in pictures because of his ability to perform daring stunts, drives a motor car into a pedestrian. In the car with the cowboy is a society man of wealth and prominence. The newspapers devote a column to the escapade of a "drunken star" and in two lines mention the presence of a society man. A young man employed as a porter in a studio was wounded, apparently by his mother-in-law. This youth was a $25-a-week laborer, but his story was featured in big headlines for more than a week. At the same time in a downtown hotel a gambler was murdered, and his case received only a tiny percentage of the space given that of the studio laborer. A prominent lawyer killed his wife, his mother-in-law and himself. He got brief, quick treatment in Los Angeles. Nationally he was ignored, but at the same time the wedding of an actress received several columns of text and illustrations in the daily press of the country.

* * * * * *

The producers are working earnestly, intelligently and constantly to weed out the undesirables. During the past year, every "mob scene" in the better studios has had in its numbers several careful detectives. These "inspectors," as they are officially termed, watch for gamblers, bootleggers, crooks, prostitutes, dopesters and other degenerates, and report on them daily. The man at the head of this work is a fine, clean, noble, kindly, inspiring gentleman. He is very careful. He moves slowly and surely. When he has evidence enough to convince him of the guilt of an extra he notifies the studio authorities, and that man or woman is no longer employed.

The great public that enjoys motion pictures and gives its enthusiastic admiration to the players, can be assured that their good will is not misplaced. Your favorite screen heroes, heroines, villains and comedians are, as a class clean, sensible, lovable human beings, whom you would enjoy in person as you now enjoy them in the film.

Page Mr. Aesop

Ever wont to follow angles of popular appeal, the humorists and column conductors are penning witticisms and comments from a new slant. The showing of "Aesop's Film Fables" on the motion picture screen has wits to paragraph their wordings along this line:

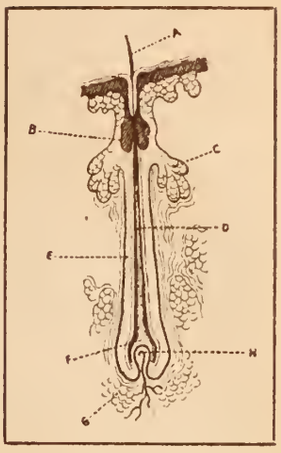
Conceited Donkey

Fable: Once upon a time there was a citizen of a republic who didn't think he could handle matters better than the elected officials.—Baltimore (Md.) Sun.

Wayward Dog

Fable: There was once a man who made an announcement that he intended to become a canditate for office who didn't claim he had been urged to run by his friends.—Portland (Me.) Express.

No Need to Have GRAY HAIR Since New Discovery



In this diagram A is the hair shaft which receives nourishment and pigment supply from the tip of the papilla H. This papilla supplies the bulb F and the follicle E, which in turn supply the root B and hair shaft with natural foods and natural coloring matter. It is only by nourishing the cells of pigmentation that the color can be restored to gray hair.

If your hair was auburn, black, brown, or blond before it started to turn gray, Tru-Tone will restore it to its original shade. Tru-Tone is not a dye, stain or tint. It restores former youthful shades to gray hair by renewing the color-producing power of the cells in the roots. See (H) in picture. Gray Hair is simply hair that has lost its power to color itself. Tru-Tone recreates this power—and the original color comes back.

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Doris Kenyon says:—

"Take Your work, not Yourself, seriously"

(Continued from page 9)

for, as you know, besides contributing to such publications as Good Housekeping, Munsey's Magazine, and others, Doris is co-author with her father of a book of poems, entitled, "Spring Flowers and Rowen."

You see at once that Doris, a regular American girl, who comes from a regular American family, such as you do, had no "pull" to elevate her to her present position. Admitted, she possessed beauty and personal charm. Such as many of you do, too. But we rather suspect it is her philosophy: "Take your work seriously; not yourself," that answers the question of her rise on stage and screen.

And as you leave the cheery home that so delightfully whispers of Doris Kenyon's own radiant personality, you are a little sad at your inability to write the story you would like, about her, and in the minor plaint of her own poem, "The Sole Remembrance," you comfort yourself with.

"And when fond Memory strives to paint
Upon the shadows your dear face,
She trips and falters and grows faint,
Seeking each lineament to re-trace."

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Accountant and Auditor	Sanitary Engineer
Bookkeeper	Surveyor (& Mapping)
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HAVE YOU THE HEALTH TO BE A MOVIE STAR?

The first requirement for a successful career in the movies is 100% health. Without that no matter what other qualifications a man or woman may have no lasting success can be attained. Behind the glamor and interest that hangs over the motion picture profession stands a high, thick wall of the hardest kind of work, long hours, repetition, yes, and sometimes tears. Through it all, day in, day out, these men and women, stars of the profession, must retain the superb vitality from which grows that charm and strength of personality which projects itself across the screen into the hearts and minds of the audience, making the story real and the characters live and breathe.

Let that vitality flag for but a single instant and the picture loses its power and charm.

Yes, in the life of a star there is much of triumph and glory, but it is only the triumph and glory that everyone feels in the knowledge of hard work well done.

Because the motion picture profession realizes so well the need of perfect health in order to achieve success, its members are strong for

NATIONAL PHYSICAL CULTURE WEEK

May 1st to 8th, 1922

"To Build a Stronger Nation"

which will be observed from end to end of the United States.

What brings them success will bring success to you. Building health is a pleasant task—begin your structure of health to-day.

Perhaps you will co-operate with us in promoting NATIONAL PHYSICAL CULTURE WEEK by doing all you can in your locality. If interested, let us know and we will tell you how you can be of greatest help.

Write for Physical Culture Program—exercises—special menu.

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MR. EDWIN E. ZOTY, Executive Chairman,
National Physical Culture Week Committee
119 W. 40th Street, New York City.

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City ..... State .....

The Brain Wave

(Explanation: The idea is to make snappy sentences from a list of motion picture titles, using them to get the idea across. The following are the winners of the first batch that has come in to us. No prize is offered for the best sentence. Just credit given to the author.)

"A Woman's Place" is at home, "Wives and Other Wives" would say, but "The Girl Who Stayed at Home" did not believe it to be true. She longed for "Romance," for "Adventure." And this is "Why Girls Leave Home."

"Jackie" and "Queenie" were such tomboys that they were ready to fight "The Kid," but "Little Lord Fauntleroy" came along and he was proclaimed "The Champion."

BLANCHE KATZ,
2183 Washington Avenue,
Bronx, New York.

"Polly of the Follies," who is "Dangerous to Men," was "Pinched" on "Saturday Night" in "Peacock Alley" for putting on "Too Much Speed," while on her "Way Down East" to play "Checkers" with the "Four Horse of the Apocalypse," who were waiting "Beyond the Rocks" by "The Great Divide." "She Was in For Thirty Days."

EDGAR W. BOREY, JR.,
300 Marine Bank Building,
New Orleans, La.

"Out of the Dust" rode "The Mysterious Rider," "Fightin' Mad" because he and "Moran of the Lady Letty," being "Partners of the Tide," had felt the "Sting of the Lash" when "The Conquering Power" took possession of the "Prairie Trails."

But the "Conflict" within him subsided when he came upon "The Green Temptation" in "Peacock Alley."

H. M. CAREY,
2919 Madison Street,
Omaha, Neb.

"One Glorious Day" "The Champion" had "Two Minutes to Go." Then he collected his "Back Pay" and joined "The Idle Class" until "The Little Minister" saw him standing with "His Back Against the Wall" and said "My Boy" "Stick Around" for you can make good in "A Nine O'clock Town."

HARRY KLINGENSMITH,
723 Second Avenue,
Tarentum, Pa.

It was "Saturday Night." "Camille," "A Homespun Vamp," had reached "The Foolish Age." Being a "Game Chicken" and tired of hanging on to "Apron Strings," she changed her name to "Nancy From Nowhere" and just at the "Gleam o' Dawn" left "The Old Nest" and "The Call of Home" behind and ran "Over the Hill" "Down the Iron Trail" "Beyond" where the same "Smilin' Through" the crowd "Just Around the Corner." "Through a Glass Window" she saw a sign "The Broadway Peacock." "The Wonderful Thing" called "The Invisible Power" drew her up "At the Stage Door" where she met "Boomerang Bill" her "Fourteenth Lover." "Tired of His Kisses" and desiring to earn "Her Own Money" by working "From the Ground Up" the little "Wildfire" rushed to "The Woman's Side." Donning "Blue Jeans," she was given the part of "Molly-O" along with "The Man From Lost River." At last she had attained "The Golden Gift" behind the "Footlights" also meeting the "Girl From Porcupine" who looked like "The Five Dollar Baby." Starting out for a walk down "The Lane That Had No Turning" she met "Chivalrous Charley." He collected his "Back Pay" and they were married by "The Little Minister." Now, "If You Believe It, It's So!"

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New Discovery Quickly Removes Freckles

Science has at last produced a perfectly harmless cream which erases freckles almost as if by magic! Whether you have freckles the year round, or whether the sun and wind bring them out only in spring and summer, the remarkable new Domino reckle Cream will banish them and keep your skin white and beautiful.

Don't allow freckles to ruin your complexion, when they can be removed so quickly, so simply—by this entirely new discovery—a special cream made from a special formula for the sole purpose of erasing freckles and making the skin soft and smooth.

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The Colorful Story of Wm. D. Taylor's Life

(*Continued from page* 8)

ceasingly for three months, he had worked only for *three months*, and his earnings were insufficiently great to enable him more than to make a start at getting his bonanza started.

He was in San Francisco, again casting about for lucrative employment—again beginning to yearn for the ice-fields—and again setting out to conquer new worlds. In New York he had been friendly with the family of an actress, and Fate would have it that that same family should then have been in San Francisco.

And Taylor—the dapper, polished man who once had been one of the leading members of the fashionable Larchmont Yacht Club, who had been known in Gotham's art circles as a scholarly beau brummel, who had won and lost a small fortune, and who was finally more or less a bit of driftwood on the California Coast—set about making the details of his misfortunes wholly unknown.

He gave gay parties for his New York friends. It was a bit of his old self that came to light again. Apparently he had forgotten the tragedy that seared his heart—*the one thing* that had indueed his previous disappearance from New York's society and had kept him again from trying to resume his old-time social intercourse in his former haunts.

He was living like a gentleman, at a fashionable hotel, although he realized that his savings were dwindling and that each dollar spent kept him farther from his mining claim.

And it began to look as if he would have to start all over again—as if he were not, after all, to be able to reap the benefits of his mining discovery in the Klondike. His bank-book told him he could *not* be lying—yet there it was before him, its columnar pages proclaiming the fact that he had only a few dollars standing between him and utter starvation.

And, as he looked and pondered—and wondered, perhaps, how the hand of Fate would again strike him—he found himself seized once more with that same melancholy that, before, had nearly broken his life.

For he was practically a papuper—and he could not summon courage to apprise his friends of the situation. Yet he could not possibly continue his gentlemanly existence among them.

What would he do?

(In the final instalment will be told how the slain director, in almost a breath, became independently wealthy—and how he entered, and made his success, in the movies.)

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SECRETS CENTURIES OLD—EXPOSED!!

YOU CAN be beautiful, fascinating and charming! Once I was homely! The portrait above is living proof of what I can do for you, too. My Secrets of Beauty tell you how—secrets based on mysteries of the French Courts, toilet rites which kept the flaming French beauties young for many years longer than our modern women, mysteries which were hidden for centuries. These and many other beauty secrets prepared to give you a soft, velvety skin, flushed with the glow of youth, to make you the center of ardent admiration, and to build your figure as Nature intended, are all exposed in my book, "Confessions of a Beauty Expert."

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Amazing Free Test Shows If You Have Musical Ability

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You owe it to yourself to find out at once, whether you or your children have latent ability to play any chosen musical instrument or to sing; or to become a leader of band or orchestra; perhaps to write the music for a song that may bring fame and wealth.

Free Book Tells Amazing New Way To Learn Music At Home

This free test is contained in a remarkable book entitled "Music Lessons in Your Own Home." This book also reveals the wonderful new easy method whereby you LEARN MUSIC BY PLAYING ACTUAL SELECTIONS in stead of by playing scales. It shows you how you may surprise your friends by entertaining them with music before they know that you have even considered becoming a musician. You obtain this skill in your spare time—just a few minutes each day—In Your Own Home.

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Automatic Finger Control

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I regret that I did not know of you 10 years ago. I learned more in 15 minutes one night than I learned in the past year studying books on Harmony.

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MOVIE WEEKLY

May, 6, 1922

10¢

The Serious Business of Making Laughs
by Johnny (Torchy) Hines

My Trip Abroad
by Charlie Chaplin

Billie Dove

Study by
Alfred Cheney Johnson

Vol. II

MOVIE WEEKLY

PRINTED IN U. S. A.

No. 13

Our Comedy Issue

IN this issue of "Movie Weekly," we have three big specials about our foremost comedians. Charles Chaplin, on the next page, plunges into the first instalment of "My Trip Abroad." And Charlie surely has an exciting time of it. Along comes Johnny ("Torchy") Hines to tell you about "The Serious Business of Making Laughs." Johnny ought to know. He makes enough "screamers." Not to be outdone, Buster Keaton forges to the front in "Buster Keaton's Tumblings to Success," an interesting story that bares the hitherfore unknown life hisory of the frozen faced one. This is the first of three instalments.

ASK YOUR MOTION PICTURE THEATRE TO RUN THE MOVIE WEEKLY POPULAR GIRL CONTEST

The series of Popular Girl Contests that "Movie Weekly" inaugurated last year in a number of motion picture houses throughout the United States aroused so much good natured rivalry and friendly competition that we are starting a new series this Spring of which the first few begin on Monday May 8th. The next time you attend the movies ask the manager to run a Movie Weekly Popular Girl Contest in his theatre. It would be a good idea to take this copy of "Movie Weekly" with you and show this column to him. We will be glad to supply him with detailed information upon request.

The Movie Weekly Popular Girl Contest is running in the following motion picture theatres this week May 8th—15th.

If you live in one of these town do not fail to take advantage of this opportunity to have a lot of fun and at the same time see some mighty good pictures.

Clarskburg, W. Va.—
Biijou Theatre.
Dalton, Wis.—
Dalton Opera House.
Fort Scott, Kansas—
Empress Theatre.
Franklin, Maine—
Orient Theatre.
Glouster, Ohio—
Glouster Opera House.
Gorin, Mo.—
Colonial Theatre.
Lowell, Wis. —
Centennial Theatre.
Macomb, Ill.—
Illinois Theatre.
Northfork, W. Va.—
Grand Theatre.
N. Wilkesboro, N. C.—
Amuzu Theatre.
Windfall, Ind.—
Ideal Theatre.

卐

Voting Coupon

Good for 50 votes in the Movie Weekly Popular Girl Contest held in Movie Theatres.

I vote for.....

.....

This coupon can only be voted at the theatre in which the contest is being run

The Transition of Pictures

DURING her brief stay in New York before sailing for England, Gloria Swanson epressed herself to the Editor on motion pictures at this, its most crucial period.

"I see no cause for worry," she said. "Motion pictures are going through the shadows characteristic of every new industry. It is remarkable, to me, that this period came so late in their development.

"Motion pictures within the past few years have grown in leaps and bounds. There are many people in the business who, in reality do not belong. The industry is, frankly, commercial at this time.

"Stories are produced. Because they are artistic? No. because they will sell. Previously, an individual with money backed any player he considered attractive. And such pictures sold. Commercially, they were successful.

"The public has become more discriminating. They want pictures that have an excuse for being, both artistically and otherwise. They choose their own stars; producers no longer choose for them.

"I can see pictures reaching a stage of artistry and excellent acting that has hitherfore been lacking. Instead of going to the theatre to see what new gowns such and such an actress wears, or how far Doug Fairbanks will jump in his new production, people will go for sincere entertainment."

Which reminds us of the story told by a well-known musician. Asked if he liked pictures, he replied indirectly:

"If I go to the theatre," he said, "my friends ask me what I have seen. I tell them. They disagree with me and argue. An hour of my time is gone. If, on the other hand, I go to pictures, I come home and my friends ask where I have been. I tell them. 'Oh,' they say, 'to the movies.' And they don't take up my time!"

Miss Swanson believes this tolerant attitude toward the cinema will be dispelled—if not in the immediate future, then later. She considers the decade of cheap rubbish is past; artistic, logical stories are on the way—true to life and sincere.

We do not hail such a time as this as the picture millenium. But it is a sturdy forward step.

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My Trip Abroad

by Charlie Chaplin

A STEAK-AND-KIDNEY pie, influenza, and a cablegram. There is the triple alliance that is responsible for the whole thing. Though there might have been a bit of homesickness and a desire for applause mixed up in the cycle of circumstances that started me off to Europe for a vacation.

For seven years I have been basking in California's perpetual sunlight, a sunlight artificially enhanced by the studio Cooper-Hewitts. For seven years I have been working and thinking along in a single channel and I wanted to get away. Away from Hollywood, the cinema colony, away from scenarios, away from the celluloid smell of the studios, away from contracts, press notices, cutting rooms, crowds, bathing beauties, custard pies, big shoes, and little mustaches. I was in the atmosphere of achievement, but an achievement which, to me, was rapidly verging on stagnation.

I wanted an emotional holiday. Perhaps I am projecting at the start a difficult condition for conception, but I assure you that even the clown has his rational moments and I needed a few.

The triple alliance listed above came about rather simultaneously. I had finished the picture of "The Kid" and "The Idle Class" and was about to embark on another. The company had been engaged. Script and settings were ready. We had worked on the picture one day.

I was feeling very tired, weak, and depressed. I had just recovered from an attack of influenza. I was in one of those "what's the use" moods. I wanted something and didn't know what it was.

And then Montague Glass invited me to dinner at his home in Pasadena. There were many other invitations, but this one carried with it the assurance that there would be a steak-and-kidney pie. A weakness of mine. I was on hand ahead of time. The pie was a symphony. So was the evening. Monty Glass, his charming wife, their little daughter, Lucius Hitchcock, the illustrator, and his wife—just a homey little family party devoid of red lights and jazz orchestras. It awoke within me a chord of something reminiscent. I couldn't quite tell what.

After the final onslaught on the pie, into the parlor before an open fire. Conversation, not studio patois nor idle chatter. An exchange of ideas—ideas founded on ideas. I discovered that Montague Glass was much more than the author of *Potash and Perlmutter*. He thought. He was an accomplished musician.

He played the piano. I sang. Not as an exponent of entertainment, but as part of the group having a pleasant, homey evening. We played charades. The evening was over too soon. It left me wishing. Here was home in its true sense. Here was a man artistically and commercially successful who still managed to lock the doors and put out the cat at night.

I drove back to Los Angeles. I was restless. There was a cablegram waiting for me from London. It called attention to the fact that my latest picture, "The Kid," was about to make its appearance in London, and, as it had been acclaimed my best, this was the time for me to make the trip back to my native land. A trip that I had been promising myself for years.

What would Europe look like after the war?

Charlie answers the interviewers' questionnaire.

I thought it over. I had never been present at the first showing of one of my pictures. Their debut to me had been in Los Angeles projection rooms. I had been missing something vital and stimulating. I had success, but it was stored away somewhere. I had never opened the package and tasted it. I sort of wanted to be patted on the back. And I rather relished the pats coming in and from England. They had hinted that I could, so I wanted to turn London upside down. Who wouldn't want to do that? And all the time there was the specter of nervous breakdown from overwork threatening and the actual results of influenza apparent, to say nothing of the steak-and-kidney pie.

Sensation of the pleasantest sort beckoned me, at the same time rest was promised. I wanted to grab it while it was good. Perhaps "The Kid" might be my last picture. Maybe there would never be another chance for me to bask in the spotlight. And I wanted to see Europe—England, France, Germany and Russia. Europe was new.

It was too much. I stopped preparations on the picture we were taking. Decided to leave the next night for Europe. And did it despite the protests and the impossibility howlers. Tickets were engaged. We packed. Everyone was shocked. I was glad of it. I wanted to shock everyone.

The next night I believe that most of Hollywood was at the train in Los Angeles to see me off. And so were their sisters and their cousins and their aunts. Why was I going? A secret mission, I told them. It was an effective answer. I was immediately signed to do pictures in Europe in the minds of most of them. But then would they have believed or understood if I had told them I wanted an emotional holiday? I don't believe so.

There was the usual station demonstration at the train. The crowd rather surprised me. It was but a foretaste. I do not try to remember the shouted messages of cheer that were flung after me. They were of the usual sort, I imagine. One, however, sticks. My brother Syd at the last moment rushed up to one of my party.

"For God's sake, don't let him get married!" he shouted.

It handed the crowd a laugh and me a scare.

The train pulled out and I settled down to three days of relaxation and train routine. I ate sometimes in the dining car, sometimes in our drawing-room. I slept atrociously. I always do. I hate traveling. The faces left on the platform at Los Angeles began to look kinder and more attractive. They did not seem the sort to drive one away. But they had, or maybe it was optical illusion on my part, illusion fostered by mental unrest.

For two thousand miles we did the same thing over many times, then repeated it. Perhaps there were many interesting people on the train. I did not find out. The percentage of interesting ones on trains is too small to hazard. Most of the time we played solitaire. You can play it many times in two thousand miles.

Then we reached Chicago. I like Chicago. I have never been there for any great length of time, but my glimpses of it have disclosed tremendous activity. Its record speaks achievement.

But to me, personally, Chicago suggested Carl Sandburg, whose poetry I appreciate highly and whom I had met in Los Angeles. I must see dear old Carl and also call at the office of the *Daily News*. They were running an enormous

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A PEACEFUL DAY'S WORK AT THE STUDIO

All studio risks aren't physical, however. Here's Charlie Ray gasping: "Be still, my beating heart!" while his legal financial adviser, Albert A. Kidder, Jr., shows him the production costs up-to-date for his latest picture, "The Tailor-Made Man."

The amazing frozen-faced one—Buster Keaton. (Find him!) Buster cracked a rib in a too realistic argument in a comedy scene, but worked right on, despite the excruciating pain. Buster's latest is a bump the size of a cocoanut. He got it diving fifteen feet into a net that released him unexpectedly onto the floor!

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The life of a star is pretty soft—eh, wot? Maybe. But not in Hollywood. Since the day of the "double" has, for the most part, passed, and stars take their own risks in doing stunts, the consequences are worthy of consideration. We give it to them in this pictorial spread of "A Peaceful Day's Work at the Studio."*

Doris May takes a big risk in using her leading man, Cullen Landis, as a "movable dressing table." Cullen might emulate the title of Doris' latest picture, "Gay and Devilish," and then think of the tragedy awaiting the youthful star if her mirror were to break—seven years of bad luck!

Wallie Reid takes a good look at his leading lady patient, Lois Wilson. Lois lacerated her arm badly on location in the Yosemite Valley in Wallie's new picture—and only his efficient quick aid work saved her from a trip to the hospital.

Harry Myers is here to tell you that this "Robinson Crusoe" adventure stuff isn't all it's cracked up to be. Perched high up in the ship's rigging with knives striking close to your hand lacks the earmarks of good health. "Land, liberty and cigarettes!" cries Harry.

Little Billy Reid, Wallie's and Dorothy Davenport Reid's offspring, cut a deep gash in his nose when he fell on glass while playing a scene with his mother and Lester Cuneo in their new picture. But the boy was game, and continued with the scene.

A brave little girl, Colleen Moore, smiling so cheerily. Colleen worked eighten hours a day for several weeks to finish "Slippery McGee" at the scheduled time. The picture was finished; so was Colleen. She suffered a nervous breakdown, but has recovered now.

The Serious Business of Making Laughs

by Johnny ("Torchy") Hines

A "blue law" town ought to have shades for ladies who have their shoes shined!

Shooting dice inside the dog with the X-Ray telling Torchy whether he wins or not! A gag suggested by a little dog in the studio frisking with the dice.

"Revolving doors are always good for laughs," says Johnny. In this picture he's after the ticket under the girl's foot, but the policeman thinks he's seizing her ankle, so . . .

A closeup of Johnny Hines, minus makeup and "gag grimaces."

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Johnny Hines, the Torchy of the screen, takes time off to tell "Movie Weekly" readers how he injects "gags," or laughs, into his two-reel and feature comedies. Inventing laughs is one of the most serious businesses there is. At least it may strike you so, after enjoying Johnny's breezy account of how he and his staff go about putting the fun into his romping two-reelers.*

IT'S a darned serious business trying to make the fans laugh. Why, we have to sit up nights trying to think up gags for our work the following day. Charlie Hines, my brother and co-director of the Torchy comedies, is coming down to the office tonight at half past eight. We're going to have a conference. Used up all the gags we had today. Maybe we can get a dog that will kick mud on my shoes. What? You think it will be hard to get that kind of a dog? Well, we've got to use the shoe-shine parlor for another gag. Then, how about that Ford stuff? He wants $25 for the Ford. Says it will go, but it has no bottom! Sure! I can fall through it while it's going. That's a good stunt.

This thinking up gags is a man's sized job. We keep a gag list and we have two gag men with us all the time. We usually get a general idea of a picture in something after this fashion. I say: "How about a rough-neck picture, something with a prize fight in it?"

That starts the ball rolling. Someone chimes in with an idea for a tough street fight to start the picture. Then we think that a tough cafe would add some pep to it and we decide to wind up with the fight.

Well, suppose we start in with the tough street. It is always better to appeal to the spectators' imagination instead of telling them outright that the street is tough. Someone thinks of the old saying about a man being tough enough to chew nails. That reminds us of a gag about having a dog chewing nails. We have nails made of liver and the dog chews away. That's a laugh. See?

Then we show two old men, one about ninety, the other so weak he can hardly walk, hobbling along. They get into a fight and that puts the idea over still further. Now you have your tough street idea planted, and the audience thinks: "Well, if the kids and the old men are as tough as that, what must the young folks be like?" Finally, we wind up with a baby playing with a Colt .38, and that's always good for a laugh.

In the picture I am speaking about, "Battling Torchy," we planned a comedy fight. We thought and thought and thought, but we couldn't get a good idea until somebody connected a knockout in the prize-ring with knockout drops, made of ether. So we started the gag, which is one of the best I have ever done, like this:

In a preceding scene we planted the idea of a burglar who robbed houses by giving ether to the residents. We started the fight scene slowly so as to let the audience know that it wouldn't be straight fighting, but comedy. First we showed the burglar, dressed up in a checked suit, so that the audience couldn't miss him. He was sitting at the ringside. Then we brought on two rough-looking preliminary boxers, both dressed in bath robes. They met in the middle of the ring, shook hands and then, instead of fighting, took off the bath robes, showed they were fully dressed, and then had them sweep out the ring. Thus by first working up the interest of the fans and then letting their interest drop, by this device, which is known as anti-climax, we got a laugh.

Then I came on. As Torchy, in the picture, I had challenged a towering fighter known as the Champion of the East Side, hoping to defeat him and win a girl. I had obtained a real boxer to substitute for me, by using the trick of "The Masked Marvel," having him masked so that the champion would not know who his opponent was.

But my substitute gets cold feet and I have to go on. The champion recognizes me, and for the first three rounds does as he pleases, knocking me silly. In the intermission between the third and fourth rounds, the burglar calls to me, and slips me a bottle of ether. I put it in my glove. When the round starts, the champion hits me. I merely wave my glove. He begins to totter. I wave my glove again. He wabbles, stumbles and falls out. The referee begins to count. Before he gets to ten, he, too, is overcome and drops. Meantime I am affected and I slowly fall to my knees and go out. Then the entire audience goes to sleep and finally, we took a shot of the house itself falling apart from the effects of the ether.

Such a gag is known as a cumulative, building-up gag. Harold Lloyd used such a gag in "The Sailor-Made Man," when, in a fight, the participants knocked each other out. It is the most difficult sort of a gag and you rarely see it in the shorter comedies.

One of the best gags I ever used was the poker game gag in "Burn-'Em-Up-Barnes." With George Fawcett, Edmund Breese and George Lewis, I was sitting in a game of poker. All of us were playing the roles of tramps and one of the four was bare-footed. We employed the innovation of Kinemacolor inserts for the shots of the cards in that picture, something new to comedies.

The gag was developed in this way: I had the king, queen, jack and ten of spades and another card. The man on my left had two aces. The man on my right had the other two. We spent

a day trying to make a card fall from the hand of my opponent to the space between his toes so that he could slip it to his partner and thus beat me. The laugh came when I got wise to the cheating and plucked the ace of spades from my opponent's foot. That gag was built from an incident which took place in a real card game during my vaudeville days. A Chinaman sat in the game. He was a foot juggler and could drop the card from his hand to his foot every time. He would slide his foot out of his slipper, drop the card and pass it under the table to his partner. I had been losing in that game and when I caught him there was a regular row. But I made up my card losses years later when I used his trick in a Torchy picture.

Wherever we go we are always on the lookout for gags. Many come from stories we hear, and which are easy of picturization. If we go to the circus, for instance, we watch every move of the audience and the performers for gags. Many a time we see something happening on the street which we develop for use in the picture. If, during the course of making a picture, we happen on an excellent gag, we change the story to fit the gag.

We had a little dog, which we had dubbed the studio mascot. One day some of the boys were shooting crap, and the dog started to play with the dice. Neil Murphy, our cameraman, suddenly shouted:

"Say, there's a great gag idea!"

So we framed a scene in which some office boys were shooting crap. The dice roll off a desk and to the floor where a dog swallows them. Torchy has been losing and he wants to win this point. He suddenly recalls that there is an X-Ray specialist across the hall. He takes the dog to the specialist and has the animal X-Rayed. The dice are shown with seven up. Torchy has lost again.

But he refuses to be beaten. He shakes the dog again and the dice now show eight, his point. He has won. He starts to collect the money, but the X-Ray specialist takes it from him, as a fee.

In that gag you have several laughs, first when Torchy loses, then when he gets the clever idea of shaking the dog and finally when the specialist takes the money Torchy has won. This episode reveals one of the fundamentals of comedy. The leading character should always be a sympathetic chap, likeable, clever. But he should always win through no effort of his own or else lose because fate has tricked him.

Suppose, for instance, I am in a cafe and get into a fight with a man twice as big as I am. He says to me: "Come on outside and fight!" I don't want to go for I know I shall be licked, but I have to.

I walk out first. He follows me. As we enter the street, he walks behind me and falls into a man-hole. I stick out my chest and return to the cafe. The hangers-on there think I must have licked him since two went out and only one returned. The audience knows what has happened. And by means of such a gag, we have tricked the audience into thinking that it is cleverer than Torchy's associates, whom Torchy has fooled through no cleverness of his own.

But you can reverse that trick, the trick of patting the audience on the shoulder and making it feel it knows more than the poor boobs on the screen. The audience likes to be fooled as well.

In a skating scene, for instance, you see Torchy and a girl gliding toward you. They are dressed quite as usual for skating. Suddenly however, they turn, and you see that they have equipped themselves with pillows so that they won't be hurt in case of a fall. And the audience laughs, thinking how clever Torchy is.

One gag, which shows a woman sitting on a shoe-shine stand with a window curtain before her, which she drops when the operator begins to shine her shoes, was derived from a visit I made to a small Jersey town which had just shut up all its movie houses on Sunday and which had inaugurated a curfew hour for children. I was passing a shoe-shine stand and saw a woman sitting on the chair.

"Well, if they're going to make this town blue,"

Torchy turns hobo in order to see the world from the ground up!

I thought, "they ought to go all the way and equip the shoe-shiners with blinders."

Revolving doors are always good for laughs. Here's a picture which shows Torchy lying on the ground trying to pick up a lottery ticket which has fallen into a revolving door. We faded-in on Torchy close up,showing a woman passing through the door. Torchy reaches for the lottery ticket. A policeman passing by sees Torchy's outstretched hand and thinks he is trying to grab the woman's ankle. Again we make the actors act like boobs, and let the audience in on the joke in advance. An interesting point in this shot was that although policemen no longer wear trousers with white stripes, we put a stripe on our officer, so that he could be distinguished by his trousers alone from a civilian.

Pursuit shots are always funny. Anything we do in a chase scene is always good for a gag or two. Chase scenes are the oldest type of motion pictures, but the public still likes a little of them now and then.

Sometimes we get gags out of the air. Until we recently took our present studio at Glendale, Long Island, we worked on 54th Street, in New York, right in the heart of Hell's Kitchen.

A gag in Torchy's skating picture. Pillows for emergency!

Torchy inflates himself to impress the burly brute behind him, all set to punch him to Kingdom Come.

One night we happened on a gag which required a .44 calibre revolver. It was late, about ten o'clock, but we were determined to finish work on the set that night. We sent out one of the boys to find a revolver, preferably at a hardware store. He returned, saying all the stores were closed. About that time, I sauntered outside the studio and remarked to one of the actors, speaking so loudly that a few of the hangers-on in the street could hear me:

"Say, I'd pay five dollars to anyone who will lend me a gat for tonight."

We waited, to see if the trick would work. Within ten minutes a roughneck, looking more like a murderer than a respectable citizen, rang the studio bell. He said:

"Heerd youse guys wanted a gat. Well, here's one I had at home. Look out for it. It's loaded."

We rented the revolver, and told the man to return the following morning.

About nine o'clock he dropped in.

"Now whad'youse want?" he asked.

"You can have your gun back," he was told.

"G'wan. Keep it! I got half a dozen others. It's yours."

We still have that property gun as a memento of our days in Hell's Kitchen.

Gags are all alike. They are based on a few simple recipes. Contrast, anti-climax, unexpected twists in action, each gag may be analyzed. We keep an index for reference, when we start a picture, and everyone who has a permanent job with the company is constantly on the lookout for gag ideas. But let me tell you, it's no fun trying to think of them. As a rule, we meet several times a week during the making of a picture. We tell each other a few stories, get into a laughing mood, and soon somebody hits on an idea. Furthermore, we always try to maintain our spirits at high tide in the studio. We work by kidding each other. No one with a gloomy face is allowed in the studio. You have to laugh and kid with the rest or you don't belong to our gang."

A CORRECTION

At the request of Miss Alma Cella, of East Elmhurst, Long Island, N. Y., we gladly correct a statement made in her autobiography published in the March 18th issue of "Movie Weekly." Whereas it was stated her mother's nationality is French, it is in reality Italian. You will recall that Miss Cella won fourth prize in the "Movie Weekly" Popular High School Girl Contest which ended on February 1, 1922.

AN ANNOUNCEMENT

Due to lack of space, we are not using the contributors' poetry column or the "brain wave" for the time being. We make this announcement to save our readers the trouble of sending these features in until due notice is given that they are to be resumed.

The Constance Talmadge Fox Trot

An exclusive lesson in the new dance created in honor of Connie by Maurice, the dancer.

MELBOURNE SPURR

ABOVE:

A new photograph of Constance, taken just before she began work on her next picture, "East Is West."

UPPER LEFT:

Ready to dance the Constance Talmadge fox trot. The first position, posed by Connie and Maurice, its creator.

UPPER RIGHT:

The second step, which Maurice calls the Paso Doble.

LOWER LEFT:

The walk step in the Fascination Waltz. Rather fascinating, we'd say.

LOWER RIGHT:

Connie catches on to the Skating Waltz with little difficulty.

Searching for Sin —in Hollywood

by Truman B. Handy

GOLDWYN

Two ex-actresses run the "Come-On-Inn," one of the popular eating places in Hollywood. Helen Ferguson drops in for a bite and a chat.

SO this is Hollywood!

A wide asphalt roadway . . . fast-running red street cars . . . automobiles in precise lines along the curbs . . . rows of one and two-story buildings fronting wide sidewalks . . . pedestrians everywhere . . . hurry-scurry . . . also motors and motorists . . .

Warm breezes . . . the hum of busy people . . . like a beehive . . .

A fresh, cool atmosphere . . . refreshing . . . Freedom . . . even naivete . . . of manner . . . informality.

One would think that Hollywood proper is a prosperous country town. There are no sky-scrapers, as in a city; there are no dilapidated structures, as in a time-worn village.

For Hollywood—every vestige of it—has that sense of newness, of unsoiled youth, that is characteristic of recently-born habitats.

In spirit, as in aspect, it is young. Quite young! Nearly everybody one sees on Hollywood's streets are young men and young women. There seem to be practically no persons past sixty in evidence. Perhaps they remain secluded in their homes . . . but one finds few of them in public evidence.

Youth . . . all youth.

And there are two classes of people in Hollywood—those who *are* in pictures, and those who *want to get into* pictures.

Hollywood's citizenry is in a class by itself. I am searching for the sin of which I have heard so many reports. Can it be that externals are an indication of internal existences?

If so, then it must be that Hollywood's sins are the light-hearted, superficial sins of young people—the unsodden vices of an ebullient race of carefree *juvenilia*.

Everywhere you go—into shops, restaurants, up and down wide Hollywood Boulevard—you find Hollywood's "types." They are different from types anywhere else on earth.

Young girls with bobbed hair and skillfully-tinted faces, wearing for the most part sport clothes and flowing, knit scarfs, parade bare-headed everywhere. Nobody seems to be in a hurry.

What is not done today can be better accomplished tomorrow. That is the Hollywood maxim.

In motors, on the sidewalks, in the shops and eating-houses one finds myriad girls, none over the more or less tender age of twenty-five, breezing about informally. Everyone apparently knows everyone else. There is a sense of unconventionality rampant in the air.

A motor coupe, driven by a bobbed-haired lassie who, like her other sisters, wears a close-fitting sweater, skims past us on the boulevard. It carries two more girls, bareheaded, their hair marcelled or else naturally curly. One is smoking a cigarette with utter abandon.

No one thinks to criticise her. In restaurants, at the soda fountains, in their motors, the Hollywood *puellae* enjoy their cigarette. But smoking is done neither vulgarly nor brazenly. California women have the vote—and Hollywood women smoke with the same abandon as their men. It is not considered wrong for the women to use tobacco—nor do the women blush when they purchase their cigarettes at tobacco stands in front of barber shops.

What impresses me with Hollywood femininity is the utter disregard the girls have for time-worn conventions. Most of the women one sees zealously—and enhance it skillfully.

Yet, with them, being beautiful is a business—as much so as stenography is a vocation with stenographers. For their work in the films depends largely upon their beauty. They guard it zealously—and enhance it skillfully.

But seemingly they are unconscious of it.

And the same with their sex. For the most part Hollywood women lack the utter dependence upon sex that other women in other places have. They meet their men associates on a more or less equal footing.

They neither snicker nor giggle nor pout enticingly when in conversation with the male gender. Their talk is straightforward—mostly about their work in pictures or somebody else's work in pictures.

They go in cliques. Perhaps a bit unsocial, but true, nevertheless. Members of one "crowd" hardly know members of another "set." Yet everybody speaks to everybody else.

They do not try to "get by" with the men because of their own womanly charms. This is a fact. Hollywood girls are wholly independent in attitude. They do what they please when

(*Continued on page* 14)

LASKY

Wanda Hawley drops in a popular tea room for a "wild" ice cream soda.

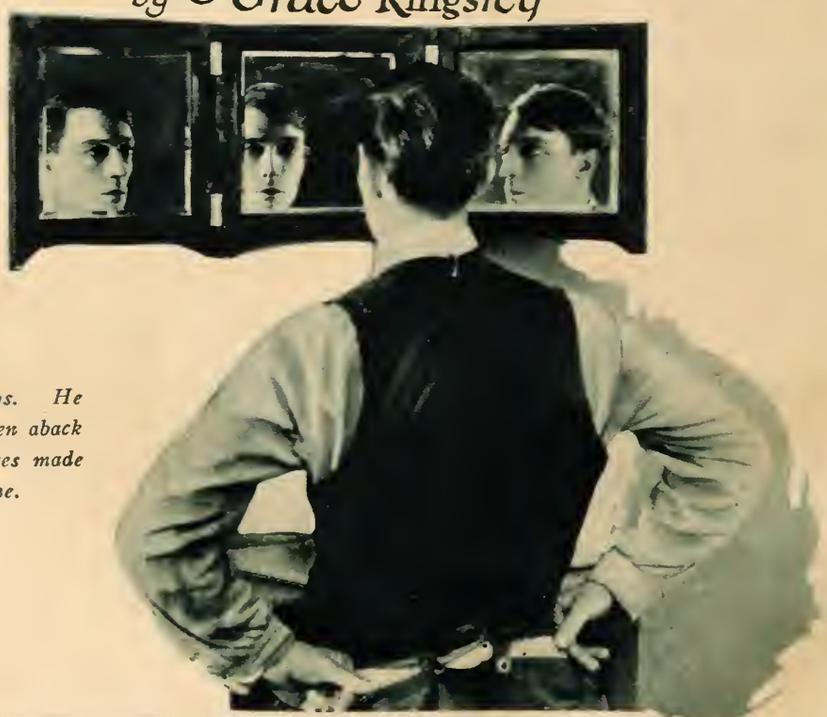
At Left:

The Light Brigade, led by the fiery general, Buster Keaton, pose for a photograph, just before their famous charge.

Buster Keatons

Tumblings to Success

by Grace Kingsley



Mirror closeups. He seems quite taken aback at so many faces made out of one.

Doug Fairbanks had best look to his honors. Buster emulates the modern D'Artagnan in his fight for freedom. Get the pose!

He Was the Indestructible Kid

I.

OH, my gawd, he'll be killed—my baby! Oh, my gawd!"

A mother stood at the head of the stairs in a little old weatherbeaten hotel in a small Kansas town, and tore her hair, and a father stood by, frozen with fear.

Their six-months'-old son had just rolled headlong down the stairs!

But, oh miracle of miracles—the indestructible infant wasn't killed. He wasn't even hurt. He just lay there and grinned!

"Some Buster you have there!" averred a man standing by.

"Why, that's a good name!" responded the baby's father, who was by this time gathering the child up in his arms, while the youngster's mother stood over them so full of gratitude that she was weeping.

"I just believe." added the father, a grin of inspiration spreading over his face, "that I'll call the kid that!"

And so Buster Keaton, world-famed screen comedian, came by his odd name.

It was Harry Houdini, world-famed these days as the Handcuff King, who was stopping at the same hotel, who had suggested the name.

The trio, indeed, Houdini and Buster's father and mother, were touring the middle west at the time with a humble little medicine show.

And Joe and Myra Keaton, father and mother of Buster, had properly christened their offspring "Joseph F.," after his father; but he never was anything except Buster after that eventful day when he must have felt the oats of comedy already sprouting in his young system, making him perform the stunt of rolling down the stairs.

Buster grew rapidly into a lusty infant, and could walk when less than a year old. Also he could talk, and emphatically, when he was a year old.

From the time he was two years old, and owned a mangy little yellow cur, he was a great lover of animals. Once when he was about four, his dog got caught by city officials in a small Idaho town, and put into the pound. Without saying a word to anybody, having coaxed a dollar from his father, he went down to claim his dog. The officials kidded him—told him it took two dollars to get a dog like that out of the pound—and little Buster offered to give a show to earn the remaining dollar.

It was in the midst of Buster's show, while he was doing all the stunts, in a sort of fashion, that he saw his father do on the stage, that his dad arrived and put an end to the circus. But he got the dog out of the pound, so Buster was happy.

He was always a rather shy, observant child, was Buster, but so full of animal spirits that he frequently got into trouble. He was always rather uncommunicative when he didn't know people well, but as he grew better acquainted was friendly, and if he admired anybody, they could have anything he had.

Such was the case with no less a person than Lily Langtry—though I'm getting a bit ahead of my story, for it was after he went into vaudeville, and was on the same bill with the Jersey Lily, as a little fellow of five, that he met the famous beauty.

The Keatons followed Langtry on the vaudeville bill, and one day the small Buster stood looking at her on the stage with solemnly admiring eyes. She was greeted with vast applause, and finally, as an encore, she took Buster's hand and led him onto the stage with her. Deafening, the applause! Every day after that, Buster was a part of the Langtry act, so long as both acts toured together.

To Buster, Lily Langtry has always remained his ideal of feminine beauty, even if he does think that Natalie Talmadge Keaton is the loveliest woman in the world. And following the incident above-named, Buster never failed to bring his lady love some offering to her dressing

room. One day it was a marble, another day it was an apple, another day a bottle of cheap perfume. And he made her sprinkle it on her handkerchief, too, though she admitted afterward that its odor fairly smothered her!

It is a noteworthy thing that, no matter how famous Buster may become he can never go back to his native town, Pickway, Kansas, where he was born. He may make millions, but he can never buy the house in which he first saw the light of day. No committee of leading Pickway citizens will ever greet him with a brass band and a parade to proclaim him the town's most famous son; he can never "go home to die."

Not that Buster is to blame for this banishment. He is merely the victim of circumstances. It's this way. You see, at the time Buster was born, his father and Harry Houdini were owners of what is known as a medicine show. About two months after they had started on their way, along with Mrs. Keaton and the baby Buster, along came a lively young cyclone and blew the town off the face of the earth. And nobody thought it of enough importance to build it up again.

So Buster became a wanderer. And he did wander, too. As soon as he was old enough to walk, he would go wandering off on exploring expeditions as soon as the show landed in a town that was new to him.

"Yet I never got lost," he says.

Up to the age of four, Buster was merely the Keaton's kid, running about behind the scenes, or sitting demurely on a chair and watching his parents' knock-about act from the sidelines. Afterward, when the act was over, he would imitate them very cleverly.

Then one day little Buster ventured out before the footlights. Venture is hardly the word, however, for his entrance was very precipitate. Almost as precipitate as when he fell down the hotel stairs. He was lost in watching his father's act, when his father did a new bit of business, a fall, and his son was so excited that he rushed onto the stage without remembering where he was.

His entrance was a knockout. He got into the habit every once in a while after that of walking out in front of the footlights. Then Keaton, Sr., would chase him off, and it got to be so funny that his parents put him into the act, calling themselves the Three Keatons.

Buster's first salary was ten dollars a week. That was when he was four years old. He was a homely little youngster, but he could act, and was fine at imitations and pantomime. His parents used to toss him about like a rubber ball, but he never was hurt.

"I guess I was a regular Peck's bad boy about that time," said Buster the other day, as he was waiting for the director to call him on the set at his Hollywood studio. "I used to smash up so much stuff that folks began to say I was well named Buster. Vaudeville acts always have to pay for all the theatre's property they break, so father and mother sometimes found their checks much depleted at the end of the week.

"In Pittsburg one night, I fell over the footlights and landed on the orchestra leader's violin, smashing it all to pieces. I remember that distinctly. Like all musicians, this man was very fond of his instrument, and what he said was a good deal. So father leaned over the footlights and said to him, 'We've got a Stradivarius with us. We'll give you that.' We all went out the next day and got a second-hand violin for about two dollars and gave it to the leader. He didn't know the difference, and it was a couple of years before he found out that it was a fake. After he got wise, we Keatons didn't go back to Pittsburg."

Buster was always a great baseball fan. He ran away from the theatre one day in Detroit when a lad, to see a baseball game, and nearly missed the train that was to carry him and his parents to the next town on their route. Some of the leading baseball players are now his friends, and he, himself, when a kid, belonged to a baseball league in Muskegon, Mich., where the Keatons had their home, and where they used to spend their vacations.

One of Buster's idols as a child was the famous clown, the late "Slivers" Oakley, perhaps the greatest clown in American history, and a great pantomimist. Buster used to run away to the circus to see him, and finally became acquainted with him by crawling under the tent into his dressing room. Slivers took Buster over his knee and spanked him for his prank, then gave him some candy, and the two were always fast friends after that up to the time of Oakley's death.

Another idol was Houdini. After the medicine show days, and while Buster was still a mere baby, the Keatons and Houdini became separate acts on the vaudeville bills of the east. This was before little Buster himself became a member of the Keaton's act.

At Right:

Another Keaton family group—Mrs. Keaton, Buster, Harry and Louise. Buster, even in his childhood, was disposed to the frozen-countenance that is now so charocteristic of him.

Above:

The only smile picture of Buster in captivity. Maybe his four-legged pal had something to do with it.

At Left:

The Keaton family, Louise, Mrs. Keaton, Harry and Buster, at the time the Keaton vaudeville act was so popular.

Below

Even as a youngster, Buster comedied effectively. Here he is with an actor having the time of his young life.

As a monkey, Buster makes a good comedian. Anyway, he started out to prove that Darwin was right. How about it?

"Houdini and father and mother were often on the same bill," said Buster, "and I can remember now how I used to watch Houdini by the hour to see how he did his tricks. I used to watch him from the flys and from underneath the stage. I used to peek at him from little holes in pieces of scenery, or watch him through keyholes, but I never discovered how he did a single trick!"

(To be continued)

Bernarr Macfadden's

AN ERECT CARRIAGE

THE very great value of maintaining the body in a proper position cannot be too strongly emphasized. Man is the only animal that walks erect. He is the only animal in whom old age brings a forward bending of the spine. The hanging head, which is the attitude of hopelessness and which is caused to a very large extent by the mental attitude that goes with approaching old age, no doubt does a great deal to quicken physical decline.

When I see young people slouched over today, I wonder what state of mind they are actually in. It is not necessary to make exaggerated efforts to hold the shoulders back or to arch the chest. The one idea—chin in, down, and backward— will accomplish all that is needed. The chest and shoulders will naturally take care of themselves.

Mentally, a rounded spine has a saddening effect. A straight spine and head up, chin out, quickens the reaasoning capacity, helps to clear the brain of "cobwebs" and unquestionably adds to one's courage. The man who is afraid hangs his head. He who is devoid of fear holds his head erect, "looks the world in the face."

Irene de Forrest

Tat Qualters

Beauty Pages

Then, too, there are definite physiological results of maintaining an erect spine. The mechanical arrangement of the spine itself is such that if it is held erect the important nerves that radiate to all parts of the body from this central "bureau" are able more perfectly to perform their functions. Where there is pressure on these nerves, there is bound to be imperfect functioning. The affected organ will work lazily, indifferently. In fact, the entire science of the osteopaths and chiropractors is based almost wholly upon the value of spinal stimulation and the remedying of spinal defects.

This is a vital welfare subject—an erect carriage. There was a time when our girls cultivated what they termed: "The debutant slouch," an ungraceful, rounded position that surely must have affected them, either physiologically or psychologically.

With the departure of this round-shouldered position, I have been happy to observe the more erect bearing of the girls. Just remember to keep your chin up. The chest and shoulders will deepen and straighten in proportion, and your mental frame of mind will lighten.

Tat Qualters

Irene de Forrest from "Make It Snappy"

(Continued from page 9)

they please, and if they don't please somebody else, they should worry.

Such is their attitude.

And Hollywood's men recognize this spirit. They do not regard the girls as a variety of frail, clinging vine. Sometimes it seems to strangers as if they lack the cavalier spirit. They do not pursue the women nor constantly court them.

Rather, they regard the girls more or less as their pals, and treat them with the same informality of manner as they would treat each other.

A tour of Hollywood's eating-houses develops the fact that the majority of women pay for their own dinners. In other words, being independent, they do not rely upon some man to take them out to supper. They have money, health and their own way of doing things.

Therefore they can take themselves out to dine without any hesitancy or inconvenience whatever.

Meal-time will find Armstrong and Carlton's, John's, Frank's, Betty Bolton's, The Tavern, The Coffee Pot, Come-On-Inn, and other less-important dining rooms filled with a merry crowd of men and women. All are talking and eating busily.

At one table we find Rex Ingram and his wife, Alice Terry- who has dark, red hair in her "private" life—dining and chatting affably with Douglas Gerrard. Charlie Chaplin, Lila Lee and three non-professionals make up another crowd. Along the wall, snuggled deep down amid the cushions of a *Cafe-Parisienne* seat are a group of girls, among them Mae Busch, who smokes her cigarette nonchalantly, naively, while she awaits her service.

Doris May and her husband, Wallace MacDonald, have "dropped in" for a bite. They are sitting quietly at a small wall-table. She wears a large hat with spring flowers and a light-blue cape thrown over her shoulders.

No one pays attention to anyone else—not even to Charlie Chaplin. Everybody in Hollywood is used to seeing celebrities, no matter how famous they may be. I doubt if the entrance of Sarah Bernhardt or Peggy Hopkins would cause even a ripple of excitement among the Hollywoodites, who, in all probability, would not think such an advent as of sufficient importance to disturb their conversation about their own, or somebody else's, pictures production.

That is the soul of Hollywood—*pictures*. Through the long hours of the day the people work in pictures at the studios. At lunch, at dinner, they talk about pictures—and in the evening they generally go to the theatres to see pictures.

Everybody knows exactly what everybody else is doing. It is a favorite theme among certain actors to discuss their salaries and compare them to the salaries of other artists. It is this close association, perhaps, which keeps the picture folk banded together in spirit as well as in the flesh.

And it is one of the best weapons the actors have against managers who would perchance "cut" their salaries wholesale if they thought they could.

But the thespians, through this informal "unionization," have unwittingly perfected a great means for their own protection. And the art of being social frequently resolves itself into the profession of being business-like in the film colony.

"More contracts are signed, and more agreements are reached over the dinner table in Hollywood than in any other way," a high-priced character actor told me. "If we don't get together socially, we often don't get together at all. Everybody is too busy making pictures at the studio to think of talking business."

Anita Stewart & husband

Earle Williams

A Bunch of Hollywoodites

Claire Windsor

Edna Purviance

But as yet I have found no sin. The deeper I go in my search, the more I am inclined to believe that the stories anent Hollywood's "wildness" are mythical.

"We have never had dancing in our establishment," the proprietor of one of Hollywood's best-patronized cafes informed me. "There was a city ordinance put into effect a number of years ago that prohibited us from ever serving liquor or permitting our patrons to dance. Hollywood has been bone-dry for years—long before national prohibition."

Hollywood's famous "night-life" has never actually taken place in Hollywood. In Los Angeles, some eight miles distant, are hotels and cafes where dancing is in vogue. Few of them are patronized by film folk, who seem to prefer to remain in Hollywood away from the glamor.

It seems that the Ambassador Hotel, one of the show places of the West, is the *place de resistance* for evening entertainment for film people. It is situated on Wilshire Baulevard, about four miles in toward Los Angeles from Hollywood, and has a dining room, the Cocoanut Grove, that seats upward of two thousand persons. A famous orchestra plays there at the evening supper dances, and nearly any evening will find groups of high-priced film celebrities disporting themselves respectably with hundreds of other dancers on the waxed floor.

On a festive eve—when Maurice, the famous French dancer, was closing his Los Angeles terpsichoreal engagement at the hotel—I went to the Ambassador. The Cocoanut Grove, decorated to represent a Japanese tea garden, was crowded with men and women in formal attire, and there was a happy hum of conversation. At one table could be seen Thomas Meighan and his wife, Frances Ring, entertaining guests. At another table Jack Dillon and two beautiful women sat dining unostentatiously, while at another were Maurice's guests, who included Mr. and Mrs. Earle Williams, Charlie Chaplin, Lila Lee, George Broadhurst, the playwright; George Stewart, Claire Windsor, Agnes Ayres and the ex-husband of Gloria Swanson.

And, not far away, resplendent in a dazzling gown of cloth-of-gold, sat Miss Swanson herself in company of two men and another woman, while in a loge table could be seen Dorothy Dalton and Godsol, the chief stock owner of the Goldwyn company. Edna Purviance and her party of people, who looked and acted as if they were of the society coterie, were my immediate table neighbors, and I was watching them—observing that they partook of lobster louis like anyone of the rest of us—when I saw Miss Purviance glance up and toward the entrance-way.

"Here comes Mabel," she said happily, "and *look* at her wrap!"

Mabel Normand it was, wearing the most gorgeous ermine wrap I have ever seen. She was

(Continued on page 31)

Helen Ferguson takes us to the Iris Theatre—Hollywood's Mecca of the picture houses.

Betty Blythe

Rambling Through the Studios in the East

With Dorothea B. Herzog

Gloria Swanson

Gloria Swanson Off To Europe

Gloria Swanson Sails

GLORIA SWANSON swept into New York escorted by her business manager, Mrs. Frank Urson, wife of the Paramount director, and a miniature trunk store.

"My first vacation in months," acknowledged Gloria. "We're on our way to Europe, to be gone two months. The route? England, France, Italy, Germany. Paris and Monte Carlo surely. Yes, I intend to shop in Paris."

Excitement. Eagerness. Anticipation.

* * * * *

Glad To Be Away

Gloria's happy to get away from Hollywood. "I couldn't live in New York for a year," she decided. "My father was in the army—a Captain. Mother and I used to take short trips regularly, and I suppose the habit became a part of me."

"You're not disgusted with 'wild Hollywood' then?" guilessly.

"'Wild Hollywood?'" the azure blue eyes widened, only to close half-way and flash angrily. "That's all nonsense. Everything about Hollywood is distorted to make stories read the way people seem to want them. I'll give you an example."

* * * * *

Making Mountains Out of Nothing

"In connection with Mr. Taylor's unfortunate death, my name was dragged into the proceedings and the papers played it up horribly. Reference made to a mythical correspondence between us. I didn't know Mr. Taylor very well. The only time I ever wrote to him was to send him a Christmas card.

"But, of course, the truth isn't a story. The papers twist and distort it. What can I do? It's doubly hard," she mused, "when you have a baby daughter to account to."

* * * * *

Arthur Carewe—the heavy in Betty Blythe's new picture.

"Micky" Neilan Off

Marshall "Micky" Neilan, his cameraman, and Frank Urson, Paramount director, are off to Europe. Mr. Urson joins his wife on the other side and the party, thus enlarged, will continue its tour on the Continent.

* * * * *

Alice Calhoun's Mother Returns

Mrs. Calhoun, Alice's adorable mother, has executed the last sad rites in closing up the New York apartment. She reveled in one more glorious view of the Hudson River, one more sight of Fifth Avenue and Times Square, one more glance at friendly relics. Then, the furniture was packed and shipped to storage and the new lessee moved in.

Out on the Coast, Alice is completing her latest picture, but her heart came to New York with her mother, for she wrote: "Mother dear, I fooled that fat old ticket man. When that train pulled out, I was right beside you—my heart, my love, the best in me."

And now Mrs Calhoun, so lonely for her little girl, speeds homeward, to the California she doesn't love as much as she does New York, but in which she can see and appreciate its beauty. Perhaps the end of 1922 will see the Calhouns returning to their first love—the Metropolis.

* * * * *

Percy Marmont Shoots

Percy Marmont shoots a mean game of marbles. Anyway, that's what little Bobby Clarke claims, after indulging in a spirited session back of a bunch of props in Hugo Ballin's studio. It seemed to us that Mabel Ballin, featured in her husband's latest production, in which the two above-mentioned members of the masculine sex have important roles, might have joined the marble game, but, nope, she was too busy emoting under her husband's directions to indulge in such fantasies!

Martha Mansfield

* * * * *

Alice Brady in Vaudeville

ALICE BRADY, we hear tell, is ready for a three weeks' booking in a new sketch as a Keith (vaudeville) headliner. Alice begins her picture work immediately after, but rather than languish five more inactive weeks, she prefers a brief vaudeville engagement. This will be Alice's first public appearance since her son, Donald Crane, saw the light of day.

* * * * *

Billie Dove to Star

Billie Dove started her eventful career with Ziegfeld—as a chorus girl. Then beauty's worth forged steadily to the fore, and first thing off the reel, Billie had a picture engagement.

She screened "like a million dollars." The producer registered satisfaction; Billie, relief. One engagement followed another—several Cosmopolitan productions; with Constance Talmadge in "Polly of the Follies," and finally, as a featured player in "The Stage Door."

Now, there are busy picture magnates humming around the Rialto, ready to snap up a sure bet and "cash in." No less an individual than Marcus Lowe visualized star possibilities in the youthful Billie—in her suppleness, her brunette beauty, her expressive brown eyes.

So, what more natural than to have her sign on the dotted line? Which she did, thereby officially becoming one of the new stars in the Metro fold.

* * * * *

Martha Mansfield Returns

MARTHA MANSFIELD enjoyed her weeks of co-starring with Crane Wilbur in vaudeville, but after all, there's no place like a motion picture studio and appointments with 'steen million photographers, interviewers and what not. So Martha decided to accept an interesting offer to sign with a new company producing here in the East—Pyramid. Her first picture is a dashing French affair, known as "Queen of the Moulin Rouge," wherein Martha discards her languorous and listless mien to radiate "wigor, wim and werve." If you know what we mean.

* * * * *

Betty Blythe, Too

When Fox's "Queen of Sheba" sallied forth in all its barbaric splendor months ago, people gasped at Betty Blythe's daring portrayal of the lady. Betty didn't specially mind. For art's sake—you know. She was right.

Now, however, Betty sallies forth in pictures wherein she runs Gloria Swanson a swift race for the prize Dame Fashion offers. In one of her first starring productions, "Should Husbands Know"—which, without our saying, you know is a mystery story—Betty swishes into closeups and semi-closeups in lovely gowns, hats, and such.

* * * * *

Richard Barthelmess takes a vacation before beginning work on his next picture.

Betty's Story

To go back a little. When Betty Blythe completed "The Queen of Sheba," Mr. Fox was so pleased with her work that he offered her a feature role in "Nero," the big foreign production only recently completed. Salary disagreement. Whereupon negotiations were cut short.

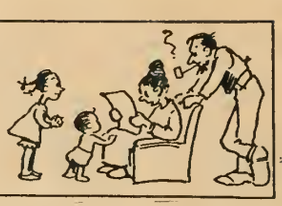
Months elapsed Betty vacationed. Then along came Whitman Benett with Rex Beach's "Fair Lady," offering her the title role. All you have to do is to start the ball rolling and things drift your way. That's what has happened to the ex-Queen of Sheba. She's now tied up to a star contract, here in New York, and the world is all rosy.

MOVIE WEEKLY ART SERIES

BETTY BLYTHE

Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Bucking into the Movies



Mr. H. O. Potts,
Hog Run, Ky.
Dear Maw and Folks:—

Yours of the 1st interim received, and was interested to hear that the Official Board of Movie Censors of Hog Run had barred the picture, "Why Cooks Leave Homes," because of a subtitle that spoke of "lambs gamboling on the green,"—the Board claiming that such a statement would tend to corrupt the public morality, inasmuch as it very plainly referred to indulgence in pernicious games of chance. But I wasn't surprised much at the information because the Official Board in question, individually and collectively, is so ignorant that they probably think that the Battle of Waterloo was a naval engagement, and that Elihu Root is the name of a patent-medicine preparation for the cure of asthma.

Well, folks, I had a job today which, while it did leave me with a permanent and intense hatred for any and all beverages masquerading under the name of

"tea," didn't result in any of the more violent physical havoc that I have come to regard as being almost inevitable in the course of my daily toil. The scene of action was on Mr. Goldwyn's big lot out in Culver City, which same is a hamlet situated about midway between the Hollywood Post Office and the Eastern bank of the Pacic Ocean, and the occasion was supposed to be that of a Korean wedding.

Korea, Maw, is a small country located adjacent to Hong Kong or thereabouts, and is noted chiefly for the bewildering skill and speed with which it slaughters visiting missionaries and tax-collectors, and for the weird designs featuring its postage stamps. These latter look like a cross between a child's picture puzzle and a futuristic painting entitled, "Scrub-Lady Sliding Down a Bannister."

Including the supposed bridal pair and us spectators, there was about twenty of us on the "set," and we was all garbed for the occasion as native Koreans, our costumes consisting of a liberal application of yellow grease-paint, an Oriental expression of the eye-brows, a two-piece suit of silk clothing which looked like it had been designed originally by a wholesale dealer in pajamas, and a pair of Korean shoes. These latter, Maw, is unique among the foot-wear of the known world in that, for reasons not even guessed at, they are provided fore and aft along the bottoms with what looks like a variety of under-sized stilts some three inches in height. The result is that much the same effect is secured as though you were trying to stroll around with a three-legged milking-stool lashed on each foot, and you've got to be either a tight-rope artist or a professional contortionist to walk on the blooming things without breaking your neck.

Being neither, I confined my activities strictly to sitting around and watching the ceremony, a proceeding which proved to be almost as painful as trying to walk, however. Because chairs is apparently as much of an unknown quantity in Korea as icicles and ear-muffs are in southern California, and the floor serves as everything in the sitting line from a camp-stool to a Morris chair. I have been told that there are no fat people in Korea, and after today's experience I don't wonder any at it. Because I'll defy anybody in the known world to get up and down off the floor fifty times a day, and spend the intervening time sitting on their feet a la Turk, and retain even a moderately plump figure.

Another thing,—if our little party was any indication, there is no argument in Korea about which member of the happy pair is to wear the trousers,—they both wear 'em. Consequently, about the only way a casual observer on our "set" could have distinguished our bride from the groom was that the latter had a baritone voice and a slightly different effect in his coiffure. The master of ceremonies was an old bird who was attired in gray chin-whiskers and an outfit of yellow pajamas, and he divided his time about equally between consuming tea, and making choice remarks in Korean. From what I heard of it, Maw, Korean is a language which sounds much like a cross between the remarks of an indignant tom-cat and an asthmatic Piute brave talking in his sleep.

Well, anyway, we sat there by the hour watching the ceremony and, at the Director's urgent request, drinking tea in quantities which would have foundered a professional tea-room addict. Because a Korean wedding, folks, is very much similar to the Japanese method of incurring future alimony, which is to say that it combines all the more distinctive features of the Boston Tea Party and administering the water cure. Affairs of the heart are gauged by different standards in different places, and in Korea, love is apparently computed in terms of liquid measure. A beverage erroneously referred to as "tea" is served at one-minute intervals throughout the ceremony, and the degree of the happy couple's affection for each other is calculated, I guess to be in exact proportion to the amount of tea they are able to drink.

The unfortunate part of it was that every time the bridal pair had a drink, the remainder of us had to follow suit just to show that the party was still more or less congenial, so to speak, and we had to consume it Korean fashion. And when you imbibe liquid diet Korean fashion, Maw, you don't drink it,—you *inhale* it. The more noise you make in the process, and the more weird contortions you put your face in, the more polite you are supposed to be in showing your appreciation of the beverage. The result was that, when our little gathering got in action, it sounded more like a busy afternoon in a locomotive works than a wedding party.

Honest, folks, during the course of the day, I never got so thoroughly fed up with anything in my life as I did tea! Before the ceremony was half through I was groggy, and by the time it was over I was a total wreck. It wouldn't have been so bad if it had been real tea, but it wasn't. It was merely a dark liquid which looked like something that an amateur home-brewer might have concocted on an off night, being about the temperature of luke-warm dish-water,—and having very much the same appetizing flavor.

However, I reflected that one must endure some hardships for the sake of one's Art, so I did my level best to display my native dramatic ability through it all. Along towards the end of the afternoon my technique may have become a bit wobbly, so to speak, because there is a point in the consuming of tea

where it becomes impossible for the victim to register any emotional expression other than absolute saturation. But my efforts must of gained recognition of some kind, because just before quitting time the Assistant Director gave me a hail.

"Report for work tomorrow morning over on Stage Four, Miss Potts," he warbled.

"Ah!" I murmured kinda gratified like. "I'm glad to hear that my dramatic ability is at last coming into its own, and getting a little notice."

"Dramatic ability, me eye!" the C. D. snorted. "What we want you for tomorrow is for your capacity! Because the scene is to be a Chinese wedding, and the tea and food consumption needed in it will make today's efforts look like a mere picnic lunch."

Which I guess will be all for this time, only I don't wonder any more that the native Koreans are rather notorious for their miscellaneous massacre of missionaries who happen to drop in over the week-end. Because, after I'd downed about my forty-fifth cup of tea, I felt like I could go outside and massacre a missionary or two with very little compunction myself.

Your loving daughter, resp'y yours,
SOPHIE POTTS,
via Hal Wells.

MOVIE WEEKLY'S Radiophone News

RELAYED *by* GRACE KINGSLEY

Announcements made by Carl Laemmle, president of Universal, in the course of an interview the other day, indicate that Universal is preparing for more ambitious productions than ever before.

The plans of the company for Von Stroheim, producer of "Foolish Wives," are of course among the most important dwelt on by Mr. Laemmle. Two stories have been purchased for him, one of which the director-author is at present putting into scenario form for production. This is a Viennese story with a remarkable angle.

Von Stroheim is occupying a little strategic position on top of a hill at Universal City, where all visitors must first yell their business to him through a megaphone before the director will consent to lower the drawbridge for their entry. Up there he is writing his story.

The cast for the picture is being assembled, and includes as leading lady the lovely Mary Philbin, whom Universal secured through a Brains and Beauty Contest, a few months ago. Others who will appear in the picture are Maude George, Dale Fuller and Messrs. Graviana and Edmundson, all of whom played in "Foolish Wives."

The other story which Von Stroheim will make into a picture is one by the late Ganghofer, Bavarian author, who died last year. It is called "Schloss Hubertus," in the original, and is said to have a powerful and unique plot.

Count that day lost whose low descending sun doesn't see Harold Lloyd with a new pink thought under his bonnet. His latest announcement is to the effect that he means to make a burlesque picture with the old Roman days as a setting.

Marshall Neilan has decided to go to Europe, after all. He has passports entitling him to sail from New York in May, and he will visit France, England, Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, and other countries.

Fred Niblo is to have no more time to hang about and play marbles. He has been signed by Famous Players-Lasky Corporation for a series of big special productions for Paramount pictures, starring Rodolph Valentino and with stories written by June Mathis.

The next picture following "Blood and Sand," in which Valentino is starring, and which Fred Niblo is directing, will be an adaptation by June Mathis of John Ames Mitchell's story, "Amos Judd." It will be re-titled "The Rajah."

Robertson-Cole is preparing to get very busy. Doris May is already at work on her new picture, and Harry Carey is getting ready, under direction of Val Paul

A number of all-star features are to be produced, according to the announcement of the new head, P. A. Powers, who has taken hold of the reins at the Robertson-Cole studio in Hollywood.

Picture producers and actors alike are watching with great interest the cooperative plan under which pictures are now being made by Robertson-Cole. Under this plan, actors will receive a regular salary, and in addition will receive a share of the profits of the pictures.

Pauline Frederick left the studio and the company, breaking her contract, but it was with the mutual consent of all parties. She has long expected and wanted to return to the stage. She will do so, according to present plans, under management of Al Woods.

Mrs. Dora Hawley, who is not only the mother of Burton Hawley, but also is mother to his charming wife, Wanda Hawley, since Miss Hawley's own mother died last year, has just left the Hollywood home of the pair after a visit of several months, during which she learned, at first hand, all about the picture studios.

When she tells the reporters in Albany, New York, her home town, what she thinks of Hollywood, there's going to be some boosting for that community.

Constance Talmadge has completed her vacation in New York, and is busily engaged in making "East Is West," at United Studios, under direction of Sidney Franklin.

Marguerite Snow Cruze Sues Her Husband-Director for a Divorce

"I wonder how on earth Harold Lloyd manages to escape matrimony! Harold told me once in confidence that he always tells the truth to every girl he goes with. Maybe that was the trouble between him and Bebe Daniels! No woman wants to know the truth all the time!"
"Did you hear about that party that Colleen Moore, Carmel Myers, Pauline Starke, and some others gave their old friend Winifred Westover Hart? They dressed up in cowboy's suits and . . ."
"Every once in a while Jackie Coogan's set is all cluttered up with royalty. The other day it was His Royal Highness, Prince Mohamed Alie Ibrahim of Egypt. 'Here, Prince!' called Jackie once and it sounded—well, you know . . .!"
"Have you heard the latest about Wally Reid? He's going to enter the Indianapolis automobile races on Decoration Day . . . It's a pretty hazardous thing to do. I suppose his wife is awfully up in the air about it."

Under the Orange Pekoe Tree -- by Irma-the Ingenue

I WONDER how on earth Harold Lloyd manages to escape matrimony! I'd like to bet you that he will be married within the next year! He's so eligible. And there's so much propinquity—so awfully much propinquity—around his studio. What nicer propinquitees could Harold want than Mildred Davis and Marie Mosquini?"

Irma the Ingenue crinkled her eyes engagingly in a little smile, as she tripped to her seat in the tea garden, where the pink of the peach blooms was not more pink than her cheeks after her drive in from the Hollywood studios.

"But whenever I see him over at the Ambassador Cocoanut Grove," she went on, nibbling at a rice cake, "he's always with both the girls. Don't you suppose they ever feel like—well, you know, pulling each other's hair or anthing? He certainly has wonderful discipline. Neither ever seems to get a chance to tunnel under the other. And maybe they don't want to. Harold told me once in confidence that he always tells the truth to every girl he goes with. Maybe that was the trouble between him and Bebe Daniels! What woman wants to hear the truth all the time. But I'm sure of this—Harold never did care so much about any girl as he did about Bebe. And she was in love with him once, too, I'm sure. How could she help being?"

Irma slipped a slice of lemon into her tea, and went on:

"Did you hear about that party that Colleen Moore and some of Winifred Westover's old friends gave Winifred, who has just lately married Bill Hart? The girls, Colleen, Carmel Myers, Pauline Starke, and some others, dressed up in cowboy suits, and rode horseback over to Harts' home one afternoon, having been invited to tea. They fired off blank cartridges in front of the house. I can't imagine what was the matter with Winifred, but when they arrived, instead of coming to the door, she sent a Japanese servant, who poked his head out of the door, and to the surprise of all the girls, invited just one to come in. Carmel Myers went, and Winifred was in tears. It seems she hadn't thought the party was dignified enough r something, which does seem funny inasmuch as all the girls were her friends. By and by she asked the rest in, but I don't suppose they had a very merry time. And they're all such nice, cute, clever girls, too! I suppose next time they go, they'll all send in their cards first! And if there isn't a butler to usher them in, they'll have a right to be sore.

"After all, Marshall Neilan has decided to go to Europe! Wonder if he and Blanche Sweet will be married before he goes, or if Blanche really is going to the Orient while he goes to Europe. Marshall is going to do the whole of England, Ireland and the continent, including France, Belgium, Germany and Switzerland. He told me last week that he had given up the idea of going, but I suppose that he has changed his mind since then. Anyhow, he has his passports.

"Every once in a while Jackie Coogan's set is just all cluttered up with royalty and nobility. The other day it was His Royal Highness, Prince Mohamed Ali Inbrahim, of Egypt, who was on the set when I went out to see Jackie. Of course Jackie and his father couldn't be bothered calling a prince by such a long name; so they just called him 'Prince' for short, right off the bat! 'Here, Prince!' called Jackie, once, and it just sounded—well, you know as well as I do how it sounded!

"But his higness loved Jackie just as everybody does. And, anyway, you remember the time when Jackie took the liberty of telling Ignace Paderewski just how he like his eggs cooked!

"So now Marguerite Snow and Jimmy Cruze are to be divorced after all! They've been married nine or ten years, and have the cutest little girl. They always got along nicely until two or three years ago. Nobody seems to know just what the trouble was, but it seems that now Mrs. Cruze is going to sue her husband for mental cruelty. And isn't every kind of cruelty mental cruelty in the last analysis? What an awful lot a person can get away with and call it 'mental cruelty!' It's such a refined expression—'mental cruelty!'"

I waited while Irma poured into her tea a yellowish liquid from the handle of her mirror, which unscrewed for the purpose, and which she did while nobody was looking. Then she trailed along:

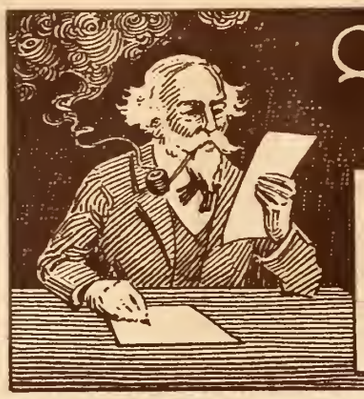
"Have you heard the latest about Wally Reid? Who says he isn't fast. He's going to enter the Indianapolis automobile races on Decoration Day He already has his 'sanction' whatever that may be, from the Racing Committee, and he has entered as a 3-A driver. It's taking an awful chance, of course, and naturally Jesse Lasky is going to try to stop him from doing it. Wally is a wonderful driver, and has driven in a lot of racing pictures filmed from Byron Morgan's stories, but nobody thought he'd take a chance like that. If he does, and should win, I wonder if he'd leave acting for racing! It's a pretty hazardous thing to do. I suppose Dorothy Reid, his wife, is awfully up in the air about it, though I haven't seen her.

"Of course all the sub-debs had to get busy April Fools' Day, and one case I heard of came near breaking up a nice little love affair. Somebody telephoned Bill Russell, that day, telling him that the voice of the lady who was speaking belonged to a newspaper reporter. She said that she understood that Helen Ferguson was engaged to Guy Empey, and as Bill was a friend of Helen's, she thought maybe he'd give her the story. Now Bill and Helen are supposed to be engaged, though neither will admit it, but anyway Bill went straight up in the air. He replied coldly, though, that he knew nothing about the matter, and that the reporter would have to ask Helen herself. Of course the reporter was only a friend of Helen's, trying to fool Bill.

"That evening when Helen called Bill at the Athletic Club, Bill was as cool as a cucumber, and seemed to have forgotten all about the engagement he had with her. Finally Helen kidded him into telling her what was the matter; and afterward he turned the tables on her by showing her a photograph of himself with a girl, in which he was devotedly kissing the girl's hand. It looked like a snapshot, but when Helen got hold of it, she saw that it was cleverly made up by being pasted from an old 'still' photograph taken for a photoplay. So they're even, and all is sweetness and light once more between them.

"Finish your tea, dear. I've got to be running along. I'm due to call on Mrs. Tom Mix and her new baby. Little Thomasina was born with a tooth! Wasn't it just like a husky baby of Tom Mix's to do that?"

And Irma gathered up her fox fur and glode to her limousine.



Questions Answered by The Colonel

My job on "Movie Weekly" is answering questions. Wouldn't you like to know whether your favorite star is married? What color *her* eyes are, or what may be *his* hobbies? Write me, then, and I will tell you. I cannot answer questions concerning studio employment. For a personal reply, enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. All inquiries should be signed with the writer's full name and address, which will not appear in the magazine. Address me, THE COLONEL, "Movie Weekly," 119 West 40th St., New York City.

People keep writing in to me of their problems, so I am going to tell you of mine. I have told you several times before, but no one seems to believe that I can have a problem. It is this: How can I get two hundred answers on a page that has room for only thirty? Even Houdini couldn't tell me. A New York subway guard might know, because he has so much experience packing people in where there isn't room for them. But people don't have to be laid out flat on a page as answers do.

Anyway, I have solved my problem. Instead of letting my letters pile up so that there is a long waiting list for answers on the page, I am going to answer in the magazine only those questions of general interest. And anonymous letters will not be considered. I hope you all will be willing to help me in the solution of my problem.

ESTELLE BLESSING—So that is your real name? I'm sure your parents must have thought you were a little Blessing when you arrived. You want to know who's Hughes. No, Gareth is not Rupert's son or even his cousin. Gareth was born in Wales in 1897. His address is Metro Studio, 900 Cahuenga Street, Hollywood. He is not married.

SHIRLEY—No, Shirley, your heart wasn't broken when it reached me, but you had it pasted to the corner of your letter, so I couldn't eat it. You see, I love candy, but I'm not a bit fond of paste. Anyway, I thank you for the sentiments the candy heart expressed. And I'm doubly sorry to have to tell you that I can't give you all the addresses you wanted on this page. What's your address?

BABETTE—You call me O. Kernel, but I assure you my initial is not "O." I think you have me mixed with O. Henry. He was another famous man (ha, ha!) Harrison Ford is thirty and is divorced. Marie Dero has been playing on the stage all winter in "Lilies of the Field."

NAN—Mine till Niagara Falls, you say. And, I suppose, till the kitchen sinks and the ink stands. Did I ever visit Long Island? Well, since I live in New York, you don't give me credit for traveling much, do you? I don't see why there shouldn't be a movie colony on Long Island; it's certainly a nice enough place. Enid Bennett retired from the screen for awhile to take care of her baby daughter; but at last reports she was to play opposite Doug Fairbanks in his new picture.

R. A. H.—You sound like the college yell. You might be very disappointed if you had me to work your junior algebra for you as you wish. It's been so many years since I worked junior algebra that I'd probably say "X" was the man who wrote the text book. Yes, I'm afraid Rodolph would have to let his stenographer answer your letter.

TOIVO MACKI—I can't figure out your nationality by that name. Is it really yours? There were two productions of "The Little Minister," so both Betty Compson and Alice Calhoun played Babbie.

JACKIE—Well, no wonder you never did get an answer when you wrote before. Look at the list of addresses you want. Why don't you have somebody get out a special book for your benefit? Send me your name and address.

CURIOUS NELL—Are you any relation to Nifty Nell in the cartoons? Jack Hoxie is married to Marin Sais and they live at 1325 N. Hobart Blvd., Los Angeles. His age? Ask his dad—he knows.

NIGHTINGALE—Is it you I have to listen to on the Victrola—"Listen to the Nightingale?" So you think I might advise the boys and girls about their love affairs! The only trouble with that plan is, Beatrice Fairfax beat me to it. You will find studio addresses on this page every week where you might send your photograph—but why waste a photograph?

AN ADMIRER OF R. V.—Your secret is safe; I'd never betray what the R. V. means. What do you mean, am I a young "blooming" man? Did you think I was grown in a garden with the poison ivy? Harold Lloyd is American. He doesn't wear those glasses for his eyes, but just to make people ask questions about him. You can write him for his photo at 369 S. Hoover St., Los Angeles. Harry Myers is now starring in a chapter play for Universal, "The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe." "Moran of the Lady Letty" was listed among the exceptional photoplays.

LONESOME LOWELL—It's too bad the stars don't come to visit Lowell. But I don't suppose Lowell is as gay as Paris, is it? Marion Davies has a sister Reine. No, Marion is not married. Viola Dana's husband, John Collins, died in the influenza epidemic a few years ago.

MISS CHIFF—The very idea of your asking for answers in the next issue. Now I know you haven't been reading my page every week. Mary Hay is not regularly a screen actress; "Way Down East" is the only picture in which she played. She is now on the stage and is soon to be starred in a musical comedy. She is quite tiny and is a brunette. Her husband, Dick Barthelmess, was born in New York. Write him at the Lambs' Club, 128 W. 44th St., New York. No, the Answer Man and I are not related; one answer man in a family is quite enough.

THE MYSTERIOUS M. G. H.—I think you've been seeing so many serials you think you're one yourself. I'm sure Gladys Walton would love to have you correspond with her; she lives at 456 S. Western Ave., Los Angeles. Anita Stewart is a blonde with brown eyes. Write Connie Talmadge at 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, and Harrison Ford at the Lambs' Club.

MILDRED—You can be sure, Mildred, I'll see to it that they don't make me work too hard. If they do, I'll sit around and smoke my pipe so much everyone will be forced to leave the office. Wouldn't that be a dire punishment? Address Conway Tearle at the Lambs' Club.

DIMPLES and ELIZABETH S.—Bad news, girls! Niles Welch is married; he and Dell Boone recently celebrated their fifth wedding anniversary. He is thirty-three; his next play will be "Reckless Chances." Yes, I think he would send you his photograph; write him at 55 W. 12th St., New York City.

AN ADMIRER OF WALLACE REID—Can you imagine—the part that Wallie Reid played in "The Birth of a Nation" was that of the blacksmith! I can't give you the whole cast on this page, but I will be glad to send it to you by mail. Yes, indeed, you can always get back numbers of "Movie Weekly" for ten cents apiece from our Circulation Department.

JUST MILLY—Yes, you're quite right; I often feel like an encyclopedia, with all the pages which tell about movie stars worn thin from being referred to so often. But of course this encyclopedia is rather incomplete on other subjects. It was Dorothy Phillips, not Dorothy Dalton, who played in "Heart of Humanity." There was only one production of this picture that I know of.

LUCY TARVER—Of course I can find space for you, but not for all those addresses. Write Gloria and Agnes Ayres at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. You haven't written me for a long time, Lucy.

LILLIAN THE VAMP—But I have just been reading, Lillian, that vamps are out of style. Where did you come from? Agnes Ayres is divorced from Frank Schusker. Fritzie Brunette's next picture is "The Man From Lost River." Yes, George Stewart is Anita's brother. Lois Wilson's next picture is "Is Matrimony a Failure?"

RUDY NUTTY—It seems the world is full of Rudy Nutties. Is your name Hazel? As for Rodolph's favorite song—well, Hollywood is much too far away for me to call him up and ask him. Why did it take courage to write to me? I'm quite human.

MRS. HIPPI'S HUSBAND—So Mississippi has a husband? I always wondered. No, Richard Dix is not married. Write him at the Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, Cal. He is 28. Nothing more has been heard of the rumor that Bebe Daniels was to marry Jack Dempsey. Tom Mix's next picture is "Up and Going."

SHAMROCK—I suspect that green is your favorite color; am I right? Why do you want my picture—do you wish to scare the mice away? Jack Mower's address is the Elks' Club, Glendale, Cal.

WALLIE R. ADMIRER—Such an original signature! Billie Burke has been playing on the stage for the past season in "The Intimate Strangers." That is why you have not seen her in the movies lately.

PENSIVE—H. B. Warner is married—to Rita Stanwood. He has blue eyes. His most recent pictures—several years ago—were produced by Jesse D. Hampton. He has been playing on the stage for the past season in "Danger."

JOHN D.—When I first saw your letter at a distance, I thought someone had sent me an orange, but I discovered that it was only your favorite colored stationery. Pauline Curley is five feet four. She lives at 806 Waterloo St., Los Angeles. Hoot Gibson is five feet ten; his address is Universal Studio, Universal City, Cal.

Film-Flam

Makeup "Au Naturelle"

BILLY BEVAN, Mack Sennett comedian, wants to tell the world that he is an actor, a whole actor, and nothing but an actor. In fact, he wants it distinctly understood that he is not a newsboy or a grocery clerk—or—

Well, anyway, this is the story:

One morning, as Bill and his family sat down to breakfast, it was discovered that there were no eggs in the house. And what is breakfast—or ham—without eggs! Of course, Billy is not a ham actor, but he does eat ham. And eggs. So he volunteered to go to the local "Wait on yourself" grocery and get the necessary "hen-fruit."

It was warm and Bill couldn't be bothered with a coat, so he journeyed forth in shirt sleeves—and doggone it, that was the whole trouble! He stood counting out an even dozen eggs, when a well-known director bent on the same errand approached him.

"Hello, Bill," said he, "I didn't know you were working here. Slip me a dozen quick, will you? I'm late and the wife is waiting."

After explanations were exchanged, Billy's wrath subsided, but——

Later in the day he stopped to buy ten copies of a newspaper which he had promised to send a friend in London who was the subject of an article in them. So Bill, his ten copies under his arm, started up the street. An old gentleman approached him with a nickle in his hand.

"Give me a sporting edition," said the old gentleman.

Bill's answer to this request has been censored, but his resolutions have gone on record.

"Hereafter," says Bill, "I shall wear my makeup continuously except while in the bath tub."

* * * * *

The Wild, Wild Whiskers

If you should happen to be in Tiajuana, Mexico, and should hear a man, seemingly a bearded Mexican, speaking the most cultured English, don't be surprised. It might be William Russell. Bill has packed up and gone to Mexico on his vacation to hide his shame. He is growing a set of whiskers for his next picture, and in the meanwhile—well, he's no beauty.

Bill has heard all his life about how wonderfully things grow in the balmy southland, and sees no reason why the same rule should not apply to whiskers. Mexico abounds in a wild tropical growth and that's the kind of whiskers Bill expects to have—just plain ones, not landscaped or anything.

* * * * *

No Kidding!

A woman admirer of Mabel Normand read in the paper of Mabel's fondness for animals. Mabel, it seems, makes it her business to see and pet every day the animals used in the production of her new picture, "Suzanna." So Mabel's admirer asked permission to add to the collection a pet of her own named Sammy. It came by express, all nicely crated.

A "prop" boy opened the crate and out jumped a frisky young kid. It made for the star's bungalow and proved to be most exclusive. No amount of persuasion could induce it to join the rest of the zoo, so a "young house" was constructed for it on the veranda of Mabel's studio home.

"Say, Mabel," asked someone, "if I kid Sammy, will it get your nanny?"

"Well," said someone else, "there is no doubt that if you cut the rope that ties Sammy to the house, you will get Mabel's goat."

* * * * *

Sauce For the Goose

Viola Dana read about someone's bright idea to erect a monument in Chicago to the inventor of bobbed hair for women. Viola has short locks herself, so she not only approves of the plan, but she "goes it one better."

"And how about a monument to Delilah," she asks, "for inventing bobbed hair for men?"

GENE KORNMAN.

"I'm made up as a Bolshevik," says Sunshine Sammy. Shrubbery by Madame Nature.

There's Punch in This Story

When George Cooper in his part of Mugsy in "Turn to the Right" adopted the gag line of the picture, "Ain't there anything in it but milk?" he didn't realize what a clever idea it was.

George is very fond of milk and drinks it on all occasions, so he figured that the line from the picture play was very apt. And at luncheon during a week-end visit George picked up his glass.

"Ain't there anything in it but milk?" he demanded facetiously, without meaning a thing.

But his hostess took the hint and at the next meal George was served with an honest-to-goodness milk punch.

* * * * *

Rodolph's Side Burns

Horrors, girls! Rodolph has chuletas!

It sounds like a terrible thing to have, like a second cousin to smallpox or something. And it's a fact—Rodolph's side burns. But it's not so bad as it sounds.

Chuletas are really quite harmless—just a fancy kind of side burns which swoop down a half inch below the ear. In bull-fighting circles, only a champion matador can wear side whiskers that long, so they are a mark of distinction.

Just the same, though, Rodolph does not feel so distinguished that he goes around boasting of his chuletas. Every day he looks longingly at his safety razor, and when he gets through playing Gallarda in "Blood and Sand"—bingo! that old safety razor is going to make the fur fly.

* * * * *

On Strike

Herbert Grimwood, playing in Richard Barthelmess' next picture "Sonny," has had some interesting and varied experiences in traveling through the English provinces with stage productions.

"Once," said he, "we were playing 'Hamlet' in an Irish town, and discovered, when we came to the grave scene, that we had no coffin. What's more, we were unable to find a suitable one anywhere in the village. As the play would be ruined without this prop, we found a grandfather's clock which we used for a casket.

"The audience would not have noticed the substitution if that old clock had behaved itself. But the trouble was, it couldn't be stopped; so right in the midst of the most solemn moment, when it was being lowered, it began striking the hour of eleven. And 'Hamlet' became a farce instead of a tragedy."

* * * * *

An "Opt" Remark

Buster Keaton has coined a new word and is proud of it.

It's "optience."

Of course, that word doesn't make sense to your new words never do—but Buster explains it this way:

"You see," says Buster, "the people who attend the theatre are called the 'audience.' Audience—auditor—all having to do with hearing. Well, then, why not optic—optience; get it?

"In 'My Wife's Relations,'" grins Buster (of course Buster never really grins, but this time he almost forgot and did it), "my optience will see me get biffed in the optic."

* * * * *

This Is Catty

A wild cat howled dismally.

It was a windy, rainy night on the Arizona desert, where the "North of the Rio Grande" company was on location.

Bebe Daniels jumped from her cot and grabbed her 44-gun. No wild cat was going to put anything over on Bebe. Not when she had a revolver handy! Bebe wasn't born in Texas for nothing. She knows how to shoot and what's more, she shot. Out into the darkness.

A tousled head appeared in the doorway of a tent nearby.

"What you all aimin' to do?" demanded a cowboy, "shoot Slim's wild cat after he rode all the way into Mesa to fetch her? Reckon you all better be careful how you handle that little play gun or you might scare that little pet kitten of Slim's."

Bebe felt sufficiently squelched and returned to her cot. But she thinks that some people certainly have funny ideas about "pets."

A. M. T.

AN OPEN LETTER
THIS BEING A BILLET DOUX FROM A FOND READER OF OUR COMIC STRIP—
A WERRY, WERRY FOND READER
HY-O-MY YES!
DEAR CARTOONIST: HAVE BEEN READING YOUR STRIP IN MY FAVORITE MAGAZINE (IN SPITE OF MOTHER'S WARNINGS NOT TO WASTE MY TIME)— AND WOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHETHER YOU REALLY TAKE MONEY FOR DOING SAID STRIP. YOURS UNTIL PHILA. WINS A BASE-BALL PENNANT— NOVA SCOTIA
DEAR NOVA: 'TIS INDEED QUEER THAT SUCH A QUESTION HAS NEVER BEFORE BEEN PUT BEFORE ME— BUT— AS YOU KNOW— ONE MUST EARN ONE'S BREAD AND ALSO ONE'S BUTTER, MUSN'T ONE? CARRY ON—
ONE
HO HUM
TWO
THREE
SCRATCH SCRATCH
FOUR
LUNCH
SO YOU SEE— NOVA— IT AINT NO BED O' POSIES
AND HERES ONE FOR YOUR ALBUM
GBYE!
WALSH

Hints to Scenario Writers

by Frederick Palmer

SCENARIO NOTE: *Our readers are invited to write and ask us questions they may have in mind on screen writing. Please enclose stamped and addressed envelope.*

THE ADAPTED PLAY

STATEMENTS issued recently by heads of various large producing companies indicate that the day of the adapted photoplay is almost at an end. In the past year more original screen plans were produced than in any year previous; and during the coming twelve months the ratio will be even more pronounced. There are very excellent reasons for this trend of things, the main one being that directors have discovered to their sorrow that instead of increasing the pulling power of a motion picture, the fact that it has already been circulated in printed form keeps many patrons away from the theatres at which it is being shown. How often one hears the expression, "Why should I go to see that play? I have already read the book and know just how it ends." When several hundred thousand persons make the same statement, or avoid witnessing a production for a similar reason, the effect is soon noticeable at the box office. On the other hand, the photoplay founded upon an original story is bound to be novel and appealing to everyone who sees it. I venture to predict that after the classics have all been filmed, there will be very few productions made from published material. The photoplaywright who is training himself for future success in the profession of screen drama should be greatly encouraged when he considers these facts; for it is from the pens and typewriters of the present generation of writers, especially trained in screen technique, that the future masterpieces will come.

"CONFLICT" IN THE PHOTOPLAY

Although conflict is essential to perfect photoplay construction, it does not follow that this conflict must necessarily be physical. The obstacle placed before the leading character, which must be overcome by him, or her, during the progress of the play, does not always have to be represented by a person. The hero may struggle against some unwritten law, or Fate, his own prejudice or greed, and be at all times engaged in a conflict as dramatic as it would be were he battling tangible things or human antagonists.

In "The Old Nest," "Dangerous Curve Ahead," and other similar dramas, we have excellent examples of photoplays in which there are no "heavy" characters. The struggle of the wife in the latter play, for instance, is not against any villain who seeks to destroy her happiness, but rather against her own inherent ambition to become a society leader. The element which eventually rescues her from this insidious influence, namely, her instinctive mother-love, is equally intangible, but none the less powerful.

I grant, however, that it is very difficult for an untrained writer to construct screen dramas in which the element of conflict is based upon conflicting traits of character rather than struggles between various persons in the play. Before attempting the psychological conflict, therefore, aspiring photodramatists should ground themselves well in technique.

"FOOTAGE"

Inexperienced writers of the photoplay are constantly asking the question, "How may I estimate the footage required by my synopsis?" The answer to this question is, "Do not attempt to estimate footage." In fact, the insane asylums would be crowded with scenario writers, if they were forced to write photoplays by the yard. Even veteran directors, with a finished continuity in their hands, cannot estimate the footage of the completed picture at the time they start out to "shoot" it. In photographing "Foolish Wives," for instance, Eric Von Stroheim used more than 800,000 feet of film. The finished picture when cut and assembled was approximately 8,000 feet in length. "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" is another picture that ran into hundreds of thousands of feet before it was cut down to the proper length. In fact, although these instances are unusual, practically all motion pictures when they go into the cutting room are many times the required length. They are then carefully compared with the continuity, the best scenes selected, cut and assembled, and the subtitles inserted.

It may be seen from this information that it is foolish indeed for a scenario writer to worry over footage. If he confines his efforts to constructing real stories, packed with strong situations and leading logically to a dramatic climax —the whole being knit together according to the rules of screen technique—he may rest assured that his product will meet with success.

DIRECTIONS REQUIRED

There is a widely prevalent misconception on the part of inexperienced writers that little or no real study and method are involved in the construction of a photoplay. This belief is probably due to the fact that a few scenarists have won fame in a comparatively short time and do receive fabulous salaries for their work. However, sudden success is the exception rather than the rule, and is by no means a reason for a vast number of persons rushing unprepared into the profession, thinking that all they have to do is to relate a series of incidents, or group together a number of situations, and submit their so-called "script" to a producer.

There would be as much reason in the young inexperienced housewife's trying to make a cake without a measuring cup or a recipe. Just because flour, butter, eggs, baking powder, etc., make a cake, she could hardly expect anything at all edible from a reckless mixture of each. True, the "natural-born" cook may look with contempt upon a recipe, but how many times has she failed before being able to work without proper directions? What a tragedy if the baking powder and flour were mixed in the wrong proportions or if the sugar were forgotten! Even the lesser ingredients would fail to go unnoticed—the spice and flavoring.

Just as important are the ingredients—the term "essentials" is preferable—of the photoplay. And it is just as necessary that they be used in correct proportion and relationship. Without technical knowledge the untrained writer is practically certain to forget his theme, wander away from the principles of unity, or perhaps overlook entirely the consistency of his plot. How many loosely constructed plots have caused an otherwise available photoplay to fall "flatter than a pancake."

Ordinarily, the photoplaywright cannot afford to entertain the misapprehension that he can put all his wonderful ideas into a mixing bowl, haphazardly stir them and expect the resulting conglomeration to be devoured by the producer with any moderate degree of relish. There may be a few geniuses with such a sense of the dramatic and such intuition as to the grouping of their material that they are able to construct successful photoplays without technical training, but these persons are indeed rare. For most people, scenario writing means study and hard work.

Questions and Answers

(Q.) Is it permissible to inject comedy into dramatic situations?—L. F.

(A.) You should not have an outbreak of comedy during a dramatic situation—that would ruin it. It is good, however, to follow up a crucial situation with comedy in order to relieve the tension.

(Q.) When writing a photoplay, should I make suggestions for effects to be written into the continuity?—M. Y. G.

(A.) No; the continuity writer will take care of the effects. That is part of his business. He is the connecting link between the creator and the producer of the creation, and his training enables him to get the greatest screen value out of every idea in the story he is working on.

(Q.) Is the day of the adapted story waning, or is the hope held out to original writers a false hope? —W. E.

(A.) The day of the adapted story is really waning. You will probably agree with us if you check up the current productions. Popular books and stage plays will continue to be translated to the screen, but not to the former extent.

(Q.) Upon seeking advice about writing for the screen, I was told in one authoritative quarter to write as I feel and think. From another equally authoritative quarter came the admonition to write from the viewpoint of the spectator. Isn't that a contradiction?—J. B.

(A.) It does seem contradictory, but playwriting is different from any other art. Its product is presented to an assembly of people; its appeal must be instantaneous. It is not like a book or a painting that may be regarded time and again and studied, that may not please at first but may afterwards have a vogue. If a play does not please, it is withdrawn and that is the end of it. If patrons will not go to the theatre to see it, it is consigned to oblivion. For that reason, you are told to put yourself in the place of the spectator and get his viewpoint. But if you are in sympathy with your fellowmen and have observed and studied human nature, you have assuredly gathered impressions and ideas that would strike an answering chord in the hearts and souls of the majority of theatre-patrons. And that is what is meant when you are told to write as you feel and think; it is advice to draw upon the sources of your knowledge and experience and thus write with sincerity and depth of feeling.

(Q.) Is it under no circumstances advisable to write a story with a prologue?—K. L.

(A.) It is always preferable to write a story without a prologue, although this is not forbidden. In "Hail the Woman," the prologue was used to show that ideas have not changed much since the days of the Puritans, even though costumes and conditions of living have undergone considerable change. If the story can be told clearly without the prologue, it is better to omit it, as this will make the story clearer and easier to understand.

(Q.) Will a dream story be acceptable if the dream is absolutely necessary to the practical ending? —M. O.

(A.) Dream stories are usually irritating. The audience gets interested in the story, then finds it was a dream and is disappointed. In the old days the device of having the story happen in a dream was much used, but few producers care for that type of story now.

(Q.) If I write a Gypsy melodrama should I describe the nature and the costumes of the Gypsies as I know them?—O. L. N

(A.) No. This is not necessary, although describing costumes always adds color and atmosphere. We would advise you, however, not to write a Gypsy melodrama. Producers do not care for that type of story as there have been several such on the market, for instance, "Gypsy Blood," "Gypsy Passion," etc.

(Q.) If a certain dance by one of my characters is essential, is it proper for me to write the name of the dance and what costume should be worn?—S. I.

(A.) If your plot hinges on the dance and the costume worn by the dancer, by all means describe both the dance and the costume. Otherwise, this is not necessary.

(Q.) Is there any rule for a student to follow in starting a photoplay?—P. F.

(A.) Every writer has his own method of approach. But it is the general rule to introduce your characters in a significant way—it might be by incidents disclosing their identities and occupations, or it might be in a situation that strikes the keynote of the play.

A Philanthropic Bank Burglar

by John W. Grey

SYNOPSIS

Jack Kennard, graduate of Yale school of Chemistry, utilizes his knowledge of chemistry to make a new liquid explosive with which to burglarize banks to secure funds to build a hospital for his friend, Henry Haberly, a neuropathologist, who is intersted in reclaiming criminals by scientific methods. He rescues a young crook from a policeman and makes a pal of him. Together they rob the Arlington National Bank in Philadelphia.

In the evening papers they read that Mike Morrisey, the famous detective, has been engaged on the case. While Jack and his pal are discussing this, George Biddle, a college chum of Jack's call up and says that a Mr. Morrisey, a friend of his would like to meet Jack.

Jack meets Biddle and Morrisey and finds that Morrisey wants his help in analyzing the mysterious liquid found in the wrecked safe.

He rescues a young girl from a negro attacker and makes a friend of her father, who is a power in the political world.

With Jimmy he attempts the robbery of the Chelsea Bank and both are locked in when the vault door closes on them. They succeed in blowing the vault open, but Jimmy is shot in a gun battle with the police. Blackey succeeds in geting away, but Jimmy is caught and held for the murder of a policeman who was shot in the raid.

NO you're going to put me through the third degree, are you?" exclaimed Jimmy when Morrisey told him to get ready for the trip to the detective bureau.

"Yes," replied the detective, "we're going to put y' through the third degree, and what's more, you're going to talk before we get done with y'."

"Think so?" remarked Jimmy.

"Think so!" laughed Morrisey. "I don't think anything about it, I know that you're going to talk! I know it!" he repeated.

"You're a wise mug," grunted Jimmy.

"Wise enough to handle you," replied Morrisey.

"You might be fooled," said Jimmy.

"No," said Morrisey indifferently, as he shook his head. "The third degree makes all of them talk and it's going to make you talk."

When they arrived at Police Headquarters, they went into the office of the chief dick, Inspector McCarthy.

"Hello, Jimmy!" the Inspector greeted him.

"How'de," said Jimmy, sullenly.

"He's a tough baby," said Morrisey.

"Oh, he is, is he?" exclaimed the Inspector. "Well, we can handle the tough babies, can't we, Mike?"

"I told him that," replied Morrisey.

"What 'a ya got to say, Jimmy?" asked the Inspector.

"Nothing," snapped Jimmy.

"Come on, come on!" continued the Inspector.

"I told ya I had nothing to say to y', didn't I?" shouted Jimmy.

The Inspector's eyes flashed fire. A cruel little grin played around the corners of his mouth as he reached over the desk and pushed a buzzer.

Two "dicks" responded immediately.

"Take this guy to the 'Den' and wait until I get there.

It was in the cellar of the building at Police Headquarters just behind the coal bin, admirably situated for a torture chamber, for regardless of how much noise was made, or how loud one shouted, moaned or groaned, not a sound could be heard out on the street above.

There were no windows in the "Den" and the entrance to it, the only entrance, was through a big, heavy oaken door that was fortified with iron bars on the outside. The inside of the room was bare save for two pictures that hung from the walls, one of which was the electric chair, the throne of bloody human justice, the prayer chair of man's vengenance upon man, that bites into the marrow of men with fangs of fire and sends life skimmering into the great beyond. The other picture was an excellent reproduction of the old cell house at Sing Sing.

The furniture consisted of five or six chairs and an old wooden table, while here and there a cobweb dangled from the ceiling and from the soot-covered walls that hadn't been whitewashed in years. Off to the right was a dungeon, pitch dark, sweaty and musty. Into this dark hole the unfortunate crooks were tossed during the process of the third degree to nurse their wounds and think, think of what was yet to come in the light of what had gone by, while big, slimy and ferocious-looking sewer rats squealed and scampered across the floor!

There was a psychological influence in the pictures that hung on the walls. They were a part of the third degree, because the "dicks" knew that they usually stimulated thought, and the thought sometimes brought talk. The small, eight-candle power incandescent that hung in the middle of the ceiling threw just enough light to enable one to see, and somehow or other it to the horror that came over you when you looked at the electric chair and thought of the lives that it had shocked across the barrier into the still, dead night and the grave!

"Sit down!" shouted one of the dicks to Jimmy when they entered the room.

Jimmy sat down and gazed about the dimly lighted room. His eyes first fell upon the picture of the old cell house at Sing Sing and then they drifted to the picture of the chair with its heavy joinings of oak, riveted and bolted together, its huge, strong legs fastened to the floor with clamps of iron, and its teeth and claws of steel. The headpiece and the leg fastenings dangled carelessly from the side, a monstrous and awe-inspiring object. He shuddered a little as a thought of himself sitting in the chair flashed across his mind!

The three dicks were observing him closely and they noticed the expression of despair that enveloped his face.

"You'll be sitting in that thing pretty soon," one of them snarled.

Jimmy pulled himself together, smiled, and said:

"Think so?"

"Do I think so?" the big copper barked. "Do I think so?" he repeated. "I don't think anything about it, and before another year rolls by those seventeen hundred volts and nine amperes will have shot through that old frame of yours and sent you across the trail into eternity. Y' killed a good copper when y' killed Fogarty, and you're going to the chair for it, just——"

The Inspector entered the "Den," interrupting his speech.

"Well, let's get started," he said just as soon as he stepped in. "Pull your chair over here in the middle of the floor, O'Connor."

Jimmy moved his chair over in the middle of the floor, while the Inspector and the three dicks gathered around him.

"Now, Jimmy," he began, "we're your friends and we will help y' if you will help us. We feel sorry for you and we don't want to see you go to the chair, for it's a hell of a death."

Jimmy knew that this was the "con" part of the third degree. He knew that they always started off by "bulling," and then, if the "bulling" fails, they try the old sympathetic appeal. He paid no attention to the "bulling," so they immediately switched to the sympathetic appeal.

"Is your mother living?" the chief dick asked with a phoney quiver to his voice.

"Yes, she's living."

"Got any sisters and brothers?"

"Three sisters and two brothers," replied Jimmy slowly.

"What would your poor old mother say if she knew that her boy was going to die in the electric chair for killing a policeman? Break her heart, wouldn't it?"

"Maybe," said Jimmy indifferently.

"You don't want to break your poor old mother's heart, do you?"

"Not if I can help it."

"Well, y' can help it if y' want to!" exclaimed the Inspector softly.

"How?" inquired Jimmy.

"Now you know how. Why ask me such a question? You know what I want. Why don't you give it to me and save yourself?"

"Y' want me to tell y' all I know, is that the gag?"

"I want the name of your pal who shot his way out of the bank; I want the fellow who helped you rob the Arlington National Bank in Philadelphia; the fellow who is making this new liquid explosive, and I'm willing to help you duck the chair if you give me this information."

"You want me to send somebody else to the chair to save myself? Well, I don't know anything about the Arlington Bank job and I don't know anything about this guy that is making the liquid explosive."

"You're a damn liar!" shouted the Inspector, "and you know it!"

"Sure, he's a liar!" echoed the other three dicks.

"I'm not a squawker!" grunted Jimmy defiantly.

"Do you mean to sit there and tell me that you didn't have anything to do with the Arlington Bank robbery, and that you don't know this fellow who is making the liquid explosive?" shouted the Inspector, as he shook his clenched fist under Jimmy's nose.

"Yes, I do!" snapped Jimmy.

"Y' do, eh?" growled the Inspector as he smashed Jimmy in the face, knocking him off the chair.

Just as soon as he got back on the chair one of the dicks hit him again, knocking him back on the floor, and before he could get up on his feet, they kicked him three or four times and called him the most violent oaths.

"Get up here, you dirty murderer, you dirty ————! Get up here and talk or we'll kick the brains out of y'!" declared the Inspector.

Jimmy pulled himself back on the chair. For an hour or more they all shot questions at him and before he could answer any of them, he got a punch in the jaw or a kick in the ribs.

"Come on, come on, come across!" they shouted. "Let's have the dope, you dirty rat!"

For five hours they quizzed and beat him until he dropped with exhaustion. They picked him up off the floor and threw him into the dungeon. At nine o'clock they returned and resumed the inquisition and the torture. For two hours they shot questions at him, cursed him, beat him, kicked him and then tossed him into the dungeon again.

They came back at two in the morning, just about the time that he was dozing off to sleep. They woke him up and started the third degree all over again. They gave him hell for another hour or two and still he didn't weaken, though he was hardly able to stand on his feet.

"Going to talk?" growled the chief dick.

"Going to talk?" said Jimmy with a ring of determination in his voice. "Going to talk?" he repeated. "Talk to you yellow dogs? Why you dirty coppers couldn't make me talk if y' beat me for a year! To hell with y'! I'll tell y' nothing! I'll go to the chair before I'll squawk! I——"

Before Jimmy could finish his denunciation, two of the dicks hit him with their billys and knocked him out, cold, unconscious.

The blood was pouring out of the wounds in his head. They picked him up and threw him into the dungeon again, though it was perfectly obvious that he needed a doctor, and when one of the dicks suggested a physician, the Inspector replied:

"Come on, come on! To hell with him!"

When they took him back to the jail the next day, he was a sight to behold, with his two eyes blackened, his nose broken and his head gashed here and there from the billys with which they had beanten him. His body was a mass of bruises and it ached from the top of his head to the bottom of his feet, but there was consolation for him in the thought that he hadn't "squawked."

They had to lead him to the jail for he couldn't see. Both eyes were closed and when his lawyer came next day he was shocked beyond expression.

"What's happened, O'Connor?" he inquired.

"The third degree," replied Jimmy.

"Well, I'll be damned!" exclaimed the lawyer slowly. "Third degree, eh? They can't treat a client of mine this way and get away with it, no, sir!"

"Listen, Mr. O'Mara," continued Jimmy. "They can do anything with a 'grifter' who has a record. What can y' do? Y' can't do nothing, so forget about it."

The lawyer, however, was determined to do something regardless of what Jimmy thought or said, and he went to Police Headquarters to have a talk with Inspector McCarthy, the head of the detective bureau, who had sent Jimmy through the third degree.

He was fighting mad when he was ushered into the Inspector's office.

"How'de, Mr. O'Mara!" the Inspector greeted him.

"Good morning," he replied indifferently. "I've just seen my client, James O'Connor."

"Oh, yes," the Inspector interrupted. "Boston Jimmy O'Connor, the bank burglar, hold-up man and murderer. Some——"

"Just a minute, just a minute!" cut in the lawyer. "I didn't come over here to listen to a recital of the man's record, I'm here to talk about the way you've beaten him with your damn third degree. It's the most outrageous thing I've heard of, and as a matter of law, you have absolutely no right to resort to such tactics. I want to tell you that you're going to answer to me for this affair! Where do you think you are, in Siberia? By God, I'm going to make the Police Department sweat blood for this!"

"Wait! Wait a minute!" shouted the Inspector. "Wait until I tell y' what he did! I——"

O'Mara interrupted him. "I don't care a rap about what he did. You've absolutely no legal right to take a man out of the jail and resort to such primitive methods for the purpose of obtaining a confession. No, sir. There's no law that gives you that privilege and I don't intend to have a client of mine treated in any such manner, believe me!"

"Now just a minute, Mr. O'Mara," began the Inspector. "Listen to my side of this matter. We don't beat up men unjustifiahly and we don't put men through the third degree to get confessions."

He leaned over the desk and pushed a buzzer. Two detectives responded immediately.

"Boys," he addressed them, "tell Mr. O'Mara what happened to Boston Jimmy. Tell him the truth. Tell him everything just as it occurred when we brought him over here."

"Well," began one of the dicks, "we brought him over here to mug him and take his Bertillion measurements and just as soon as he got in the gallery he said that he wasn't going to be mugged or measured. I told him that everybody arrested for murder had to be mugged and measured and that we didn't want to have any trouble with him. When I pushed him into the chair to take his picture, he began to fight. I hit him and knocked him down, but he got up and gave me a battle. He grabbed a chair, then we all closed in on him and in the scuffle he got my gun out of my pocket. I thought some of us were going to be shot, so I hit him on the head with my billy, knocking him out. I think I hit him three or four times. If he had acted right he wouldnt have been touched, for the chief, there, don't stand for no beating of crooks or anybody else. What we done to him was done in self-defense."

Then the Inspector started in.

"I didn't know that you were coming over here, Mr. O'Mara, and y' know that I didn't talk with these men after y got here, so y' can see that this wasn't prearranged. Whatever was done to O'Connor was brought on by his own actions. We're sorry, but it couldn't be helped."

The lawyer fell for this bunk, hook, line and sinker. He didn't know that the dicks all over the world always anticipate a comeback when they send a crook through the third degree, and that they are always well fortified with alibis when the show-down comes, alibis that have been rehearsed time and again, so he left the office believing that Jimmy had given them a battle. Thus do the powers that hunt handle the powers that prey!

A MONTH after the robbery of the Chelsea National Bank, a bonded messenger entered the private office of Professor Haberly at the Post Graduate Hospital and handed him a package on the top of which was a letter. He opened the letter and read:

"Dear Professor Haberly: Enclosed you'll find $150,000, my second donation toward building your hospital. I am advised that a fifty-room institution can be built for approximately $225.000, so you'll have a surplus of $75,000 for equipment and furnishings. I want to say to you that you're engaged in a perfectly wonderful cause, Christ-like, in fact, and I wish you all the luck in the world. Do what you can, I beg of you, for those who are down in the gutter, for those who have been denied an opportunity to fit themselves for the battle of life and who, because of their mental and physical unfitness, are on their way to the electric chair, the gallows and the prisons. Sometime in the near future I hope to make myself known to you.

Your friend and admirer,

Frisco Blackey."

"What office did this come from?" he asked the messenger.

"Twenty-third and Fourth Avenue," replied the boy.

Henry signed for the package and dismissed the boy. He was in a quandary. He went to the window and looked out on the street, came back to his desk, sat down and tried to think.

"Of all the mysterious persons that I've ever heard of, this Frisco Blackey person is the limit."

He picked up the letter and read it again, then opened the package and counted the money.

"One hundred and fifty thousand dollars!" he exclaimed to himself. "Frisco Blackey!" he grunted. "Frisco Blackey!" he repeated. "What a puzzle!"

He reached for the phone.

"Columbus seven, three, six, five."

"Frisco Blackey, Frisco Blackey!" he kept on repeating to himself while he waited for the operator to make the connection.

"Is this Columbus seven, three, six, five? Connect me with Mr. Kennard.

"Hello, Henry!" came Blackey's voice over the wire. "What's on your mind?"

"Everything!" laughed Henry. "Are you coming downtown? If you are, stop in, will you?"

"Just leaving," replied Blackey. "I'll be there about eleven."

Blackey left the apartment immediately, walking down Central Park West to the Fifty-ninth Street subway station, where he bought a morning paper and hailed a passing taxi. "Post Graduate Hospital," he directed the driver.

He settled back in the cab and opened up the paper.

"Huh!" he grunted as he scanned the headline: "Boston Jimmy O'Connor makes a confession." He trembled a little as he read on to the finish. He dropped the paper and stared straight ahead like a man in a trance. "Can it be possible?" he wondered. "God!" he grunted, and then picked up the paper.

"Since the robbery of the Chelsea National Bank about a month ago, the detectives have made many efforts to obtain a confession from O'Connor, all of which were unsuccessful until last night, when it is alleged that he told all he knew about the robberies of the Chelsea and the Arlington banks. Detective Morrisey expects to have his pal in the toils within the next twenty-four hours."

"Newspaper bunk!" he snapped as he balled the paper up and threw it on the floor of the taxi. One moment he ridiculed the possibility of Jimmy having made a confession, while the next he found himself entertaining it.

He was a little nervous and suspicious, and he began to look out the rear window of the cab as it wended its way down traffic-ridden Fifth Avenue. "I wonder if I'm being followed?" he thought. "Possibly I am and don't know it. "I'll see," he exclaimed to himself, as he opened the door and shouted to the driver: "Go over to Forty-sixth Street and Sixth Avenue!"

When the cab turned off Fifth Avenue, he glanced behind through the little window in the rear. Another cab made the turn and followed on down Forty-sixth Street. This in itself was not what one would call a suspicious circumstance, for it might have so happened that the car was really going over to Broadway. Still, Blackey had a premonition that the cab was following him, and before Sixth Avenue was reached he opened the door again and told the driver to go up Sixth Avenue to Forty-Seventh Street and then keep on to Fifth Avenue.

When the driver turned up Sixth Avenue toward Forty-seventh Street the cab behind did the same, but when Blackey's cab turned east on Forty-seventh Street to go over to Fifth Avenue, the other car continued on up Sixth Avenue. He then decided that his suspicions were groundless and absurd.

When the chauffeur pulled up in front of the Post Graduate Hospital, he paid the fare and started up the steps. As he grabbed the door knob he stopped and looked up the street. He saw the cab that had turned off Forty-sixth Street. "I'm being followed!" he exclaimed. "Sure, sure!"

His brain was in a whirl. A multitude of alarming and terrorizing thoughts flashed across the horizon of his mind: Jimmy's confession, prison, disgrace, the loss of Evelyn's love, defeat, dissolution, the electric chair!

"To hell with 'em!" he grunted as he snapped his jaws together, threw out his chest and dashed up the steps to Henry's office.

"Always punctual," laughed Henry when he entered the office.

"Punctuality is a passion with me, Henry," he replied. "Now what's on your mind?"

"Read this," said Henry as he tossed him the note which he, himself, had typewritten when he sent the money to Henry by the bonded messenger.

"Mysterious, mysterious!" exclaimed Blackey.

"Damn mysterious!" exclaimed Henry. "Just think of my having three hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars sent to me and I don't even know what the person looks like! Doesn't it beat the devil?"

"Why worry about it, Henry?"

"I'm not exactly worrying, I'm just guessing myself to death."

Once or twice during their talk Blackey was on the verge of opening up and telling Henry everything, and yet he was wondering just how Henry would receive the confession that he was the Frisco Blackey, the bank burglar, that was sending him the money with which to build the hospital. "There is a bare possibility that I might lose his friendship," he thought. "And he might decide to return the money to the banks from which it was stolen. No," he concluded, "this was not the time to take Henry into his confidence. Later on, perhaps."

"Haven't you any idea at all, Henry, as to who this Frisco Blackey might be?"

"Not an idea," replied Henry.

"Have you started to build the hospital?"

"I bought the ground yesterday," continued Henry.

"What's it going to cost to build?"

"The contractors estimate a fifty-room building at two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars."

"Then you'll have nearly a hundred thousand dollars left?"

"I figure that there will be a surplus of twenty-five thousand dollars after I've put in the furnishings and all the rest of the equipment," said Henry.

Blackey then decided that he was going to find out just how Henry would feel if he knew that the money that was being sent to him was stolen from banks, so he made up his mind to ask him a series of questions.

"Well, if I were you, Henry, I would forget all about this mysterious Frisco Blackey. Why worry about him? It is perfectly evident that he is an unusual man or he wouldn't be donating all this money."

"Unusual?" replied Henry. "Unusual?" he repeated. "I should say so! He's a fine character, whoever he is."

"Has it ever occurred to you that he may be an ex-crook of some kind or possibly he is really getting all this money by legitimate means today?" exclaimed Blackey.

"Yes," continued Henry, "I've thought of that quite frequently."

"Would it make any difference to you if he were getting the money illegitimately; if, for instance, he were getting it from banks?"

"Would it make any difference to me?" repeated Henry slowly. "No, I don't think it would. No, I don't think it would make a damn bit of difference! Not a bit!"

This expression pleased Blackey immensely, and when he got up to leave, he grabbed Henry by the hand and said:

"I'm glad to hear you say that, Henry. I'm glad to know that your sentiments are in accord with mine. A man who will burglarize banks, who will jeopardize his life and his liberty to get money with which to build an institution, is certainly a person of some character, even though he is a criminal."

"We're all potential criminals," continued Henry, "and if I ever meet this Frisco Blackey and he should happen to be a burglar, I should receive him with the same courtesy and consideration that I would you or any of the rest of my personal friends."

Blackey felt like a new man when he left Henry. He was gratified and consoled to know that he would be able to go to Henry sometime in the near future and tell him all without losing his friendship. Then, too, Henry would be able to help him immeasurably in his efforts to liberate Jimmy.

Then the possibility of Jimmy having made a confession flitted across his mind and he automatically became nervous and suspicious, and he began to look around occasionally as he walked down Fourth Avenue on his way to the laboratory.

Once or twice he thought he saw somebody slide into a doorway when he turned a corner, and try as he would he couldn't shake off the suspicion that he was being followed.

When he got within a block of his laboratory, he stopped and looked down the street. There, in front of the entrance of the laboratory stood Morrisey.

"By God," he exclaimed with emotion, "they're looking for me! Jimmy has confessed. The papers were telling the truth. What am I going to do?"

He turned and went back up Fourth Avenue to Fourteenth Street, where he got a taxi and started for his apartment in Central Park West. On the way uptown, he decided that he wouldn't try to evade the detectives. "That would be useless," he said. "It would be only a matter of time until they got me anyway. To hell with them! I'll fight them! The unsupported evidence of an accomplice isn't worth anything in court, besides, there isn't anybody who can say that they ever saw me with Jimmy."

As the cab turned into Fifth Avenue at Twenty-third Street he looked through the little window in the rear. He thought he saw the cab that had followed him that morning on his way down to the Post Graduate Hospital.

"The same cab!" he exclaimed. "The same cab!" he repeated.

All the way up Fifth Avenue he continued to look around, and every time he looked the cab was behind. He instructed the chauffeur to drive to the Hotel Plaza where he alighted quickly, handed the driver the fare and dashed up the steps into the hotel. He hurried through to the Fifty-eighth Street side, where he boarded another taxi and went to his apartment.

He was in the apartment but a few minutes when a knock came on the door.

"Well, here they are after me," he mumbled as he stuck a gun in his pocket and went to the door.

(Continued next week)

The Triumph of Love

"The Business of Life"

By Robert W. Chambers

SYNOPSIS

James Desboro, noted idler and man about town, meets Jacqueline Nevers, who is carrying on her dead father's antique business. He becomes interested in her and engages her to catalog his famous collection.

After a week of this work she decides that they are both more interested in each other than is well and decides not to go to Silverwood, Desboro's home, again. Desboro, finding her absence intolerable, calls up and begs her to come again, and after much pleading she consents.

He takes her home and they find themselves drifting till Desboro takes her in his arms and kisses her.

He then decides that he had better stay away from his home while she is there, but she calls him up and asks him to come as she wishes to see him on a matter of business.

THE thing to do," Desboro said, speaking with forced animation and at random, "is for us both to keep very busy. I think I'll go into farming—raise some dinky thing or other—that's what I'll do. I'll go in for the country squire business—that's what I'll do. And I'll have my neighbors in. I'm never here long enough to ask 'em. They're a funny lot; they're all right, though—deadly people from town, too. Betty Barkley could run the conventional end of it. And you'd come floating in with other unattached girls——"

"You want *me!*"

He said, astonished: "Well, why on earth do you suppose I'm taking the trouble to ask the others?"

"You want *me*—to come—where your friends——"

"Don't you care to?"

"I—don't know." The surprise of it still widened her eyes and parted her lips a little. She looked up at him, perplexed, encountered something in his eyes which made her cheeks redden again.

"What would they think?" she asked.

"Is there anything to think?"

"N-no. But they don't know who I am. And I have nobody to vouch for me."

"You ought to have a companion."

"I don't want any——"

"Of course; but you ought to have one. Can you afford one?"

"I don't know. I don't know what they—they cost——"

"Let me fix that up," he said, with animation. "Let me think it out. I know a lot of people—I know some indigent and respectable old terrors who ought to fill the bill and hold their tongues as long as their salary is paid——"

"Oh, please don't, Mr. Desboro!"

He seated himself on the arm of her chair:

"Jacqueline, dear, it's only for your sake——"

"But I *did* understand your letter!"

"I know—I know. I just want to see you with other people. I just want to have them see you——"

"But I don't need a chaperon. Business women are understood, aren't they? Even women whom you know go in for house decoration, and cigarette manufacturing, and tea rooms, and hats and gowns."

"But they were socially known before they went in for these things. It's the way of the world, Jacqueline—nothing but suspicion when intelligence and beauty step forward from the ranks. And what do you suppose would happen if a man of my sort attempts to vouch for any woman?"

"Then don't—please don't try! I don't care for it—truly I don't. It was nice of you to wish it, Mr. Desboro, but—I'd rather be just what I am and—your friend."

"It can't be," he said, under his breath. But she heard him, looked up dismayed, and remained mute, crimsoning to the temples.

"This oughtn't to go on," he said, doggedly.

She said: "You have not understood me. I am different from you. You are not to blame for thinking that we are alike at heart; but, nevertheless, it is a mistake. I can be what I will—not what I once seemed to be—for a moment—with you——" Her head sank lower and remained bowed; and he saw her slender hands tightening on the arm of the chair.

"I—I've got to be honest," she said under her breath. "I've got to be—in every way. I know it perfectly well, Mr. Desboro. Men seem to be different—I don't know why. But they seem to be, usually. And all I want is to remain friends with you—and to remember that we are friends when I am at work somewhere. I just want to be what I am, a business woman with sufficient character and intelligence to be your friend quietly—not even for one evening in competition with women belonging to a different life—women with wit and beauty and charm and savoir faire——"

"Jacqueline!" he broke out impulsively. "I want you to be my guest here. Won't you let me arrange with some old gorgon to chaperon you? I can do it! And with the gorgon's head on your moral shield you can silence anybody!"

He began to laugh; she sat twisting her fingers on her lap and looking up at him in a lovely, distressed sort of way, so adorably perplexed and yet so pliable, so soft and so apprehensive, that his laughter died on his lips, and he sat looking down at her in silence.

After a while he spoke again, almost mechanically:

"I'm trying to think how we can best be on equal terms, Jacqueline. That is all. After your work is done here, I want to see you here and elsewhere—I want you to come back at intervals, as my guest. Other people will ask you. Other people must be here, too, when you are. I know some who will accept you on your merits—if you are properly chaperoned. That is all I am thinking about. It's fairer to you."

But even to himself his motive was not clear—only the rather confused idea persisted that women in his own world knew how to take care of themselves, whatever they chose to do about it—that Jacqueline would stand a fairer chance with herself, and with him, whatever his intentions might really be. It would be a squarer deal, that was all.

She sat thinking, one slim forefinger crook'd under her chin; and he saw her blue eyes deep in thought, and the errant lock curling against her cheek. Then she raised her head and looked at him:

"Do you think it best?"

"Yes—you adorable little thing!"

She managed to sustain his gaze:

"Could you find a lady gorgon?"

"I'm sure I can. Shall I?"

"Yes."

A moment later Farris announced luncheon. A swarm of cats greeted them at the door, purring and waving multi-colored tails, and escorted them to the table, from whence they knew came the delectable things calculated to satisfy the inner cat.

THE country-side adjacent to Silverwood was eminently and self-consciously respectable. The fat, substantial estates still belonged to families whose forefathers had first taken title to them. There were, of course, a number of "colonial" houses, also a "colonial" inn, The Desboro Arms, built to look as genuine as possible, although only two years old, steam heated, and electric lighted.

But things "colonial" were the traditional capital of Silverwood, and its thrifty and respectable inhabitants meant to maintain the "atmosphere." To that end they had solemnly subscribed a very small sum for an inn sign to swing in front of The Desboro Arms; the wheelwright painted it; somebody fired a shotgun of antiquity into it, and American weather was rapidly doing the rest, with a gratifying result which no degenerate European weather could have accomplished in half a century of rain and sunshine.

The majority of the mansions in Silverwood township were as inoffensively commonplace as the Desboro house. Few pre-Revolutionary structures survived; the British had burned the countryside from Major Lockwod's mansion at Pound Ridge all the way to Bedford Village and across to the Connecticut line. With few exceptions, Silverwood houses had shared the common fate when Tarleton and DeLancy galloped amuck among the Westchester hills; but here and there some sad old mansion still remained and was reverently cherished, as was also the graveyard, straggling up the hill, set with odd old headstones, upon which most remarkable cherubim smirked under a gladly permitted accumulation of lichen.

Age, thrift, substance, respectability—these were the ideals of Silverwood; and Desboro and his doings would never have been tolerated there had it not been that a forbear of his, a certain dissolute half-pay captain, had founded the community in 1680. This sacred colonial fact had been Desboro's social salvation, for which, however, he did not seem to care very much. Good women continued to be acidly civil to him on this account, and also because Silverwood House and its estate could no more be dropped from the revered galaxy of the county than could a star be cast out of their country's flag for frivolous behavior.

So worthy men endured him, and irreproachable women grieved for him, although it was rumored that he gave parties now and then which real actresses had actually attended. Also, though he always maintained the Desbor pew in church, he never decorated it with his person. Nor could the countryside count on him socially, except at eccentric intervals when his careless, graceful presence made the Westchester gaiety seem rather stiff and pallid, and gave the thin, sour claret an unwonted edge. And another and radical incompatibility; the Desboros were the only family of Cavalier descent in the township. And deep in the hearts of Silverwood folk the Desboros had ever seemed a godless race.

He dropped in at the Country Club one day, causing a little less flutter than a hawk in a henyard. Within a week he had drifted casually into the drawing-rooms of almost all his father's old friends for a cup of tea or an informal chat—or for nothing in particular except to saunter into his proper place among them with all of the Desboro grace and amiable insouciance which they had learn to tolerate but never entirely to approve or understand.

It was not quite so casually that he stopped at the Hammerton's. And he was given tea and buns by Mrs. Hammerton, perfectly unsuspicious of his motives. Her husband came rambling in from the hothouses, presently, where he spent most of his serious life in pinching back roses and chrysanthemums; and he extended to Desboro a large, flat and placid hand.

(Continued on page 28)

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My Trip Abroad

By Charlie Chaplin

(*Continued from page 3*)

scenario contest. I am one of the judges, and it happens that Carl Sandburg is on the same paper.

Our party went to the Blackstone Hotel, where a suite had been placed at our disposal. The hotel management overwhelmed us with courtesies.

Then came the reporters. You can't describe them unless you label them with the hackneyed interrogation point.

"Mr. Chaplin, why are you going to Europe?"

"Just for a vacation."

"Are you going to make pictures while you are there?"

"No."

"What do you do with your old mustaches?"

"Throw them away."

"What do you do with your old canes?"

"Throw them away."

"What do you do with your old shoes?"

"Throw them away."

That lad did well. He got in all those questions before he was shouldered aside and two black eyes boring through lenses surrounded by tortoise-shell frames claimed an inning. I restored the "prop grin" which I had decided was effective for interviews.

"Mr. Chaplin, have you your cane and shoes with you?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I don't think I'll need them."

"Are you going to get married while you are in Europe?"

"No."

The bespectacled one passed with the tide. As he passed I let the grin slip away, but only for a moment. Hastily I recalled it as a charming young lady caught me by the arm.

"Mr. Chaplin, do you ever expect to get married?"

"Yes."

"To whom?"

"I don't know."

"Do you want to play Hamlet?"

"Why, I don't know. I haven't thought much about it, but if you think there are any reasons why——"

But she was gone. Another district attorney had the floor.

"Mr. Chaplin, are you a Bolshevik?"

"No."

"Then why are you going to Europe?"

"For a holiday."

"What holiday?"

"Pardon me, folks, but I did not sleep well on the train and I must go to bed."

Like a football player kicking a hole in the line, I had seen the bedroom door open and a friendly hand beckon. I made it. Within, I had every opportunity to anticipate the terror that awaited me on my holiday. Not the crowds. They are friendly and instantaneous. But interviewers! Then we went to the *News* office, and the trip was accomplished without casualty. There we met photographers. I didn't relish facing them. I hate still pictures.

But it had to be done. I was the judge in the contest and they must have pictures of the judge.

Now I had always pictured a judge as being a rather dignified personage, but I learned about judges from them. Their idea of the way to photograph a judge was to have him standing on his head or with one leg pointing east. They suggested a mustache, a derby hat, and a cane.

It was inevitable.

I couldn't get away from Chaplin.

And I did so want a holiday.

But I met Carl Sandburg. There was an oasis amid the misery. Good old Carl! We recalled the days in Los Angeles. It was a most pleasant chatfest.

Back to the hotel.

Reporters. More reporters. Lady reporters.

A publicity barrage.

"Mr. Chaplin——"

But I escaped. What a handy bedroom! There must be something in practice. I felt that I negotiated it much better on the second attempt. I rather wanted to try out my theory to see if I had become an adept in dodging into the bedroom. I would try it. I went out to brave the reporters. But they were gone. And when I ducked back into the bedroom, as a sort of rehearsal, it fell flat. The effect was lost without the cause.

A bit of food, some packing, and then to the train again. This time for New York. Crowds again. I liked them. Cameras. I did not mind them this time, as I was not asked to pose.

Carl was there to see me off.

I must do or say something extra nice to him. Something he could appreciate. I couldn't think. I talked inanities and I felt that he knew I was being inane. I tried to think of a passage of his poetry to recite. I couldn't. Then it came—the inspiration.

"Where can I buy your book of poems, Carl?" I almost blurted it out. It was gone. Too late to be recalled.

"At any bookstore.

His reply may have been casual. To me it was damning.

Ye gods, what a silly imbecile I was! I needed rest. My brain was gone. I couldn't think of a thing to say in reprieve. Thank God, the train pulled out then. I hope Carl will understand and forgive when he reads this, if he ever does.

A wretched sleep *en train*, more solitaire, meals at schedule times, and then we hit New York.

Crowds. Reporters. Photographers. And Douglas Fairbanks. Good old Doug. He did his best, but Doug has never had a picture yet where he had to buck news photographers. They snapped me in every posture anatomically possible. Two of them battled with my carcass in argument over my facing east or west.

Neither won. But I lost. My body couldn't be split. But my clothes could—and were.

But Doug put in a good lick and got me into an automobile. Panting, I lay back against the cushions.

To the Ritz went Doug and I.

To the Ritz went the crowd.

Or at least I thought so, for there was a crowd there and it looked like the same one. I almost imagined I saw familiar faces. Certainly I saw cameras. But this time our charge was most successful. With a guard of porters as shock troops, we negotiated the distance between the curb and the lobby without the loss of a single button.

I felt rather smart and relieved. But, as usual, I was too previous. We ascended to the suite. There they were. The gentlemen of the press. And one lady of the press.

"Mr. Chaplin, why are you going to Europe?"

"For a vacation."

"What do you do with your old mustaches?"

"Throw them away."

"Do you ever expect to get married?"

"Yes."

"What's her name?"

"I don't know."

"Are you a Bolshevik?"

"I am an artist. I am interested in life. Bolshevism is a new phase of life. I must be interested in it."

"Do you want to play Hamlet?"

"Why, I don't know——"

Again Lady Luck flew to my side. I was called to the telephone. I answered the one in my bedroom, and closed the door, and kept it closed. The Press departed. I felt like a wrung dishrag. I looked into the mirror. I saw a Cheshire cat grinning back at me. I was still carrying the "prop" grin that I had invented for interviews. I wondered if it would be easier to hold it all the time rather than chase it into play at the sight of reporters. But someone might accuse me of imitating Doug. So I let the old face slip back to normalcy.

Doug came. Mary was better. She was with him. It was good to see her. The three of us went to the roof to be photographed. We were, in every conceivable pose until someone suggested that Doug hang over the edge of the roof, holding Mary in one hand and me in the other. Pretty little thought. But that's as far as it got. I beat Doug to the refusal by a hair.

It's great to have friends like Doug and Mary. They understood me perfectly. They knew what the seven years' grind had meant to my nerves. They knew just how badly I needed this vacation, how I needed to get away from studios and pictures, how I needed to get away from myself.

Doug had thought it all out and had planned that while I was in New York my vacation should be perfect. He would see that things were kept pleasant for me.

So he insisted that I go and see his new picture, "The Three Musketeers."

I was nettled. I didn't want to see pictures. But I was polite. I did not refuse, though I did try to evade.

It was useless. Very seriously he wanted me to see the picture and give my honest opinion. He wanted my criticism, my suggestions.

I had to do it. I always do. I saw the picture in jerks.

Reporters were there. Their attendance was no secret.

The picture over, I suggested a few changes and several cuts which I thought would improve it.

I always do.

They listened politely and then let the picture ride the way it was.

They always do.

Fortunately, the changes I suggested were not made, and the picture is a tremendous success.

But I still have status as a critic. I am invited to a showing of Mary's picture, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and asked for suggestions. They know that I'll criticize. I always do and they are afraid of me. Though when they look at my pictures they are always kind and sympathetic and never criticize.

I told Mary her picture was too long. I told her where to cut it. Which, of course, she doesn't do. She never does.

She and Doug listen politely and the picture stands. It always does.

Newspaper men are at the hotel. I go through the same barrage of questions. My "prop" grin does duty for fifteen minutes. I escape.

Douglas phones me. He wants to be nice to me. I am on my vacation and he wants it to be a very pleasant one. So he invites me to see "The Three Musketeers" again. This time at its first showing before the public.

Before the opening of Doug's picture we were to have dinner together, Mary and Doug, Mrs. Conde Nast and I.

I feel very embarrassed at meeting Mrs. Nast again. Somewhere there lurks in my memory broken dinner engagement. It worried me, as I had not even written. It was so foolish not to write. I would be met probably with an "all-is-forgiven" look.

I decide that my best defense is to act vague and not speak of it. I do so and get away with it.

And she has the good taste not to mention it, so a pleasant time is had by all.

We went to the theatre in Mrs. Nast's beautiful limousine. The crowds were gathered for several blocks on every side of the theatre.

I felt proud that I was in the movies. Though on this night, with Douglas and Mary, I felt that I was trailing in their glory. It was their night.

There are cheers—for Mary, for Doug, for me. Again I feel proud that I am in the movies. I try to look dignified. I coax up the "prop" smile and put into it real pleasure. It is a real smile. It feels good and natural.

We get out of the car and the crowds swarm. Most of the "all-American" selections are there. Doug takes Mary under his wing and plows through as though he were doing a scene and the crowd were extras.

I took my cue from him. I took Mrs. Nast's arm. At least I tried to take it, but she seemed to sort of drift away from me down toward Eighth Avenue, while I, for no apparent reason, backed toward Broadway. The tide changed. I was swept back toward the entrance of the theatre. I was not feeling so proud as I had been. I was still smiling at the dear public, but it had gone back to the "prop" smile.

I realized this and tried to put real pleasure into the smile again. As the grin broadened it opened new space in the jam and a policeman parked his fist in it.

I don't like the taste of policemen's fists. I told him so in a gargle. He glared at me and pushed me for a "first down." My hat flew toward the heavens. It has never returned to me.

I felt a draught. I heard machinery. I looked down. A woman with a pair of scissors was

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Breaking through the Lines to Charlie

Exclusive photos to the Movie Weekly

Charlie, all dolled up in miniature~

Just Charlie!

Charlie out on location deciding on the locale for a shot..

Question: "Wonder who they belong to?"

Fresh from a plunge in his own tank at the Chaplin Studio..

Charlie executes a hazardous shot while Edw. Knobloch and Doug Fairbanks stare enraptured.. ~ Left: It's a good thing Jack Dempsey didn't put any force behind that wallop ~

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE

"The Business of Life"

(Continued from page 25)

"Aunt Hannah and Daisy are out—somewhere——" he explained vaguely. "You must have passed them on the way."

"Yes, I saw Daisy in the distance, exercising an old lady," said Desboro carelessly. He did not add that the sight of Aunt Hannah marching across the Westchester horizon had inspired him with an idea.

From her lair in town, she had come hither, for no love of her nephew and his family, nor yet for Westchester, but solely for economy's bitter sake. She made such pilgrimages at intervals every year, upsetting the Hammerton household with her sarcasms, her harsh, high-keyed laughter, her hardened ways of defining the word "spade"—for Aunt Hannah was a terror that Westchester dreaded but never dreamed of ignoring, she being a wayward daughter of the sacred soil, strangely and weirdly warped from long transplanting among the gay and godless of Gotham town. And though her means, after her husband's scared soul had taken flight, were painfully attenuated, the high priests and captains among the gay and godless feared her, and she bullied them; and she and they continued to foregather from sheer tradition, but with mutual and sincere dislike. For Aunt Hannah's name would always figure among the names of certain metropolitan dowagers, dragons, gorgons, and holy harridans; always be connected with certain traditional social events as long as the old lady lived. And she meant to survive indefinitely, if she had anything to say about it.

She came in presently with Daisy Hammerton. The latter gave her hand frankly to her childhood's comrade; the former said:

"Hah! James Desboro!" very disagreeably, and started to nourish herself at once with tea and muffins.

"James Desboro," she repeated scornfully, darting a wicked glance at him where he stood smiling at her, "James Desboro, turning plow-boy in Westchester! What's the real motive? That's what interests me. I'm a bad old woman—I know it! All over paint and powder, and with too small a foot and too trim a figger to be anything except wicked. Lindley knows it; it makes his fingers tremble when he pinches chrysanthemums; Susan knows it; so does Daisy. And I admit it. And that's why I'm suspicious of you, James; I'm so wicked myself. Come, now; why play the honest yokel? Eh? You good-looking good-for-nothing!"

"My motive," he said amiably, "is to make a living and learn what it feels like."

"Been stock-gambling again?"

"Yes, dear lady."

"Lose much?" she sniffed.

"Not a very great deal."

"Hah! And now you've got to raise the wind, somehow?"

He repeated, good-humoredly: "I want to make a living."

The trim little old lady darted another glance at him.

"Ha—ha!" she laughed, without giving any reason for the disagreeable burst of mirth; and started in on another muffin.

"I think," said Mr. Hammerton, vaguely, "that James will make an excellent agriculturist——"

"Excellent fiddlesticks!" observed Aunt Hannah. "He'd make a good three-card man."

Daisy Hammerton said aside to Desboro:

"Isn't she a terror?"

"Oh, she likes me!" he said, amused.

"I know she does, immensely. She makes me take her for an hour's walk every day—and I'm so tired of exercising her and listening to her—unconventional stories—about you."

"She's a bad old thing," said Desboro affectionately, and, in his natural voice: "Aren't you, Aunt Hannah? But there isn't a smarter foot, or a prettier hand, or a trimmer waist in all Gotham, is there?"

"Philanderer!" she retorted, in a high-pitched voice. "What about that Van Alstyne supper at the Santa Regina?"

"Which one?" he asked coolly. "Stuyve is always giving 'em."

"Read the Tattler!" said the old lady, seizing more muffins.

Mrs. Hammerton closed her tight lips and glanced uneasily at her daughter. Daisy sipped her tea demurely. She had read all about it, and burned the paper in her bedroom grate.

Desboro gracefully ignored the subject; the old lady laughed shrilly once or twice, and the conversation drifted toward the more decorous themes of pinching back roses and mixing plant-food, and preparing nourishment for various precocious horticultural prodigies now developing in Lindley Hammerton's hot-houses.

Daisy Hammerton, a dark young girl, with superb eyes and figure, chatted unconcernedly with Desboro, making a charming winter picture in her scarlet felt hat and jacket, from which the black furs had fallen back. She went in for things violent and vigorous, and no nonsense; rode as hard as she could in such a country, played every game that demanded quick eye and flexible muscle—and, in secret, alas, wrote verses and short stories unanimously rejected by even the stodgier periodicals. But nobody suspected her of such weakness—not even her own mother.

Desboro swallowed his tea and took leave of his rose-pinching host and hostess, and their sole and lovely progeny, also, perhaps, the result of scientific concentration. Aunt Hannah retained his hand:

"Where are you going now, James?"

"Nowhere—home," he said, pretending embarrassment, which was enough to interest Aunt Hannah in the trap.

"Oh! Nowhere—home?" she mimicked him. "Where is 'nowhere home'? Somewhere out? I've a mind to go with you. What do you say to that, young man?"

"Come along," he said, a shade too promptly; and the little, bright, mink-like eyes sparkled with malice. The trap was sprung, and Aunt Hannah was in it. But she didn't yet suspect it.

"Slip on my fur coat for me," she said. "I'll take a spin with you in your runabout."

"You overwhelm me," he protested, holding up the fur coat.

"I may do that yet, my clever friend! Come on! No shilly-shallying! Susan! Tell your maid to lay out that Paquin gown which broke my financial backbone last month! I'll bring James back to dinner—or know the reason why!"

"I'll tell you why not, now," said Desboro. "I'm going to town early this evening."

"Home, nowhere, and then to town," commented Aunt Hannah loudly. "A multi-nefarious destination. James, if you run into the Ewigkeit by way of a wire fence or a tree, I'll come every night and haunt you! But don't poke along as Lindley pokes, or I'll take the wheel myself."

The deaf head-farmer, Vail, who had kept the engine going for fear of freezing, left the wheel and crawled resignedly into the tonneau.

Aunt Hannah and Desboro stowed themselves aboard; the swift car went off like a firecracker, then sped away into the darkness at such a pace that presently Aunt Hannah put her marmot-like face close to Desboro's ear and swore at him.

"Didn't you want speed?" he asked, slowing down.

"Where are you going, James—home, or nowhere?"

"Nowhere."

"Well, we arrived there long ago. Now, go home—your home."

"Sure, but I've got to catch that train——"

"Oh, you'll catch it—or something else. James?"

"Madame?"

"Some day I want to take a look at that young woman who is cataloguing your collection."

"That's just what I want you to do now," he said cheerfully. "I'm taking her to New York this evening."

Aunt Hannah, astonished and out of countenance, remained mute, her sharp nose buried in her furs. She had been trapped, and she knew it. Then her eyes glittered:

"You're being talked about," she said with satisfaction. "So is she! Ha!"

"Much?" he asked coolly.

"No. The good folk are only asking each other why you meet her at the station with your car. They think she carries antique gems in her satchel. Later they'll suspect who the real jewel is. Ha!"

"I like her; that's why I meet her," he said coolly.

"You like her?"

"I sure do. She is some girl, dear lady."

"Do you think your pretense of guileless candor is disarming me, young man?"

"I haven't the slightest hope of disarming you or of concealing anything from you."

"Follows," she rejoined ironically, "that there's nothing to conceal. Bah!"

"Quite right; there is nothing to conceal."

"What do you want with her, then?"

"Initially, I want her to catalogue my collection; subsequently, I wish to remain friends with her. The latter wish is becoming a problem. I've an idea that you might solve it."

"Friends with her," repeated Aunt Hannah. "Oh, my!

'And angels whisper
Lo! the pretty pair!'

I suppose! Is that the hymn-tune, James?"

"Precisely."

"What does she resemble—Venus, or Rosa Bonheur?"

"Look at her and make up your mind."

"Is she very pretty?"

"I think so. She's thin."

"Then what do you see unusual about her?"

"Everything, I think."

"Everything—he thinks! Oh, my sense of humor!"

"That," said Desboro, "is partly what I count on."

"Have you any remote and asinine notions of educating her and marrying her, and foisting her on your friends? There are a few fools still alive on earth, you know."

"So I've heard. I haven't the remotest idea of marrying her; she is better fitted to educate me than I am her. Not guilty on these two counts. But I had thought of foisting some of my friends on her. You, for example."

Aunt Hannah glared at him—that is, her tiny eyes became almost luminous, like the eyes of small animals at night, surprised by a sudden light.

"I know what you're meditating!" she snapped.

"I suppose you do, by this time."

"You're very impudent. Do you know it?"

"Lord, Aunt Hannah, so are you!" he drawled. "But it takes genius to get away with it."

The old lady was highly delighted, but she concealed it and began such a rapid-fire tirade against him that he was almost afraid it might bewilder him enough to affect his steering.

"Talk to me of disinterested friendship between you and a girl of that sort!" she ended. "Not that I'd care, if I found material in her to amuse me, and a monthly insult drawn to my order against a solvent bank balance! What is she, James; a pretty blue-stocking whom nobody 'understands' except you?"

"Make up your own mind," he repeated, as he brought around the car and stopped before his own doorstep. "I'm not trying to tell you anything. She is here. Look at her. If you like her, be her friend—and mine."

Jacqueline had waited tea for him; the table was in the library, kettle simmering over the silver lamp; and the girl was standing before the fire, one foot on the fender, her hands loosely linked behind her back.

She glanced up with unfeigned pleasure as his step sounded outside along the stone hallway; and the smile still remained, curving her lips, but died out in her eyes, as Mrs. Hammerton marched in, halted, and stared at her unwinkingly.

Desboro presented them; Jacqueline came forward, offering a shy hand to Aunt Hannah, and, bending her superb young head, looked down into the beady eyes which were now fairly electric with intelligence.

Desboro began, easily:

"I asked Mrs. Hammerton to have tea with——"

"I asked myself," remarked Aunt Hannah, laying her other hand over Jacqueline's—she did not know just why—perhaps because she was vain of her hands, as well as of her feet and "figger."

She seated herself on the sofa and drew Jacqueline down beside her.

"This young man tells me that you are cataloguing his grandfather's accumulation of ancient tin-ware."

"Yes," said Jacqueline, already afraid of her. And the old lady divined it, too, with not quite as much pleasure as it usually gave her to inspire trepidation in others.

Her shrill voice was a little modified when she said:

"Where did you learn to do such things? It's not usual, you know."

"You have heard of Jean Louis Nevers," suggested Desboro.

"Yes——" Mrs. Hammerton turned and looked at the girl again. "Oh!" she said. "I've heard Cary Clydesdale speak of you, haven't I?"

Jacqueline made a slight, very slight, but instinctive movement away from the old lady, on whom nothing that happened was lost.

"Mr. Clydesdale," said Mrs. Hammerton, "told several people where I was present that you knew more about antiquities in art than anybody else in New York since your father died. That's what he said about you."

Jacqueline said: "Mr. Clydesdale has been very kind to me."

"Kindness to people is also a Clydesdale tradition—isn't it, James?" said the old lady. "How kind Elena has always been to you!"

The covert impudence of Aunt Hannah, and her innocent countenance, had no significance for Jacqueline—would have had no meaning at all except for the dark flush of anger that mounted so suddenly to Desboro's forehead.

He said steadily: "The Clydesdales are very old friends, and are naturally kind. Why you don't like them I never understood."

"Perhaps you can understand why one of them doesn't like me, James."

"Oh! I can understand why many people are not crazy about you, Aunt Hannah," he said, composedly.

"Which is going some," said the old lady, with a brisk and unabashed employment of the vernacular. Then, turning to Jacqueline: "Are you going to give this young man some tea, my child? He requires a tonic."

Jacqueline rose and seated herself at the table, thankful to escape. Tea was soon ready; Aunt Hannah, whose capacity for browsing was infinite, began on jam and biscuits without apology. And Jacqueline and Desboro exchanged their first furtive glances—dismayed and questioning on the girl's part, smilingly reassuring on Desboro's. Aunt Hannah, looking intently into her teacup, missed nothing.

"Come to see me!" she said so abruptly that even Desboro started.

"I—I beg your pardon," said Jacqueline, not understanding.

"Come to see me in town."

in a fashionable apartment house—one of the Park Avenue kind, which they number instead of calling it the 'Buena Vista' or the 'Hiawatha.' Will you come?"

"Thank you."

The old lady looked at her grimly:

"What does 'thank you' mean? Yes or no? Because I really want you. Don't you wish to come?"

"I would be very glad to come—only, you know, I am in business—and go out very little——"

"Except on business," added Desboro, looking Aunt Hannah unblushingly in the eye until she wanted to pinch him. Instead, she seized another biscuit, which Farris presented on a tray, smoking hot, and applied jam to it vigorously. After she had consumed it, she rose and marched around the room, passing the portraits and book shelves in review. Half turning toward Jacqueline:

"I haven't been in the musty old mansion for years; that young man never asks me. But I used to know the house. It was this sort of house that drove me out of Westchester, and I vowed I'd marry a New York man or nobody. Do you know, child, that there is a sort of simpering smugness about a house like this that makes me inclined to kick dents in the furniture?"

Jacqueline ventured to smile; Desboro's smile responded in sympathy:

"I'm going home," announced Aunt Hannah. "Goodbye, Miss Nevers. I don't want you to drive me, James; I'd rather have your man take me back. Besides, you've a train to catch, I understand——" She turned and looked at Jacqueline, who had risen, and they stood silently inspecting each other. Then, with a grim nod, as though partly of comprehension, partly in adieu, Aunt Hannah sailed out. Desboro tucked her in beside Vail. The latter being quite deaf, they talked freely under his very nose.

"James!" "Yes, dear lady."

"You gave yourself away about Elena Clydesdale. Haven't you any control over your countenance?"

"Sometmes. But don't do that again before her! The story is a lie, anyway."

"So I've heard—from you. Tell me, James, do you think this little Nevers girl dislikes me?"

"Do you want her to?"

"No. You're a very clever young one, aren't you? Really quite an expert! Do you know, I don't think that girl would care for what I might have to offer her. There's more to her than to most people."

"How do you know? She scarcely spoke a word."

The old lady laughed scornfully:

"I know people by what they don't say! That's why I know you so much better than you think I do—you and Elena Clydesdale. And I don't think you're much good, James—or some of your married friends, either."

She settled down among the robes, with a bright, impertinent glance at him. He shrugged, standing bareheaded by the mud-guard, a lithe, handsome young fellow. "—A Desboro all over," she thought, with a mental sniff of admiration.

"Are you going to speak to Miss Nevers?" she asked, abruptly.

(Continued on page 30)

My Trip Abroad

(Continued from page 26)

snipping a piece from the seat of my trousers. Another grabbed my tie and almost put an end to my suffering through strangulation. My collar was next. But they only got half of that.

My shirt was pulled out. The buttons torn from my vest. My feet trampled on. My face scratched. But I still retained the smile, "prop" one though it was. Whenever I could think of it I tried to raise it above the level of a "prop" smile and was always rewarded with a policeman's fist. I kept insisting that I was Charlie Chaplin and that I belonged inside. It was absolutely necessary that I see "The Three Musketeers."

Insistence won. As though on a prearranged signal I felt myself lifted from my feet, my body inverted until my head pointed toward the center of the lobby and my feet pointed toward an electric sign advertising the Ziegfeld Roof. Then there was a surge, and I moved forward right over the heads of the crowd through the lobby.

As I went through the door, not knowing into what, I saw a friend.

With the "prop" smile still waving, I flung back, "See you later," and, head first, I entered the theatre and came to in a heap at the foot of a bediamonded dowager. I looked up, still carrying the "prop" smile, but my effort fell flat. There was no applause in the look she gave me.

Crestfallen, I gathered myself together, and with what dignity there was left I strode to the box that had been set aside for our party. There was Mary, as sweet and beautiful as ever; Mrs. Nast, calm and composed; Doug serene and dapper.

"Late again," they looked.

And Mary, steely polite, enumerated my sartorial shortcomings. But I knew one of them, at least better than she did, and I hastened to the men's room for repairs. Soap and water and a brush did wonders, but I could find no trousers, collar, or tie, and I returned clean but ragged to the box, where disapproval was being registered unanimously.

I tried to make the "prop" grin more radiant, even though I was most tired after my journey.

But I refused to let them spoil my pleasure and but it didn't go with Doug and Mary.

I saw "The Three Musketeers."

It was a thrilling success for Doug. I felt good for him, though I was a bit envious. I wondered if the showing of "The Kid" could have meant as big a night for me.

'Twas quite a night, this opening of the Fairbanks masterpiece, and, considering all the circumstances, I think I behaved admirably. Somehow, though, I think there is a vote of three to one against me.

(Continued next week)

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THE McCLURE NEWSPAPER SYNDICATE

Reel and Real

The dignified gentleman with the Van Dyke beard who appears so effectively as the eminent physician on the screen may in real life be an ex-plumber who has a hazy idea that the Alimentary Canal is a geographical feature connecting Lake Erie and Lake Ontario.

The personable young woman who appears on the screen as the super-intellectual modern debutante may in real life be a recent product of Gopher Prairie, Minn., who thinks that Freud was the name of one of the generals who double-crossed Napoleon at the Battle of Waterloo.

The gaunt individual who appears so well on the screen as the Hindu mystic of far-away India may in real life be a native of Sweden who isn't sure whether Rabindranath Tagore is a native liquor brewed from the milk of cocoanuts, or the name of a famous temple on the banks of the Ganges River.

THIS IS NATIONAL PHYSICAL CULTURE WEEK

May 1st to 8th, 1922

"To Build a Stronger Nation"

The following program for National Physical Culture Week is being observed by many thousands of earnest, thoughtful men and women from one end of our country to the other.

We earnestly advise that you sign the pledge at the foot of this page, mail it to us so that we may send you, without obligation, the chart of setting-up exercises and properly balanced diet, and that you then live the Physical Culture Life for one week. You will be surprised and delighted at the improvement you make both in physical fitness and clarity of mind.

Personal Health Program for NATIONAL PHYSICAL CULTURE WEEK

May 1st to 8th, 1922

1. Spend ten minutes in setting-up exercises. (We will be glad to send upon request, without charge, a complete set of Bernarr Macfadden's Setting-up Exercises).
2. Sleep with windows open. Secure what sunshine you can.
3. Spend a minimum of 10 hours during the week in the open air. Balance work and play.
4. Walk at least three miles each day.
5. Treat your stomach with respect. Do not over-eat.
6. Eat meat not more than once a day.
7. Balance your meals with fruit, green salads, and other vegetables. (We will gladly send upon request, without charge, a properly balanced menu for the entire week).
8. Drink at least eight glasses of pure water daily.
9. Completely relax for at least 15 minutes each day and conserve your nerve energy.
10. Cultivate happy thoughts. Think in terms of health. Arrange all plans for the week upon a basis such that each day's activities will be consistent with the resuirements of keeping fit.

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NATIONAL PHYSICAL CULTURE WEEK COMMITTEE

William Muldoon, Chairman

NATIONAL PHYSICAL CULTURE WEEK COMMITTEE,
119 West 40th Street, New York City

I hereby pledge myself to carry out the personal health program outlined for National Physical Culture Week.

I would like to have you send me, without charge, chart of setting-up exercises and the properly balanced menu.

Signed.....

Occupation.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

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A Flaming Answer

Ruth Roland is right there with a sense of humor, possibly because of her Irish ancestry. She was greatly amused recently by a remark which she overheard in a San Francisco cafe.

An ultra well-dressed young man sat at the adjoining table; his companion was obviously quite bored.

"May I smoke?" he asked, taking out his cigarette case.

"I don't care a rap," said she, "if you burst into flames."

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE

"The Business of Life"

(*Continued from page* 28)

"About what?"

"About employing me, you idiot!"

"Yes, if you like. If she comes up here as my guest, she'll need a gorgon."

"I'll gorgon you," she retorted, wrathfully.

"Thanks. So you'll accept the—er—job?"

"Of course, if she wishes. I need the money. It's purely mercenary on my part."

"That's understood."

"Are you going to tell her I'm mercenary?"

"Naturally."

"Well, then—don't—if you don't mind. Do you think I want every living creature to detest me?"

"I don't detest you. And you have an unterrified tabby-cat at home, haven't you?"

She could have boxed his ears as he leaned over and deliberately kissed her cheek.

"I love you because you're so bad," he whispered; and, stepping lightly aside, nodded to Vail to go ahead.

The limousine, acetylenes shining, rolled up as the other car departed. He went back to the library and found Jacqueline pinning on her hat.

"Well?" he inquired gaily.

"Why did you bring her, Mr. Desboro?"

"Didn't you like her?"

"Who is she?"

"A Mrs. Hannah Hammerton. She knows everybody. Most people are afraid of her. She's poor as a guinea-pig."

"She was beautifully gowned."

"She always is. Poor Aunt Hannah!"

"Is she your aunt?"

"No, she's Lindley Hammerton's aunt— a neighbor of mine. I call her that; it made her very mad in the beginning, but she rather likes it now. You'll go to call on her, won't you?"

Jacqueline turned to him, drawing on her gloves:

"Mr. Desboro, I don't wish to be rude; and, anyway, she will forget that she asked me in another half-hour. Why should I go to see her?"

"Because she's one species of gorgon. Now, do you understand?"

"What!"

"Of course. It isn't a case of pin-money with her; it's a case of clothing, rent, and nourishment. A microscopic income, supplemented by gifts, commissions, and odd social jobs, keeps her going. What you and I want of her is for her to be seen at various times with you. She'll do the rest in talking about you—'my unusually talented young friend, Miss Nevers,' and that sort of thing. It will deceive nobody; but you'll eventually meet some people—she knows all kinds. The main point is that when I ask you here she'll bring you. People will understand that you are another of her social enterprises, for which she's paid. But it won't count against you. It will depend on yourself entirely how you are received. And not a soul will be able to say a word—" he laughed, "—except that I am very devoted to the beautiful Miss Nevers—as everybody else will be."

Jacqueline remained motionless for a few moments, an incomprehensible expression on her face; then she went over to him and took one of his hands in her gloved ones, and stood looking down at it in silence.

"Well," he asked, smiling.

She said, still looking down at his band lying between her own:

"You have behaved in the sweetest way to me—" Her voice grew unsteady, and she turned her head sharply away.

"Jacqueline!" he exclaimed under his breath. "It's a broken reed you're trusting. Don't, dear. I'm like all the others."

She shook her head slightly, still looking away from him. After a short silence, her voice returned to her control again.

"You are very kind to me, Mr. Desboro. When a man sees that a girl likes him—and is kind to her—it is wonderful to her."

He tried to take a lighter tone.

"It's the case of the beast born in captivity, Jacqueline. I'm only going through the tricks convention has taught me. But every instinct remains unaltered."

"That is civilization, isn't it?"

"Oh I don't know what it is—you wonderful little thing!"

He caught her hand, then encircled her waist, drawing her close. After a moment, she dropped her big, fluffy muff on his shoulder and hid her flushed face in the fur.

"Don't trust me, will you?" he said, bluntly.

"No."

"Because I—I'm an unaccountable beast."

"We—both have to account—sometime—to somebody. Don't we?" she said in a muffled voice.

"That would never check me." "It would—me."

"Spiritual responsibility?"

"Yes."

"Is that all?"

"What else is there to remember—when a girl—cares for a man."

"Do you really care very much?"

Perhaps she considered the question superfluous, for she remained silent until his nerveless arm released her. Then she lifted her face from the muff. It was pale but smiling when he met her eyes.

"I'll go to see Mrs. Hammerton, some day," she said, "because it would hurt too much not to be able to come here when you ask me—and other people—like the—the Clydesdales. You were thinking of me when you thought of this, weren't you?"

"In a way. A girl has got to reckon with what people say."

She nodded, pale and expressionless, slowly brushing up the violets fastened to her muff.

Farris appeared, announced the time, and held Desboro's coat. They had just margin enough to make their train.

THE following morning, Aunt Hannah returned to her tiny apartment on Park Avenue, financially benefitted by her Westchester sojourn, having extracted a bolt of Chinese loot-silk for a gown from her nephew's dismayed wife, and the usual check from her nephew.

Once or twice during the following fortnight she remembered Jacqueline, and mentally tabulated her case as a possible source of future income; but social duties were many and acridly agreeable, and pecuniary pickings plenty. Up to her small, thin ears in intrigue, harmless and not quite so harmless, she made hay hustly while the social sun shone; and it was near the end of February before a stagnation in pleasure and business brought Jacqueline's existence into her mind again.

She called up Silverwood, and eventually got Desboro on the wire.

"Do you know," she said, "that your golden-headed and rather attenuated inamorata has never had the civility to call on me!"

"She has been too busy."

"Too busy gadding about Silverwood with you!"

"She hasn't been here since you saw her."

"What!"

"It's quite true. An important collection is to be sold under the hammer on the premises; she had the contract to engineer that matter before she undertook to catalogue my stuff."

"Oh! Haven't you seen her since?"

"Yes."

"Not at Silverwood?"

"No, only at her office."

He could hear her sniff and mutter something, then: "I thought you were going to give some parties at Silverwood, and ask me to bring your pretty friend," she said.

"I am. She has the jades and crystals to catalogue. What I want, as soon as she gets rid of Clydesdale, is for her to resume work here—come up and remain as my guest until the cataloguing is finished. So you see I'll have to have you, too."

"That's a cordial and disinterested invitation, James!"

"Will you come? I'll ask half a dozen people. You can kill a few at cards, too."

"When?"

"The first Thursday in March. It's a business proposition, but it's between you and me, and she is not to suspect it."

"Very well," said Aunt Hannah cheerfully. "I'll arrange my engagements accordingly. And do try to have a gay party, James; and don't ask the Clydesdales. You know how Westchester gets on my nerves. And I always hated her."

"You are very unjust to her and to him——"

"You can't tell me anything about Cary Clydesdale, or about his wife, either," she interrupted tartly, and rang off in a temper. And Desboro went back to his interrupted business with Vail.

Since Jacqueline had been compelled to suspend temporarily her inventory at Silverwood in favor of prior engagements, Desboro had been to the city only twice, and both times to see her.

He had seen her in her office, remained on both occasions for an hour only, and had then taken the evening train back to Silverwood. But every evening he had written her of the day just ended—told her about the plans for farming, now maturing, of the quiet life at Silverwood, how gradually he was re-establishing neighborly relations with the countryside, how much of a country squire he was becoming.

"—And the whole thing with malice aforethought," he wrote. "—Every blessed move only a strategy in order that, to do you honor, I may stand soberly and well before the community when you are among my guests.

"In tow of Aunt Hannah; engaged for part of the day in your business among the jades, crystals, and porcelains of a celebrated collection; one of a house party; and the guest of a young man who has returned very seriously to till the soil of his forefathers; all that anybody can possibly think of it will be that your host is quite as captivated by your grace, wisdom, and beauty as everybody else will be.

"And what do you think of that, Jacqueline?"

"I think," she wrote, "that no other man has ever been as nice to me. I do not really care about the other people, but I quite understand that you and I could not see each other as freely as we have been doing, without detriment to me. I like you—superfluous admission! And I should miss seeing you—humble confession! And so I suppose it is best that everybody should know who and what I am—a business woman well-bred enough to sit at table with your friends, with sufficient self-confidence to enter and leave a room properly, to maintain my grasp on the conversational ball, and to toss it lightly to my vis-a-vis when the time comes.

"All this is worth doing and enduring for the sake of being your guest. Without conscientious scruples, apprehension, perplexities, and fears I could never again come to Silverwood and be there alone with you as I have been. Always I have been secretly unhappy and afraid after a day with you at Silverwood. Sooner or later it would have had to end. It cannot go on—as it has been going. I know it. The plea of business is soon worn threadbare if carelessly used.

"And so—caring for your friendship as I do—and it having become such a factor in my life—I find it easy

to do what you ask me; and I have arranged to go with Mrs. Hammerton to Silverwood on the first Thursday in March, to practice my profession, enjoy the guests at your house party, and cultivate our friendship with a clear conscience and a tranquil and happy mind.

"It was just that little element of protection I needed to make me more happy than I have ever been. Somehow, I couldn't care for you as frankly and freely as I wanted to. And some things have happened—you know what I mean. I didn't reproach you, or pretend surprise or anger. I felt neither—only a confused sense of unhappiness. But—I cared for you enough to submit.

"Now I go to you with a sense of security that is delightful. You don't understand how a girl situated as I am feels when she knows that she is in a position where any woman has the right to regard her with suspicion. Skating, motoring, with you, I could not bear to pass people you knew and to whom you bowed—women—even farmer's wives.

"But now it will be different; I feel so warmly confident at heart, so secure, that I shall perhaps dare to say and do and be much that you never suspected was in me. The warm sun of approval makes a very different person of me. A girl, who, in her heart, does not approve of what she is doing, and who is always expecting to encounter other women who would not approve, is never at her best—isn't even herself—and isn't really happy, even with a man she likes exceedingly. You will, I think, see a somewhat different girl on Thursday."

(*Continued next week*)

Searching for Sin in Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 14)

escorted by Mahlon Hamilton, and the two proceeded at once to Maurice's table. Miss Normand, off-screen, looks just like her celluloid photographs. She has a brilliant smile which she flashes frequently, and is the possessor of a naive, charming manner.

About one-thirtieth of the guests that evening at the Ambassador were film folk. No one seemed to be paying attention to anyone else than to his own party. When the music would start the celluloid celebrities would dance like anybody else, but . . .

At various tables it could be seen that the major portion of the dinner was under the table. In other words, the host would reach down toward his feet every so often, bring forth something wrapped in a napkin and there would then commence the business of pouring.

At *none* of the film-peoples' tables could I notice this, for the stars and their escorts seemed too busy having a good time and a sociable chat.

There were probably many quarts of champagne, gin and whiskey consumed that evening, as there have been on other evenings. Patrons of the place frequently would enter with a bulge on the hip, and would, immediately on arriving at their respective tables, divest themselves of the cheerio bottle to parts well-known underneath the festive board.

It is the same way at Sunset Inn, a seashore cafe at Santa Monica—some fifteen miles from Hollywood—where the picture players go frequently in the evening to sup and dance. I am told that a handful of cinema satellites have, at various times, imbibed a bit too freely and disgraced themselves in the place, but the average film-players' night at Sunset is tame as a church fiesta, and the only thrill a sensation-seeker can get is to see Alice Lake dance with the debonair Kenneth Harlan and wonder whether or not he will eventually really marry her, as people are already commencing to buzz.

These film-players' nights at the beach cafe have been in effect, I am told, for some two years now. The night in question is Wednesday. Some prominent star is invited to be host as well as the donor of a loving cup for dancing.

It has gotten to be a matter of rivalry among the picture people to see *who* can be the most colorful host and who can provide the most novel entertainment. Thus far, I believe, Viola Dana and Buster Keaton have the palm—Miss Dana for her fancy dancing and the smileless Keaton for his burlesque on Cleopatra's famous death dance.

At twelve o'clock or thereabouts all dancing in Los Angeles' public places stops through the edict of a city ordinance. At the Ambassador checques are ceremoniously paid and the assemblage commences to file out in an almost military fashion. At Sunset the players commence journeying homeward at perhaps 1:30.

Bizarre, gorgeous cars line the curbs and one can see thousands of dollars' worth of film faces getting into them.

But there is, too, a coterie of players in Hollywood who are never seen in public. It would cause a sensation were Mary Pickford ever to dine at the Ambassador. She never does, and Los Angeles' oldest citizen cannot remember of ever even having *heard* of the time when she comprised a party in a public eating house. Another social recluse is May Allison, and so is Grace Darmond. The Noah Beerys live quietly alone in their beautiful home atop a hill—and it is also an *occasion* when anyone ever sees Anita Stewart and her husband, Rudolph Cameron, in a cafe.

Hollywood's social life is *tame*. I tried it for a week and was ready to do something exciting.

One evening a group in which Leatrice Joy, Charles Chaplin, Gouverneur Morris and Jack Gilbert lent atmospheric brilliance amused themselves at a "party" given by Max Linder by playing charades. Another "wild" night at Grace Darmond's found three couples listening to grand opera on the phonograph. An evening at Wallie Reid's developed that the guests who didn't care to dance could play pool in the billiard room, and dinner at Frank Mayo's proved to be bone-dry and gave me an opportunity to hear his wife, Dagmar Godowsky, give an exquisite Chopin recital on the piano.

Even the dances at the Hollywood Hotel cease at 11:30 and the people go home meticulously. Perhaps one or two groups are un-sleepy enough to go across the street to John's restaurant—an inartistic lunch room where you either sit at the counter, in a booth or at a tilting table—for a cup of coffee and a ham sandwich, but, after that is consumed, there is no place to go but home.

The picture folk, so I am confidentially informed, used to go to the Thursday night dances at the above-named Hollywood hostelry. However, my visit there divulged to me the information that Conrad Nagel and his wife were entertaining Edward Sutherland and May McAvoy at a prosaic sort of dinner at which champagne was *not* in evidence. And the only other screen celebrity I could see in the dining room was Mona Kingsley, who sat in a corner with her mother and looked bored to death.

Not a soul prominent in the film colony wore away shoeleather at the dance that evening, and the only bit of excitement occurred when Leatrice Joy, wearing her makeup, trailed into the lobby attended by her maid—and proceeded straight upstairs to her room.

One can explore the notorious film Mecca thoroughly and yet not find evidence of a single hop-joint or other den of iniquity. The picture people have a habit of minding their own business—in keeping so close together that it is almost impossible for an outsider to get into their midst.

Externally, that is true of Hollywood. But what of the internal?

How do these cinema satellites live in their own homes? Is it true that Hollywood landlords refuse to rent their property to film workers because these latter are said to be so destructive to house furnishings, etc.?

(*To be concluded*)

(In the next instalment the writer will go into the homes of various film stars and celebrities, and will describe the domestic life, the recreations, of the picture folk in a final chapter).

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How A New Kind of Clay Remade My Complexion in 30 Minutes

For reasons which every woman will understand, I have concealed my name and my identity. But I have asked the young woman whose pictures you see here to pose for me, so that you can see exactly how the marvelous new discovery remakes one's complexion in one short half hour.

I COULD hardly believe my eyes. Just thirty minutes before my face had been blemished and unsightly; my skin had been coarse, sallow and lifeless. Now it was actually transformed. I was amazed when I saw how beautiful my complexion had become—how soft its texture, how exquisite its coloring. Why, the blemishes and impurities had been lifted right away, and a charming, smooth, clear skin revealed underneath! What was this new kind of magic?

You see, I never really did have a pretty complexion. My skin is very sensitive. It always used to be so coarse and rough that I hated to use powder. Sometimes pimples and eruptions would appear overnight—and as for blackheads, I never *could* get rid of them!

To be perfectly frank with you, I tried everything there was to try. I greeted each new thing with hope—but hope was soon abandoned as my skin became only more harsh and colorless. Finally I gave up everything in favor of massage. But suddenly I found that tiny wrinkles were beginning to show around the eyes and chin—and I assure you I gave up massage mighty quick.

Wasn't there anything that would clear my complexion, that would make it soft and smooth and firm? Wasn't there anything I could do—without wasting more time and more money? It was very discouraging, and I was tempted more than once to give it up—especially when I saw that, after all my efforts my skin was more dull and coarse than ever before.

In fact, on one very disappointing occasion I firmly resolved never to use anything but soap and water on my face again. But then something very wonderful happened—and, being a woman, I promptly changed my mind!

Why I Changed My Mind

Did you know that the outer layer of the skin, called the epidermis, is constantly dying and being replaced by new cells? I didn't—until I read a very remarkable announcement. It explained, simply and clearly, how blackheads, pimples and nearly all facial eruptions are caused when the dead skin-scales and bits of dust clog the pores. Impurities form in the stifled pores—and the results are soon noticeable.

The announcement went on to explain how scientists had discovered a marvelous clay, which, in only one application, drew dust, dirt and other impurities and harmful accumulations to the surface. This Complexion Clay, in only a half-hour, actually lifted away the blemishes and the imties. And when it was removed the skin beneath was found to be soft, smooth, clear and charming! Can you blame me for wanting to try this wonderful discovery on my own blemished complexion?

My Extraordinary Experience With Complexion Clay

I won't bore you with details. Suffice to say that I applied the Complexion Clay I had read about to my face one evening at nine o'clock and settled myself comfortably for a half-hour of reading. Soon I was conscious of a cool, drawing sensation. In a few moments the clay on my face had dried into a fragrant mask. And as it dried and hardened there was a wonderful tingling feeling. I could actually feel the millions of tiny pores breathing, freeing themselves of the impurities that had stifled them, giving up the bits of dust and the accumulations that had bored deeply beneath the surface. It was a feeling almost of physical relief; every inch of my face seemed stirred suddenly into new life and fervor.

At nine-thirty I removed the Complexion Clay, and to my utter astonishment, found that I had a brand new complexion! Hidden beauty had actually been revealed! Every blackhead had vanished, the whole texture of the skin had been transformed into smooth, clear, delicately-colored beauty.

Three simple steps—and the complexion is made clear, smooth and radiantly beautiful!

I shall never forget my extraordinary experience with Complexion Clay. It accomplished in a half-hour what other preparations had not accomplished in years. With gentle firmness it drew out every impurity from the stifled pores and revealed beneath a skin of exquisite texture and delicate coloring. I would never have believed it possible, and it is because it did it for me, because I actually had this wonderful experience, that I consented to write this story for publication.

Domino House Made This Offer To Me

The formula from which the amazing Complexion Clay is made was discovered by the chemists of the Domino House. I have been asked to state here, at the end of my story, that Domino House will send without any money in advance a $3.50 jar of Complexion Clay to any one who uses the special coupon at the bottom of the page. If I would write my story for publication the Domino House agreed to accept only $1.95 for a $3.50 jar from my readers.

You, as my reader, should not miss this opportunity. I am sure that the marvelous Complexion Clay will do for you what it has done for me. It is guaranteed to do so, and a special deposit of $10,000 in the State Bank of Philadelphia backs this guarantee. Your money will be promptly refunded if you are not delighted with results and return what is left of Complexion Clay within 10 days.

Do not send any money with the coupon. Just pay the postman $1.95 (plus few cents postage) when the jar of Complexion Clay is in your hands. Complexion Clay will be sent to you freshly compounded direct from the Domino House. The coupon is numbered with a special department, and the Domino House will know that you have read my story and are to receive a full-size $3.50 jar for only $1.95, according to their offer to me.

Don't delay—*I'm* glad *I* didn't! Mail this coupon today. Domino House, Dept. 405, 269 South 9th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

DOMINO HOUSE, Dept. 405,
269 South 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

You may send me a $3.50 jar of Complexion Clay sufficient for 3 months of beauty treatments. According to the special agreement, I will pay postman only $1.95 (plus postage). Although I am benefiting by this special reduced price, I am purchasing this first jar with the guaranteed privilege of returning it within 10 days and you agree to refund my money if I am not delighted with the results in every way. I am to be the sole judge.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

If you wish, you may send money with coupon.

MOVIE WEEKLY

June 3, 1922

10¢

How a Royal Flying Corps Lieutenant fell in love with a photograph and discovered it to be Betty Ross Clark years later...

Read The Flying Romance with Betty Ross the Ace

Page 3

The Stormy Loves of Pauline Frederick

Betty Ross Clark

Photo [illegible] Thayer Monroe

Vol. II

MOVIE WEEKLY

PRINTED IN U. S. A.

No. 17

The Movie Weekly Popular Girl Contest

is running at the following theatres this week:

Alice, Texas
Itasco Theatre
Almyra, Ark.
Pastime Theatre
Arma, Kans.
Empress Theatre
Asheville, N. C.
Imperial Theatre
Babylon, L. I.
Babylon Theatre
Bayonne, N. J.
Empire Theatre
Belt, Mont.
Pythian, Theatre
Bloomer, Wisc.
Ideal Theatre
Carthage, Tex.
Texas Theatre
Columbia, Pa.
Opera House
Condon, Oreg.
Liberty Theatre
Electra, Texas
Liberty Theatre
Ft. Cobb, Okla.
Dreamland Theatre
Fruita, Colo.
Majestic Theatre
Genoa Junction, Wisc.
Palm Theatre
Glouster, Ohio
Glouster Opera House
Gorin, Mo.
Colonial Theatre
Green Cove Spgs., N. D.
Palace Theatre
Hart, Mich.
Amuse Theatre
Hazle Green, Wisc.
Opera House Theatre
Holly, Mich.
Liberty House
Idaho Springs, Colo.
Idaho Springs Opera House
Indian Head, Mo.
Recreation Hall
Julesburg, Colo.
Hippodrome Theatre
Kenton, Tenn.
Star Theatre
King City, Mo.
Airdome Theatre
Lafayette, Ind.
Arc Theatre
Lamar, Ark.
Electric Theatre
La Salle, Ill.
La Salle Theatre
Lincolnton, N. C.
Ford Theatre
Magdalena, N. Mex.
Casino Theatre
Marlboro, N. H.
Alden J. Beauregard's Town Hall
Milnor, North Dakota
Iris Theatre
Mingus, Texas
Mingus Opera House
Morgan City, La.
Opera House
Newcastle, Nebr.
Star Theatre
N. Wilkesboro, N. C.
Amuzu Theatre
Ouray, Colo.
Isis Theatre
Palmer, Mass.
Empire Theatre
Pocahontas, Ark.
L. L. Lewis Theatre
Portsmouth, Ia.
American Legion Theatre

(*Continued on page* 18)

The Truth About Valentino's Engagement

In next week's "Movie Weekly" we publish the true story of Rodolph Valentino's marriage to Natacha Rambova. It palpitates with heart throbs. Don't miss it!

Constance Talmadge's Story

Remember in a recent issue of "Movie Weekly" we published a Constance Talmadge story in which the star said she would get a divorce from her husband? This story was denied, but after the lapse of a few months, its truth is verified. Constance is suing for a divorce. In next week's issue of the magazine, this story, up-to-date, is run. Don't miss it.

Audience Criticism

The other day Ye Editor went to see "Beyond the Rocks," an Elinor Glyn story starring Gloria Swanson with Rodolph Valentino. The theatre was packed and outside an eager crowd awaited its opportunity to get in. Once inside, however, the remarks passed by people within hearing distance were curiously interesting:

"What a lot to do about nothing!"

"Gloria looks old playing opposite Rodolph, doesn't she?"

"Look at that Alpine climbing scene!' The director didn't know what he was doing when he made that. The guide always goes first, and look, there are the girls leading. How ridiculous!"

"The same old bunk."

But despite these derogatory remarks, not one person in that theatre would have missed seeing "Beyond the Rocks." This mental warfare that desired and scorned the thing it desired is peculiarly characteristic of the motion picture public.

Which brings us back to the old question: Is it melodrama the public wants? "Beyond the Rocks" is not melodrama. It is a depiction of life as Mrs. Glynn has seen it. But the audience felt as though they had been subjected to fun-poking.

We ask our readers: How do producers know what to give the public what it wants when the public doesn't seem to know?

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Voting Coupon

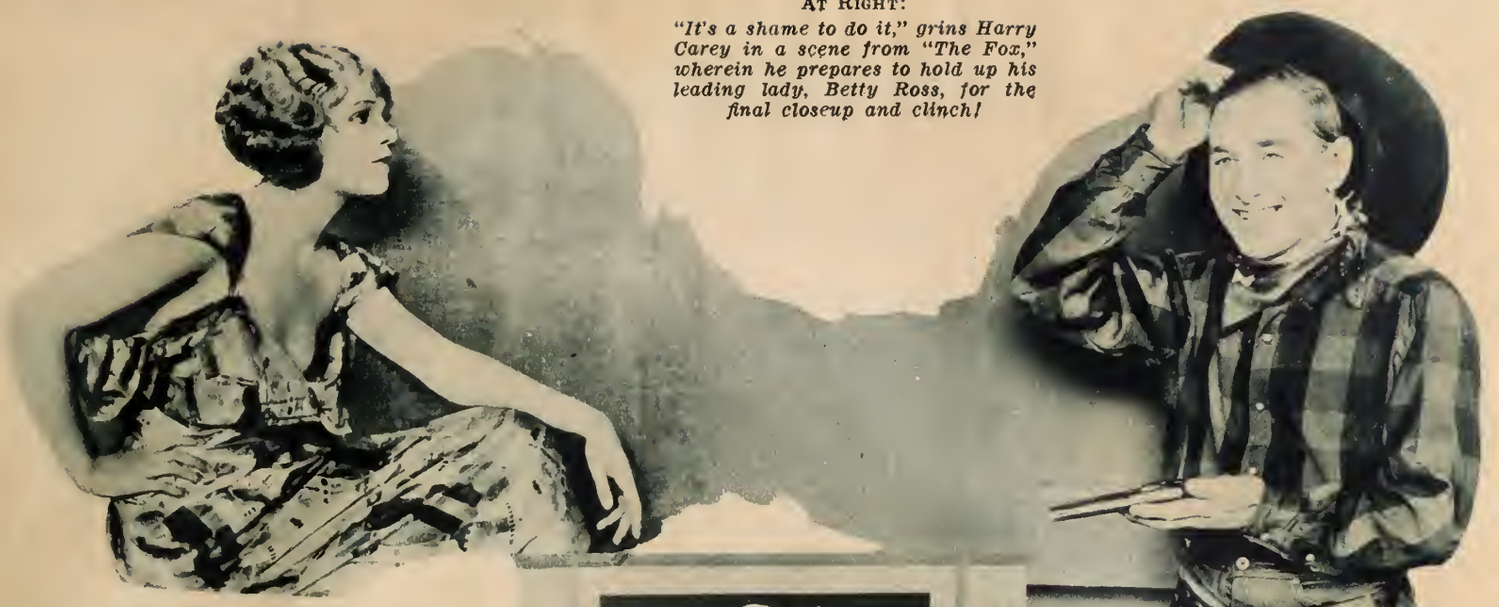
Good for 50 votes in the Movie Weekly Popular Girl Contest held in the Movie Theatres, listed in "Movie Weekly."

This coupon is good for 50 votes at any theatre running the contest. Vote for your favorite.

I vote for.....

.....

This coupon can only be voted at the theatre in which the contest is being run.



AT RIGHT:
"It's a shame to do it," grins Harry Carey in a scene from "The Fox," wherein he prepares to hold up his leading lady, Betty Ross, for the final closeup and clinch!

A Flying Romance with Betty Ross - the Ace

How Betty Ross' husband met and wooed her

THE call to arms found Arthur Collins, a member of a New York brokerage firm, ready to enlist in the Royal Flying Corps.

The call to arms saw Betty Ross Clarke emoting in small roles before the camera in Los Angeles.

Three thousand miles separated a man and a girl who had never seen each other.

Collins became a lieutenant, and on the war-ravaged European front acquitted himself honorably. Betty devoted her time between her work and selling Liberty bonds.

The lieutenant received orders to make a surveying flight at Armentieres. Following a comparatively peaceful fifteen minutes in the air, Collins sighted two enemy planes bearing down upon him. He shifted for position, dropping one of the enemy's planes; the other abandoned the "air field of battle." But Collins' plane was in a sad condition, riddled with shots. He, himself, was wounded in both arms. He turned off the motor and skimmed to the ground, missing a smooth landing by inches. Collins felt himself propelled through space and awoke in a base hospital, recovering from a fractured skull and bullet wounds in his arms.

In Los Angeles, Betty happily sold another batch of Liberty bonds.

Lieutenant Collins found distraction in thumbing through the pages of a dog-eared magazine. His eyes fastened on a lovely photograph of a girl. Boy! Who was she? The caption had been torn off and nowhere else in the book was mention made of her.

But it was this unknown beauty who proved most effective in helping him through those long weeks of convalescence. He fell madly in love with her. She was THE girl for him—whoever, wherever she may be.

BELOW:
An interesting study of Betty.
FREULICH

Betty Ross Clarke and her Royal Flying Ace husband, Lieutenant Arthur Collins, one of the most gallant sky-fighters of the Corps. He's just visiting Betty on a studio set in Universal City . . .

With the signing of the armistice, Betty returned to pictures with redoubled verve, jumping from small parts to leads. Collins, feeling the effect of his wounds, decided to take a little vacation before returning to his brokerage office in Wall Street. Accordingly, upon returning to this country, he entrained for Los Angeles, stopping at the Los Angeles Athletic Club.

Betty, at this time, was playing in Thomas Ince's big special, "Mother O' Mine," and also on the stage in "True To Form." Nothing like double work to put one ahead of the game.

Now it happened that many of the fellows in the Los Angeles Athletic Club were enthusiastic rooters for Betty. They made up a theatre party to go see her, but Arthur Collins couldn't be bothered. He wouldn't go. Girls were all right in their way, but there was only one for him—the beauty in the magazine who unconsciously had helped him during his hours of stress in that base hospital. And he didn't even know her name!

The life lines of Betty and Arthur were destined to cross and be one, and man's stubbornness couldn't interfere with Fate's ordeal.

On a Tuesday, Collins saw the beauty of the magazine at a dinner dance.

"Who's that girl over there?" he asked a friend, excitedly.

The friend's gaze followed his. "Why that's Betty Ross Clarke. She's the girl we went to see en masse at the theatre the other evening."

Arthur said unkind things to himself (silently), before being able to request: "Introduce me, like a good fellow."

The friend did. Arthur really had the advantage of Betty, having met her unofficially over a year ago and loving her ever since. But Betty didn't hem-and-haw. She saw THE man. The following Sunday they were married!

(Continued on page 18)

Crushing Sorrows of the Stars

by Truman B. Handy

WHAT does Mary Pickford think about when she wants to cry for the camera?

And what is it that makes any real histrionic artist convincing in an emotional art?

It is trouble—some sort of sorrow. A heartache.

People have gotten to surmise that movie favorites have never known anything else than a joyful existence supplemented by luxuries, and outsiders believe that the road to film stardom is paved with gold bricks.

In reality it is cobbled with sharp-edged stones—and the feet of those who tread it are sometimes sorely bruised.

Sorrow is the quality which peculiarly enriches the art of artizans and inspires them to true artistry. It is the force within that mellows the soul of an actor—that makes him really act.

Duse's sorrow was the loss of a lover—or, rather, the realization that the man she loved proved faithless to her.

And there have been innumerable instances where trepidation and grief have singularly changed the lives of screen players, in some cases moulding careers, in others mellowing them, and in still others creating a career that, otherwise, might not have been a career at all.

And so, the gods and goddesses of the cinema are humans like any of the rest of the world. They have had their sweets and their bitterness. Many have continued to act in tinseled, fantastic roles while their hearts were crushed—but in every instance they have emerged a greater artist, the possessor of greater sympathy, soul and feeling.

When audiences see the rollicking, smiling Harold Lloyd cutting his side-splitting capers on the silversheet they perhaps do not know that a terrible physical catastrophe is behind it all.

Nor do they realize that poverty—real poverty—was the motive force of Mae Marsh's pathos not so long ago when she touched theatre-goers' hearts with her portrayals of the little sister and the frail girl-mother in the happy Griffiith days.

Nor, from seeing Jack Mulhall smiling from the screen in "Molly-O," nor Ethel Clayton receiving her film lover's attentions in her earlier Lasky pictures, would anyone be likely to surmise that both artists were inwardly suffering real-life agonies as the result of the death of a beloved.

For, like "Pagliacci," they of necessity hid their sorrow from the eyes of the world, suffered it alone and intensely—and emerged with considerably more depth of soul and feeling, and with heartstrings more sympathetically attuned.

It was just three years ago that Harold Lloyd was on the threshold of his career. The producer of his comedies, Hal E. Roach, had gained great confidence in the young comedian—so much so that he had signed Lloyd on a new contract which would enable him to greatly broaden his artistic field.

And it was on a warm, Spring morning that Harold sat on the steps of his studio telling me of how his life dreams were coming true. He was to be spared no expense in the production of his pictures. He could select all of his own stories, and direct himself, too, if he so wished.

The distributors of his films had written him an inspiring letter encouraging him and assuring him that they believed him to be capable of great things, and he had dozens of telegrams from theatre owners throughout the country telling him that they'd like to give his new pictures a trial and wishing him luck.

He was to have a new leading woman, Mildred Davis, a pretty little blonde—and, Harold enthused, she was going to do wonderful, new things.

For a news dispatch told of how young Harold Lloyd lay in a hospital, dying—the victim of a bomb explosion.

"She's the prettiest kid you've ever set your eyes on!" he raved to me as he peeled a banana and sat there on the studio steps with the warm rays of the sun filtering over him.

During our conversation he made plans and plans. He was the happiest youth I believe I've ever seen. He was too full of the joy of living to realize that he was really alive!

For the new contract—his new, wonderful "opportunity"—had transplanted him to a world of celestial dreams and he was dazed by his own happiness.

It was less than a week later, though, when the daily papers carried an ominous headline. Newsboys on every street corner were excited and screaming their wares, and people who bought the editions shook their heads and shuddered.

For a news dispatch told of how young Lloyd lay in a hospital, dying—the victim of a bomb explosion.

His eyesight, the doctors thought, would be permanently impaired, one of his hands had been blown off—and, altogether, none held out much hope for his recovery, much less for his return to the screen.

A very few friends were admitted to his darkened hospital chamber, and it was the sight of Harold swathed from head to foot in bandages that greeted their eyes.

"Everything is gone—GONE!" he sobbed furtively. "Just at this time when it was all beginning to mean so much!"

Nor from seeing Jack Mulhall smiling from the screen in "Molly-O,' nor Ethel Clayton receiving her film lover's attentions in her earlier Lasky pictures would anyone surmise . . .

Poverty—real poverty—was the motive force of Mae Marsh's pathos not so long ago when she touched theatre-goers' hearts with her portrayals of the frail girl-mother in the happy Griffith days.

And it indeed looked that way. He lay in the hospital for weeks. Finally, however, he emerged, scarred badly and minus his right hand's principal fingers.

But, however, Harold's philosophy is optimism. "Cure it with a smile," is his slogan.

He proceeded to smile, and set about to disguise his injured hand by the use of gloves and costuming.

"I used to feel awfully sensitive about my hand," said Lloyd. "I didn't want anybody ever to see it, and I got into a habit of not shaking hands. Now, however, I don't care so much.

"That accident has certainly taught me one thing—to smile. If I hadn't been able to smile then I should never have been able to recuperate. Of this I am sure.

"There's nothing so terrible can happen to us that we can't cure with a smile. Smile, even if it hurts—and then you get used to it and it comes natural.

"My so-called misfortune taught me that a person can overcome almost any handicap provided he has the inward intention.

"The hour when I realized that I had lost my hand—when I first began to think that I would never again be able to get back onto the screen—was the darkest moment of my life. However, I was determined not to let any obstacle so trivial as a maimed hand stand in my way, and I found that I could overcome it by concentrating my mind upon that idea."

Every screen enthusiast can recall the sight of Mae Marsh as the pinched, pathetic "little sister" of "The Escape," and later as the frail, terror-stricken child in "The Birth of a Nation." They were her greatest roles, enacted at a time when she was fighting the eternal life struggle against poverty—when she and an older sister, Marguerite Loveridge Marsh, were waging a terrific battle to keep a large family of younger brothers and sisters intact and in shoes.

At the time of the San Francisco fire Miss Marsh's mother, a widow with a growing family on her hands, was rendered penniless. But Mrs. Hall, a splendid, brave woman, could cope with the situation—and proceeded at once to earn a living for her brood.

In a very few years her eldest daughter, Marguerite, was able to help her by getting work in the chorus of a Los Angeles musical show. Eventually she joined a stock company, and finally made her way into pictures in the old Biograph company, where she eventually became a leading woman at a time when James Kirkwood, Gertrude Bambrick, Gertrude Robinson, Mabel Normand, Mary Pickford, Owen Moore, Claire MacDowell, Kate Toncray and others made up an unknown aggregation of players in the films' first stock company.

But the adolescent Marsh family made heavy inroads upon the earnings of the mother and eldest sister, and Mae—a mere slip of a girl—left grade school to enter a Los Angeles telephone office, where she worked faithfully until, one day, Mr. Griffith met her through her sister-in-the-movies and gave her a small chance "in stock."

During those very early days of Mae's career there was considerable trepidation in store for her. Domestic difficulties entered into Marguerite Loveridge's life and she separated from her husband and was left with a young daughter to care for.

While Mae was in New York at work with Griffith, Blanche Sweet, Henry B. Walthall, and Robert Harron on "The Escape," her family lived in Los Angeles with their mother in a tiny bungalow. A brother, Oliver, had left his job in an electrical shop in the city to learn the business of being a cameraman at the studio, and the two younger sisters, in addition to Miss Loveridge's daughter, were being sent to school.

They had none of the luxuries that families of picture players have nowadays, for salaries were small. And it was a common sight for neighbors of the Marsh family to view the two younger sisters on their way to and from the corner grocery store with their arms laden with packages of the food for the daily meals.

"It was because Mae Marsh knew what the 'little sister' really suffers under duress that she could play her so convincingly on the screen," a director friend of Miss Marsh's not long ago remarked to me.

"She knew poverty and its pinch—and she knew the heartaches of a young girl with heavy responsibilities."

For, while other girls in the neighborhood were spending happy hours in flapper pastimes and girlish trysts, Mae was working unceasingly to support herself and her family.

And perhaps it has been the remembrance of those doleful days immediately subsequent to the 'Frisco quake when she and her family suddenly found themselves without a home or anything to eat that has given her that peculiar, frightened expression in her eyes, the careworn forehead that can wrinkle so pathetically.

Wanda Hawley originally intended to be a concert musician, with no thought of the movies in mind during the formative period of her life. As a young girl in a western university people said that she had a remarkable singing voice—and everybody used to marvel at the way in which she played the piano.

And it was thus that she based all of her hopes on the thought of appearing in concert. She studied music extensively, and her voice was trained by the finest teachers.

She made many plans to sing in recital, and the eve of her debut drew near. But the hand of Fate pointed an ominous finger at her.

She became afflicted with throat trouble, and the clear soprano that she had been so carefully cultivating became hoarse and unmusical.

She was heartbroken, utterly discouraged. All chance of her career was apparently gone.

But, on the other hand, her teacher suggested that she try concertizing with her piano, and in a short while she found herself playing the accompaniment of Albert Spaulding, the American baritone.

She had no thought of ever playing in films, but eventually she succumbed to their lure.

"It was a terrible blow to me to learn that I could never sing again," said Miss Hawley, "and one which seemed the great catastrophe of my life.

"Hitherto I had taken my voice more or less as a matter of course, and, while I trained it carefully, I failed to appreciate it.

"It was the losing of it that made me appreciate the necessity of caring for and fostering any other God-given attribute—and that has made me regard my work since as a matter to be taken with the utmost sincerity."

A financial set-back is one of the greatest catastrophes extent. One day you have bank accounts and prosperity at hand. Voila! The next day shows you in the throes of a panic, without funds, without resources.

Great enterprises, however, have grown out of such moments. If both Cecil B. de Mille and Jesse L. Lasky had not been financially embarrassed simultaneously a few years ago the now great Famous Players-Lasky company, might never have come into being.

But, as it was, both men were living in a darkened world. Lasky had failed in a play-producing venture, and a production, too, of de Mille's had just gone onto the rocks.

Neither man knew the other—and yet, within a comparatively short space of time both were destined to become business partners in the foundation of one of America's greatest business institutions.

(To be continued)

(In the next instalment Mr. Handy will tell of the inception of the Famous Players-Lasky corporation and of the production of its first picture. In addition he will narrate other "dark moments" of other screen celebrities.)

ABOVE:

Wanda Hawley originally intended to be a concert musician, but on the eve of her debut, she became afflicted with throat trouble . . . She was heartbroken, utterly discouraged. Her career was apparently gone, but . . .

AT RIGHT:

Great enterprises have grown out of financial set-backs. If both Cecil de Mille and Jesse Lasky had not been financially embarrassed, Famous Players-Lasky might never have come into being.

The Stormy Loves of Pauline Frederick

IF plans remain unchanged, Pauline Fred- Larceny." "Movie Weekly" published sev- Woods' English production of "Lawful erick sails soon to open in London in A. H. eral weeks ago the story of Miss Frederick's forsaking the screen for a five-year stage contract, following her break with Robertson-Cole regarding a reduction in salary, which she refused to accept.

A recent statement of Miss Frederick condemns the movie world as a wrecking influence for married life, and recalls her own stormy loves:

"Is there something in the movie world that tells against married happiness for film stars?" she asks. "Often I have asked this question, not only in consideration of my own domestic affairs, but in relation to the unhappy marriages of other film stars. At first I was disposed to dismiss the suggestion as an absurd fancy begotten of a morbid mind, but now I am forced to the conclusion that there is something in it, a good deal more than many people imagine.

"I have been forced to that conclusion by careful study of the facts leading up to my own shattered romances and to those of other stars that I might mention by name.

"The certainty that there is this sinister association between film work and unhappy marriages has so impressed itself on me that I have decided to cut my association with movie work and try to break the spell by a return to the speaking stage so that my latest adventure in matrimony may not share the fate the previous ones had."

WHITE

Willard Mack, Pauline's first husband, from whom she was granted a divorce.

Miss Frederick, however, doesn't detail the causes that shatter the matrimonial happiness of film folk. But take her own wrecked romances. There are two of them, the third, comparatively recent, continues to sail smoothly.

Pauline took her first matrimonial step with Frank Andrews, the architect who designed the McAlpin Hotel in New York, and a business associate of Charles P. Taft. He was married to Miss Frederick, who was then on the stage, seven days after his divorce from his first wife. It was while she was married to Andrews that "Polly" met Willard Mack.

Mack, who had divorced his first wife, was married to Marjorie Rambeau when he met "Polly."

It seems that about this time, Mr. and Mrs. Andrews were mutually agreed the matrimonial barque had sailed too long on even seas for excitement. The captains of the craft —there was no crew—couldn't agree on the route, and during the course of the disagreement, the Good Ship Matrimony drifted from her course and rocked in the throes of a bitter Northwest'er

When the storm died to a calm, the captains came to an agreement. They would drop anchor in the Port of Divorces and abandon the ship, each going their separate ways.

In the meantime, Mr. and Mrs. Mack came to a tacit agreement that the time had come when it was best to agree to disagree. So their little romance ended its brief and fitful run.

Then came Pauline's second signing up to sail on the Good Ship Matrimony. Willard Mack ushered in a minister to officiate and, placing the "contract" in his pocket, set sail with Mrs. Mack.

But Pauline, playing on the stage and meeting with increased success and popularity, soon discovered that she was getting slightly seasick on her cruise with Mack. In complete charge of the ship, Captain Mack was running amuck and Pauline wasn't having a "go" of it a'tall. The worse came to worse when he piloted the ship into shoals. There was a smash-up—and the dissolution of another short lived and stormy romance.

There was, however, a total lack of bitterness on either side. Mack attributed the divorce to his disposition.

"Polly is a mighty fine woman," he said of her. "And a good sport."

Polly, in the meantime, had entrained for the Coast to fulfill her Robertson-Cole contract. But she said of Mack:

"Bill is a mighty fine man. I consider it a great privilege to have been associated with him."

After making several pictures, she returned to New York to shop and enjoy a needed vacation. While here, she phoned Mack, who was delighted to drop around and see his former wife. They were good friends. But nothing sensational occurred.

Until—Polly left for the Coast. Mack accompanied her to the station. Then Broadway commenced to hum when it became cognizant of the not-to-be-mistaken for mere warm friendliness manner with which they had parted.

The papers jumped to conclusions, blazing out the astounding news that there would soon be a repetition of the Mack ceremonial, with the same parties taking the leading roles. And Willard Mack came out with:

"Yes, it's true. Polly and I are going to try it again. That is," he qualified, "if I behave myself properly. I'm sort of on probation until Christmas. This summer, when I go up to Alberta to see my folks, I'm going to drop over and get Polly and see if we can't fix it up. Why," he is said to have declared, "I have never loved another woman since I met Polly, and I'll be mighty happy to be her husband again."

Miss Frederick smiled evasively at the questions popped to her about a re-marriage.

On guard. Ready to lasso any evil spirit that attempts to break up her happy home.

Dr. Charles Alton Rutherford, childhood friend and now her husband.

Then Mack came through with a smashing climax last January when he turned around and married Mrs. Beatrice Stone of Salt Lake City. The wedding cake of Mack's fourth marriage was hardly eaten when Pauline crashed through with her own little climax, proceeding to say "I do" to Dr. Charles Alton Rutherford. The doctor is forty-six; she, thirty-seven. Miss Frederick is happy in her third marriage, a marriage which culminates a romance begun in her childhood.

It was while they were boy and girl, back in New York, that Miss Frederick and Rutherford became acquainted. He lived with his parents in Waddington, New York, and she in Boston. Her grandparents, however, lived in the small town of Madrid, New York, a twin town to Waddington, and the families were acquainted. Charlie Rutherford used frequently to come over to Polly Frederick's grandmother's house with his parents to visit, and though he was nine years older than Pauline, he took a great interest in the bright little girl—used to bring her dolls to play with, and occasionally took her to the matinee. Once he is reported to have spanked a small boy who tried to pick a quarrel with Pauline. They used sometimes to go horseback riding together, too, for the little girl Polly was as fond of riding as she is now; and once when her horse, egged on by its too reckless little rider, nearly slid into a lake, it was Charlie Rutherford who hauled horse and rider back over the edge of the small cliff down which they seemed doomed to tumble.

Pauline often spent months at a time with her grandparents, so she and her future husband grew to know each other very well indeed. And it is said that Rutherford suddenly discovered he was very much in love with his little playmate. But she was still very young, so he said nothing. Then she went on the stage and he lost sight of her for several

Pauline Frederick dreams happily with her pet cockatoo, Bill, a sympathetic pal.

months, even years, at a time. But he always loved the girl who used to go horseback riding and to matinees with him in the days of his youth.

Dr. Rutherford had not seen Miss Frederick in eleven years when they met once more a few months ago in Los Angeles. He went out to the studio to call on her, and though she was dressed in the freakish makeup she wears in "The Glory of Clementina," still the old flame was fanned anew when he grasped once more the hand of his boyhood love. Just a fortnight afterward, following calls at her house, he asked her to marry him.

Miss Frederick's mother had no objection to her daughter's suitor, but asked the pair to postpone the wedding for a while. But they wouldn't. However, there was no quarrel. They simply slipped off quietly one night, went to Santa Ana, a city thirty miles from Los Angeles, woke up the city clerk, secured a license, and telephoned to the Reverend Dr. Porter, of the Christian Church, who married

AT LEFT:

"On With the Dance." An evening closeup of Pauline."

them. Louise Dresser and Jack Gardner, her husband, stood up with the pair.

As a pre-wedding supper, Dr. Rutherford and Miss Frederick, Jack Gardner and Miss Dresser, stopped at a lunch counter on the way down—of course they motored—and ate ham sandwiches and drank coffee. After the ceremony, they came home and woke mamma Frederick up to tell her the news.

A honeymoon horseback trip to the Grand Canyon was planned as soon as Miss Frederick finished her last picture for R-C.

"That trip certainly will insure our being alone," said Dr. Rutherford with a smile, when discussing the trip. "I don't believe that very many people care to take a riding trip through the wild country which we shall traverse. But Polly and I are good horsemen and I know we shall enjoy every minute of it."

They did.

Pauline's marriage to the doctor and refusal to marry anyone in the film or theatrical world is her direct answer to her statement quoted in the beginning:

"Is there something in the movie world that tells against married happiness for film stars? . . . At first I was disposed to dismiss the suggestion as an absurd fancy begotten of a morbid mind, but now I am forced to the conclusion that there is something in it, a good deal more than people imagine."

Perhaps the temperament of the star finds a serene balance with that of the doctor. Perhaps their childhood association and the steady devotion of the one to the woman of his choice through the years she stormed through her two voyages on the Good Ship Matrimony and Pauline's, perhaps sub-conscious, clinging to him through those years of strife will make for the perfect home.

Can it be that Polly has at last achieved the happiness that should be the lot of every woman, be she stage, screen, business or other kind of a star? We hope so, even while we wonder.

Pauline is a great lover of horses. Here she is, ready for a gallop on her cowpony, Victor.

Adolph Zukor, founder of Famous Players, and the first man to recognize the value of feature pictures,

IN CENTER:

"When D. W. Griffith presented 'The Birth of a Nation' and definitely established the vast commercial possibilities of the silent drama, the second gold rush to California started."

BELOW:

Jesse Lasky, first vice-president of Famous Players-Lasky and in charge of production, with one of his star directors, John Robertson.

What's Wrong With the Movies?

Being an Answer To This Mooted Question.

By Robert E. Sherwood

THE question printed at the head of this page is constantly trembling on the lips of everyone who ever goes to the movies; and that, as almost any statistician will tell you, is quite a sizeable gathering.

It is being uttered every day by film fans in New York, N. Y., in Brownsville, Texas, in Nairobi, East Africa, in Athens, Greece, and in Sitka, Alaska. But, more particularly, by the film people themselves in Hollywood, Cal. —by the producers, directors, actors, camera men, stage hands, distributors and exhibitors.

In fact, everyone knows there is something wrong with the movies. But what?

Ah! That is something else again.

The question is very easy to ask; but it's no cinch to answer. Not that people don't try to answer it. You can ask the postman, or the office boy, or the man who brings the coal, or the traffic cop, or the young lady who purveys the beans in your favorite lunch room, to inform you as to just what is wrong with the movies, and he or she will launch forth on an oration that sounds as though it ought to be read into the Congressional Record.

Everyone has a definite story on the subject, both as to the nature of the ailment and the most effective remedy. The trouble is, that these theories never seem to agree with each other.

For instance, I asked the leading question to ten different people, and received the following conflicting opinions:

(1) The star system is all wrong. We want good stories.

(2) The producers pay too much attention to the stories, and not enough to the stars. We want to see our favorite actors and actresses, and the stories can take care of themselves.

(3) There is too much sob stuff and not enough humor.

(4) There are too many comedies and not enough heart interest stories.

(5) The public is sick of wild, crazy melodrama, and wants pictures that reflect real everyday life.

(6) The people get enough realism in their own homes, and go to the pictures to see red-blooded romance.

(7) The movies attach too much importance to action, and not enough to art.

(8) The public doesn't care about art; what it craves is action.

(9) The majority of pictures are too full of sex stuff. We want cleaner photoplays.

(10) The movies have become too tame. What we want is some of that snappy sex stuff.

So it goes. One man's Eskimo Pie is another man's arsenic. Everyone knows what is wrong with the movies, but no two people can get together and agree what it is.

Consequently, the producers are very much up in the air. They have seen their business slide from incredible prosperity into an awful slump. Their box office reports read like the rainfall statistics in the Desert of Sahara.

It is impossible to gauge the exact extent of this slump, because the film people—who are always eager to tell you just what their pictures cost, and how many men, women, children, horses, camels and yards of material there are in the cast—are very hesitant about giving any information about the number of fans who are staying away from the theatres.

But the number is considerable. Several hundred picture theatres throughout the country have closed their doors and hung out "For Sale" notices in the same places where they used to display the "Standing Room Only." signs. Star's salaries have shrunk as far as the Mack Sennett one piece suits would shrink if his bathing girls ever went into the water. Most of the studios in Hollywood are practically idle, and many of them are entirely shut down. Thousands upon thousands of extras, who used to fill in the background at $7.50 a day, have given up acting and gone back to work (if they can get it).

Various producing companies have vanished into thin air, and others have been absorbed.

All of which means that fewer pictures are being produced.

And right here we find a solution to our mystery:

The answer to the question, "What is wrong with the movies?" may be summed up in one hyphenated word:

AT RIGHT:

Mack Sennett, originator of the bathing girl comedy which is no more. Sennett now turns his hand to special comedies.

Over-production.

When Griffith presented "The Birth of a Nation," and definitely established the vast commercial possibilities of the silent drama, the second gold rush to California started. Everyone, everywhere, wanted to get into the movies in some capacity or other. It was the new Eldorado, the ideal get-rich-quick scheme.

Of course, all sorts of people were attracted into this rich, new field, and included in the number were a goodly percentage of crooks; men who had formerly been employed at the lucrative pastime of peddling gold bricks and bogus oil stocks.

Thousands of film companies sprang up in all parts of the country, some of them genuine and some of them phoney. The result was that thousands of pictures were produced.

The public, at that time, had plenty of spare change. The European nations were having a rather expensive party in northern France, and were spending most of their money in the United States. People took up the movies eagerly, as a marvellous novelty, and the box offices thrived.

So that the producers did not have to worry very much about the quality of the pictures they offered. Everything was accepted, just so long as it was printed on celluloid and could be run through a standard projection machine.

But now, that situation is changed. The national bankroll has developed diabetes, and the public has less money to spend on entertainment. The grocers, the butchers and the landlords have seen to that. Consequently, there is less demand for pictures. The fans have grown more fastidious, and have given

(*Continued on page* 18)

My Trip Abroad

by Charlie Chaplin

EVERYTHING sails along smoothly and delightfully until the night of the concert for the seaman's fund. This entertainment is customary on all liners and usually is held on the last night out. The passengers provide the entertainment.

I am requested to perform. The thought scares me. It is a great tragedy, and, much as I would like to do something, I am too exhausted and tired. I beg to be excused, I never like making appearances in public. I find that they are always disappointing.

I give all manner of reasons for not appearing—one that I have no particular thing to do, nothing arranged for, that it is against my principles because it spoils illusion—especially for the children. When they see me minus my hat, cane, and shoes, it is like taking the whiskers off Santa Claus. And not having my equipment with me, I feel very conscious of this. I am always self-conscious when meeting children without my makeup for that very reason. I must say the officers were very sympathetic and understood my reasons for not wanting to appear, and I can assure you that the concert was a distinct success without me. There were music and recitations and singing and dancing, and one passenger did a whistling act, imitating various birds and animals, also the sawing of wood, with the screeching sound made when the saw strikes a knot. It was very effective.

I watched and enjoyed the concert immensely until near the end, when the entertainment chairman announced that I was there and that if the audience urged strongly enough I might do something for them. This was very disconcerting, and after I had explained that I was physically exhausted and had nothing prepared I am sure the audience understood. The chairman, however, announced that it did not matter, as they could see Charlie Chaplin at any time for a nickel—and that's that.

The next day is to be the last aboard. We are approaching land. I have got used to the boat and everybody has got used to me. I have ceased to be a curiosity. They have taken me at my face value—face without mustache and kindred makeup. We have exchanged addresses, cards, invitations; have made new friends, met a lot of charming people, names too numerous to mention.

The lighter is coming out. The top deck is black with men. Somebody tells me they are French and British camera men coming to welcome me. I am up on the top deck, saying good-bye to Mme. Namara and her husband. They are getting off at Cherbourg. We are staying aboard.

Suddenly there is an avalanche. All sorts and conditions of men armed with pads, pencils, motion-picture cameras, still cameras. There is an embarrassing pause. They are looking for Charlie Chaplin. Some have recognized me. I see them searching among our little group. Eventually I am pointed out.

"Why, here he is!"

My friends suddenly become frightened and desert me. I feel very much alone, the victim.

"I am welcomed by the Mayor of Southampton, England."

Square-headed gentlemen with manners different—they are raising their hats.

"Do I speak French?" Some are speaking in French to me. It means nothing. I am bewildered. Others English. They all seem too curious to even do their own business. I find that they are personally interested. Camera men are forgetting to shoot their pictures.

But they recover themselves after their curiosity has been gratified. Then the deluge:

"Are you visiting in London?"
"Why did you come over?"
"Did you bring your makeup?"
"Are you going to make pictures over here?"
Then from Frenchmen:
"Will I visit France?"
"Am I going to Russia?"
I try to answer them all.
"Will you visit Ireland?"
"I don't expect to do so."
"What do you think of the Irish question?"
"It requires too much thought."
"Are you a Bolshevik?"
"I am an artist, not a politician."
"Why do you want to visit Russia?"
"Because I am interested in any new idea."
"What do you think of Lenin?"
"I think him a very remarkable man."
"Why?"
"Because he is expressing a new idea."
"Do you believe in Bolshevism?"
"I am not a politician."

Others ask me to give them a message to France. A message to London. What have I to say to the people of Manchester? Will I meet Bernard Shaw? Will I meet H. G. Wells? Is it true that I am going to be knighted? How would I solve the unemployment problem?

In the midst of all this a rather mysterious gentleman pulls me to one side and tells me that he knew my father intimately and acted as agent for him in his music-hall engagements. Did I anticipate working? If so, he could get me an engagement. Would I give him the first opportunity? Anyway, he was very pleased to meet me. If I wanted a nice quiet rest I could come down to his place and spend a few days with my kind of people, the people I liked.

I am rescued by my secretaries, who insist that I go to my cabin and lie down. Anything the newspaper men have to ask they will answer for me. I am dragged away bewildered.

Is this what I came six thousand miles for? Is this rest? Where is that vacation that I pictured so vividly?

I lie down and nap until dinner time. I have dinner in my cabin. Now comes another great problem.

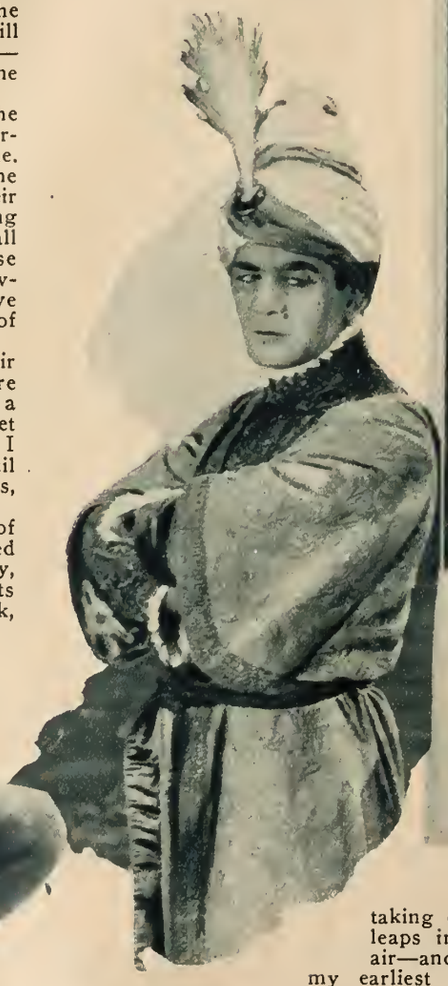
Tipping. One has the feeling that if you are looked at you should tip. One thing that I believe in, though—tipping. It gets you good service. It is money well spent. But when and how to tip—that is the question. It is a great problem on shipboard.

There's the bedroom steward, the waiter, the head waiter, the hallboy, the deck steward, boots, bathroom steward, Turkish bath attendants, gymnasium instructor, smoking-room steward, lounge-room steward, page boys, elevator boys, barber. It is depressing. I am harassed as to whether to tip the doctor and the captain.

(*Continued on page 26*)

The Battling Romance of Eddie Polo's Success by Himself

In one of the costumes he wears in his new serial, "Cap'n Kidd."



A closeup of Eddie's fighting face.

MY life!

It's something of a shock to be brought up short—asked to review one's life—to look again into that sea of crowded incidents we call our past—and upon which most of us try to shut tight the lid of Recollection and turn our thoughts to the Future! Gypsy campments, sunny Italy, chill London, the glorious sunsets of the Riviera—it all comes crowding in—all that has gone behind—the good and bad of it——

An encampment, along the border of the Mohava Desert, near the valley of San Bernardino—that is my first recollection of home. My father and mother, bred as I am to the theatre, the show-life, had lived most of their married life in a wagon show tent, following the lure of the "Big Top"—answering the call of the circus that never grows dim to those who have once followed its voice—until poverty and disheartenment forced them to leave the tents behind and seek a new means of livelihood.

To the New World they came from their own Italy—to the California gold tracts, where my father turned to prospecting like many a good man before—and since. Again they met with bitter, disappointing failure—and then I came, and somehow they struggled on until I was four, and Italy, ever in their hearts, called to them again.

They managed passage back for the three of us, and in Italy joined a circus troupe owned by a man named Wolfe—who, by the way, died not long ago in America. My parents were "stunt performers"—doing trapeze work, taking daring leaps into mid-air—and one of my earliest recollections of Italy was standing way out of sight, amid the smell of animals and sawdust and people, and watching them take those leaps and waiting for them to grasp safety again. I never knew, at first, which was the larger—the lump that always came to my throat with the fear that some day something would happen to swing the trapeze just out of their hands—or the heart of me, swelled with pride at their fine courage and daring.

The daredevil of the silver sheet, Eddie Polo.

But soon I knew—it was the swell of pride that won—they were wonderful, my parents—they could not miss—and oh, for the day when I might do as they were doing! My mother used to tell me that was not the life for me—I was to have something better—but always, I know now, she knew that talking so would do no good—I had heard the call of the circus as she had—and for good or bad I was of it!

Then came the day when my father passed on—with a fever. My mother struggled to keep body and soul together—then came the day when I was a man!—for between us we originated a stunt—a parachute jump through the air—my mother taking the jump with me strapped to her back. Oh, that first day—the leap into space, that awful moment waiting for the parachute to open and break the fall—the soaring through space as on wings! That was my birthright—my first love. I have never been fickle to it!

Seeing this, my mother began to train me in the numerous little ways of the circus—the bravado, the dash, the color of its life. Then she wearied—she wanted to get away from the scenes where my father had died and go again to America. When she told Mr. Wolfe this he said she would be robbing me of a bright future in the ring, that it would be wrong to take me out of it at my age, especially as I was showing signs of great innate talent that should be developed. I was torn between my love of my mother and my love of the circus—but in the end I was signed over to Wolfe as his adopted son for fifteen years. I think I wasn't much of a performer at the moment the "Good-byes" came—just a lonely, heart-broken kid who was losing his mother—being left alone in a strange land—and yet proud that when the time came he could keep up her courage by telling her not to worry—that everything would be fine—that of course I wanted to stay and get to be a wonderful performer like my father and buy her clothes and pearls and—and then when she had gone the tears came, wept into a pile of dirty canvas that meant Circus!

Then I started serving my apprenticeship—doing odd jobs of every description. I was

An exhibition of strength, Eddie lifts Lightweight Champion Benny Leonard and Leach Cross.

BELOW:

Taking a look around for possible locations. This horse is his favorite mount.

surely learning the profession—but was so unhappy that in my childish grief I felt sadly abused and decided to run away.

I was just ten years old when I ventured forth on my own responsibility. Somehow I made my way to London, where I managed to exist for a few weeks by begging my way from door to door, doing all sorts of odd jobs. But soon my ignorance of life outside the circus grounds, and my age, played me false—and I was picked up by a policeman. I tried not to tell him who I was or where I was from—but what chance has a small, hungry boy of ten—and the circus was notified and I was sent back—where Wolfe watched me more zealously than ever.

I stayed with the circus three more years—but they treated me like a kid—they let me do a few stunts, yes, but I—why, I was a man—I wanted to be on my own! I had to be free—to belong to myself—and so, in the dead of night, a small figure crept out from the "Big Top"—this time for good.

Though I was only thirteen, I knew no fear of anything—that was my heritage from my parents—but I faced the necessity of eating and I had the appetite that any normal youngster would have after a long day's tramp. So I would find a spot on some street or in the village where I might happen to be, and start "busking"—a circus term for clowning. I would dance and clown for either small audience or large one—I wasn't particular so long as they would fill my cap with coins. Riding cattle cars, jumping freight trains, bumming rides with country farmers, but mostly walking on foot, I worked my way from Holland to Belgium, Belgium to France, on to Spain, Portugal, Germany, Servia, Belgravia, Turkey, and back to Hamburg—in four years.

It's nothing to say—but the living of it—the days and days with only a crust to eat, the sleeping in barns, in haystacks, on the open road—the hardships—and withal, the Adventure—that was Life! Countless times during those days I was arrested for vagrancy, and then, when some kind policeman found that I was only a small boy, was fed and sent on my way.

Countless times they weren't so kind—and many a time I slipped out in the dead of night from some house of detention for small boys who weren't doing as Society would have them do and stole away into the night. I had a fear of being shut in—I couldn't stand it.

Finally, from Hamburg I boarded a cattle ship for England. I was a rover and I loved the rover's life. But when I reached the age of seventeen I was consumed with a longing to see my mother and America, the memory of my early childhood days in California still clinging in my vision mind. Back in England I continued busking on the streets, trying to raise the price of a passage to America, but it was all I could do to keep from starving. I was too young to work my way across—and finally, unable to resist the longing, I stowed away on the old St. Paul, bound for the U. S. A., one morning at daybreak.

(In Instalment No. 2 we will tell of Eddie Polo's arrival in the Land of Promise—his search for his mother—and what happened to him there.)

AT RIGHT:

Eddie doesn't waste time in making up for a day's work. He gets through that job while traveling to location.

Bernarr Macfadden's

REAL bathing beauties these are whose bathing suits are made to swim in. If they look beautiful as well, that is because constant swimming and outdoor exercise have rounded out their figures and given them the glow of radiant health.

Miss Maxine Cutlip, of Wewoka, Oklahoma, has a physical charm that many of her less fortunate sisters well might envy. At sixteen she already has acquired a figure that a mature woman would be proud to claim. And yet there is that charming boyishness about her which indicates firm flesh, rounded muscles and a glowing vitality. All these are developed through swimming.

Miss Edith Haessler, of Philadelphia, is another example of the benefits derived from exhilarating hours in the open air with every muscle alive with youth and vigor.

Of the outdoor exercises, swimming ranks among the most beneficial. Not only does one get the benefits of pure invigorating air, but every muscle in the body co-ordinates

Maxine Cutlip
Wewoka, Okla.

Edith J. Haessler
Phila, Pa

Beauty Pages

in giving the swimmer a tingling glow of health and strength and that "good-to-be-alive" feeling. Then, too, the cold water is like a tonic—a real tonic prescribed by Nature and not even a distant cousin to the tonics that come in bottles.

Among the other pleasing effects of swimming is companionship. What could be more wholesome than a group of young folks—even if they are young only in feeling—laughing and chatting, dashing in and out of the water, playing about on the sand with all the exuberance of healthy energy!

Then, after the swim is over, the body is tired, with a good, healthy tiredness that means quiet nerves, relaxation, a hearty appetite followed by a good digestion. It means the ability to sleep soundly and dreamlessly.

A continued regime of this kind is the best beauty doctor that can be imagined. If you are looking for a radiant complexion, a beutiful figure, and a smiling countenance, try this method.

Maxine Cutlip

Wewoka, Okla.

Hittin' the Highspots with Jackie

Exclusive to Movie Weekly

Jackie takes a hand at chess with Sammy, the Polish chess wizard. Sammy won, but Jackie was a game loser.

Every kid wants to ride on a fire engine. Here's Jackie atop a real fire-wagon which met him at the depot on his arrival in San Francisco recently.

Jackie entertained Reinald Werrenrath at his home when the famous barytone gave a concert in Los Angeles. "Us artists must stick together," Jackie [illegible]

A lion for a pet. Jackie has had many surprises, but this gift from "Big Bill" Edwards, Collector of Port of New York, ranks with the biggest.

This is the largest studio spot in use, operated by the smallest star in captivity. It serves to put Jackie in a good light in "Trouble" his new picture!

Fred Jones, as the despicable Parisian artist

Rambling Through the Studios in the East

With Dorothea B. Herzog

Come Stroll With Us In Gay Paree!

Jane Thomas makes a snappy Apache

WE ENTER

YE RAMBLER strolled out to Pyramid's Astoria Studio, the other day, to get a glimpse of the stunning reproduction by Art Director Carr of Paris' far-famed Moulin Rouge for the big scenes in "Queen of the Moulin Rouge," starring Martha Mansfield. We were told that Georges Carpentier, champion light heavyweight of the world, recently purchased this famous cabaret. But, of course, we couldn't ask Georges about this.

The reproduction was a gem. It made a glow tingle over us from head to foot. There was a large, square space for dancing. To either side, raised several steps, was an equally large square cluttered with tables. Three or four tables were on the dance floor proper, backed against the wall. Two electrically illuminated windmills revolved slowly on either side of the stage.

About three hundred gaily begarbed extras danced, shouted, and cut up in what was deemed typical Parisian style. The fun raged.

* * * * *

MARTHA MANSFIELD TO GO ON STAGE

We spied Martha Mansfield, attired in a shimmerying costume, conspicuous only for what was missing. It was in this she ruled as "Queen of the Moulin Rouge."

The last time we had seen Martha, was to Ford up to a fashion house and shoot the star in a batch of new gowns, telling the world about it in flowing phraseology bewildering only because of its vagueness! Anyway, we resumed acquaintanceship.

* * * * *

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

"How did you like your vaudeville tour?" we asked. She played the larger cities co-starring with Crane Wilbur on the Keith circuit in a sketch written by him.

Joe Striker, portrays the American violinist and dashing hero

Martha cast a quizzical eye upon us. "I didn't like it. But I wouldn't take anything for the experience. Hotels!" she groaned. "A new one every week. I can't even think of the beastly places," whereupon she illustrated with a shudder.

"No more vaudeville, then?"

She emphatically shook her head.

"How about the stage?"

"Next season," she whispered, smiling.

"With Ziegfeld?"

Again she disagreed. "Drama."

"Great! And are you making another picture with Pyramid?"

"Not immediately. I contracted for only this one."

* * * * *

ENTER THE DEVIL

At this interesting stage, who should enter but the Devil himself, in the person of a long and lean individual incongruously named John Low. Reminded us of Robin Hood's trusty lieutenant whom he called Little John, turning his name right-about-face, because of his height.

Anyway, the Devil entered, and conversed pleasantly with everyone around.

"He coached the ballet scenes," we were told.

"Ballet scenes?"

"Yes. See those six little girls over there?" Our eyes rested on the six, three-quarters of their figures clad "plentifully" in a green kind of material.

"Those girls are from 'The Rose of Stamboul,'" continued our informant. "They are

Martha Mansfield in a scene where she originates the dance that makes her "Queen of the Moulin Rouge."

the Devils' imps in a dance he does at the Moulin Rouge. Get it?"

"Yeah." But our attention was riveted on the Devil, who seemed to be having trouble with his dress.

* * * * *

THE DEVIL'S TROUBLES

"That ruffle isn't high enough around your neck," the continuity clerk amicably informed him.

"I know it," cheerily, "but if I pull it up high," and he did, "it catches me when I dance and hinders my movement."

"That's right, too."

The Devil strolled over to a prop man. "Ha!" he ejaculated. "We need a shave." The propman grinned and gropingly rubbed his infantile beard.

"You certainly do need a shave," the continuity clerk put in, gazing askance at the brush in evidence on his face despite the layer of makeup.

"Nobody'll look at my face," smiled the Devil, convinced. "They'll only see the costume."

LOTS OF HILARITY

Director Ray Smallwood came to the front to issue directions for the Moulin Rouge scene. He gave them to his assistant, Mr. McGuire, who, in a sonorous voice, shouted them to the extras.

"On the floor, those of you in the dance scene," he boomed.

"About fifty couples straggled from the tables, leaving two hundred or so smoking and chatting and looking on.

"We'll rehearse this scene first," instructed Director Smallwood, who appeared weary.

At a signal, the orchestra struck up a merry jazz, and the couples started whirling madly.

* * * * *

MORE PEP

DIRECTOR SMALLWOOD shook his head. "Not enough pep."

McGuire stopped the racket. "Look here, you folks," he shouted. "This is Paris. You're gay. You're cutting up. You don't care who knows it. NOW, try it again! Make it wild."

And the dancers did. Boy howdy, how they "tripped the grotesque toe." One agile young man swung his little partner off the floor right in front of the camera, twirled her around in his arms, put her on her feet only to kiss her and receive a resounding smack, tempered with a little smile. This got across big with the director. Wild stuff! Attaboy, make it peppy. Snap it up! Let 'er go in gay Paree!

* * * * *

ENTER THE EGGS

After this scene had been rehearsed satisfactorily, Director Smallwood called for the six eggs, made by Art Director Carr with paraphine over cheesecloth. They were huge things, brought in on neatly covered, flat-topped carts, each pulled by a serious-looking "waiter-extra."

The cabaret announcer stopped the dancing with word of the Devil's dance. The dancers shout their joy and dash off the floor. The eggs are pulled on. The stage curtain opens slowly, the Devil springs up from behind another huge egg. He pivots around the floor, touching each egg with his wand, and, as he does so, the top of each is pushed up and his six green-garbed imps jump onto the floor and join him in a dance. Accordingly, one might call these six eggs deviled. N'est ce pas?

Director Ray Smallwood

* * * * *

THE DUMBBELL

One of these scenes was spoiled when a dumbbell middle-aged extra decided he wanted a drink and proceeded to march in front of the cameras when they were going full blast. He was discharged without more ado. He got his pay all right, but never, because of his stupidity, will he get another job from Pyramid.

The Triumph of Love

"The Business of Life"

By Robert W. Chambers

SYNOPSIS

James Deshoro, noted idler snd man ahout town, meets Jacqueline Nevers, who is carrying on her dead father's sntique business. He hecomes interested in her and engsges her to cstalog his famous collection.

After a week of this work she decides that they are hoth more interested in each other than is well and decides not to go to Silverwood, Deshoro's home, again. Deshoro, finding her ahsence intolerable, calls up and hegs her to come again, and after much pleading she consents.

Deshoro engsges a Mrs. Hammerton as social chaperone for Jacqueline that she may join the class of people in which he moves.

He then plans a house party to which he invites her, snd sll the guests fall very much under the charm of Jacqueline.

She receives two proposals of marrisge snd is only saved from several more hy the eagle eye of Mrs. Hammerton, who is greatly disgusted at the actions of the set in which Deshoro moves.

Jacqueline, in a moment of weakness, confesses her love for Desboro.

JACQUELINE was growing very much excited, and suddenly near to tears, for the one thing that endangered her self-control seemed to be his doubt of her.

"There is nothing that I haven't forgiven you," she said. "Nothing! There is nothing I won't forgive—except—one thing——"

"What?"

"I can't say it. I can't even think it. All I know is that now I couldn't forgive it." Suddenly she became perfectly quiet.

"I know what you mean," he said.

"Yes. It is what no wife can forgive." She looked at him, clear eyed, intelligent, calm; for the moment without any illusion; and he seemed to feel that, in the light of what she knew of him, she was coolly weighing the danger of the experiment. Never had he seen so cold and lustrous a brow, such limpid clarity of eye, searching, fearless, direct. Then, in an instant, it all seemed to melt into flushed and winsome loveliness; and she was murmuring that she loved him, and asking pardon for even one second's hesitation.

"It never could be; it is unthinkable," she whispered. "And it is too late anyway for me—I would love you now, whatever you killed in me. Because I must go on loving you, Jim; for that is the way it is with me, and I know it now. As long as there is life in me I'll strive for you in my own fashion—even against yourself—to keep you for mine, to please you, to be to you and to the world what you wish me to be—for your honor and your happiness—which also must be my own—the only happiness, now, that I can ever understand."

He held her in his arms, smoothing the bright hair, touching the white brow with his lips at moments, happy because he was so deeply in love, fearful because of it—and, deep in his soul, miserable, afraid lest aught out of his past life return again to mock her—lest some echo of folly offend her ears—some shadow fall—some phantom of dead days rise from their future hearth to stand between them.

Sorrow for what need not have been, regret and shame for what had been—and the bitterness of the folly—the knowledge, too late, of what he could have been to the girl he held now in his arms—how he could have met her on more equal terms had he saved his youth and strength and innocence and pride for her alone—how he could have given it unsullied into her keeping. All this Desboro was beginning to realize now. And many men have realized it when the tardy understanding came too late. For what has been is still and will be always; and shall appear here or hereafter, or after that—somewhere, sometime, inevitably, inexorably.

Walking slowly together, they passed Herrendene in the wing hall, and his fine and somewhat melancholy face lighted up at the encounter.

"I'm so sorry you are going today," said Jacqueline, with all her impulsive and sweet sincerity. "Everybody will miss you and wish you here again."

"To be regretted is one of the few real pleasures in life," he said, smiling. His quick eye rested on Desboro and then reverted to her, and his intuition was warning him with all the brutality and finality of reason that his last hope of her must end.

Desboro said: "I hate to have you go, Herrendene, but I suppose you must."

"Must you?" echoed Jacqueline, wistful for the moment. But the irresistible radiance of happiness had subtly transfigured her, and Herrendene looked into her eyes and saw the new-born beauty in them, shyly apparent.

"Yes," he said, "I must be about the business of life—the business of life, Miss Nevers. Everybody is engaged in it; it has many names but it's all the same business. You, for example, pass judgment on beautiful things; Desboro, here, is a farmer, and I play soldier with sword and drum. But it's all the same business—the business of life; and one can work at it or idle through it, but never escape it, because, at the last, every soul in the world must die in harness. And the idlest are the heaviest laden." He laughed. "That's quite a sermon, isn't it, Miss Nevers? And shall I make my adieux now? Were you going anywhere? You see I am leaving Silverwood directly after breakfast——"

"As though Mr. Desboro and I would go off anywhere and not say good-bye to you!" she exclaimed indignantly, quite unconscious of being too obvious.

So they all three returned to the breakfast room together, where Clydesdale, who had come over from the Hammertons' for breakfast, was already tramping hungrily around the covered dishes on the sideboard, hot plate in hand, evidently meditating a wholesale assault. He grinned affably as Jacqueline and Desboro came in, and they all helped themselves from the warmers, returning laden to the table with whatever suited their fancy. Other guests, to whom no trays had been sent, arrived one after another to prowl around the browse and join in the conversation if they chose, or sulk, as is the fashion with some perfectly worthy souls at breakfast-tide.

"This thaw settles the skating for good and all," remarked Reggie Ledyard. "Will you go fishing with me, Miss Nevers? It's our last day, you know."

Cairns growled over his grape-fruit: "You can't make dates with Miss Nevers at the breakfast table. It isn't done. I was going to ask her to do something with me, anyway."

"I hate breakfast," said Van Alstyne. "When I see it I always wish I were dead or that everybody else was. Zooks! This cocktail helps some! Try one, Miss Nevers."

"There's reason in your grouch," remarked Bertie Barkley, with his hard-eyed smile, "considering what Aunt Hannah and I did to you and Helsa at auction last night."

"Aunt Hannah will live in luxury for a year on it," added Cairns maliciously. "Doesn't it make you happy, Stuyve?"

"Oh—blub!" muttered Van Alstyne, hating everybody and himself—and most of all hating to think of his losses and of the lady who caused them. Only the really rich know how card losses rankle.

Cairns glanced banteringly across at Jacqueline. It was his form of wit to quiz her because she neither indulged in cocktails nor cigarettes, nor played cards for stakes. He lifted his eyebrows and tapped the frosted shaker beside him significantly.

"I've a new kind of mountain dew, warranted to wake the dead, Miss Nevers. I call it the 'Aunt Hannah,' in her honor—honor to whom honor is dew," he added impudently. "Won't you let me make you a cocktail?"

"Wait until Aunt Hannah hears how you have honored her and tempted me," laughed Jacqueline.

"I never tempted maid or wife
Or suffragette in all my life——"

sang Ledyard, beating time on Van Alstyne, who silently scowled his displeasure.

Presently Ledyard selected a grape-fruit, with a sour smile at one of Desboro's cats which had confidently leaped into his lap.

"Is this a zoo den in the Bronx, or a breakfast room, Desboro? I only ask because I'm all over cats."

Bertie Barkley snapped his napkin at an intrusive yellow pup who was sniffing and wagging at his elbow.

Jacqueline comforted the retreating animal, bending over and crooning in his floppy ear:

"They gotta stop kickin' my dawg aroun'."

"What do you care what they do to Jim's live stock, Miss Nevers?" demanded Ledyard suspiciously.

She laughed, but to her annoyance a warmer color brightened her cheeks.

"Heaven help us!" exclaimed Reggie. "Miss Nevers is blushing at the breakfast table. Gentlemen, are we done for without even suspecting it? And by that—that"—pointing a furious finger at Desboro—"THAT!"

"Certainly," said Desboro, smiling. "Did you imagine I'd ever let Miss Nevers escape from Silverwood?"

Ledyard heaved a sigh of relief: "Gad," he muttered, "I suspected you both for a moment. Anyway, it doesn't matter. Every man here would have murdered you in turn. Come on, Miss Nevers; you've made a big splash with me, and I'll play you a game of rabbit—or anything on earth, if you'll let me run along beside you."

"No, I'm driving with Captain Herrendene to the station," she said; and that melancholy soldier looked up in grateful surprise.

And she did go with him; and everybody came out on the front steps to wish him bon voyage.

"Are you coming back, Miss Nevers?" asked Ledyard, in pretended alarm.

"I don't know. Is Manila worth seeing, Captain Herrendene?" she asked, laughingly.

"If you sail for Manila with that tin soldier I'll go after you in a hydroplane!" called Reggie after them, as the car rolled away. He added frankly; for everybody's benefit: "I hate any man who even looks at her, and I don't care who knows it. But what's the use? Going to night-school might help me, but I doubt it. No; she's for a better line of goods than the samples at Silverwood. She shines too far above us. Mark that, James Desboro! And take what comfort you can in your reflected glory. For had she not been the spot-

(*Continued on page 28*)

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Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

MARIE PREVOST

Bucking into the Movies

Hollywood, 1922.

Mr. H. O. Potts,
Hog Run, Ky.
Dear Maw and Folks:

Yours of the 11th imminent received and, believe me, it was as welcome as a cloud-burst would be on the Gobi Desert, because I was needing encouragement and cheering up like a Mexican hairless dog does a fur-lined overcoat. Honest, folks, I was feeling so blamed low, both mentally and physically, that to my downtrodden spirit an adult carpet tack would have looked like the Eiffel Tower.

In fact, there was just two things keeping me from satisfying a personal curiosity as to whether Sir Oliver Lodge is right in his theories regarding existence in the hereafter—a pint of carbolic acid, and the nerve to take it. True, I had a large bottle of tincture of iodine on my dressing table, and I have been told that it is an excellent beverage for ambitious suicides, but iodine didn't just appeal to me some way as a medium of departure from this vale of tears. Because you know what iodine does to the human epidermis, and who in the dickens wants to be a tan-colored angel?

Anyway, I needed the iodine for other purposes, viz.: the alleviation of various bumps and abrasions

which I had received during the course of my today's labors for the so-called flickering camera. Incidentally, it was in the acquiring of these miscellaneous personal injuries that I also acquired my present low spirits and disgust with life in general.

As usual, it all started with a call late yesterday afternoon over that marvel of mechanical inefficiency sometimes known as the Los Angeles telephone system, and the party at the other end of the line was one of Mr. Thos. H. Ince's Casting Directors. This C. D. informed me that, if I wanted to do a little heavy emoting as a classical Greek dancer, he would include me among a small and select flock of assorted actresses which was to go out on location this morning. Well, to make a long story short—I did, he did, and we did.

The scene of action proved to be a more or less virgin stretch of forest just the other side of Pasadena, and our work for the day was to consist of staging various aesthetic dances, which same was to add a little touch of artistry to one of Mr. Ince's current efforts, so to speak.

"Aesthetic," Maw, does not refer to the funny-smelling stuff they gave Tad Faubion to make him go to sleep that time he had his tonsils took out, but is the name of an alleged dance which is supposed to be almost as high-brow and intellectual as the Boston Public Library.

It originated in ancient Greece, and I guess there must have been a serious shortage of men among the Greeks at that time, or something, because as dancing partners the male sex was conspicuous mainly for their absence. Aesthetic dancing as we practised it was also a little different from the modern variety in that we had no jazz orchestra, and that a section of timber of the kind sometimes referred to by poets as being a "sylvan glade" acted as our ballroom floor.

Our costumes consisted of about equal parts of flowing cheese-cloth draperies, flower-bedecked coiffures, bare feet, and the painful smile-at-any-cost facial expression peculiar to an advertisement of "Glitter Tooth Paste." Aesthetic dancing is supposed to be very individual and somewhat interpretive in character—each performer trying to play like she is a rain-drop, the West Wind, or some other such weather phenomenon—and the main requisites seem to be a pair of leather-soled feet, the agility of a trained kangaroo, and an absolute and utter lack of any sense of humor.

You've got to lack a sense of humor because otherwise you might be tempted to snicker out loud at the edifying sight of a plump middle-aged damsel skipping gaily down the glade and blithely caroling, "Tra-la-la! Tra-la-la! I'm a little sunbeam!" And a laugh is regarded as being almost as unheard of and malaprapos a proceeding in an aesthetic dance as a game of Seven-Up would be at the regular Thursday afternoon meeting of the Hog Run Ladies' Aid Society.

Well, anyway, there was about a dozen of us feminine weather impersonators, and we was led in our had once becn a goat's winter overcoat, and who was attired in a pair of papier mache horns and what had once been a gal's winter overcoat, and who was supposed to be representing Pan. Pan was not the god of the kitchen, Maw, as you might believe from his name, but was a sort of a forest deity who apparently divided his time between playing on a set of little pipes which looked like a cross between a flock of penny whistles and a tripe edition of a clarinet—and sounded like the death chant of inebriated pig—and giving dancing lessons to various assorted wood-nymphs.

Inasmuch as we was supposed to be the nymphs, we spent an hour or two flitting and hopping around in a sort of a game of "Follow-the-Leader," Pan starring as the leader. Each of us being left to our own sweet will in the matter of what we wanted to represent, the resulting ensemble of weather impersonations offered more varied climate than a late March day in Ohio.

The lady in front of me was "A June Morning," while the one behind me claimed, on the other hand, to be "An Autumn Sunset." If I'd only had a sprinkling can or something, I'd have tried to impersonate "An April Shower," but I didn't, so I did the best I could with a realistic portrayal of "A Cloudy Night," using my flowing draperies for the cloud effects.

Which was all right, only they hindered my vision to such an extent that I was faced with sudden and imminent disaster at every step. I endured it without a murmur the first two times I tripped over logs and tree stumps, but the third time that I did a nose dive I lost more skin than I'd previously suspected I had. That made me mad, and I promptly quit cold, remaining on the ground in a sitting position and giving an accurately motionless portrayal of "The Calm Before the Storm," me representing "The Calm."

But that gave the Director a new idea, and he promptly decided to crown me Queen of the May or something, and have the remainder of the gang circulate around me, dropping laurel wreaths over my bowed form. Which they did, until I looked more like the centerpiece in a horticultural exhibit than anything else. Only, there not being any laurel handy, the Director had them use another sorta funny-looking three-leaved green vine instead.

It was about an hour after that that I first began to notice my face fecling kinda queer, and by the time we was ready to come home it had swelled up all over in funny little lumps till I looked like one of the featured attractions in Barnum and Bailey's side-shows. Inasmuch as it seemed to get worse instead of better, I finally went to a doctor when we come back to Hollywood.

After presenting me with the iodine, some salve, and a bill for three dollars, he told me just what I was already beginning to suspect. That peculiar three-leaved vine they had used as a substitute for laurel in crowning me was Poison Ivy!

Which I guess will be all for this time, only somebody had better present that Director with an elementary book on Botany before he makes some poor yap wear a lapel bouquet of deadly nightshade as a substitute for lillies-of-the-valley or something.

Your loving daughter, resp'y yours,
SOPHIE POTTS,
via Hal Wells.

Betty Ross Clarke Story

(*Continued from page 3*)

Their honeymoon was a one-day affair. Betty was working opposite Harry Carey in "The Fox," and scheduled for a big scene the next morning, Monday. Arthur played around the studio all day, but he couldn't tell you about anything except Betty's splendid work and how beautiful she looked.

It takes more than romance to subsist in these days of practicality and materialism, so upon the completion of "The Fox," Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Collins returned to New York, Arthur to resume his work at the office. Betty remained idle for several weeks, but the habit of working and the ambition to stand firmly upon her own two feet made her restless.

Betty accepted a stock engagement at the Century Theatre in Baltimore for the summer, but, ambition to the contrary, she couldn't stand the separation. She came home—to Arthur.

The only discord in the Collins' family at this idyllic time is the possibility of Betty going West to play in a picture. such a step meaning an absence of at least four weeks. Arthur can't see it. Betty attempts to argue, but, agreeing with him, as she does, "innerly," the argument falters under the fire of his.

Arthur won't give up his position here in New York. There aren't many such floating around unhampered. Betty, on the other hand, refuses to forego her histrionic career

What is going to happen?

According to a rumor about negotiations pending now, Betty may find herself with a New York stage contract and one to play in pictures, here in the East, too. Arthur doesn't object to his wife's "career-ing" activities. He objects only to separation. And Betty, siding with him, will see to it that this doesn't come to pass.

Which proves that the flying romance with Betty Ross Clarke as the ace is not conspicuous by its lack of strategy.

What's Wrong With the Movies?

(*Continued from page 8*)

forth the official edict that over-production must cease.

This, of course, is tough luck for the producers. But it will ultimately prove to be highly satisfactory for the fans. For it will mean that the film people in the future will have to make a more concentrated effort on each of their photoplays.

They have learned that their patrons would rather go to see one good picture than five mediocre ones.

(*To be Continued*)

(*Next week Mr. Sherwood will describe the efforts that are being made by producers to reduce the quantity and increase the quality of their films.*)

The Movie Weekly Popular Girl Contest

(*Continued from page 2*)

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Best Theatre
Rayne, La.
The Craig Theatre
Remington, Ind.
The Lyric Theatre
Ruston, La.
Astor Theatre
St. Charles, Va.
Princess Theatre
St. Paul, Va.
Gaiety Theatre
San Benito, Texas
Pastime Theatre
Silverton, Colo.
Star Theatre
Spartanburg, S. C.
Strand Theatre
Spur, Tex.
Gem Theatre
Starks, Fla.
Gaiety Theatre
Sturgeon Bay, Wisc
Door Theatre
Swanton, Nebr.
Swan Theatre
Talladega, Ala.
Palace Theatre
Tremonton, Utah
American Theatre
Tularosa, N. Mex.
Muse-U Theatre
Walnut Ridge, Ark.
L. L. Lewis Theatre
Wilmerding, Pa.
Grand Theatre

Mary MacLaren Deserts Screen For Stage—Temporarily

"Katherine MacDonald's sister, Mary MacLaren, went back to New York and gave out thot she was studying art. But the lure of the footlights was too great for her, and she has gone to Baltimore to play leads in stock at the Lyceum Theotre."
"May Collins had to get out her map and brush it off to find out where Duluth is, when she got a chance to go into stock there as leading lady. She is going to play there all summer . . ."
"And there is, for instance, that rumor that Jock Gilbert and Leatrice Joy, his wife, have separated . . ."
"How did you feel about Joseph Schildkraut marrying? Everybody was awfuly surprised, because he hod been a perfectly poisonous flirt out on the Griffith lot. And then he went and married a quiet little Philadelphia girl . . ."
"Carmel Myers came in, looking awfully pale and clothed in black. It's her father. He was a well-known Jewish rabbi in Los Angeles and his death was such a shock."

Under the Orange Pekoe Tree -- by Irma-the Ingenue

MY goodness, what a lot of girls are leaving pictures for the stage! Even the stars are coming out of the silence, and ceasing to give absent treatment to their audiences. I'd do it myself only I wouldn't have a single evening to myself, and goodness knows a girl has no life without her evenings. You can't go out to late supper parties and keep your looks. Altogether it's a hard time we women have on this earth. I do hope that heaven is a place where you can dance all night and feel and look fresh next day, where toasted marshmallows are good for the complexion, and where you can't do a bit of work even if you want to!"

Irma the Ingenue sighed as she put aside her summer ermine, and glanced around the tea garden.

"Well, if there isn't Katherine MacDonald—which reminds me that I began talking about the screen girls going on the stage. Oh, no, not Katherine. Her sister, Mary MacLaren. Mary went back to New York and gave out that she was studying art. I guess maybe she was, but the lure of the footlights was too great for her, even as it is for nearly all us lively young girls, and so she has gone to Baltimore to play leads in stock at the Lyceum Theatre. She opened in 'Our Little Wife,' and they do say that she is doing very nicely. Of course you never can quite tell by the criticisms they send home because naturally they don't send the roasts.

"But this isn't the first time Mary has been on the stage. She was in musical comedy when Lois Weber saw her and grabbed her for pictures. But she has never been on the dramatic stage before, and she always wanted to see whether she could do it or not. I used to visit at the MacDonalds' home lots, and Mary would always sooner or later bring the conversation around to the stage.

"We used always to think that Mary would be married, because she was always getting herself engaged to some nice man. And then she'd suddenly change her mind. She's an awfully nice girl, you know, fine old aristocratic family and all that. Her mother is a queenly sort of woman, and looks as though she belonged in an old family mansion setting. She's a daughter of the revolution, and all her forebears distinguished themselves. So no wonder Mary and Katherine have that aristocratic sort of bearing that money can't buy.

"Then there's Betty Ross Clarke, who is married to a Los Angeles business man, but who just couldn't resist the chance to make a name for herself on the stage. They're very much in love with each other, she and her husband. Baltimore is giving all the picture girls a chance, it seems, and Betty is playing in stock at the New Theatre.

"May Collins had to get out her map and brush it off to find out where Duluth is, when she got a chance to go into stock there as leading lady. She is going to play there all summer, and then will probably come back to Los Angeles and her picture contract next fall. Of course May began her career on the stage, so she at least won't have to take voice culture."

Irma paused to take a sip of tea, and then went on.

"How did you feel, dearie, about Schildkraut marrying? I must say I took it as a personal loss! Everybody was awfully surprised, because he had been a perfectly poisonous flirt out on the Griffith lot. Nobody thought he would marry for ages. And then he went and married a quiet little Philadelphia girl, Elsie Bartlett Porter, which sounds like an important old family name, doesn't it? And though he's such a lady killer, it seems he got nervous at the last minute, and put the wedding ring on the wrong finger of the lady! Thus doth Cupid make cowards of us all! I wonder if he can stop flirting all of a sudden, now he's married? You know how flirting is. You sort of do it with your spine, after a while—you know what I mean—just like they say a person spells. Which reminds me that Grace Darmond is having treatments for her spine since she fell off that elephant. She says that she's a bad speller, and that if a person spells with her spine she does hope to heaven that the osteopath can at least take the 't' out of 'which' for her, because she always would spell it 'whitch.'"

We sent for ices and just then Carmel Myers came in. She was clothed in black, and looked awfully pale. We greeted Carmel, who smiled a little sweet smile all her own.

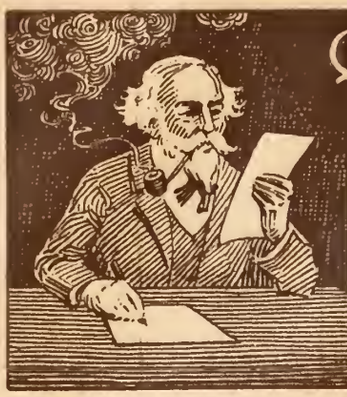
"It's her father, you know," explained Irma. "He was a well-known Jewish rabbi in Los Angeles, and his death was such a shock. They were having a party at Carmel's house, and Rabbi Myers telephoned that he would be a little late coming home. They were all having a jolly time, some girls and boys—Bessie Love, Ruth Clifford and some others were there—when the telephone rang again, and Carmel's brother, Zion, answered. The awful news came over the wire then that Rabbi Myers had been run down and killed by an automobile as the old gentleman was crossing the street. Carmel was very deeply devoted to her father, and the shock was so dreadful that they thought for a while she would be prostrated, but she has braced up bravely."

Even Irma stopped chattering for a minute, while she reflected on the uncertainties of life. Then she looked up and caught sight of Bill Desmond and his wife, Mary McIvor, driving past the window.

"How thankful I am that dear old Bill is still with us!" she smiled. "That black-and-blue drama—serial stuff—is certainly a wild adventure. His legs are still bound around with adhesive tape and all that, from falling off that fifty-foot cliff up in Truckee, but he's gone back to work in 'The Great Conspiracy' at Universal. Just as soon as he has finished the serial, he's going back to making his own pictures. He has a peach of a new leading lady. Got her up in Canada, in the test he made of beauties in Montreal. Her name is Marceta Von Kunitz, though of course she will change that. His wife helped Bill pick her, so everything is all right in that direction."

Just then Irma caught sight of a handsome masculine face looking from the window of a smart town car, and she prepared to leave me flat. I had a lot of things to ask her, but of course I'd have to wait now.

For instance, there is that rumor that Jack Gilbert and his wife, Leatrice Joy, have separated . . .



Questions Answered by The Colonel

My job on "Movie Weekly" is answering questions. Wouldn't you like to know whether your favorite star is married? What color *her* eyes are, or what may be *his* hobbies? Write me, then, and I will tell you. I cannot answer questions concerning studio employment. For a personal reply, enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. All inquiries should be signed with the writer's full name and address, which will not appear in the magazine. Address me, THE COLONEL, "Movie Weekly," 119 West 40th St., New York City.

REDHEAD—If I answer your questions, I'll be a dozen dears, you say. Well, that's not much inducement. I shouldn't like to be a dozen; it would cost too much money to feed and clothe myself, although I shouldn't mind having eleven other brains to help me write these answers. Yes, as it happens, I do know Rodolph's birthday—he was born May 6, 1895. Priscilla Dean keeps her home address under lock and key, or maybe she hides it under the mat. Anyway, you'll have to send her letter to Universal Studio, Universal City.

A DREAMER—You wonder if I could furnish you with a wee bit of information! I trust you haven't wasted any of your time wondering about it, because I personally always boped that every now and then I furnished several wee bits of information. Of course I may be wrong—I often am. The actress who played the title role in "Theodora" is Rita Jolivet. She is the daughter of a Frencb father and an English mother and was reared in France. She is married to Count di Cippico, an Italian. Tbe part of Andreas in the film was played by Rene Maupre, who is entirely unknown in this country.

EDITH and EDNA—You're very original; no one ever asked me before who filled my pipe for me when I am busy answering letters. So this is the first chance I have had to brag of my electric motor pipe attachment, that fills my pipe automatically. It's a great invention. (Of course, this is all a "pipe dream" of mine.) Mabel Julienne Scott was the leading woman in "Bebold My Wife." Agnes Avres' latest picture is "The Ordeal." Sorry, I don't know how long Anita Stewart and Rudolph Cameron have been married.

RED ROSES—So you want me to use my head—at five-twenty-five in the afternoon. How cruel of you! As a matter of fact, I am rather neutral as to the most beautiful actresses and best looking actors in the movies. And besides, it is part of my job to be quite impartial, so I'm afraid I'll have to decline the honor of deciding your bet. Since you are the stakeholder and get the money in case there is no decision, you should be happy.

MARIE—You have a crush on Rodolph, but you're a good enough sport to toast the future Mrs. R. V. Good for you! Too bad, as you say, your toast is only water. Personally, I never order my toast made of water, but of bread, all brown and crisp and covered with butter. (I hope you're not so hungry as I am right now!) Agnes Ayres is 24 or thereabouts; she has light brown hair and hazel eyes and is about five feet three.

BETTY M.—It's so good of you to be my patron forever, but I am going to improve on your version and call you my patron saint. How's that? Yes, I think Bebe Daniels would send her pboto to you; write her at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood.

DIMPLES—How nice to have dimples. Were you born with them, or did you puncb them in with a pencil, as I am told some girls try to do? I've probably answered your questions by now, haven't I? You looked for your answers too soon. Gladys Walton is 18, and has brown hair and grey eyes. Sbe lives at 456 S. Western Ave., Los Angeles. Write Jack Perrin at the Universal Studio.

BECKY—"From Heaven" you say at the top of your letter, and then in the next line you say it's been raining for the past two days. I'm very distressed, Becky; don't tell me I've been good all these years only to get rained on even in Heaven! I'm sorry you don't like the covers of "Movie Weekly"; the majority of our readers seem to like them.

CAROL—What a coincidence! Carol is also the name of my aunt's nephew's step-sister's chum's canary. They call bim that because he sings—carols, you know. The Prince in "Fool's Paradise" was played by John Davidson. No, he is not a "furriner"; he was born right in New York. Most companies demand that scenarios be typewritten; they bave to make that a general rule because otherwise they would have thousands of illegible hand-written manuscripts on their hands.

MICKEY—Yes, movie actresses shed glycerine tears if they are there to shed. They shed any kind of tears necessary—and any kind of shed, even a woodshed. So you think Doug is simple in his pictures. I'd tell him you said so, except that I'm afraid he'd be so hurt he wouldn't make any more pictures. Tbat would be too bad, because he's working on one now—has bis leading lady all picked out, too. She is Enid Bennett. Yes. Miss DuPont was one of the "Foolish Wives." She is a decided blonde—Nature decided. I don't think she and Rodolph ever played in the same picture—at least not since they have become well-known. Agnes Ayres is divorced from Frank Schusker. Yes, she is one of the most popular of the actresses.

SYLVIA—If you wanted me to get this in time for the next issue, you sbould have written me a month before you did. It wasn't your turn to get answered. Marie Mosquini is 5 feet 4 and weighs 125 pounds. Agnes Ayres is about 5 feet 3.

CAPTAINETTE BILLIE—What do you mean, is William S. Hart a better rough rider than Tom Mix? Do you mean, is he rougher, or does he stay in his saddle better? I'm no cowboy myself, so I am hardly qualified to judge. Why don't you ask them to stage a contest so we can see who is better—or rougher? Bill made his latest picture, "Travelin' On," since his marriage. He was born in 1874. Tom Mix is married to Victoria Forde and they have a baby daughter, Thomasina.

ANXIOUS GENEVA—It isn't quite so bad as you suggest; I don't work day and nigbt to answer letters. When I get to that point, I'll have to retire. Lois Wilson was born in Pittsburgh, but moved to Alabama when very young. She is not married.

MIS-TERY, MIS-CHIEF and MIS-SPELLED—You're missing on three, aren't you? The Ford car full of love didn't arrive. I got the love, but where was the car? Your dear Bert Lytell is still with us; he was making personal appearances for months, while the Metro Studio in Hollywood was closed. Just now be is busy at the Lasky Studio making a picture with Betty Compson, "To Have and To Hold." I never asked Betty Compson if she wears false eyelasbes—if sbe does, that's her privilege and I'd never think of betraying her. But such a beautiful girl as sbe is scarcely needs any added attractions.

BLONDE MARIE—If you think your letter was the longest one I ever received in my life, you miss your guess. Once I got one so long it took me several bours to read it—that's because I couldn't read my friend's handwriting. The only address I have for Mary Hay is c-o Broadhurst Theatre, 44th St., New York City. Yes, she is a charming actress. The reason you do not see ber oftener is that she does not play in movies as a rule; "Way Down East" is ber only film. I do not know of any magazines devoted to actresses under five feet in height. Why be so partial?

JUST RED—I couldn't possibly tell you the ages and addresses you wanted in tbe next issue—tbe next one after you wrote, that is. You see the next issue was already in print; as I have frequently told you fans, we have to allow at least a couple of seconds for the magazine to be printed. That's my story, and, as the man said to his wife, I'll stick to it. Connie Talmadge is 22; write her in care of Joseph Schenck, 1540 Broadway, New York City. Eileen Percy is with the Fox Studios, 1417 N. Western Ave., Hollywood; her age is a secret. Bebe Daniels is 21 and gets her mail at the Lasky Studio, Hollywood.

J. MENNACE—Yes, indeed, your letter found me in good health; it also found me in my office. So you think Rodolph is a tea room hound? It's a good tbing you kept your name anonymous on this page or all the girls would rush to pull your hair—but maybe you're bald? I was glad to know who your favorite actors are; the more I know, the better I like it.

A VIRTUOUS VAMP—Everybody blames "Movie Weekly" for not publisbing a picture of Natacha Rambova. But if we couldn't get any, how could we publish one? We couldn't very well compose one. But we're going hunting again and maybe we'll "shoot" one. Dolores Cassinelli has her own company now, but her new address has not been announced.

TERESA MAE W.—Yes, I agree with you, a picture of Rodolph Valentino would be very pleasing if you had his address. But would his picture be displeasing if you didn't have his address? You can reach him at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. Mary Pickford is five feet tall; Katherine MacDonald has blonde hair.

ELOISE—So you girls just love pink stationery? Well, love you, love your stationery, so I'll have to like it, too. Yes, Maurice Costello was once a very great favorite. I believe he is in vaudeville just now.

ARVE—I'm sorry, the actors you ask about have never had their pictures in the center of "Movie Weekly."

MISS MOLLIE P.—So you want me to "advertise" the nationality of Natacha Rambova. It costs good money to advertise in "Movie Weekly," but I'll be glad to tell you on this page. That's as good as advertising, isn't it? Her name is Winifred Hudnut, and I think she is just plain American. Her father is Richard Hudnut, the perfumer.

POPPY PRUNE—The leading man in "Just Around the Corner" was Fred Thomson. So you fell for bim! I do hope you weren't burt. I'm sorry I can't tell you more about him; he seems to be a newcomer in the movies.

RITA—Here you've had to wait just as long for your answers as you did last time. Sorry—but you know how to get a prompt answer if you're really in a hurry. The trick in getting a quick reply is to write for a personal answer and then sit on your doorstep and watch the postman bring it to you.

Film-Flam

A GOAT STORY

All one week, George, the property man at the Lasky Studio in Hollywood, went around with a bottle in his hip pocket—and he's not a drinking man, either. So guess again! The bottle was filled with nothing more harmless than milk; if you had caught him with it, you'd have suspected that there were twins at his house. But again you'd be wrong.

The milk was for Billy, the goat, who made his brief debut in Agnes Ayres' new picture, "Borderland," and it was poor George's job to see that no one got his goat, and that the goat didn't get anything either—except the milk.

It was "George" here and "George" there, all over the lot; you'd have thought that the motto in that studio was "Let George do it."

The goat had no interest in anything but food, but when it came to food, Billy was the most interested goat you ever saw. And the contents of that bottle were a lot more powerful than you'd ever give milk credit for being. That milk was the only thing that had any influence over Billy; it kept him away from all kinds of companions he wasn't supposed to get chummy with—grease paint, scripts, directorial hats, megaphones, in fact, everything but the glass roof of the studio, and that he couldn't reach.

But he did give it a glassy stare.

"This goat has expensive tastes," sighed George, surveying the ten dollar bill that Billy had almost eaten out of somebody's pocket, and he handed Billy his bottle. "The milky way is cheapest in the end!" he remarked, just like an advertisement. Whereupon he stroked his goat-ee.

* * * * *

A FLY-SWATTER

Larry Semon is a versatile artist, so when he had finished his latest comedy he took a "black-face" part in a big minstrel show given by the Hollywood film colony in connection with the city's Children's Week. Larry was one of the "end men" in the line of "coons."

"You know who was the most courageous man Ah ever seen?" asked Larry, as Bones.

"No, suh," responded the interlocutor, "you tell us."

"Well, suh, Ah was in a saloon befo' the wah—not drinkin', you un'astand, jes' thinkin'—an' a little measly darkey comes in an' says that he'll kill all the flies in that place if they'll give him a glass of beer. 'Bout two million flies were flyin' 'round the place so the bar-keep took him up and gave him a tall one. The measly lil darkey drinks it down an' then ambles tow'd the do'.

"'Wherefo' doan you sta't killin' flies?' asks the ba'keep.

"'I'se gwine to, I'se gwine to,' says the measly little darkey. Then when he reached the do' he turned and shouted, boastful-like, 'I'se ready for 'em now. Send out them flies—one at a time.'"

* * * * *

A RATTY PICTURE

The rat-trap dealers in Los Angeles feel like sending a vote of thanks to Thomas H. Ince. For rats are at a premium and therefore traps are too, all because Tom Ince called for 5,000 rodents for use in "The Pied Piper," which he is producing. Every school kid has turned hunter in order to earn some cash. Oh, rats!

A BUM CATCH

At the Harold Lloyd Studio, where there is a penalty box into which fines are paid for "pulling" bad puns, Harold insists that Tom Crizer, the film editor, pay five dollars instead of the customary one. This was Mr. Crizer's offense:

"Well," said he, when the comedian complained of a draft coming from somewhere, "I opened the window and in 'flew' enza; I opened another and in 'come' tax."

"Then I should worry," said Harold, presenting a bill in behalf of the penalty box, "I've had 'em both."

"My radio's great!" Rita Rogan radiates glee. "And my dollies are attached to it. So are my 'aunt-an'-I.'"

A ROUGH RIDER

"I see," said one girl in the drug store, in between bites of her Eskimo pie, "that Vlola Dana has a new picture called 'They Like 'Em Rough.'"

"Yeah?" said her chum, not looking up from her fudge nut sundae. It was nearly six o'clock and she wanted to hurry home before the confection had had time to spoil her appetite.

"Yeah," repeated the other, 'I wonder if she does?"

"Does what?" asked the fudge sundae girl.

"Why, like 'em rough, of course."

"I don't know," said the other, lapping up her last spoonful of fudge, "but if she does, she can try my subway ride every day."

* * * * *

LEND AN EAR TO THIS ONE

It's bad enough to freeze an ear, as Buster Keaton did. And then to get it sunburned—the same ear—right on top of the freezing—well, that's a little too much. And now poor Buster's ear is beginning to peel, just as thoroughly as a banana.

"I certainly got an earful," says Buster

A MINOR KEY

Mae Murray is ready to hand the soothsaying palm—or whatever they hand to the prize-winning soothsayers—to the parents of a member of the orchestra engaged for scenes in "A Broadway Rose." When they named the baby, she wants to know, who told them he would be a musician?

"For his name," explained Miss Murray, "is Octave Kies. And what's more," she added, with a twinkle in her eyes, "he is under twenty-one and is therefore A minor."

* * * * *

THE WRONG KIND OF HELP

Ruth Roland is glad that politeness isn't entirely dead in this workaday world, though often it proves to be rather inconvenient. Sometimes it is especially so, as happened in one of the scenes in "The Timber Queen."

"In one scene," relates Miss Roland, "I am reading a letter so intently I fail to notice that one of the villains is capturing my father right before my eyes. I call loudly for them to stop the taxi and register great excitement.

"Everything went just as we had planned it for awhile. I sat reading and the villains started away with my father. But just as I shouted excitedly for them to stop the taxi, an elderly woman came rushing up, all sympathy.

"'Never mind, dearie,' said she soothingly, 'I'll hold your suitcase while you run after the taxi.'"

They wanted to shoot her when they "re-shot" the scene.

* * * * *

A NOBLE REJOINDER

Everybody at the Garson Studios in Hollywood competed in thinking up appropriate names for the young Russian nobleman who recently got a part in Clara Kimball Young's new picture, "The Hands of Nara." As he had previously made his living in a Los Angeles cafeteria, there were many jokes about him and his title.

"The Baron of the Beanery," someone called him, and other titles that he was given included "The Cafeteria Count" and "Scion of the Sink."

Everyone was careful not to tell him of the various titles that he had been given, because a Russian count has feelings that count, just as anyone else has. But he accidentally discovered it. Everyone waited in suspense for the anger they expected him to show, but he surprised them.

"You are mistake," he said with a smile, "I was not in the kitchen. It was my duty to use the—what you say—the mop—on the floor. I should be more proud if you call me Le Marquis de la Mop."

"And I think," said one of his hearers, "that the count's opinions count."

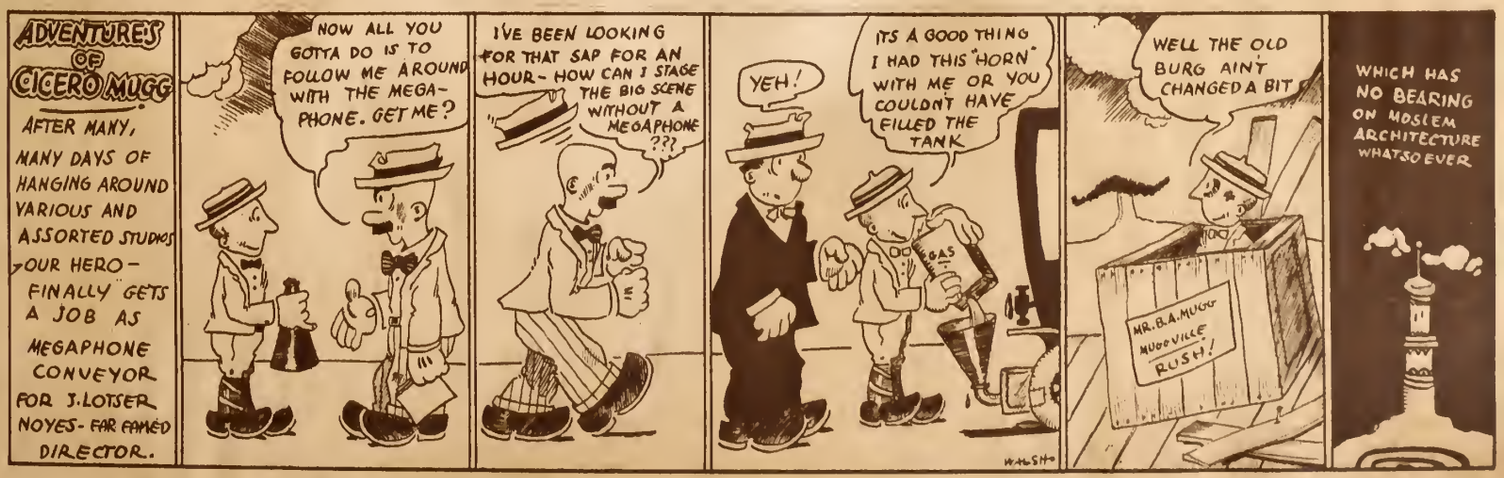
* * * * *

ALL UP IN THE AIR

"What did you think of New York?" Billie Dove was asked just before leaving for Hollywood to make her first starring picture for Metro.

"Its chief characteristic is altitude," she answered; "everything in New York is high—buildings, prices, skirts, and——" just then she saw the newspaper account of an airplane wedding five thousand feet above Times Square—"and," she finished her comment, "even marriage."

—A. M. T.


ADVENTURES OF CICERO MUGG
AFTER MANY, MANY DAYS OF HANGING AROUND VARIOUS AND ASSORTED STUDIOS OUR HERO - FINALLY GETS A JOB AS MEGAPHONE CONVEYOR FOR J. LOTSER NOYES - FAR FAMED DIRECTOR.
NOW ALL YOU GOTTA DO IS TO FOLLOW ME AROUND WITH THE MEGA-PHONE. GET ME?
I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR THAT SAP FOR AN HOUR - HOW CAN I STAGE THE BIG SCENE WITHOUT A MEGAPHONE ???
YEH!
ITS A GOOD THING I HAD THIS HORN WITH ME OR YOU COULDN'T HAVE FILLED THE TANK
GAS
WELL THE OLD BURG AINT CHANGED A BIT
MR. B.A. MUGG MUGGVILLE RUSH!
WHICH HAS NO BEARING ON MOSLEM ARCHITECTURE WHATSOEVER
WALSH

Hints to Scenario Writers

by Frederick Palmer

SCENARIO NOTE: *Our readers are invited to write and ask us questions they may have in mind on screen writing. Please enclose stamped and addressed envelope.*

PHOTODRAMATIC UNITY

THE laws of photodramatic unity require that you do not maintain "twin lines" of action throughout a prolonged period of time. Your central characters should be kept in close contact, and if separated for a brief period of time should come together shortly in a clash of wills and purposes. During these intervals of separation, however, it is necessary to cut back and forth in order to keep the audience thoroughly informed as to the actions of each faction. Never allow your spectator to lose track of any important character for any prolonged length of time. During the progress of one faction to a dramatic crisis, it is permissible to cut back to the other faction; but it is poor construction to do so during the more tense moments of a dramatic crisis. There is no set rule in regard to this matter. D. W. Griffith, for instance, has a habit of cutting away from the action in a tense, dramatic moment, and increases the suspense materially by so doing.

BEGINNING THE STORY

It is good photoplay construction to choose a character and then to build a story with this character as the nucleus of the plot. It is also permissible to start with a theme, or with a certain situation. The thing to be remembered is that the characters must be brought into dramatic relationship, and from this, conflict will automatically arise. If this conflict is sustained and intense, it will bring about situations that are really dramatic.

THE "VILLAIN"

In every phase of drama, one of the first things presented to the student is what is called the "dramatic triad," or "the eternal three." We may have a lover, the girl and the objecting father; we may have a man, his wife and a third man who tries to steal the wife's affections. In fact, there must be three corners to the story—the central figure, the object to be attained, and the counteracting character, known as the villain or "heavy."

Concerning these three dramatic elements, the question arises in the student's mind: "Is it absolutely essential always to have a regulation, made-to-order villain?" To truthfully answer this question, it must be admitted that there are other opposing influences that may well be considered as the villain. For example, a man's craving for pleasure, and his ultimate conquering of the desire; the greed for money and the mercenary things of life; the superior attitude of rich relatives. Any of these, if handled in the right way by a master of drama, may make successful screen productions—providing that the proper characterization is given to the story.

The untrained photoplaywright will find great difficulty in dealing with such subjects as mental influence or conditions, because their treatment involves a fine sense of the dramatic, a perfectly constructed plot, and a knowledge of human nature and psychology. He should abide by the flesh-and-blood villain or "heavy" until he is justly qualified by study and practice to handle such delicate themes.

"INCIDENTS"

The "incident" is as essential to photoplay construction as the "situation." Incidents blend together to bring about situations, just as situations blended together build toward a climax. However, it is the selection of incidents which must be given careful attention. Choose only those which have a purpose in the plot; which are necessary to characterization or the explanation of some of the subsequent action. Test each "incident" you use to see whether it leads to a "situation." If it does not do this, it should be eliminated.

"ALL-STAR" PICTURES

Although some producers are interested in stories that provide exceptional action for all of the principal characters, in general the "star" system is still an important factor. Frequently there will be a market for stories for a certain star, and in such cases the story must have a strong leading role that stands out in vividness and importance head and shoulders above the rest of the cast. It is well to develop all characters as fully as possible, but to concentrate the interest in the heroic "lead." In this way, if the story should be used as an "all-star" story, all the chief roles, including the "lead," can be made important by excellent acting. At present there is a greater demand for stories featuring one star than for stories with all-star casts.

Questions and Answers

(Q.) May visualization be used to call back to memory old half-forgotten scenes?—A. C.

(A.) The process of visualization may be applied to call back to mind old scenes which have been stored away in the memory. Remember, though, that scenes which are entirely imaginary also may be visualized. By training yourself you can acquire the power to see with your "mind's eye" characters that have never existed, just as vividly as real people that have come into your life.

(Q.) In writing a realistic story is it not sometimes necessary to use scenes which are sordid and tragic?—T. C.

(A.) "Miss Lulu Bett" was a realistic picture; but if you will analyze it carefully you will find that it went far beyond mere reality into the realm of art. Its basis was reality, hut the story was molded in the creative imagination of the author. To make a story ring true, it is sometimes necessary to use a few sordid or tragic scenes. Otherwise the effect produced will he hollow and superficial.

(Q.) Does the photodramatist have anything to say about the casting of the characters in his story? —B. N. Y.

(A.) The photodramatist, unless he is an eminent writer, has nothing whatever to say about the casting of his story, as this is the concern of the producer and the director. However, if it helps you in writing to visualize the different actors and actresses in the parts, there is no reason why you should not do so. Just be careful never to limit your story by overdrawing any characterization. Keep the people of whom you write real and human.

(Q.) I have heard that ideas are frequently stolen from new writers. Is this true?—I. M.

(A.) While it is true that stories and plot ideas are sometimes stolen, in most cases if ordinary care is taken such an occurrence will not arise. Producers would rather huy a story than steal it because not only is there great risk involved, but also if the story is good, it is certainly worth to them the amount they pay for it.

(Q.) Is it well to have the climax of a story based upon a mental crisis rather than a physical? —F. M. D.

(A.) I have found from experience that in most cases the climax which is of a mental nature is apt to he more highly dramatic and interesting than one which is hased purely upon physical action. Audiences, as you know, are becoming much more discriminating and consequently they value action of the psychological nature.

(Q.) Since so many novels are being adapted, I understand that the market for "originals" is not good. Is this true?—C. O.

(A.) Owing to thc general financial depression throughout the country, the motion picture business has suffered a good deal; but still there is a decided market for original stories. It is true that a great many novels are being adapted, hut the producers are willing to pay for "originals" if they are sufficiently dramatic and novel. Without douht the market has already hegun to pick up, and the demand is increasing materially.

(Q.) Is it good photoplay construction first to choose a character and then to build a story with this character as the nucleus of the plot?—S. P.

(A.) It is perfectly permissible to follow your method of choosing a character and letting your plot grow from this character. Some writers do this; others start with a situation, and still others start with a theme. I do not see any reason why this mode of attack should render the situations weak. Just be careful to hring your characters into *dramatic* relationship from which the conflict will automatically arise. If this conflict is sustained and intense, it will hring ahout situations that are really dramatic.

(Q.) Is it hetter to let the audience know in the beginning of my story the secret about the hirth and antecedents of my leading character or to have this exposition disclosed at the climax?—R. C.

(A.) In answer to your letter of April 20th, I wish to advise you that it is not a good plan to withhold any important information from your audience. The spectator will enjoy the picture more thoroughly if he is "on the inside." You underrate his intelligence if you "spring" a climax which is an entire surprise to him. There should be some element of surprise in the climax, of course, but allow your audience to follow all the action as it mounts steadily to the denouement.

(Q.) How much characterization should there he in the brief synopsis? I have found that if I give the story in the briefest terms, merely stating the action, that this synopsis seems ahsolutely lifeless. —F. S. R.

(A.) There should be enough characterization in your brief synopsis to make the action perfectly clear and to interest the reader or editor. Do not be harrassed by the necessity for "boiling down" the synopsis. Give enough detail to make it clear, readable and interesting. In other words, give an adequate idea of the story.

(Q.) Is there any market at present for the redemption story?—L. P. C.

(A.) There is a splendid chance for a "redemption" story, providing it is not didactic. Producers are anxious to secure material which has real "heart interest" and a significant modern theme. I cannot think of any type of photoplay which would be more acceptable in a present day market than a technically sound and thoroughly dramatic redemption story, demonstrating the infinite power of good over every form of evil.

(Q.) How many words should the synopsis of a story contain?—B. C.

(A.) I wish to advise you that in writing your synopses it is well to give a sufficient amount of material to make the plot thoroughly clear and understandahle at all points and to make it readable as well. Do not he harassed by the thought that you must "boil down" your script to any given number of words. Let the material set its own limitations in regard to length.

(Q.) Will not a story be more entertaining if the characters in it are unusual and especially interesting people?—D. M.

(A.) No characters are "ordinary." Every individual can he made an interesting study in human psychology if he or she is delineated with the proper insight and sympathy. This presentation, of course, is a matter for great thought and care, since ultimately the value of the story rests upon the vitality of the characterization.

(Q.) If I wish to show that a character is a great lover of nature, would it be sufficient to have him walk through the garden, stop to examine and enjoy the flowers and shrubs, without giving a sub-title explaining this?—T. H. I.

(A.) It seems to me it is quite evident if a character strolls through the garden as you describe that he is a lover of nature. I would not consider it necessary to state anything so obvious as this in a sub-title. The very fact that he acts in such a manner helps to characterize your character.

A Philanthropic Bank Burglar

by John W. Grey

YES, there goes our clue," grunted Morrisey as he stood and looked at Jimmy stretched out on the ground, dead.

"We're up against it again, Mike," whispered Sheehan.

"Up against it!" repeated Morrisey, "I should say that we are up against it, up against it good and strong. This was the best clue that we ever had."

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed Sheehan.

"He wasn't a bad guy," Morrisey remarked slowly.

"No," Sheehan nodded his head, "not bad."

"Died with his boots on."

"Most grifters die that way," Sheehan cut in, "if they don't die in the chair."

"Those are the two endings that they gamble on," Morrisey replied.

"What a gamble, boss, what a gamble!"

"Terrible!" Morrisey's voice trembled a little.

The old priest, who had been Jimmy's friend up to the end, knelt beside the body and started to pray. His eyes filled up with tears as he repeated over and over again, "Poor boy, poor boy, he died blessing himself. The Almighty God has called him to a better life."

Both Morrisey and Sheehan were devout Catholics and when the priest knelt beside the body of Jimmy they removed their hats and bowed their heads.

"Heart disease, Father?" Morrisey spoke to the priest.

"No," the old priest slowly shook his head, "not heart disease, God, the work of God!"

The good man saw only the hand of the Master in Jimmy's death, and who knows but that it might have been the hand of the Master?

But, whatever it was, the change was too much. The change from the tomb of death, from the moments of terror that he had spent in the shadow of the electric chair, out into the open of God's free world and the warm summer sun amongst the flowers and the birds and the trees, had torn him to pieces with emotion.

He "cashed in" out in the broad expanse of the open, inhaling the rich, warm, winey air. He died thinking of Lord Christ and consequently he was nearer to the feet of God than he had ever been before in all his life. He went on to the great beyond with his heart filled with wonder and awe and admiration as he gazed at the turquoise blue of the sky above and thrilled at the ardent splendor of life. At the moment of his redemption, Jesus had opened his eyes to the beauty of the world, and he saw things that he had never seen before. He had looked and looked, but his eyes had never seen the beautiful.

God called Jimmy while his soul was white with beauty, called him while his eyes glistened with the tears of contrition and sorrow; the sorrow that the immortal Dante said "remarries us to God." The Good Master called him as the birds in the trees sang his requiem and the life-giving sun in an effulgence of burnished gold sank slowly behind the hills in the west.

The big prison gate swung open for him once more, swung open for the body, but not the soul. The soul had gone on its winged flight to give an account of its stewardship on earth and to be judged accordingly.

They laid Jimmy's body in the coffin that had arrived the night that he was to be electrocuted, the night that he heard the rumble of the undertaker's wagon in the prison yard as he sat in the chair and the water from the cap on his head trickled down the back of his neck and the front of his face.

Hot tears were still in the corners of his eyes when the guards picked him up. A smile of peace was on his face.

"God have mercy upon his soul," the old priest's voice trembled with emotion. "God have mercy upon his soul," he repeated, and then burst out crying like a child.

The good old man of God had seen many a poor devil murdered in the electric chair, many of them innocent and many of them guilty, and yet the sight of death still racked him with emotion and sorrow. He hadn't become hardened like the warden, the keepers and the "official killer." Murdering was a profession with them and they thought no more of murdering a murderer than they did of eating a meal. They called it duty! God will probably call it something else when they go before him to be judged.

The old priest advised Blackey by telephone of Jimmy's death and that night he, Henry and Evelyn arrived at the prison to claim his body. Blackey sobbed like a baby when he entered the post mortem room and looked at poor Jimmy in the coffin.

"Oh, Christ!" he murmured to himself, "what a tragedy, what a tragedy!"

Henry and Evelyn were affected nearly as much as Blackey was, and for five or ten minutes the three of them stood in the post mortem room and looked and wept.

The next day Blackey accompanied the body to Jimmy's home in Boston, and if he hadn't been enveloped in sorrow, he would have observed that he was being followed.

"Don't let him get out of your sight," Morrisey instructed Sheehan, when he got on the train with Blackey.

"Not a chance!" shouted Sheehan. "We'll tab him day and night."

The newspapers of Boston saw a great story in the death of "Boston Jimmy O'Connor," and they wrote it sensationally. They treated his arrest and conviction for murder, the dynamiting of the power house at Sing Sing, his career as a bank burglar, his life in Boston as a kid. They represented him as being "a clever, crafty, hardened man of crime, an individual with a contemptuous disregard for the laws of Society; a real bad man." They criticized and moralized, but they didn't say anything about HOW he became a criminal. They didn't say anything about the atmosphere out of which he had come; the drunken father, the poverty-stricken home, the constant, soul-trying, day in and day out struggle of his mother to provide the necessities of life for the family of six kids. They said nothing about the Society that had sent Jimmy into the mill as a kid of twelve, when he should have been at school, and thus robbed him of an education. No comment about the Society that threw him into the "reformatory" and turned him out a finished criminal. No reference in the story about the brutalities of the life in the "reformatory," the starving, the beating and the atmosphere of hell that hardened the hearts and broke the spirits of the inmates and sent them out into the world with their beings saturated with the desire for revenge. Nothing was said in the story about the selfish social system that breeds the social vermin that crawl over the back of Society and plunders and kills. The newspapers simply sang the eulogies of the police and howled their condemnations of the crook!

Blackey paid all the funeral expenses, and before he left Boston he made Jimmy's mother a present of five thousand dollars.

Morrisey's men trailed him night and day. They never let him out of their sight for a moment. They occupied a room next to his in the Touraine Hotel, and while he slept they sat at the door of their room and watched and listened. They had a dictograph "planted" in his room to record any conversation that he might have had, they trailed and watched and listened from the time that he left New York until he returned.

He was so broken up over Jimmy's death that he never gave a thought to the possibility of his being shadowed. The suspicious frame of mind with which he was almost constantly possessed before Jimmy's death had gone entirely. The theory of the police, the prison officials and the American Bankers Association that the dynamiting of the power house at Sing Sing was the work of anarchists was the thing that eradicated his suspicions and left him calm and confident.

Blackey's grief over Jimmy's death was not a thing of the moment. He had become deeply attached to him and the flame of his grief was intensified by the thought that, in a measure, he had led Jimmy, step by step, up to his tragic ending. "He might have been alive today if he hadn't met me," he whispered to himself a dozen times as the train dangled along through the night. He believed that the terrorizing, dramatic experience that he had undergone in the death house at Sing Sing had torn the heart out of him and that when he stepped out of the shadow of the chair into the world of liberty and flowers and song and throbbing, sensate life he "cashed in" because he couldn't stand the change.

And Blackey, of course, knew nothing about the "change" that came across Jimmy before he "cashed in." He knew nothing about the visions of beauty that dominated his soul as he stood out in the open before the big iron gate at Sing Sing and thought of God and the better life. He didn't know how Jimmy marvelled at the transcendent loveliness of creation, the loveliness to which he had always been blind in his days of sin. He didn't know that Jimmy had died thinking of Christ and redemption. If Blackey had known these things he might not have been so bitter and revengeful, and instead of planning to make Society pay for Jimmy's death, he might have knelt and said, "Thanks be to God."

But he didn't know and he swore vengeance. "I'll make them pay for it!" he repeated over and over again as he lay in the Pullman, "I'll make them pay for it if it's the last thing that I ever do!"

SYNOPSIS

Jack Kennard, graduate of Yale school of Chemistry, makes a new liquid explosive with which to burglarize banks to secure funds to build a hospital for his friend, Henry Haberly a neuropathologist, who is interested in reclaiming criminals by scientific methods. He rescues a young crook from a policeman and makes a pal of him. Together they rob the Arlington National Bank in Philadelphia.

They read that Mike Morrisey, the famous detective, has been engaged on the case. George Biddle, a college chum of Jack's calls up and says that a Mr. Morrisey, a friend of his, would like to meet Jack.

Jack meets Biddle and Morrisey and finds that Morrisey wants his help in analyzing the mysterious liquid found in the wrecked safe.

He rescues a young girl, Evelyn Galley, from a negro attacker and makes a friend of her father, who is a power in the political world.

With Jimmy he attempts the robbery of the Chelsea Bank, and Jimmy is shot in a gun battle with the police. Blackey succeeds in geting away, but Jimmy is caught and held for the murder of a policeman who was shot in the raid.

Jimmy is taken to headquarters and put through the third degree. He refuses to implicate his partner, though badly beaten.

Blackey, meanwhile, is on his way to meet Henry Haberly when he notices he is being followed. He turns back to his apartment and thinks he has eluded his pursuers when there comes a knock at the door.

Jimmy is convicted of murder and is conveyed to the death cell at Sing Sing. Meanwhile Blackey has laid his plans to save him after a trial to get a pardon fails.

Jimmy is led into the death chamber and the current is just about to be turned on when Blackey blows up the power house, thereby gaining time to get the delayed pardon.

Morrisey, hoping to catch Blackey through Jimmy, helps to get him pardoned.

Evelyn Galley's father is made Governor in the meantime and Jimmy's pardon is successfully arranged.

Jimmy, after being pardoned, is lead to the gate of the prison by the old chaplain and is given a few kind words of advice. He promises to abide by the good man's words and walks out into the free, open world.

Suddenly the beauty of creation strikes him for the first time in his life, and being too much for his weakened heart, he drops dead.

FOR five or six months Morrisey's men trailed Blackey night and day. They tapped the telephone wires at his apartment, censored all his mail, investigated all his associates, male and female. They resorted to every device known to the bloodhounds of the law in an effort to "get something on him," but all to no avail.

Morrisey had Mr. Barker of the Arlington National Bank take a look at Blackey one night while he was at the Metropolitan Opera House with Evelyn Galley, and notwithstanding the fact that Blackey had talked with him as "Police Captain Worthington," when he planned that robbery, Barker could not positively identify him as the man.

"Looks like him," said Barker, "a most remarkable resemblance, but he hasn't got the gold tooth nor the lisp in his voice."

The American Bankers Association had given up all hope of Morrisey ever capturing the pal of Boston Jimmy O'Connor.

"I never had much confidence in that theory of yours that Jack Kennard was Jimmy's pal," Farnsworth told him.

"He's the man," Morrisey persisted.

"Then why in the name of common sense don't you dig up some evidence to support your contention that Kennard is the man?" snapped Farnsworth. "You told me that Kennard was the man six months ago, and yet you haven't any more evidence to substantiate your theory than you had when O'Connor was pardoned."

"I know it," replied Morrisey, "but I'm going to get him, just wait."

"Wait!" shouted Farnsworth. "I've been waiting for six months with the patience of a saint and I think it's about time that you were showing me something."

"I will," exclaimed Morrisey, "just wait a while longer.

The October following Jimmy's death Blackey went to New Haven to witness the annual Harvard and Yale game, an event that he never missed. While in New Haven he planned to burglarize the Connecticut National Bank.

"One more job," he said, "and I'm through for all time. Just one more job to square Jimmy's death and I will have finished with the thing they call Society."

His engagement to Evelyn Galley had been announced, an announcement which startled the New York world of music and art, to say nothing of the effect upon the ultra-fashionable social set, who thought that the famous prima donna would surely marry one of its several male members who had courted her ardently.

The future of Blackey was rich and resplendent with promise. His fame as a chemist had become country-wide. The additional asset of a clever, accomplished wife like the beautiful Evelyn made him the object of envy of all his sex. Men from all walks of life sang their praises and admiration for her beauty and her voice of gold that had fascinated and enraptured thousands. Jack Kennard, alias Frisco Blackey, had become a much talked about man around the clubs, the social centres and in the newspapers. Much talked about and tremendously envied.

And all the while the man-hunting Morrisey never ceased his dog-like vigilance. All the while he kept his nose to the trail and never for a moment did he doubt that he would eventually be able to show that the well-known Mr. Kennard was the master criminal who had terrorized the banking interests of the country with his mysterious liquid explosive. Morrisey was absolutely convinced that he was the pal of "Boston Jimmy," and regardless of what anybody said, he clung to his belief with a bulldog-like tenacity.

"Don't let him get out of your sight for a minute!" he kept telling his partner, Tom Sheehan. "Keep after him and we'll finally land him with the goods. He's the man and I know it; keep after him."

The "dicks" followed Morrisey's instructions to the letter and for five or six months they trailed him relentlessly. When Blackey went to New Haven to see the Harvard and Yale game, they were right behind him.

Sheehan was beginning to grow pessimistic, though he didn't give any indication of it to his chief, and he plugged on and on, growing more and more skeptical as the days rolled on.

And then came the break, the break that Morrisey had predicted. Blackey left his room in the Taft Hotel one night about ten o'clock to make some observations of the Connecticut National Bank. The "dicks" were on his trail just as soon as he stepped out of the hotel. They saw him look in the windows of the bank, saw him go around in the rear of it, saw him examining the doors and the locks. Sheehan and Mike Burke watched from a hallway across the street.

"By God, at last!" exclaimed Sheehan to Burke. "The boss was right! We're on the right track, Mike. He's framing up to knock that jug off sure as you're alive!"

When Blackie finished his reconnoitering, he returned to the hotel. He visited the bank the next day to get a look at the vault and the safe. The "dicks" tabbed every move that he made and there was no doubt in their minds that the Connecticut National Bank was to be burglarized.

For two days and two nights after the Harvard and Yale game, Blackey spent his time planning the robbery of the bank. He was on the street at midnight, before midnight, at one o'clock and two o'clock getting a line on the activities of the night policemen. The third day after the game, he returned to New York and the detectives followed him.

When Sheehan made his report of Blackey's observation of the Connecticut National Bank to Morrisey, he was overwhelmed with joy.

"I knew that he would come to it after a while!" exclaimed the great detective as his little eyes flashed fire and he twisted the eternal cigar from one side of his mouth to the other. "I knew it!" he repeated.

"We've got to be careful, boss," declared Sheehan, "or we're likely to lose him. He's a clever duck."

"We've got to be more careful with this fellow than we've ever been in our lives before!" snapped Morrisey.

"What are your plans, boss?" Sheehan inquired.

"My plans for his capture are going to be pretty much like the plans that he adopted when he and Jimmy robbed the Arlington National Bank in Philadelphia."

"I don't get you, what do you mean?"

"I mean that I'm going to see the president of the bank and arrange to be in the bank when Mr. Kennard comes in to rob it."

"But," continued Sheehan, "didn't Barker fail to identify him for the Arlington job?"

"Barker couldn't identify," said Morrisey, "but I know that he robbed that bank and the thing that bothered Barker was the gold tooth which was probably a phoney one. The police captain's uniform was another thing that worried Barker, and the fact that he didn't identify him means nothing to me, Tom. You can stake your life that he is the bird that robbed the Arlington National Bank."

"Clever duck!" Sheehan grunted.

"I doubt very much whether we could have convicted him even if Barker had identified him."

"Why not?" Sheehan asked.

"First of all, his reputation is good; never been arrested, got fine friends, college man. We would have had one hell of a time convincing a jury that a fellow like Kennard was a bank burglar. I'm glad that Barker didn't identify him. We'll get him with the goods this time, and what a scandal there will be when we nail him!"

The next day when Morrisey called at the offices of the American Bankers Association and told Farnsworth that he expected to land Kennard in the act of burglarizing a bank, Farnsworth laughed, and replied:

"You told me that six months ago, Mike. I'm getting tired hearing that old story from you detectives. I've heard the same tale from Bill Watts, Larry Letherman, Willie Murphy and God only knows who else."

"I know it," replied Morrisey slowly, "but I'm near the end of the trail now. The chase is about over and I will have Kennard in the toils before many more moons have set, believe me!"

"All right!" declared Farnsworth sharply. "Now, what can I do to help it along?"

"I want a letter of introduction to the President of the Connecticut National Bank at New Haven."

Farnsworth called his secretary and dictated the following letter:

MR. NICHOLAS LEVY,
Connecticut National Bank, New Haven, Conn.
My Dear Mr. Levy:

This will introduce Detective Michael J. Morrisey, of whom you have no doubt heard. Mr. Morrisey has some very important information to impart relative to a contemplated attack upon your bank by burglars. I presume that you will be guided by whatever he suggests doing to bring about the capture of the crooks.

Very truly,
(Signed) E. J. FARNSWORTH,
President, American Bankers Association.

Morrisey left Farnsworth's office just as soon as he got the letter, going back to the Knickerbocker to complete his plans for the capture of Blackey.

"You better go back to New Haven tonight," he told Sheehan, "and see if you can rent a room or an office in the front and the rear of the bank."

"What's the idea, boss?"

"I'm not taking any chances on losing this fellow. I want the front and the rear of the bank covered by at least a dozen men. I also want to have three or four men on the inside of the bank. I'm not going to gamble with this bird for a minute. I'm going to be certain that everything is covered."

Sheehan left New York that night for New Haven to make the arrangements that Morrisey had suggested. Morrisey followed him the next morning. He was convinced beyond the shadow of a doubt that Blackey was going to rob the Connecticut National Bank, so he went to set the trap and wait for his prey. He left Mike Burke, one of his trusted men, in charge of the "dicks" who were "tailing" Blackey.

On the night of December 10th, five days before the date set for his marriage to Evelyn Galley, Frisco Blackey, the lone, single-handed bank burglar, boarded the Merchants' Limited for New Haven, to "pull the last job." The Connecticut National Bank was to be "the last job," the thing that was to square his imaginary debt with Society. "This last job," he mused, "will square Jimmy's death, and fifty per cent of the loot goes to poor Jimmy's mother." He was in high spirits as he sat in the "diner" and ate his dinner.

And that very day that he left New York to "pull the last job." Morrisey had had an interview with the president of the Connecticut National Bank, to whom he recited in detail his plans for the capture of the master criminal with the liquid explosive.

"The bank is yours to do with as you see fit," the president told him. "I'll cooperate with you in any way, you have merely to command and I'll obey."

"You close at three," Morrisey began. "You haven't got a watchman, have you?"

"No watchman," the president replied.

"I want the keys to the bank so that I can come in every night after dark with my men. I want you to leave the vault door unlocked, maintain the strictest secrecy, take nobody into your confidence, not even your wife."

"You don't know what night the attack is going to be made?" inquired the president.

"No," replied Morrisey, "it may be tonight, it may be tomorrow night, I can't tell."

"How are we going to arrange about the keys? I have just one set. If you've got to have them for several nights, how are you going to arrange for their return to me so that I can open up in the morning, and how are you going to get them at night after the bank has closed?"

"When you leave the bank," said Morrisey, "go direct to your home. One of my men will follow you there and get the keys from you. They will be delivered to you at your home in the morning at seven o'clock."

"That's fine!" the banker exclaimed. "Then you'll call for them tonight about five o'clock?"

"About five," grunted Morrisey as he got up to go.

Before Blackey arrived in New Haven that night, Morrisey had perfected all his plans. The trap had been set and the "dicks" settled back to await the coming of the victim. Blackey went to the Taft Hotel and registered. At five o'clock one of Morrisey's men went to the home of the banker and got the keys of the bank. At six o'clock Morrisey and his men entered the bank from the rear. He had been advised that Blackey was on the Merchants' Limited and would arrive about seven-thirty. He expected that he would pull the job that night.

"Take the 'shadows' off the job," he told Detective Burke, "just as soon as he steps off the train. We know what he is here for so it will not be necessary to "tail" him any longer. Get your men in the "plants" about seven o'clock and don't forget that you're not to come out from under "cover" until you've heard a succession of shots. When you hear the shots, cover the front and the rear of the bank. Don't let him get away if he should happen to get out of the bank. Be careful, and if you've got to shoot, why shoot to kill!"

The old suspicious, uneasy frame of mind returned to Blackey just as soon as he got out on the "trail" again and when he left the hotel at ten o'clock to have a look at the bank, he was thinking of "dicks."

"This is 'the last job,'" he murmured to himself, "and I'm going to be damn careful. I can't afford to make a fizzle at the last ditch."

So he was on the alert. He went up one street and down another. He ducked into doorways, doubled back and forth in alleys. He was positive that he wasn't being "tailed." Morrisey had made a wise move when he pulled the "shadows" off. If they had been on Blackey's trail he would have discovered them. No "dick" could have trailed him that night, nor any other night when he was in a suspicious frame of mind. He was a clever, painstaking, crafty fellow when he was out on the "trail."

Just as the clock in the city hall tower tolled the midnight hour, he made his way to the rear of the bank. With every stroke of the sonorous bell the dead, still night seemed to tremble. He got down on his knees and started to "jimmy" the door. Morrisey and his men on the inside of the bank waited in breathless suspense, guns in hand, for the door to swing open as Blackey stuck one "jimmy" on top of the other forcing the door open inch by inch.

(Continued next week)

What will happen to Blackey?

Is he to be caught on his last "job?"

Will the splendid career of one of the world's greatest chemists be brought to such an ignominious close?

Don't miss the concluding instalment of this gripping crook story.

Read the smashing, crashing climax in next week's issue.

Rating Movies for Interest

How Current Features Appeal to Patrons

Conducted by Our Readers

MOVIE WEEKLY'S new method of "free for all" criticism of motion pictures is now well under way.

Listed herewith are a number of recent productions, most of which you, in all likelihood, have seen.

When a new play comes to your favorite theatre, you naturally ask: Is it interesting?

In this department we intend to answer this question with the aid of our readers. We will rate all the plays that are now being shown throughout the country for their interest-holding qualities only.

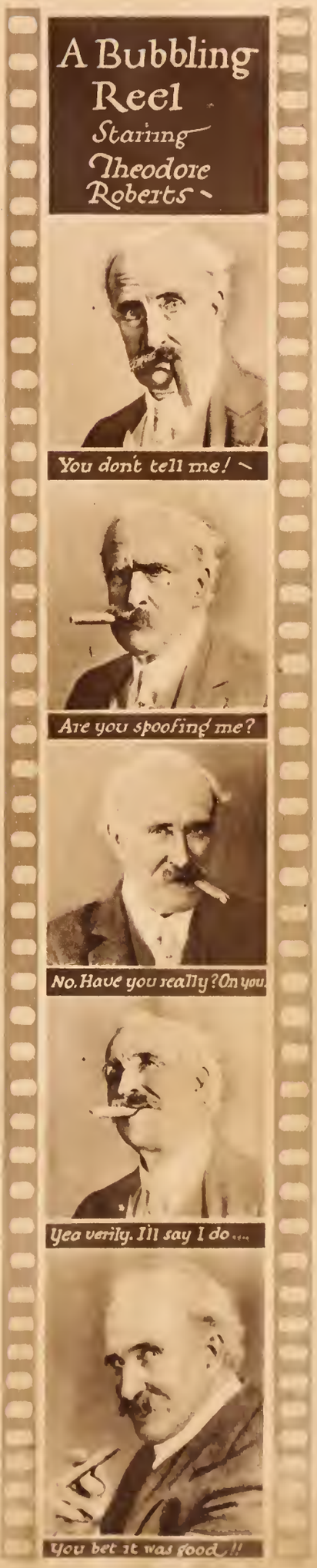
Any picture contained in this list that you have seen, will you mark according to its value? In rating pictures, the following system is adhered to:

Poor	**Under 79%**
Fair	**Between 80% and 89%**
Good	**Between 90% and 92%**
Very good	**Bewteen 93% and 95%**
Superlatively good	**Between 96% and 100%**

We have combined the ratings received from our readers up-to-date and publish an average rating after each picture contained in our list, which will grow from week to week. In this way you, the reader, will help other readers to estimate the worth of current productions.

Send in your ratings without delay.

Across the Dead Line	83	Handle With Care	79	Ragged Heiress	75
Alf's Button	93	Heart Specialist	73	Rainbow	86
All for a Woman	76	Her Face Value	85	Received Payment	96
All's Fair in Love	92	Her Husband's Trademark	84	Red Hot Romance	93
Angel Citizens	90	Her Mad Bargain	92	Red Peacock	73
Anne of Little Smoky	81	Her Social Value	95	Rent Free	72
Any Night	72	Her Own Money	80	Reported Missing	98
Any Wife	89	His Back Against the Wall	79	Riding With Death	81
Ashamed of Parents	93	Hole in the Wall	74	Right That Failed	81
At Stage Door	75	Homespun Vamp	83	Rosary, The	95
		Hunch, The	84	Rough Diamond	85
Bachelor Daddy	95	Hush Money	79	R. S. V. P.	98
Back Pay	92			Ruling Passion	98
Barnstormer	94	I Can Explain	80	Ruse of the Rattler	79
Barricade	92	I Defy	79		
Beautiful Liar	77	Idle Rich	74	Sailor Made Man	99
Beauty's Worth	65	Impulse	89	Saturday Night	95
Better Man	83	Iron to Gold	90	School Days	90
Beyond the Rainbow	90	Iron Trail	93	Sea Lion	83
Blind Hearts	83	Island Wives	89	Seventh Day	85
Bobbed Hair	88	Isle of Zorda	96	Shattered Idols	72
Bob Hampton of Placer	96			Sheik, The	90
Bonnie Briar Bush	98	Jackie	88	Sheik's Wife, The	71
Boomerang Bill	93	Jane Eyre	76	Sign of the Jack-O'-Lantern	89
Bootleggers	84	Just Around the Corner	91	Silent Call, The	94
Bought and Paid For	85			Silent Years	86
Bride's Play	84	Kindred of the Dust	85	Sin Flood	98
Bring Him In	97	Knight of the West	80	Single Track	97
Broadway Peacock	75			Sin of Martha Queed	86
		Ladies Must Live	85	Skin Deep	89
Call of the North	91	Lady Godiva	94	Sky High	73
Cameron of the Royal Mounted	93	Lane That Had No Turning	88	Slippery McGee	86
Cardigan	84	Last Payment	78	Smiles Are Trumps	90
Chasing the Moon	75	Last Trail	95	Smilin' Through	96
Child Thou Gavest Me	76	Law and the Woman	79	Song of Life	71
Chivalrous Charlie	72	Life's Greatest Question	74	Stage Romance	96
Clay Dollars	83	Little Eva Ascends	95	Steel Heart	80
Come On Over	87	Little Lord Fauntleroy	98	Strength of the Pines	71
Conflict	98	Little Minister (Paramount)	90	Sure Fire	84
Conquering Power	96	Little Minister (Vitagraph)	90		
Convict 999	75	Little Miss Smiles	76	Taking Chances	75
Cradle, The	79	Lotus Eater	80	Ten Nights in a Barroom	86
Chimson Challenge	89	Love Charm	79	Theodora	88
		Love's Boomerang	91	There Are No Villains	90
Dangerous Little Demon	92	Love's Masquerade	73	Three Live Ghosts	85
Doll's House	88	Loves of Pharaoh	81	Three Musketeers	99
Don't Doubt Your Wife	79	Love's Redemption	90	Through a Glass Window	90
Don't Get Personal	89	Luxury Tax	89	Tillie	80
David and Jonathan	75			Tol'able David	98
Desert Blossoms	94	Man From Beyond	96	Too Much Married	81
Determination	83	Man From Downing Street	85	Too Much Wife	79
Devil Within	80	Man From Lost River	81	Tracked To Earth	70
Donbling for Romeo	88	Man to Man	96	Truthful Liar	80
Duke of Chimney Butte	90	Man Under Cover	73	Travelin' On	91
		Man Who Paid	86	Turn to the Right	90
Eden and Return	90	Midnight	71	Two Kinds of Women	73
Elope If You Must	70	Miss Lulu Bett	95		
Enchantment	90	Mistress of the World	72	Under the Lash	84
End of the World	77	Molly-O	89		
Every Man's Price	88	Morals	96	Vendetta	85
Exit the Vamp	76	Moran of the Lady Letty	96	Vermillion Pencil	94
Extra, Extra	90	My Boy	80	Virginia Courtship	83
				Voice in the Dark	80
Fair Lady	83	Nancy From Nowhere	92		
False Kisses	79	New Disciple	83	Wall Flower	91
Father Tom	95	No Defense	96	Way Down East	99
Fire Bride	77			Way of a Maid	79
First Woman	76	Old Nest	98	What Do Men Want?	81
Flower of the North	94	Old Oaken Bucket	91	Whatever She Wants	85
Foolish Wives	70	One Glorious Day	95	What Love Will Do	91
Fool's Paradise	92	Orphans of the Storm	99	What No Man Knows	70
Footfalls	89	Our Mutual Friend	95	Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?	84
Footlights	75	Over the Hill	97	Whispering Women	92
Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	99			White Eagle	85
Fourteenth Lover	86	Pardon My French	86	White Hands	78
Fox, The	74	Parisian Scandal	83	White Oak	89
French Heels	85	Pay Day	99	Why Announce Your Marriage?	90
		Peacock Alley	86	Wide Open Town	87
Game Chicken, A	94	Penrod	90	Wild Honey	86
Gas, Oil and Water	80	Peter Ibbetson, or Forever	98	Winning With Wits	77
Get-Rich-Quick-Wallingford	92	Playing With Fire	74	Wise Kid	85
Glorious Fool	95	Polly of the Follies	89	Woman He Married	80
Good Provider	89	Possession	93	Woman's Place	91
Grand Larceny	79	Poverty of Riches	88	Woman Wake Up	93
Green Temptation	80	Power Within	89	Wonderful Thing	86
Grim Comedian	80	Prince There Was	85	World's Champion	96
Gutterspipe	79	Prodigal Judge	91		
				Your Best Friend	79
Hail the Woman	92	Queen of Sheba	86		
Handcuffs and Kisses	84	Question of Honor	95		


A Bubbling Reel Starring Theodore Roberts
You don't tell me!
Are you spoofing me?
No. Have you really? On you.
Yea verily. I'll say I do....
You bet it was good!!

My Trip Abroad

By Charlie Chaplin

(*Continued from page 9*)

I am all excited now; full of expectancy. Wonder what's going to happen. After my first encounter with fifty newspaper men at Cherbourg, somehow I do not resent it. Rather like it, in fact. Being a personage is not so bad. I am prepared for the fray. It is exciting. I am advancing on Europe. One o'clock. I am in my cabin. We are to dock in the morning.

I look out the porthole. I hear voices. They are alongside the dock. Am very emotional now. The mystery of it out there in blackness envelops me. I revel in it—its promise. We are at Southampton. We are in England.

Tomorrow! I go to bed thinking of it. Tomorrow!

I try to sleep, childishly reasoning that in sleeping I will make the time pass more quickly. My reasoning was sound, perhaps, but somewhere in my anatomy there slipped a cog. I could not sleep. I rolled and tossed, counted sheep, closed my eyes and lay perfectly still, but it was no go. Somewhere within me there stirred a sort of Christmas Eve feeling. Tomorrow was too portentous.

I look at my watch. It is two o'clock in the morning. I look through the porthole. It is pitch dark outside. I try to pierce the darkness, but can't. Off in the distance I hear voices coming out of the night. That and the lapping of the waves against the side of the boat.

Then I hear my name mentioned once, twice, three times. I am thrilled. I tingle with expectancy and varying emotions. It is all so peculiar and mysterious. I try to throw off the feeling. I can't.

There seems to be no one awake except a couple of men who are pacing the deck. Longshoremen, probably. Every once in a while I hear the mystic "Charlie Chaplin" mentioned. I peer through the porthole. It is starting to rain. This adds to the spell. I turn out the lights and get back in bed and try to sleep. I get up again and look out.

I call Robinson. "Can you sleep?" I ask.

"No. Let's get up and dress." It's got him, too.

We get up and walk around the top deck. There is a curious mixture of feelings all at once. I am thrilled and depressed. I cannot understand the depression. We keep walking around the deck, looking over the side. People are looking up, but they don't recognize me in the night. I feel myself speculating, wondering if it is going to be the welcome I am expecting.

Scores of messages have been arriving all day.

"Will you accept engagements?" "Will you dine with us?" "How about a few days in the country?" I cannot possibly answer them all. Not receiving replies, they send wireless messages to the captain.

"Mr Lathom, is Mr. Chaplin on board?" "Has my message been delivered?"

I have never received so many messages. "Will you appear on Tuesday?" "Will you dine here?" "Will you join a revue?" "Are you open for engagements?" "I am the greatest agent in the world."

One of the messages is from the mayor of Southampton, welcoming me to that city. Others from heads of the motion-picture industry in Europe. This is a source of great worriment. Welcomed by the mayor. It will probably mean a speech. I hate speeches. I can't make them. This is the worst spectre of the night.

In my sleeplessness I go back to my cabin and try to write down what I shall say, trying to anticipate what the mayor will say to me. I picture his speech of welcome. A masterpiece of oratory brought forth after much preparation by those who are always making speeches. It is their game, this speechmaking, and I know I shall appear a hopeless dub with my reply.

But I attack it valiantly. I write sentence after sentence and then practice before the mirror.

"Mr. Mayor and the people of Southampton." The face that peers back at me from the mirror looks rather silly. I think of Los Angeles and wonder how they would take my speech there. But I persevere. I write more. I overcome that face in the looking-glass to such an extent that I want a wider audience.

I call Carl Robinson. I make him sit still and listen. I make my speech several times. He is kind the first time and the second time, but after that he begins to get fidgety. He makes suggestions. I take out some lines and put in others. I decide that it is prepared and leave it. I am to meet the mayor in the morning at eight o'clock.

Eventually I get to bed and asleep, a fitful, tossing sleep. They wake me in the morning. People are outside my door. Carl comes in.

"The mayor is upstairs waiting for you." I am twenty minutes late. This adds to my inefficiency.

I am pushed and tumbled into my clothes, then taken by the arm, as if I were about to be arrested, and led from my cabin. Good Lord! I've forgotten my slip—my speech, my answer to the mayor, with its platform gestures that I had labored with during the long night. I believed that I had created some new gestures never before attempted on platform, or in pulpit, but I was lost without my copy.

Charlie and Edward Knobloch resting after a "deck walk."

But there is little time for regrets. It doesn't take long to reach any place when that place is holding something fearful for you. I was before the mayor long before I was ready to see him.

This mayor wasn't true to type. He was more like a schoolmaster. Very pleasant and concise, with tortoise-shell rims to his glasses and with none of the ornaments of chain and plush that I had anticipated as part of the regalia of his office. This was somewhat of a relief.

There are lots of men, women, and children gathered about. I am introduced to the children. I am whirled around into the crowd, and when I turn back I can't quite make out who is the mayor. There seems to be a roomful of mayors. Eventually I am dug from behind. I turn. I am whirled back by friendly or official assistance. Ah, here is the mayor.

I stand bewildered, twirling my thumbs, quite at a loss as to what is expected of me.

The mayor begins. I have been warned that it is going to be very formal.

"Mr. Chaplin, on behalf of the citizens of Southampton——"

Nothing like I had anticipated. I am trying to think. Trying to hear precisely what he says. I think I have him so far. But it is nothing like I had anticipated. My speech doesn't seem to fit what he is saying. I can't help it. I will use it anyhow, at least as much as I can recall.

It is over. I mumble some inane appreciation. Nothing like I had written, with nary a gesture so laboriously rehearsed.

There come interruptions of excited mothers with their children.

"This is my little girl."

I am shaking hands mechanically with everybody. From all sides autograph albums are being shoved under my nose. Carl is warding them off, protecting me as much as possible.

I am aware that the mayor is still standing there. I am trying to think of something more to say. All visions of language seem to have left me. I find myself mumbling, "This is nice of you" and "I am very glad to meet you all."

Somebody whispers in my ear, "Say something about the English cinema." "Say a word of welcome to the English." I try to and can't utter a word, but the same excitement that had bothered me now comes forward to my aid.

The formal handshaking is on.

The mayor introduces his wife. After shaking hands with her I decide that it is all a conspiracy to introduce me to his whole family.

"This is my niece, my nephew, his wife, their children, my father-in-law," and dozens of others. I could quite understand why he was the mayor. They were all relatives. He had the vote of the city tied up in his family tree.

The whole thing is bewildering and thrilling and I find that I am pleased with it all.

But now strange faces seem to fade out and familiar ones take their places. There is Tom Geraghty, who used to be Doug Fairbanks' scenario writer. He wrote "When the Clouds Roll By" and "The Mollycoddle." Tom is a great friend of mine and we have spent many a pleasant hour in Doug's home in Los Angeles. There is Donald Crisp, who played Battling Burrows in "Broken Blossoms," a club-mate in the Los Angeles Athletic Club. My cousin, Aubrey Chaplin, a rather dignified gentleman, but with all the earmarks of a Chaplin, greets me.

Heavens! I look something like him. I picture myself in another five years. Aubrey has a saloon in quite a respectable part of London. I feel that Aubrey is a nice simple soul and quite desirous of taking me in hand.

Then Abe Breman, manager of the United Artists' affairs in England. And there is "Sonny," a friend in the days when I was on the stage. I have not heard from him in ten years. It makes me happy and interested, the thought of reviving the old friendship.

We talk of all sorts of subjects. Sonny is prosperous and doing well. He tells me everything in jerky asides, as we are hustled about amidst the baggage and bundled into a compartment that somebody has arranged.

Somehow the crowds here are not as large as I had anticipated. I am a little shocked. What if they don't turn up? Everyone has tried to impress upon me the size of the reception I am to get. There is a tinge of disappointment, but then I am informed that, the boat being a day late, the crowd expected had no way of knowing when I would arrive.

This explanation relieves me tremendously, though it is not so much for myself that I feel this, but for my companions and my friends, who expect so much. I feel that the whole thing should go off with a bang for their sake. Yes, I do.

But I am in England. There is freshness. There is glow. There is nature in its most benevolent mood. The trains, those little toy trains with the funny little wheels like those on a child's toy. There are strange noises. They come from the engine—snorting, explosive sounds, as though it was clamoring for attention.

I am in another world. Southampton, though I have been there before, is absolutely strange to me. There is nothing familiar. I feel as though I am in a foreign country. Crowds, increasing with every minute. What lovely women, different from American women. How, why, I cannot tell.

There is a beautiful girl peering at me, a lovely English type. She comes to the car-

(*Continued on page 30*)

The Cry of the Age

EDITORIAL NOTE: *The wish of the age is the cry: "How to get into the movies." Bebe Daniels receives on the average of three hundred letters a day, three-quarters of which request an answer to this question. After reading the following specimens, why not write to us and point out what, in your opinion, are the qualifications necessary to get into pictures.*

You know Bebe's work, and the work of many other stars. Using this as your foundation, plus the letters appended herewith. come to your own conclusions and shoot them on to "Movie Weekly." They will be interesting to publish in our pages.

Excerpts from Movie Fans Letters To BEBE DANIELS

I wish you would give me all the information that you can as to how I can get into the movies.

I have had seven years in expression and am very active. Have real dark red hair, large brown eyes and heavy eyebrows and eyelashes, some freckles. Weigh 130 pounds and am 5 feet 5 inches high, and am 20 years old.

Will you please ask your keeper if I could join the movies? For two years I have been wishing to be a movie star.

And do you know, I can sing like a peacock and dance like a fairy?

I can shimmy. Oh say, can't I, though!

I am asking a whole lot of you, but what would a fellow have to do to join the movies. I would like to be in a Western movie, because I have rode a horse every day since I was big enough to ride. That seems to be my only sport. On Sundays a lot of us boys go riding. We take our horses, saddles and lariats and go roping cattle.

There are some people in our country that have Western cattle and we go there. I can throw the rope better than anyone else there and I can ride better than anyone that was there.

I am sorry I had to ask you all of this but I want to join the movies so bad I had to.

You write anyhow and tell me if you know how I can get a job in the movies. I thank you very much if you write and tell me. I want to get out there so I can ride all the time.

Please give me advice as an actress like you might know more. I am a poor common woman but wish to be somebody some day. I am a married woman, a mother of a seven-months' old child and am 18 years of age. My married life is unsuccessful and wish to be out of my husband's way. Please tell me how. I thought maybe I can join the movies but my child could I take him along in case I could become one. Please do answer and tell me if I can become an actress some day and what salary does an actress get for a start. Do tell me all you can and I will only be too glad to take your advice.

Bebe as a hobo. Wonder if she wrote the star-hobo how to be
As a leading man, Bebe's new pet is not so good!
Critically surveying her makeup.
After a hard day before the camera and attending to her fan mail, there's nothing like comfort and a good book.

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE

"The Business of Life"

(*Continued from page* 16)

light, you'd look exactly like the rest of us. And that isn't flattering anybody, I'm thinking."

It was to be the last day of the party. Everybody was leaving directly after luncheon, and now everybody seemed inclined to do nothing in particular. Mrs. Clydesdale came over from the Hammerton's. The air was soft and springlike; the snow in the fields was melting and full of golden pools. People seemed to be inclined to stroll about outdoors without their hats; a lively snowball battle began between Cary Clydesdale on one side and Cairns and Reggie Ledyard on the other—and gradually was participated in by everybody except Aunt Hannah, who grimly watched it from the library window. But her weather eye never left Mrs. Clydesdale.

She was still standing at the window when somebody entered the library behind her, and somehody else followed. She knew who they were; the curtains screened her. For one second the temptation to listen beset her, but she put it away with a sniff, and had already turned to disclose herself when she heard Mrs. Clydesdale say something that stiffened her into a rigid silence.

What followed stiffened her still more—and there were only a few words, too—only:

"For God's sake, what are you thinking of?" from Desboro; and from Elena Clydesdale:

"This has got to end—I can't stand it, Jim——"

"Stand what?"

"Him! And what you are doing!"

"Be careful! Do you want people to overhear us?" he said, in a low voice of concentrated anger.

"Then where——"

"I don't know. Wait until these people leave——"

"Tonight?"

"How can we see each other tonight!"

"Cary is going to New York——"

Voices approaching through the hall warned him:

"All right, tonight," he said, desperately. "Go out into the hall."

"Tonight, Jim?"

"Yes."

She turned and walked out into the hall. He heard her voice calmly joining in the chatter now approaching, and, without any reason, he walked to the window. And found Mrs. Hammerton there.

Astonishment and anger left him dumb and scarlet to the roots of his hair.

"It isn't my fault," she hissed. "You and that other fool had already committed yourselves before I could stir to warn you. What do I care for your vile little intrigues, anyway! I don't have to listen behind curtains to learn what anybody could have seen at the Metropolitan Opera——"

"You are absolutely mistaken——"

"No doubt, James. But whether I am or not makes absolutely no difference to me—or to Jacqueline Nevers—"

"What do you mean by that?"

"What I say, exactly. It will make no difference to Jacqueline, because you are going to keep your distance."

"Do you think so?"

"If you don't keep away from her I'll tell her a few things. Listen to me very carefully, James. You think I'm fond of you, don't you? Well, I am. But I've taken a fancy to Jacqueline Nevers that—well, if I were not childless I might feel it less deeply. I've put my arms around her once and for all. Now do you understand?"

"I tell you," he said steadily, "you are mistaken in believing——"

"Very well. Granted. What of it? One dirty little intrigue more or less doesn't alter what you are and have been. The plain point of the matter is this, James: you are not fit to aspire seriously to Jacqueline Nevers. Are you? I ask you, now, honestly; are you?"

"Does that concern you?"

She fairly snapped her teeth and her eyes sparkled:

"Yes; it concerns me! Keep away! I warn you—you and the rest of the Jacks and Reggies and similar assorted pups. Your hunting ground is elsewhere."

A sort of cold fury possessed him: "You had better not say anything to Miss Nevers about what you overheard in this room," he said in a colorless voice.

"I'll use my own judgment," she retorted tartly.

"Use mine. It is perhaps better. Don't interfere."

"Don't be a fool, James."

"Will you listen to me——"

"About Elena Clydesdale?" she asked maliciously.

"There is nothing to tell about her."

"Naturally. I never heard the Deshoros were blackguards—only a trifle airy, James—a trifle gallant! Dear child, don't anger me. You know it wouldn't be well for you."

"I ask you merely to mind your own business."

"That I shall do. My life's business is Jacqueline. You yourself made her so——" Malice indescribable snapped in her tiny black eyes, and she laughed harshly. "You made that motherless girl my business. Ask yourself if you've ever, inadvertently, done as decent a thing?"

"Do yo understand that I wish to marry her?" he asked, white with passion.

"YOU! What do I care what your patronizing intentions may be? And James, if you drive me to it——" she fairly glared at him, "—I'll destroy even your acquaintanceship with her. And I possess the means to do it!"

"Try it!" he motioned with dry lips.

A moment later the animated chatter of young people filled the room, and among them sounded Jacqueline's voice.

"Oh!" she said, laughing, when she saw Mrs. Hammerton and Desboro coming from the embrasure of the window. "Have you been flirting again, Aunt Hannah!"

"Yes," said the old lady grimly, "and I think I've taken him into camp."

"Then it's my turn," said Jacqueline. "Come on, Mr. Desboro, you can't escape me. I'm going to beat you a game of rabbit!"

Everybody drifted into the billiard-room at their heels, and found them already at their stations on either side of the pool table, each one covering the side pocket with left hand spread wide. Jacqueline had the cue-ball; it lay on the cloth in front of her, and her slim right hand covered it.

"Ready?" she asked of Desboro.

"Ready," he said, watching her.

She made a feint; he sprang to the left; she shot the ball toward the right corner pocket, missed, caromed, and tried to recover it; but Desboro's arm shot out across the cloth and he seized it and shot it at her left corner pocket. It went in with a plunk!

"One for Jim!" said Reggie gravely, and, picking up a cue, scored with a button overhead.

"Plunk!" went the ball again into the same pocket; and Jacqueline gave a little cry of dismay as Desboro leaned far over the table, threatening, feinting, moving the ball so fast she could scarcely follow his hand. Then she thought she saw the crisis coming, sprang toward the left corner packet, gave a cry of terror, and plunk! went the hall into her side pocket.

It was a breathless, exciting game, even for rabbit, and was fought to a furious finish; but she went down to defeat, and Desboro came around the table to condole with her, and together they stepped aside to leave the arena free for Katharine Frere and Reggie.

"I'm so sorry, dear," he said under his breath.

"It's what I want, Jim. Never let me take the lead again—in anything."

His laugh was not genuine. He glanced across the room and saw Aunt Hannah pretending not to watch

him. Near her stood Elena Clydesdale beside her husband, making no such pretence.

He said in a low voice: "Jacqueline, would you marry me as soon as I can get a license—if I asked you to do it?"

She blushed furiously; then walked over to the window and gazed out, dismayed and astounded. He followed.

"Will you, dear? I have the very best of reasons for asking you."

"Could you tell me the reasons, Jim?" she asked, still dazed.

"I had rather not—if you don't mind. Will you trust me when I say it is better for us to marry quietly and at once?"

She looked up at him dumbly, the scarlet slowly fading from brow and cheek.

"Do you trust me?" he repeated.

"Yes—I trust you."

"Will you marry me, then, as soon as I can arrange for it?"

She was silent.

"Will you?" he urged.

"Jim—darling—I wanted to be equipped—I wanted to have some pretty things, in order to—to be at my very best—for you. A girl is a bride only once in her life; a man remembers her as she came to him first."

"Dearest, as I saw you first, so I will always think of you."

"Oh, Jim! In that black gown and cuffs and collar!"

"You don't understand men, dear. No coronation robe ever could compete with that dress in my affections. You always are perfect; I never saw you when you weren't bewitching——"

"But, dear, there are other things——"

"We'll buy them together!"

"Jim, must we do it this way? I don't mean that I wished for any ostentation——"

"I did! I would have wished for a ceremony suited to your beauty and——"

"No, no! I didn't expect——"

"But I did—damn it!" he said between his teeth. "I wished it; I expected it. Don't you think I know what a girl ought to have? Indeed I do, Jacqueline. And in New York town another century will never see a bride to compare with you! But, my darling, I cannot risk it!"

"Risk it?"

"Don't ask me any more."

"No."

"And—will you do it—for my sake?"

"Yes."

There was a silence between them; he lighted a cigarette, turned coolly around, and glanced across the room. Elena instantly averted her gaze. Mrs. Hammerton sustained his pleasant inspection with an unchanging stare almost insolent.

After a moment he smiled at her. It was a mistake to do it.

After luncheon, Elena Clydesdale found an opportunity for a word with him.

"Will you remember that you have an engagement tonight?" she said in a guarded voice.

"I shall break it," he replied.

"What!"

"This is going to end here and now! Your business is with your husband. He's a decent fellow; he's devoted to you. I won't even discuss it with you. Break with him if you want to, but don't count on me!"

"I can't break with him unless I can count on you. Are you going to lie to me, Jim?"

"You can call it what you like. But if you break with him it will end our friendship."

"I tell you I've got to break with him. I've got to do it now—at once!"

"Why?"

"Because—because I've got to. I can't go on fencing with him."

"Oh!"

She crimsoned and set her little white teeth.

"I've got to leave him or be what—I won't be!"

"Then break with him," he said contemptuously, "and give a decent man another chance in life!"

"I can't—unless you——"

"Good God! I'd sooner cut my throat. My sympathy is for your husband. You're convicting yourself, I tell you! I've always had a dim idea that he was all right. Now I know it—and my obligations to you are ended."

"Then—you leave me—to him? Answer me, Jim. You refuse to stand between me and my—my degradation? Is that what you mean to do? Knowing I have no other means of escaping it except through you—except by defying the world with you!"

She broke off with a soh.

"Elena," he said, "your one salvation in this world is to have children! It will mean happiness and honor for you both—mutual respect, and, if not romantic love, at least a cordial understanding and mutual toleration. If you have such a chance, don't throw it away. Your husband is a slow, intelligent, kind, and patient man, who has borne much from you because he is honestly in love with you. Don't mistake his consideration for weakness, his patience for acquiesence. What kindness you have pretended to show him recently has given him courage. He is trying to make good because he believes that he can win you. This is clear reason; it is logic; Elena."

She turned on him in a flash of tears and exasperation.

"Logic! Do you think a woman wants that?" she stammered. "Do you think a woman arrives at any conclusion through the kind of reasoning that satisfies men? What difference does what you say make to me, when I hate him and I love you? How does your logic help me to escape what is—is abhorrent to me! Do you suppose your reasoning makes it more endurable? Oh, Jim! For heaven's sake don't leave me to that—that man! Let me come here this evening after he has gone, and try to explain to you how I——"

"No."

"You won't!"

"No. I am going to town with Mrs. Hammerton and Miss Nevers on the evening train. And some day I am going to marry Miss Nevers."

DURING her week's absence from town Jacqueline's mail had accumulated; a number of business matters had come into the office, the disposal of which now awaited her decision—requests from wealthy connoisseurs for expert opinion, offers to dispose of collections entire or in part, invitations to dealers' secret conferences, urgent demands for appraisers, questions concerning origin or authenticity, commissions to buy, sell, advertise, or send searchers throughout the markets at home or abroad for anything from a tiny shrine of Limoges enamel to a complete suit of equestrian armor to fill a gap in a series belonging to some rich man's museum.

So she was obliged to telephone to Mrs. Hammerton that she could not dine with her at the Ritz, and to Desboro that she could not see him for a day or two. In Deshoro's case, a postscript added: "Except for a minute, dearest, whenever you come."

That night she worked alone in her office until long after midnight; and all the next day until noon she was busy listening to or instructing salesmen, clerks, dealers, experts, auctioneers, and clients.

Luncheon had been served on a tray beside her desk, and she was still absent-mindedly going over the carbon files of business letters, which she had dictated and dispatched that morning, when Desboro's card was brought to her. She sent word that she would receive him.

"Will you lunch with me, Jim?" she asked demurely, when he had appeared and shaken hands vigorously. "I've a fruit salad and some perfectly delicious sherbet! Please sit on the desk top and help me consume the banquet."

"Do you call that a banquet, darling?" he demanded. "Come out to the Ritz with me this instant——"

"Dearest! I can't! Oh, you don't know what an exciting and interesting mess my business affairs are in! A girl always has to pay for her pleasure. But in this case it's a pleasure to pay. Bring up that chair and share my luncheon like a good fellow, so we can chat together for a few minutes. It's all the time I can give you today, dearest."

He pulled up a chair and seated himself, experiencing somewhat mixed emotions in the presence of such bewildering business capability.

"You make me feel embarrassed and ashamed," he said. "Rotten loafer that I am! And you so energetic and industrious—you darling thing!"

"But, dear, your farmer can't plow frozen ground, you know; all your men can do just now is to mend fences and dump fertilizer and lime and gypsum over everything. And I believe they were doing that when I left."

"If," he said, "I were a real instead of a phony farmer, I'd read catalogues about wire fences; I'd find plenty to do if I were not a wretched sham. It's only, I hope, because you're in town that I can't drive myself back where I belong. I ought to be sitting in a wood-shed, in overalls, whittling sticks and yelling bucolic wisdom at Ezra Vail—— Oh, you needn't laugh, darling, but that's where I ought to be, and what I ought to be doing if I'm ever going to support a wife!"

"Jim! You're not going to support a wife! You absurd boy!"

"What!" he demanded, losing countenance.

"Did you think you were obliged to support me? How ridiculous! I'd be perfectly miserable——"

"Jacqueline! What on earth do you mean? We are going to live on my income."

"Indeed we are not! What use would I be to you if I brought you nothing except an idle, useless, lazy girl to support! It's unthinkable!"

"Do you expect to remain in business?" he asked, incredulously.

"Certainly I expect it!"

"But—darling——"

"Jim! I love my business. It was father's business; it represents my childhood, my girlhood, my maturity. Every detail of it is inextricably linked with memories of him—the dearest memories, the tenderest associations of my life! Do you wish me to give them up?"

"How can you be my wife, Jacqueline, and still remain a business woman?"

"Dear, I am certainly going to marry you. Permit me to arrange the rest. It will not interfere with my being your devoted and happy wife. It wouldn't ever interfere with—with my being a—a perfectly good mother—if that's what you fear. If it did, do you suppose I'd hesitate to choose?"

"No," he said, adoring her.

"Indeed, I wouldn't! But remaining in business will give me what every girl should have as a right—an object in life apart from her love for her husband—and children—apart from her proper domestic duties. It is her right to engage in the business of life; it makes the contract between you and me fairer. I love you more than anything in the world, but I simply couldn't keep my self-respect and depend on you for everything I have."

"But, my darling, everything I have is already yours."

"Yes, I know. We can pretend it is. I know I could have it—just as you could have this rather complicated business of mine—if you want it."

"Oh, Lord!" he exclaimed. "Imagine the fury of a connoisseur who engaged me to identify his priceless penates!"

He was laughing, too, now. They had finished their fruit salad and sherbet; she lighted a cigarette for him, taking a dainty puff and handing it to him with an adorable shudder.

"I don't like it! I don't like any vices! How women can enjoy what men enjoy is a mystery to me. Smoke slowly, darling, because when that cigarette is finished you must make a very graceful bow and say good-bye to me until tomorrow."

"This is simply devilish, Jacqueline! I never see you any more."

"Nonsense! You have plenty to do to amuse you—haven't you, dear?"

But the things that once occupied his leisure so casually and so agreeably no longer attracted him.

"I don't want to read seed catalogues," he protested. "Couldn't I be of use to you, Jacqueline? I'll do anything you say—take off my coat and sweep out your office, or go behind the counter in the shop and sell gilded gods——"

"Imagine the elegant Mr. Desboro selling antiquities to the dangerous monomaniacs who haunt such shops as mine! Dear, they'd either drive you crazy or have you arrested for fraud inside of ten minutes. No; you will make a perfectly good husband, Jim, but you were never created to decorate an antique shop."

He tried to smile, but only flushed rather painfully. A sudden and wholly inexplicable sense of inferiority possessed him.

"You know," he said, "I'm not going to stand around idle while you run a prosperous business concern. And anyway, I can't see it, Jacqueline. You and I are going to have a lot of social obligations to——"

"We are likely to have all kinds of obligations," she interrupted serenely, "and our lives are certain to be very full, and you and I are going to be equal to every opportunity, every demand, every responsibility—and still have leisure to love each other, and to be to each other everything that either could desire."

"After all," he said, serious and unconvinced, "there are only twenty-four hours in a day for us to be together."

"Yes, darling, but there will be no wasted time in those twenty-four hours. That is where we save a sufficient number of minutes to attend to the business of life."

"Do you mean that you intend to come into this office every day?"

"For a while, yes. Less frequently when I have trained my people a little longer. What do you suppose my father was doing all his life? What do you suppose I have been doing these last three years? Why, Jim, except that hitherto I have loved to fuss over details, this office and this business could almost run itself for six months at a time. Some day, except for special clients here and there, Lionel Sissly will do what expert work I now am doing; and this desk will be his; and his present position will be filled by Mr. Mirk. That is how it is planned. And if you had given me two or three months, I might have been able to go on a bridal trip with you!"

"We are going, aren't we?" he asked, appalled.

"If I've got to marry you offhand," she said seriously, "our wedding trip will have to wait. Don't you know, dear, that it always costs heavily to do anything in a

(*Continued on page* 31)

STUDENTS
of
High and Public Schools

"Movie Weekly" wants your advice.

Last Fall we ran a Popular High School Girl Contest in which we gave out $5,000 in prizes equally divided between School Athleti Association funds and school girls who were particularly popular among their fellow students. Also we presented a beautiful wrist watch to every girl who made a high standing, but who did not succeed in winning one of the money prizes.

The contest caused much pleasant excitement throughout the four months it ran—it developed school spirit—it netted several thousands of dollars to School Athletic Association funds with which much needed additional equipment is being installed and in the case of one school a new athletic field is being planned. It made available to five school girls several thousand dollars that they could use for higher education or in whatever other way they chose.

Each copy of "Movie Weekly" sold netted the seller 2½ cents clear profit.

Every school and every scholar that entered the contest was benefited by it. But in order for it to be worth while for us to conduct another we must have the backing and co-operation of schools as organizations and the students as individuals.

Now, what we want to know is—

Shall we run another School Contest this Fall?
If we do, will you take part?
Will you do everything in your power to interest your school in it?

There will be large cash prizes for School Athletic Association funds and a large number of valuable prizes for individual students taking part.

If we run the contest this Fall, will you work hard for your school and to earn one or more of the personal prizes for yourself?

We are attaching a coupon. We would like to have you fill it out and mail it to us. In section headed "Remarks," we will welcome any suggestions you have to offer as to how these contests may be made even more interesting to the boys and girls taking part.

MOVIE WEEKLY
119 West 40th Street, New York

MOVIE WEEKLY,
119 West 40th Street, New York.

In the proper spaces below you will find my answers to your questions regarding the "Movie Weekly" School Contest you are thinking of conducting this Fall.

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My Trip Abroad

(*Continued from page 26*)

riage and in a beautiful musical voice says, "May I have your signature, Mr. Chaplin?" This is thrilling. Aren't English girls charming? She is just the type you see in pictures, something like Hall Caine's Gloria in "The Christian"—beautiful auburn hair, about seventeen.

Seventeen! What an age! I was that once—and here, in England. It seems very long ago.

Tom Geraghty and the bunch, we are all so excited we don't know just what to do or how to act. We cannot collect ourselves. Bursting with pent-up questions of years of gathering, overflowing with important messages for one another, we are talking about the most commonplace things. I find that I am not listening to them, nor they to me. I am just taking it all in, eyes and ears.

An English "bobby." Everything is different taking the tickets. The whole thing is upside down. The locking us in our compartment. I look at the crowds. The same old "prop" smile is working. They smile. They cheer. I wave my hat. I feel silly, but it seems that they like it. Will the train never start? I want to see something outside the station.

I want to see the country. They are all saying things. I do not know what they all think of me, my friends. I wish they were not here. I would love to be alone so that I could get it all.

We are moving. I sit forward as though to make the train go faster. I want a sight of Old England. I want more than a sight.

Now I see the English country. New houses going up everywhere. New types for laboring men. More new houses. I have never seen Old England in such a frenzy of building. The brush fields are rather burned up. This is something new for England, for it is always so green. It is not as green as it used to be. But it is England, and I am loving every mile of it.

I discover that everything is Los Angeles in my compartment, with the exception of my cousin and Sonny. Here I am in the midst of Hollywood. I have traveled six thousand miles to get away from Hollywood. Motion pictures are universal. You can't run away from them. But I am not bothering much, because I am cannily figuring on shaking the whole lot of them after the usual dinner and getting off by myself.

And I am getting new thrills every minute. There are people waiting all along the line, at small stations, waiting for the train to pass. I know they are waiting to see me. It's a wonderful sensation—everybody so affectionate. Gee! I am wondering what's going to happen in London?

Aubrey and the bunch are talking about making a strong-arm squad around me for protection. I intimately feel that it is not going to be necessary. They say: "Ah, you don't know, my boy. Wait until you get to London."

Secretly, I am hoping it is true. But I have my doubts. Everybody is nice. They suggest that I should sleep awhile, as I look tired. I feel that I am being pampered and spoiled. But I like it. And they all seem to understand.

My cousin interests me. He warns me what to talk about. At first I felt a little conscious in his presence. A little sensitive. His personality—how it mixes with my American friends. I sense that I am shocking him with my American points of view.

He has not seen me in ten years. I know that I am altered. I sort of want to pose before him a little. I want to shock him; no, not exactly shock him, but surprise him. I find myself deliberately posing and just for him. I want to be different, and I want him to know that I am a different person. This is having its effect.

Aubrey is bewildered. I am sure that he doesn't know me. I feel that I am not acting according to his schedule. It encourages me.

I become radical in my ideas. Against his conservatism. But I am beginning not to like this performing for him. One feels so conscious. I am wondering whether he will understand. There are lots of other people I have got to meet. I won't be able to devote all my time to him. I shall have a long talk with Aubrey later and explain everything. I doze off for a while.

But just for a moment. We are coming to the outskirts of London. I hear nothing, I see nothing, but I know it is so and I awake. Now I am all expectancy. We are entering the suburbs of the city.

(*Continued next week*)

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The Triumph of Love

(*Continued from page 29*)

hurry? At this time of year, and under the present conditions of business, and considering my contracts and obligations, it would be utterly impossible for me to go away again until summer."

He sprang up irritated, yet feeling utterly helpless under her friendly but level gaze.

"Dear," she said wistfully, "you look at me with such very troubled eyes. Is there anything I have said that you disapprove?"

"I had not expected you to remain in business," was all he found to say.

"If my remaining in business ever interferes with your happiness or with my duty to you, I will give it up. You know that, don't you?"

He reddened again.

"It looks queer," he muttered, "—your being in business and I—playing farmer—like one of those loafing husbands of celebrated actresses."

"Jim!" she exclaimed, scarlet to the ears. "What a horrid simile!"

"It's myself I'm cursing out," he said, almost angrily. "I can't cut such a figure. Don't you understand, Jacqueline? I haven't anything to occupy me! Do you expect me to hang around somewhere while you work? I tell you, I've got to find something to do as soon as we're married—or I couldn't look you in the face."

"That is for you to decide. Isn't it?" she asked sweetly.

"Yes, but on what am I to decide?"

"Whatever you decide, don't do it in a hurry, dear," she said, smiling.

The sullen sense of resentment returned, reddening his face again:

"I wouldn't have to hurry if you'd give up this business and live on our income and be free to travel and knock about with me——"

"Can't you understand that I will be free to be with you—free in mind, in conscience, in body, to travel with you, be with you, be to you whatever you desire—but only if I keep my self-respect! And I can't keep that if I neglect the business of life, which, in my case, lies partly here in this office."

She rose and laid one slim, pretty hand on his shoulder. She rarely permitted herself to touch him voluntarily.

"Don't you wish me to be happy?" she asked gently.

"It's all I wish in the world, Jacqueline."

"But I couldn't be happy and remain idle; remain dependent on you for anything—except love. Life to the full—every moment filled—that is what living means to me. And only one single thing never can fill one's life—not intellectual research alone; not spiritual remoteness; nor yet the pursuit of pleasure; nor the swift and endless hunt for happiness; nor even love, dearest among men! Only the business of life can quite fill life to the brimming for me; and that business is made up of everything worthy—of the pleasures of effort, duty, aspiration, and noble repose, but never of the pleasures of idleness. Jim, have I bored you with a sermon? Forgive me; I am preaching only to instruct myself."

He took her hand from his shoulder and stood holding it and looking at her with a strange expression. So dazed, yet so terribly intent he seemed at moments that she laid her other hand over his, pressing it in smiling anxiety.

"What is it, dearest?" she murmured. "Don't you approve of me as much as you thought you did? Am I disappointing you already?"

"Good God!" he muttered to himself. "If there is a heaven, and your sort inhabit it, hell was reformed long ago."

"What are you muttering all to yourself, Jim?" she insisted. "What troubles you?"

"I'll tell you. You've picked the wrong man. I'm absolutely unfit for you. I know about all those decent things you believe in—all the things you are! But I don't know about them from personal experience; I never did anything decent because it was my duty to do it—except by accident. I never took a spiritual interest in anything or anybody, including myself! I never made a worthy effort; I never earned one second's worth of noble repose. And now—if there's anything in me to begin on—it's probably my duty to release you until I have made something of myself, before I come whining around asking you to marry a man not fit to marry——"

"My darling!" she protested, half laughing, half in tears, and closing his angry lips with both her hands. "I want you, not a saint or a holy man, or an archangel fresh from paradise! I want you as you are—as you have been—as you are going to be, dear! Did any girl who ever lived find pleasure in perfection? Even in art it is undesirable. That's the beauty of aspiration; the pleasures of effort never pall. I don't know whether I'm laughing or crying, Jim! You look so solemn and miserable, and—and funny! But if you try to look dignified now, I'll certainly laugh! You dear, blessed, overgrown boy—just as bad as you possibly can be! Just as funny and unreasonable and perverse as are all boys! But Jacqueline loves you dearly—oh, dearly—and she trusts you with her heart and her happiness and with every beauty yet undreamed and unrevealed that a girl could learn to desire on earth! Are you contented? Oh, Jim! Jim! If you knew how I adore you! You must go, dear. It will mean a long night's work for me if you don't. But it's so hard to let you go—when I—love you so! When I love you so! Good-bye. Yes, tomorrow. Don't call at noon; Mrs. Hammerton is coming for a five-minute chat. And I do want you to myself for the few moments we may have together. Come about five and we can have tea here beside my desk."

He came next day at five. The day after that he arrived at the same hour, bringing with him her ring; and, as he slipped it over her finger, for the first time her self-control slipped, too, and she bent swiftly and kissed the jewel that he was holding.

"What a beauty of a ring, Jim!" she managed to say at last. "No other engagement ring ever existed half as lovely and splendid as my betrothal ring. I am sorry for all the empresses and queens and princesses who can never hope to possess a ring to equal the ring of Jacqueline Nevers, dealer in antiquities."

"Nor can they hope to possess such a hand to adorn it," he said, "—the most beautiful, the purest, whitest, softest, most innocent hand in the world! The magic hand of Jacqueline!"

"Do you like it?" she asked, shyly conscious of its beauty.

"It is matchless, darling. Let empresses shriek with envy."

"I'm listening very intently, but I don't hear them, Jim. Also, I've seen a shop girl with far lovelier hands. But please go on thinking so and hearing crowned heads shriek. I rather like your imagination."

He laughed from sheer happiness:

"I've got something to whisper to you. Shall I?"

"What?"

"Shall I whisper it?"

She inclined her small head daintily, then:

"Oh!" she exclaimed, startled and blushing to the tips of her ears.

"Will you be ready?"

"I—yes. Yes—I'll be ready——"

"Does it make you happy?"

"I can't realize—I didn't know it was to be so soon—so immediate——"

"We'll go to Silverwood. We can catch the evening express——"

"Dearest!"

"You can go away with me for one week, can't you?"

"I can't go now!" she faltered.

"For how long can you go, Jacqueline?"

"I—I've got to be back on Tuesday morning."

"Tuesday!"

"Isn't it dreadful, Jim. But I can't avoid it if we are to be married on Monday next. I must deal honorably by my clients who trust me. I warned you that our wedding trip would have to be postponed if you married me this way—didn't I, dear?"

"Yes."

She stood looking at him timidly, almost fearfully, as he took two or three quick, nervous steps across the floor, turned and came back to her.

"All right," he said. "Our wedding trip will have to wait, then; but our wedding won't. We'll be married Monday, go to Silverwood, and come back Tuesday—if it's a matter of honor. I never again mean to interfere with your life's business, Jacqueline. You know what is best; you are free and entitled to the right of decision."

"Yes. But because I must decide about things that concern myself alone, you don't think I adore you any the less, do you, Jim?"

"Nor do I love you the less, Jacqueline, because I can decide nothing for you, do nothing for you."

"Jim! You can decide everything for me—do everything! And you have done everything for me—by giving me my freedom to decide for myself!"

"I gave it to you, Jacqueline?"

"Did you think I would have taken it if you had refused it?"

"But you said your happiness depended on it."

"Which is why you gave it to me, isn't it?" she asked seriously.

He laughed. "You wonderful girl, to make me believe that any generosity of mine is responsible for your freedom!"

"But it is! Otherwise, I would have obeyed you and been disgraced in my own estimation."

"Do you mean that mine is to be the final decsion always?"

"Why, of course, Jim."

He laughed again. "Empty authority, dear—a shadowy symbol of traditional but obsolete prerogative."

"You are wrong. Your decision is final. But—as I know it will always be for my happiness, I can always appeal from your prejudice to your intelligence," she added naively. And for a moment was surprised at his unrestrained laughter.

"What does it matter?" she admitted, laughing, too. "Between you and me the right thing always will be done sooner or later."

His laughter died out; he said soberly: "Always, God willing. It may be a little hard for me to learn—as it's hard, now, for example, to say good-bye."

"Jim!"

"You know I must, darling."

"But I don't mind sitting up a few minutes later tonight——"

"I know you don't. But here's where I exercise my harmless arbitrary authority for your happiness and for the sake of your good digestion."

"What a brute you are!"

"I know it. Back to your desk, darling! And go to bed early."

"I wanted you to stay——"

"Ha! So you begin to feel the tyranny of man! I'm going! I've got a job, too, if you want to know."

"What!"

"Certainly! How long did you suppose I could stand it to see you at that desk and then go and sit in a silly club?"

"What do you mean, darling?" she asked, radiant.

"I mean that Jack Cairns, who is a broker, has offered me a job at a small but perfectly proper salary, with the usual commission on all business I bring in to the office. And I've taken it!"

"But, dear——"

"Oh, Vail can run my farm without any advice from me. I'm going to give him more authority and hold him responsible. If the place can pay for itself and let us keep the armor and jades, that's all I ask of it. But I am asking more of myself—since I have begun to really know you. And I'm going to work for our bread and butter, and earn enough to support us both and lay something aside. You know we've got to think of that, because——" He looked very serious, hesitated, bent and whispered something that sent the bright color flying in her cheeks; then he caught her hand and kissed the ring-finger.

"Good-bye," she murmured, clinging for an instant to his hand.

The next moment he was gone; and she stood alone for a while by her desk, his ring resting against her lips, her eyes closed.

(*Continued next week*)

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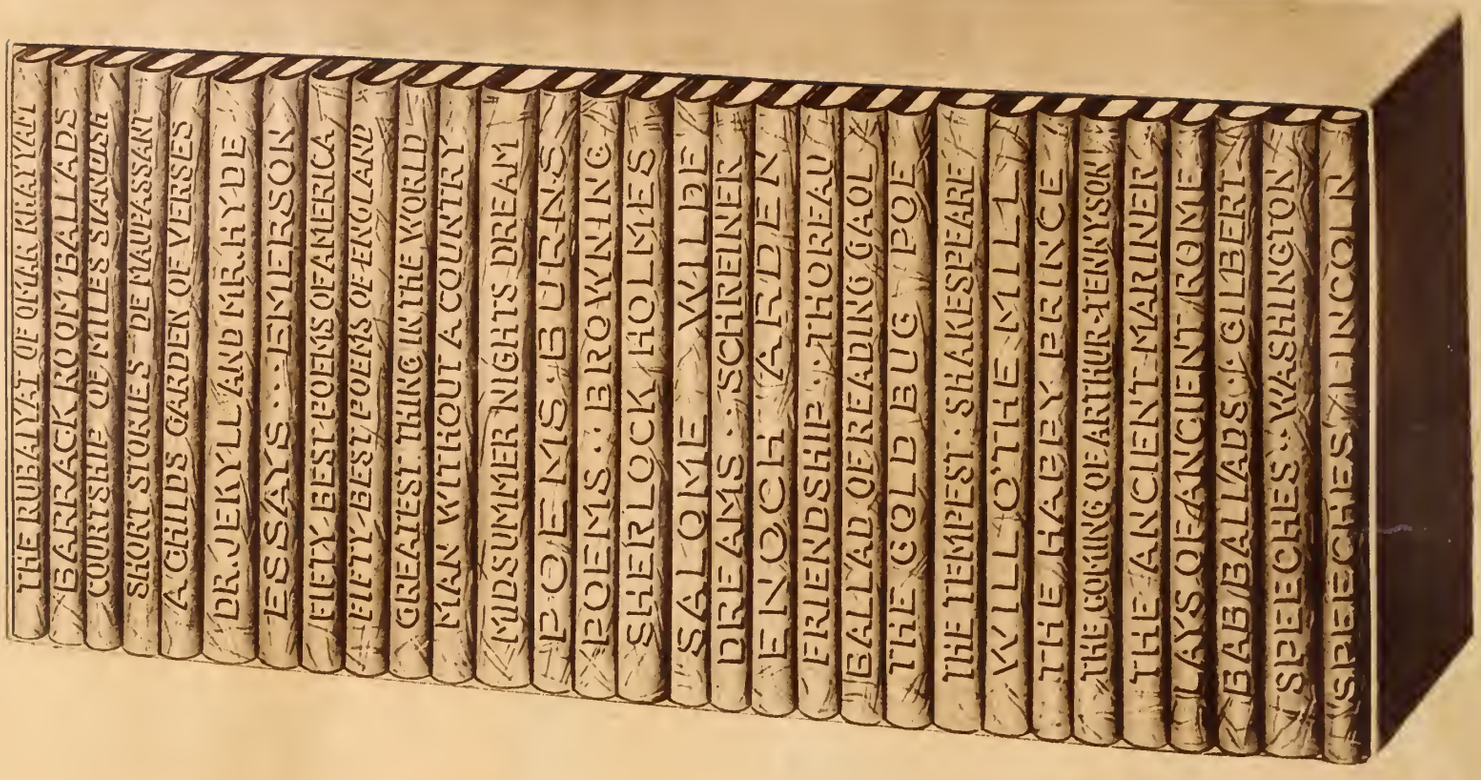

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